Walter Winchell

(WNU Service)

Typewriter Monologue:

The news from Africa gave Americans the first hip-hip-hooray feeling of the war, coming as it did after the British had sent the Fascist and Nazi armies staggering across the desert . . . There were loud cheers for Midway, and the triumphs in the Solomons were hailed. But it's more inspiring when the senior partners of the Axis are getting the slapping . . . Even a neutral can cheer when a Nazi is having his schnozzola rubbed in the sand. There's something very beautiful about one of those bragging squareheads biting the dust. They yell uncle so sincerely . . . If you enjoy nervous Nazis, tune in on the Berlin short wavers and listen to them pretty up the African disasters. Their broadcasters sound like lush-rollers in police court—explaining how the victim's wallet gave them such a surprise when they found it in their hands.

Hollywood is panicked by the wage ceiling, limiting the yearly pay check to 25 Gs net. The biggies can collect $67,000, which is the legal 25 plus tax, but everything over stays in the boss' hip pocket . . . It calls for adroit handling. If an actor keeps on working, he is toiling for free. If he lays off he runs the risk of being forgotten by the fans . . . Biggest fear of all is it may wreck the star system. If the studios get into the habit of paying actors wages that keep them within the legal limit, they might get to like it and keep it up after the limit is off . . . Agents are scared stiff. They get 10 per cent of a client's earnings. As one of them put it: "Ten per cent of zero is zero," but there are those who think that's a fair wage for agents.

The OWI can't be seeing many "B" movies, judging from its advice to pulp fictionists to make their villains Japs . . . Every week the cinema offers a Nipponese Nasty for slugging purposes. That makes him a pushover heavy . . . It's no surprise to anybody (and no drama at all) when Basil Beautiful clips the Japs in the teeth and tells him that squares Bataan. It leaves you wanting a lot . . . The place to make the Japs the heavies is in the newsreels, especially if it also shows the heroes getting hunk. We don't want to just pretend we're hurting them. It's much better if it's the McCoy. Oh, ever and ever so much.

A Frenchman, who lived in England for many years, turned on it with written attacks after France was licked . . . When Winston Churchill heard about it, he said: "We thought we had a friend—we only had a client."

The Magazines: Eugene Tillinger, in Pic, relates that there is a caste system among the Berlin Murderers' Set. Frau Himmler, he reports, gets snooted by the wives of Goebbels, Goering, et al, because her husband, Mr. Gestapo, butchers people for a salary, while others do it for medals . . . John Erskine, in the American Mercury, grieves that American poetry is namby-pamby because the poets "have forgotten how to curse" . . . Mebbe that's because they keep their cussin' for their letters to critics . . . I. F. Stone's pungent pieces in The Nation are waker-uppers . . . Look's literary snapshot of Ambassador Winant points out that he looks like Lincoln. But more important—he thinks like him . . . Kyle Crichton did a success story on actress Marjorie Reynolds. He reports she earned $600 a week in horse-operas but got a break in the films at $250 per week . . . Huh?

Typewriter Ribbons: H. L. Mencken: Conscience: An inner voice that warns us somebody is looking . . . Anon: He was a cashier who wished to be one of the 400 but now is only No. 387 . . . S. Butler: She gave the impression that her mind was wearing trousers . . . Christopher Hale: Don't slam your mind in my face . . . Jean Tennyson: The only ambition in life a paper napkin has is to get down off a diner's lap and play on the floor . . . Anon: The snow is beautiful if you are watching the other fellow shovel it . . . Goethe: One cannot always be a hero, but one can always be a man . . . H. Shriner: Henry Kaiser—Old Man Riveter . . . A. P. Herbert: To me, the conception of two living together for 25 years, without a cross word is absurd, and suggests a lack of spirit only to be admired in sheep. Where there is spirit there must be sparks.

Hero Bulkeley saw "Sons of Fun" the other night and howled at it. Later he asked Olsen & Johnson: "How can you stand it night after night—all that noise and shooting?" . . . Kenneth Miller's suggested slogan for Loudmouths: "Loose Schmoose Can Cook Your Goose!" . . . Gracie Fields is a click at the Wedgwood Room at the Waldorf. Gets all the stuffed shirts to sing "Always Be an England" and "God Bless America" . . . Ginny Simms has told RKO she'll do no more B films.

The World Smiles

By

R. H. WILKINSON

Associated Newspapers. WNU Features.

