

Well, Well, Now What Can It Be?



Three cute puppies caught by the camera's lens in a quizzical pose as they make a close study of the frog in the stream beneath them. The picture is the work of D. Pearl Hall and is on exhibition at the museum of modern art in New York, with others comprising the "folk art of the camera."

Great Britain's Mighty Midget



This picture shows the recently famous British three-man Midget submarine of the type used in the attack on the German battleship Tirpitz, which was in hiding in a Norwegian fjord. The mighty little subs successfully launched torpedoes at their giant enemy. There is every reason to suppose that the Tirpitz was seriously damaged. She was injured under water and has been ineffective since.

What Capture of Admiralty Islands Means



The capture of Momote airdrome on Los Negros island in the Admiralty group by U. S. troops places the Allied forces in a strategic position to strike at the enemy in many of his Southwest Pacific strongholds. Planes and carrier task forces can make raids from the new base. Arrows show distances these units would have to travel to Palau, Truk, Guam and Philippines. Jap forces at Rabaul, Kavieng and in New Guinea (black area) are flanked.

Want a Whale? Take Your Pick



Sixty-five whales of the blackfish type washed ashore at Bull's Island off the mainland of the coast of South Carolina, about 25 miles from Charleston. The size of the whales ranges from 6 to 22 feet in length and the average weight is estimated at approximately 700 pounds. Lieut. E. Left of the U. S. coast guard is shown among the whales.

New 'Racket'



Private Bob Falkenburg, national junior tennis title holder, and brother of screen actress Jinx Falkenburg, is taking basic training at Sheppard Field, Texas. Here he examines a submachine gun after dismantling and reassembling it.

Red Army Chieftain



This is General Popov, commanding the Red army forces driving on the Nazi rail center of Pskov in northern Russia. Reports from Moscow said that Nazi troops in this area are fighting "Indian fashion" across the rugged terrain.

Getting a Story



Marine Platoon Sergeant Chris Campisi of Birmingham, Ala., wounded in the Bougainville offensive, is interviewed by a marine corps combat correspondent. Campisi was shot in the shoulder. The correspondent is wearing a pack transmitter.

Gets First Nazi



Tech. Sgt. Harold Stearns, Passaic, N. J., 21, first U. S. air force member to shoot down a Nazi plane over Berlin. He received an oak leaf cluster and the air medal.

Kathleen Norris Says:

Turning a Baby Into a Woman

Bell Syndicate—WNU Features.



If Ann is a real woman she will welcome her husband home to all the love and comfort of which he has been dreaming.

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

THE problem of Ann Elizabeth Carter is one that is going to confront many thousands of women after the war, and for that reason it deserves a serious answer. A wiser, older wife than Ann wouldn't need any answer, but most of today's service wives are neither old nor wise, and perhaps a little heroic advice may be of use to them.

Heroic, yes. Ann's situation demands real heroism, for these are the circumstances. She met her Philip a year ago; a captain in the army. They were married three months later in all the glory of uniforms, decorations, crossed swords. Three months of young wedded bliss followed, then Phil went off to service in Italy. Last week news came that he is being sent home, the same strong vigorous Phil, but with one eye gone, and his left foot amputated.

Poor Ann Elizabeth! She is only 20; she was so proud of her soldier husband! Now to know that through all their lives he will be lame, that there will be no more dancing, tennis, hikes; that he will not enjoy football games, movies, shows—that he may even have trouble getting a job that will adequately take care of them—well, it's too much for Ann, and since the cablegram came she has sunk into tears, sulks, rages. Her mother writes me about it.

No Way Out, Only Through. "How can any one of us be cruel enough to condemn this joyous child of mine to what will be a life of slavery and poverty?" says her letter. "And on the other hand, how can we meet poor Phil with the announcement that he ought to free Ann Elizabeth for a happier and more normal destiny? It seems to be a dreadful impasse? What's the right way out?"

My answer to Ann's mother is: My dear good woman, it isn't an impasse at all, and there's no way out. The only way is THROUGH. If every wife, sister, daughter, mother of an injured man is going to sneak out of her sacred responsibilities after this war, we'll have a world full of suicides on the one hand, and detached, selfish, shallow—no, not women, on the other hand. I'll not call them women. Vampires, moral irresponsibles, heartless shrews—anything you like, but not women.

Real women, scores of them, have already faced this crisis, in England, yes, and in America, too. They have met the returning soldiers with courage and confidence. They have had plans made; this has been possible, that has been arranged, everything is going to be all right. One of our most popular movie stars has a wooden leg; one of our great singers a wooden arm; engineers, inventors, scientists are often physically handicapped men, world-famous statesmen have been cripples; their bodily disabilities often seem a spur not only to worldly success, but to infinitely more valuable growth in character and soul.

"Is Ann Elizabeth to sacrifice the best years of her life to the care of a man she did not even know a year ago?" demands her agonized mother. The answer is another question. What did Phil sacrifice to protect everything that makes Ann Elizabeth's life safe and good?

