

THE COURTSHIP OF ANDY HARDY

A HERO-GOODWILL-MAKER POLICE OFFICER
 WITH
 STYLING-ROONEY-PARKER-HOLDER
 AND BROTHERS-SHA-NEEDS-AND-BOOM-NEEDS

Directed by
 George C. Stone
 Produced by
 George C. Stone

SYNOPSIS
 Andy Hardy takes 17-year-old Melodie Nesbit to a high school alumni dance at his father's request. She is a ward of Judge Hardy's court and her life has been embittered by the continued fighting of her long-separated parents. Melodie begins to fall in love with Andy. He pays the stage to dance with her. But at the Spinners' Skip, to which the girls invite and escort the boys, Melodie invites Andy, and he can't get out of accepting. This time Melodie is a sensation—gorgeous and lovely. Andy makes the stage pay to dance with her. For a time he forgets that an F.B.I. agent has charged him with stealing the sedan which Andy was merely towing to the garage where he works.

CHAPTER SIX

It was half past four in the morning when Andy drove into the yard towing Jeff Willis' coupe which he had found, miles away, smashed into a tree. Jeff was dead drunk behind the wheel, and Marian too dazed to talk.

Mrs. Hardy and Aunt Milly took Marian upstairs to Andy's room, Melodie having been put to bed in Marian's room. Andy and his father got Jeff into the house. As they were making coffee to try to sober Jeff up, Mrs. Hardy came down long enough to tell them that Marian was all right—she was just hysterical from the shock of the accident to the car. "Swell!" said Andy. "I bet Marian won't be so dizzy after this. Now what are we going to do with this gin-soaked wolf?"

"We'll straighten him as best we can, then get him home to bed without any of his folks seeing him."

When Andy went up to get his pyjamas, Marian wanted to speak with him alone and their mother left them together.

"Feeling okay, Sis?" he asked. "In every way except that I'm an awful fool. But this lesson is one that's going to take . . . Andy, I want to thank you . . . for coming out and finding us. Dad said it was your idea."

"Nobody will ever know you were with Jeff," said Andy. "I towed his car to the garage and sneaked it in. And we got Jeff sober enough to go home."

"Andy," she said, an imploring look in her eyes, "do you think I'll ever be anything but . . . an idiot?"

In quick loyalty he said: "Look, Sis, if Dad and Mom think you're the sweetest daughter in the world, are you going to make a liar out of your parents?"

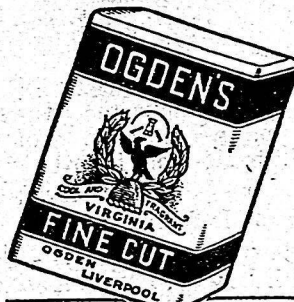
"You're only going through a stage—all women do. They fall in love too easy—they cry, do all sorts of goofy things, but if a girl's got the right stuff in her, she'll turn out a good investment. I was talking to Dad a little while ago. We aren't worried about you."

Repentant Jeff Willis called on Judge Hardy the next day to take his punishment. He'd learned his lesson, he said, and asked if, when he had proved he had learned it, he might have the Judge's permission to call on Marian. Her

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WILL LOVE TAKE LOY OFF SCREEN?



Honeymooning at Miami Beach, film actress Myrna Loy is non-committal about possible retirement from screen. New husband, John D. Hertz, Jr., indicated wife's plans didn't include film work.

father said she'd had a slight change of heart and that it was up to her.

"You go and take care of yourself for a couple of days and I'll study out your punishment. I'll tell you one penalty right now; get rid of that horrible loudspeaking thing on your car." Jeff promised eagerly.

In court that day, Judge Hardy gave Mr. and Mrs. Nesbit some severe admonitions about their future conduct. In Melodie's presence he asked them to look deep into their souls before answering his questions.

"Mr. Nesbit, is Melodie's mother really the scheming, grasping cruel woman you made her out to be?"

"No, she isn't," he replied strongly moved. "We just could not get along together—and it was more my fault than hers."

"Mrs. Nesbit, is Melodie's father the horrible and unscrupulous man you've painted him to be?"

"No, he's not . . . Melodie, it was just as much my fault as his." Melodie went to her mother and threw her arms about her. Then she made the same demonstration to her father.

"Now," said the Judge quietly, "if you two will be honest, you'll be able to acquire a new and reasonable friendship for each other—and Melodie will get the benefit."

As Melodie and her parents were leaving the court, Mrs. Hardy sought her husband in great agitation. She said what was troubling her was too terrible to tell him. Judge Hardy smiled.

"I opened that letter from the collection agency. The whole thing is a fake. They'd never take it to court . . ."

Wearing a new fur coat and hat, her father had just bought for her to wear to the football game with him, Melodie Nesbit was beaming with joy while her parents exchanged happy, understanding glances.