OVER the top of her newspaper Janie saw that the young man with the blond hair was watching her. She knew suddenly that he was going to speak. It gave her a little thrill, yet she didn't know what to do. He had nice eyes and a pleasant face, but you never could tell about men these days, young or old. More, if she permitted herself to follow her own impulse, he'd get the wrong impression.

"Forgive me for appearing so bold," he began, dropping into the chair opposite her, "but the fact is, I just had an impulse and decided to follow it."

Janie picked up her coffee cup and began to drink. She tried hard to ignore him. She didn't want to, but she didn't want him to get the impression that she could be picked up.

"Do you mind if I sit here?" he asked.

"I don't mind at all," said Janie. She folded her newspaper, tucked it under her arm and walked away. She felt his eyes watching her go. At the cashier's desk it was a terrible temptation to look back, but she resisted it.

Outside she had a moment of regret. The young man hadn't been rude or even forward. He probably felt about her as she felt about him. He wanted to meet her and there was simply no other way. Drat convention! She sighed, wondering if he would be at the restaurant tomorrow morning. She decided there was one way to find out.

Janie spent the day calling on the people whose help-wanted ads she had checked in the morning paper. As usual she was unsuccessful. Either the jobs were filled or she didn't qualify or there were dozens there ahead of her or the job was straight commission. She couldn't work on commission. She hadn't enough money left to finance herself for more than two or three days, even with going without lunches and spending only forty cents for dinner. She had to have a salary job, or else.

Janie was halfway through her breakfast the next morning when the blond young man came in. From the corner of her eye she saw that he hesitated at sight of her, then went on. She dawdled over her coffee, deliberately, hating herself for doing it. When she saw him approaching she folded her newspaper.

"I beg your pardon, do you mind—"

Janie stood up and walked away without looking at him. She hated herself more than ever. He was nice. He wanted to meet her. Yet, suppose she encouraged his advances? He'd think—he couldn't help but think—she was—cheap! Oh, why did it have to be that way?

This day was a repetition of the one previous. No job. Not even the hope of a job. Janie returned to her four-flight walk-up feeling tired and discouraged. Tomorrow—if something didn't happen tomorrow she'd have to admit defeat. She'd have to spend her remaining $1.23 on a railroad ticket back to the small town she had dreamed of getting away from all her life. Tears appeared in Janie's eyes.

The blond young man was already in the cafeteria when Janie entered the next morning. Sight of him made her more miserable. It reminded her that here was one more thing she wanted to do and couldn't because she was a girl, a nice girl. Deliberately she crossed to the opposite side of the room and sat down. She was glad that this would be her last morning at the restaurant. She didn't want to see the blond young man again because—because—

Janie hadn't seen the other girl sit down at the table behind her. All she knew was that the blond young man was coming toward her, and she decided to insult him, even threaten to call the manager. The words were practically formed on her lips, and then a surprising thing happened. The blond young man passed by without a look and spoke to the girl at the table behind. Janie couldn't help overhearing the conversation.

"I beg your pardon," he was saying to the other girl, "do you mind if I sit down?"

"Not at all, Mr. Cutler."

"Oh, then you know my name?"

"Who doesn't know Robert Cutler, the great stylist at Weatherbee's?"

"That makes it easier. You see, I've been looking for a model for a long time. I've visited all the cafeterias and restaurants in town looking for a particular type. The job pays fifty dollars a week. Two days ago I found just what I was looking for, in here, but—well, difficulties arose. Rather hard to explain. However, this morning I was lucky. You came in and—well, would you like the job?"

"Thank you, so much. I do wish I could accept, but you see I'm modeling for Fontenalla, under contract. I couldn't break it."

The young man sighed. "What a pity! Well, I suppose I'll have to go elsewhere—"

"Wait a minute!" Janie spoke while turning around in her chair.

Then she stopped speaking. The blond young man and his companion were both looking at her and grinning. "I—I—" began Janie.

The blond young man rose. "Forgive me for resorting to such an underhanded method of—promoting myself. It seemed like my only chance, and I was so afraid some morning you wouldn't come back . . . You do need a job, don't you? I saw you reading the want ads. Would you consider modeling for me at Weatherbee's?"

Janie's senses reeled. She shook her head, got control of herself and smiled. It was a lovely smile. The young man smiled back. His companion smiled. The bus boy smiled. It seemed to Janie that even the surly oafs at the long counter, wolfing down their breakfasts, were smiling.