If Ann is a real woman she will welcome her husband home to all the love and comfort of which he has been dreaming. She will find out what he CAN do, instead of brooding upon what he can't, and so lay her plans that Phil will marvel at the joy, the completeness of

WOMEN MUST FACE NEW CRISIS

War demands many sacrifices. Certain sacred responsibilities cannot be neglected. Many men will return from the battlefields crippled and injured. Young wives must meet their problems heroically—they must not fail when they are most needed. Remember—there is no way out. The only way is THROUGH! The real woman will meet the returning serviceman with courage and confidence. If he is injured, it is often up to the wife to find out what her husband CAN DO, instead of brooding over what he can't. Remember, too, that when a young wife thinks about "sacrificing the best years of her life" to an injured man, she should also think of the greater sacrifice he has made.

the life that is left to him. She will find a comfortable little house on a few country acres, where Phil can putter with chickens, vegetables, fruit, a pup to trail him about. This is the dream of every man, with a good meal, a loving wife, a pipe and a wood fire at the end of the day.

Wife Helped Soldier.

There's a good wife in my neighborhood who started taking boarders when her husband came home, stone blind, after the last war. She had two children then, two were born afterward. She taught her husband to play the violin, to read Braille. He has a guiding dog; he has four splendid sons and daughters, all devoted to DAD. He himself teaches a philosophy class for adults; it has a waiting list. They have music, most evenings, and as I note the children's consideration, affection, thoughtfulness, I realize that we don't always know, in this life, what is loss and what is gain.

We American women are making a pretty good job of this war, in group work. The work of peace isn't going to be ununiform, dramatic, companioned. But it is just as important—it ought to appeal to our hearts even more deeply than the emotions that stirred us when the special, dear, indispensable boy went away.

To let him know that we appreciate what he did, that we are eternally grateful, that life can still be sweet and satisfying to him, despite his scars, that is a lifework that any woman—reveling in the comfort and peace and security of the new world just ahead of us, ought to be grateful to God that she may share.

Fire Hose Is Efficient Antiaircraft Weapon

A fire hose has broken up many a riot, but use of it as an antiaircraft weapon was instituted in the Southwest Pacific during a Japanese air raid on an already damaged tank landing craft.

Comdr. V. K. Busck, U.S.N., who says the sea is his home, was aboard the ship with a hose line bringing a fire under control when three Japanese planes swooped in low.

With no cover available, Commander Busck directed the stream upwards toward the planes. The first two turned sharply away, the third made a direct hit with a bomb. Uninjured, but dismayed because the fire had been restarted, Commander Busck was forced to leave the ship. "Those first two Japs must have thought I had a new type of weapon," commented the navy commander.

Marry No Fisherman

By LEALON MARTIN JR.

McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.

"CLOSER we get, 'traider I am of how she'll take it," said Hans.

Delphine looked up at his blond tallness. "Me, too," she confessed, and squeezed his hand. For the thought of her mother was still between them. Delphine remembered what she had said and her worry grew. "We'd better be ready for the worst," she told Hans. "You know Mama always said: 'My Delphine, she's never going marry no fisherman.'"

Hans looked uncomfortable. "Yeah, I know," he said. "Look, maybe I'd better not go to the house with you. Maybe you better keep it alone."

"No." Delphine was firm. "It's best you come now. I want she should know we're not ashamed of what we've done. And I'm proud of my husband, no matter what he has been!"

"Well, I'm not exactly a fisherman now, even if I still own my shrimp boat and jus' leased her."

"Of course not." Delphine tossed the shiny black curls. "And it's time for Mama to know." The shrimp trawlers at the docks faded behind them as they went down the leafy street toward her home. "Mama'll be by herself," Delphine said. "That's good, though I wish Raoul could be there. He'd side with us."

"Your brother would help," Hans sighed, "but the army's got him too far away."

Delphine's mind was busy. She remembered just how she and Hans had met, that very first time, nearly three years before. She had been in her father's store, helping during school vacation of her senior high school year. The young man had walked in to ask for information. Blond hair, yellow in the slanting sun as he doffed his cap, and tall and fair, with the widest shoulders, Delphine had thought, she'd ever seen.

"My name's Hans Olsen," he said, "and I've come from Florida in my trawler. Heard the shrimping's good over this way. Can you tell me where I can find a boarding place?"

"But yes," she answered him. "Madame Broussard will be glad to have you." And she directed him, walking to the corner to point the way. He'd been back several times. In fact, he'd made it a point to come—and always they found something to talk about. Delphine was sure almost from the start that he liked her.

And soon the whole town was talking about the young Swede fisherman. One of those East coast shrimpers from Florida, they said, who sure knew how to get the fish 'way out. A hard worker, too, you bet. More than one Timbalier mama would have been glad to have him come calling.