"Daddy, it's simply a killer-diller of a coat! If I ever see a better fur coat, shoot me! And I ain't hummin'!"

"Melodie," said her mother, "Andy Hardy's coming up the path!"

"Relax, darling. For an hour or so last night I carried quite a torch for young Mr. Hardy, but from now on everything's so swell about us that I've got the right understanding of myself . . . And for a while I'm going to play the field!"

She opened the door at Andy's ring. "Can I use your phone, Melodie? It's an emergency."

"Hop to it, Cookie. Right in here." She spoke gaily, not at all like a heart broken girl. Astonished, Andy said as he dialed.

"Just found my heart's back in town."

"Polly Benedict? That's marvellous."

Andy laid it on thick when Polly answered. "Gosh, am I lathering to see you, Polly! Since you've been away I've been dying on the vine!" He sneaked a look at Melodie. She smiled gaily at him. "Sure I dated Melodie Nesbit. But you know how it is—like chemistry—some things just don't mix . . . When you and me get together we just go boom."

Andy agreed, at a signalled urging from Melodie, to take Polly to the football game, and hung up, a bewildered young man. Melodie increased that state by her treatment of him, almost as though he were a child. If she

was silly the previous night, it was due to the romantic foolishness of having her first beau, she said.

"Now, Andrew, what did you really come here for?"

"I . . . Yeah, it's . . . Harry Land wants to know will you go to the football dance with him tonight?"

"Why don't you bring Captain Miles Standish—Harry Land in? He's out there in the cold!" She went to the door and called:

"Harry! Harry, darling, come in!" And when Harry entered she said extravagantly to Andy: "Isn't Harry simply the best looking boy in town?" She took Harry's arm, led him to a sofa and over her shoulder dismissed Andy with a "Thanks, Andrew. Goodbye," as one would to a child.

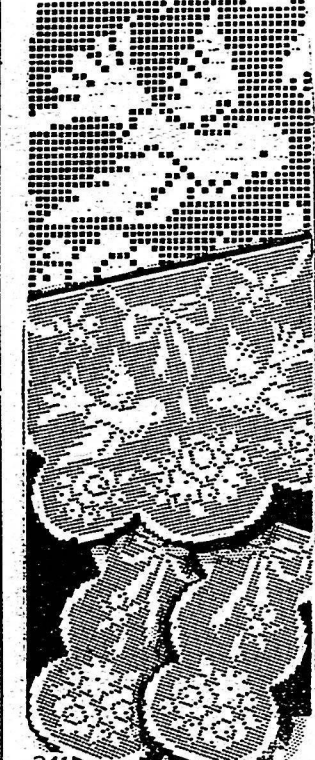
Humiliated, he turned and left, moody, disappointed. Had he wanted Melodie to turn Harry down and go with him to the dance? He hardly knew himself. But he did not want to take Polly to the dance. As he walked along, it was Polly, of course, who hailed him from her car. He answered dully.

"Andy, you wrote cruel letters while I was away, but you certainly squared yourself like a gentleman. It will be like old times for us at the football dance."

"Polly, when I was talking to you over the hone, that was something I had to do."

"Didn't you mean all those won-

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341
 by Laura Wheeler

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derful things you said?"

"Didn't you and me once agree that we ought not to go steady?"

"If a girl can't be a little coy now and then—"

"That's just it. I sort of promised my father, on account of me going away to college so soon, maybe I oughtn't to go out with the same girl more than twice . . . And we been out more than a thousand times!"

Polly was hurt. "I know I was mean when I went away and told you all was over between us, but—"

"Better let bygones be bygones, Polly. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to go back to my job at the garage."

"Very well, Mr. Hardy, we shall see," said Polly, with narrowed eyes.

Later that day, Mr. Dwight, the F.B.I. man presented himself to Andy. He said he was on a flying visit to his niece, Polly Benedict, who'd told him enough about Andy so that there would be no prosecution on the charge of stealing his sedan, but that there seemed to be some doubt of Andy's taking Polly to the dance that evening.

With visions of Alcatraz, Andy hastily assured him that there was no doubt whatever. He was taking Polly to the dance and she was going to have a good time.

Mr. Dwight seemed satisfied and said Polly would call for Andy in her car. But when Polly came, Andy had a sudden cold that made him so hoarse he could barely talk. Polly was all sympathy.

"Excuse me, Polly, we better go inside. My throat, you know—maybe double pneumonia—" He pointed helplessly to his throat, waved and turned towards the house, a grin of triumph on his face. He stopped abruptly at Bezy Brown's shout: "Hi, Polly! What's cookin'? What's the matter with Andy?"

"He's got a sore throat—" "That's swell, Polly! I'm shy a dilly. No use your dying on the vine. We'll go to the rat race together."