Marion

By M. SCHOLL

Associated Newspapers. WNU Features.

SYLVIA'S hand trembled as she picked up the phone. "Give me Main 0520," she told the operator.

"Hello?" It was Roger's voice.

"It's Sylvia, Roger."

"Oh, hello, darling!" He was making an effort to sound eager.

"I—I was wondering when you'd be home. It's after 10."

"Ten o'clock? Good heavens! Well, don't worry, I'll be along any minute now."

"Are you alone?"

"Sure. Just Marion and me."

There it was. The thing she had feared. Marion!

She hung up and stared dully into space. After all these months. A year. It would be a year tomorrow, that they were married. It had been a movie that had awakened in her the first glimmering of suspicion. One of those triangular things involving a man, his wife and his secretary. The preview had said: "Any man who leaves his wife and goes to work with another woman might be the man in this picture." Or something like that. At first it had meant nothing. Nothing at all.

During the weeks that followed she found herself recalling the situation presented in the film.

She began to notice little things, things that hadn't impressed her at first. He was becoming less attentive. He wore an absent, detached look. Heretofore she had attributed this to worry about business. There was the new house, for example. They had planned to start building it after their first year.

Sylvia got up and went upstairs to their bedroom.

At the writing desk she deliberated only a moment. No need to be elaborate or accusing or condemning. Merely set down the facts. Try to appear understanding.

She wrote hurriedly, signed merely "Sylvia," inserted the note into its envelope without reading it through. She laid the note on Roger's pillow, then tried to put her mind on what to pack. Only a few things now. Later she could return and get the rest of her belongings.

The front door opened and closed. She stood listening. "Sylvia!" There was only one course open now. To face the issue and be as self-possessed as possible.

She dabbed at her nose with a powder puff before going out.

Roger was in the hall with a strange man. "Started off to bed without me, eh?" he chided. "Nice girl! Getting to the old marriage stage so quick."

"Well, here they are," Roger said, removing a sheaf of papers. "Wanted to wait till tomorrow—our anniversary — to show 'em to you, but Jim's leaving town and I thought you might want to suggest some changes."

"Changes?" Sylvia stared, feeling a little queer.

"Sure. In the house. Plans for the house, you know. Been working on 'em nights with Jim so's we could get 'em done for the anniversary. Big surprise. Hey, what's the matter? Come on in here."

Sylvia had reeled and steadied herself against the bannister. She was staring at the stranger.

Roger looked from one to the other of them. "S'cuse. Forgot you two hadn't met. Darling, this is Jim Marion. Old friend. Architect. Kind of a secretary. Jim, my wife. Now, let's get into the living room and give these a general once-over, eh?"

Sylvia's throat felt dry. It required an effort to get control of herself. "In a minute," she said, "I'll be there in a minute, darling." And she turned and rushed back up the stairs toward where the note lay on Roger's pillow.

Yes, It Is

Goniophotometry is a highly useful activity today. A goniophotometer measures the light reflected from painted surfaces at various angles. While peacetime finishes generally aimed at gloss, war paint must avoid tell-tale reflection of the sun's rays. Paint may appear dull as dust under a high sun, but when the light strikes at a small angle, as when the sun is low, the drab coating becomes sometimes mirror bright. In paint research laboratories specially developed military paints are measured in a few minutes for reflection power—or the lack of it—from all angles with the goniophotometer.

JUST JESTING

Fewer Still

Teacher—Tommy, how many make a few?

Tommy—Three or four.

"How many make a dozen?"

"Twelve."

"How many make a million?"

"Very few."

Easier Way

"I'm musical. I'm always breaking into song."

"If you sang in key you wouldn't have to break in."

Few men would mind if their wives lost their tempers—provided they never found them again.

Determined

Traveler (buying ticket at railroad station)—I want a ticket to New York.

Agent—Would you care to go by Buffalo?

Traveler—No, I want to go by train.

THINGS for You TO MAKE

CHEERFUL, attractive, economical, practical—here is a new group of panholders perfectly described by those words. An animated pansy and rose, a kitten and pup pair, and the twosome which features bouquets of flowers are included. That's six panholders in all.

They are all on a single transfer—Z9460, 15 cents. From this usable-sevesal-times hot iron transfer you can stamp sets which will give you colorful panholders for your own kitchen, for gifts or for bazaar items—inexpensively. Send your order to:

AUNT MARTHA
Box 166-W Kansas City, Mo.
Enclose 15 cents for each pattern desired. Pattern No.....
Name .....
Address .....