But Hans Olsen went only to the LeBlew store, where there was Delphine. And Delphine had been glad, oh, so glad! She shuddered, remembering her mother's tirade. Any of her friends' parents would have been happy if this sober, industrious young man appeared to have serious intentions toward their daughters, but not her mama. "Ever since you been big enough to go with boys for the dates," she ranted, "I been afraid this happen. You know why I neva let you go out with boys from the shrimp boats. Always I don't wan' you marry no fisherman. Look what you get! Nothin' but to be sorry!"

"Yes, Mama."

"You know a shrimper, he's neva make nothin' hardly. When he catch good, he throw away the money gamblin' or somethin'."

That had been so unfair to Hans that she'd spoken up: "But, Mama, Hans is not like that. He's different."

"Different, eh? Non, all shrimpers, they're alike!"

And that had settled that. She couldn't see Hans at home. Their surreptitious meetings had been few and far between, but for her it would always be this tall, fair young man. The months became years. He went back to the Atlantic and she thought him lost forever. But he returned, explaining that he'd taken his trawler over because of the extra good fishing.

Then she had come and, after a time, she'd gone to Houma to work in a defense plant. And Hans was on the East coast. She hadn't seen him for nearly six months when he'd walked into her cousin's home in Houma one Sunday. They'd been married the next week and this, after their all too short honeymoon in New Orleans, was her homecoming.

Delphine gripped Hans' fingers tighter as they turned into her yard. "This is it!" she murmured and they smiled at each other.



By VIRGINIA VALE

FIBBER MCGEE is plenty sore these days—in the muscles, not the temper. Here's the reason. The RKO picture, "Heavenly Days," which he and Molly are making, includes a dream fantasy in which Fibber, as a typical American citizen, enters the U. S. senate chamber and swims around 15 feet above the floor. It's done with invisible piano wires—which accounts for the sore muscles.

Now that K. T. Stevens has achieved screen stature with her dramatic lead in the William Cameron Menzies production, "Address Unknown," at Columbia, she can claim the distinction of being the



K. T. STEVENS

only Hollywood star who still lives in the house where she was born. K. T. is the daughter of producer-director Sam Wood, and still lives with her parents in the family manse in Hollywood.

One night recently 70 soldiers were having fun in a New York night club. One thought he recognized a big, buxom blonde in the audience. "Miss Tucker," he said, "the boys would sure get a thrill if you'd sing 'Some of These Days' for them. We're on our last furlough, heading overseas." She sang, she wrote "Sophie Tucker" on menus for them. Didn't want to disappoint the boys by explaining that she's Lulu Bates, practically a double for Miss Tucker, a well-known blues singer who's starring now on NBC's "All Time Hit Parade."

Barry Wood, singer and master of ceremonies on "The Million Dollar Band," doesn't have too much time for his farm these days. He's been entertaining wounded servicemen at the Halloran and St. Albans hospitals, near New York.

Incidentally, that's a fine idea Barry has—that of giving war savings stamps as tips. It is one that is being widely copied in radio circles.

Something new has been added to Webster's dictionary; the new edition will include the word "puppetoon," according to word recently received by Paramount. If you're a movie-goer you know it well; it's derived from "puppet" and "cartoon," and is the registered trademark of those short subjects produced by George Pal. "And to Think That I Saw It on Mulberry Street," picturization of the novel of the same name, is the latest in the series of Technicolor Puppetoons produced by Pal for Paramount.

Helen Mack, who's appearing in "And Now Tomorrow" with Loretta Young and Alan Ladd, has been nicknamed "Droopy Helen" by her friends because she plays so many emotional roles. She began training for roles like that back in the days when she studied acting in a New York children's theater school, where she had some classmates destined to be well known—Helen Chandler, Ruby Keeler and Gene Raymond among them.

The movies' own Margaret Sullivan, returning to the New York stage to star with Elliot Nugent in the highly successful "The Voice of the Turtle," juggles three different careers expertly—the stage, the screen, and hardest of all, that of a good wife and mother. . . . It was thrilling to sit in the audience one night recently and find that, when people murmured "Isn't it wonderful that he's here?" and stood up to stare, it was Lieutenant Commander Robert Montgomery whom they meant. A huskier looking Robert Montgomery than in his picture-making days, looking very handsome in uniform.

ODDS AND ENDS—Wallace Beery's brother Noah is slated for a role in Wally's new picture, "Gold Town." . . . Betty Winkler, "Joyce Jordan, M. D." star, has given a pint of blood once every four months since Pearl Harbor. . . . Betty Huston wrecked five studio rocking horses while recording her "Rocking Horse" specialty song in Paramount's "For the Angels Sing." . . . Humphrey Bogart and his wife, Mayo Methot, are making a short at Warner's, "A Report From the Front," for the American Red Cross; it includes comment on their recent 10,000-mile USO entertainment tour of North African and Italian war fronts.