AROUND THE HOUSE

To broil steak, grease the rack of the broiler. Place the meat on rack close to the heat. Sear it quickly on one side, season with salt and pepper, turn and sear on other side. Lower the rack or the heat to allow steak to finish cooking. Season and add a piece of butter before serving. Rare steak is juicy and flavorful and is often preferred to well-done steak. Do not pierce center of steak when turning.

• • •

Artificial fruit may be cleaned easily if dipped in and out of white soapsuds several times, then rinse in clear water to which a few drops of ammonia have been added.

• • •

In buying iodine for the medicine closet never buy any solution stronger than 2 per cent. A 2 per cent solution is specified by the Red Cross First Aid Manuals as strong enough for those other than doctors to use.

Geraniums should be kept in a very sunny window if you wish them to live through the winter.

• • •

Understanding One's Talents

It is an uncontrolled truth that no man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them. —Swift.

• • •

Salt should never be added to stews, soups and boiled meats until after they are cooked. If put in at first it toughens the fiber of the meat and takes out the juices.

• • •

Some meat loaves call for bacon strips on the top. To prevent the bacon from becoming too brown before the loaf is done, arrange it during the last 20 minutes of baking.

• • •

Brown stains can be removed from the kitchen range with a cloth dipped in turpentine. A little pressure will help here.

ASK ME ANOTHER?

A quiz with answers offering information on various subjects

The Questions

1. David Crocket died a hero in what war?
2. Who built the Tower of London?
3. What name is given a narrative heroic poem?
4. The highest and lowest points in the United States are only 60 miles apart and are in what state?
5. When does an army bugler sound tatoo?
6. Members of the Society of Friends are more commonly called what?
7. When was the date of Presidential inauguration changed from March 4 to January 20?
8. Who was Virginia Dare?
9. The variation in the number of breathing pores of plant leaves is how great?
10. What is the oldest university under the American flag?

The Answers

1. Texas War of Independence.
2. William the Conqueror.
3. Epic.
4. California (Mount Whitney in California, 14,501 feet, and Death Valley, 300 feet below sea level).
5. Shortly before taps (giving notice to repair to quarters).
6. Quakers.
7. In 1937. The change was effected by the 20th amendment to the U. S. Constitution.
8. The first white child born of English parents on American soil.
9. Mistletoe has only 200 pores per square inch, while the lilac has more than 200,000.
10. The University of Santo Tomas, generally believed to have been founded at Manila, Philippine Islands, in 1611, is considered the oldest university under our flag. Its present enrollment is about 4,500 students.

If you smoke, you know how welcome it is to receive a Christmas Carton of Camels or a pound of rich-tasting Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco for your pipe. That works both ways. For those smokers on your list, send them the favorites. You'll have your choice of Camels in the gift-wrapped Christmas Carton or the gay "Holiday House" containing four boxes of "flat fifties." Either way you give 200 mild, flavorful Camels. Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco is richly packaged in the pound canister. None of these packages requires any other wrapping. And don't forget the men in the service. Cigarettes are their favorite gift—Camel their favorite cigarette. Your local dealer is featuring them now.—Adv.

Beware Coughs from common colds That Hang On

Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.

CREOMULSION
for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

Time Is Long

Time is infinitely long, and every day is a vessel into which much may be poured, if we fill it up to the brim.—Goethe.

Acid Indigestion

Relieved in 5 minutes or double money back

When excess stomach acid causes painful, suffocating gas, sour stomach and heartburn, doctors usually prescribe the fastest-acting medicines known for symptomatic relief—medicines like those in Bell-ans Tablets. No laxative. Bell-ans brings comfort in a jiffy or double your money back on return of bottle to us. 25c at all druggists.

Receiving Only

That man is worthless who knows how to receive a favor, but not how to return one.—Plautus.

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VITAL ELEMENTS* TO HELP BUILD RESISTANCE TO COLDS...

Good-tasting Scott's Emulsion contains the natural A and D Vitamins* often needed to help build stamina and resistance! Helps build strong bones, sound teeth too! Mothers—give Scott's Emulsion *daily*.

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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 individual to *you*. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!

TASTE AND THROAT—THAT'S WHAT COUNTS WITH ME IN SMOKING. I FIND CAMELS SUIT ME BETTER ALL WAYS. THEY'RE SWELL!

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