Polly was tickled. "Let's go!" Andy, on the porch, grinned. Everything was turning out perfectly.

Bezy got into the car with Polly and she drove away. Forgetting his pretended sore throat, Andy ran to his jalopy and spoke into the microphone of the loudspeaker which Jeff Willis had given to him:

"BLESS YOU, MY CHILDREN! BLESS YOU!" Then realizing how he had given himself away to Polly, he dropped the mike with a horrified: "Omigosh!"

THE END

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Mrs. Miniver

adapted from the M.G.M. Picture starring

Greer Garson

and

Walter Pidgeon

Beginning Next Week

Fisherman's Luck

"Fisherman's luck," according to Samuel Eddy, professor of zoology at the University of Minnesota, is a negligible factor in fishing as compared with knowledge of fish feeding habits, methods of food detection, and seasonal changes.

Writing in a recent issue of the Minnesota department of conservation's official bulletin, Eddy explained that fish such as bass, sunfish, crappies and bullheads eat about one-tenth their body weight per day during the summer, and that when this capacity has been reached, a fish will take little to no food the next 24 hours.

Walleye pike, he said, feed more after sunset and northern pike often stop feeding at sunset.

"Fish usually feed because they are hungry, although some strike because they are pugnacious," Eddy said. "For example, a male bass strikes at any moving object near its nest although it does not eat anything at this time."

All fish, he said, consume more food in summer than in winter, and in almost all fish growth is slower in winter than in summer. Water temperature is the chief factor in determining amount of food taken and growth, Eddy explained.

Bonnet And Wig Not Good Eating

It happened in Chessington, England.

The elephant was hungry and the little old lady's straw bonnet looked like food, so he tried to eat it. But that wasn't all—

When the elephant grabbed the bonnet in his trunk he also lifted away the little old lady's wig. She stood there, bald and blushing, until a clown of the Chessington circus provided another hat and wig. And worse, still, the elephant found neither hat nor wig to his liking. He spat them out on the circus floor.

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TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Summer Beverages

As we consider the subject of beverages, immediately we think of the much talked of topic—that of "Tea Rationing." Fortunately it is summer and many ideas present themselves to our minds. As we acquire the habit of some of the other beverages may we also acquire the habit of being able to do without that cup of tea, which in the end may be more healthful.

Iced Chocolate Milk

Mix equal parts of chilled milk and prepared cocoa as for drinking. Add a teaspoonful of maple syrup or caramel syrup. Shake thoroughly. Add one teaspoon of maple ice cream in an iced coffee glass. Serve with a spoon.

Or try this—Place a large teaspoon of vanilla ice cream in an iced tea or coffee glass; add ¼ cup of milk, then pour in ginger ale to fill the glass, stirring all the while. Drink at once.

Flavor iced milk with maple sugar, with brown sugar, or with melted chocolate peppermints. Heat large chocolate mints in the upper part of the double boiler. When melted stir into the milk.

Mint Punch

1 cup chopped fresh mint leaves
 1 cup powdered sugar
 ½-cup lemon juice
 4 cups orange juice
 1 quart gingerale

Crushed ice and mint sprigs.

Rub the mint leaves and sugar together until well mixed. Add lemon and orange juice. Allow to stand for at least 15 minutes in a cold place. Strain and add the gingerale. Pour into glasses half full of cracked ice. Garnish each glass with mint sprigs.

Wedding Punch

4 cups sugar
 2 cups orange juice
 2 cups lemon juice
 2 cups pineapple punch
 1 pint bottle maraschino cherries

Ice

2 quarts charged water

Combine sugar and fruit juices and let stand until the sugar is dissolved. Add the cherries and ice. Just before serving add the fizzing water. Garnish with slices of orange and lemon. Serves 30.

Spanish Chocolate

4 squares of unsweetened chocolate
 2 cups water
 ½ teaspoon salt

5 tablespoons sugar
 6 cups milk
 1 shake nutmeg
 1 shake cinnamon
 ½ teaspoon vanilla

Cut chocolate into pieces. Place in double boiler over hot water. When melted add sugar, salt, cinnamon and nutmeg. Place over direct heat, stirring constantly, and boil 5 minutes. Return to double boiler and continue to cook the chocolate as long as you can. Slowly add the milk a little at a time, stirring constantly. When the chocolate becomes completely heated beat it vigorously with a rotary beater. Add vanilla. Foam and froth will form—this will give it lightness. Then serve and there will be many calls for seconds.

Do not serve heavy sweet cakes or frosted cakes with this. Here is a chance to be patriotic. Serve light salted wafers or plain sandwiches.

The long cooking of the chocolate, spices and the beating are important.

Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column, and is ready to listen to your "peevish" requests for recipes or special menus are in order. Address your letters to "Miss Sadie B. Chambers, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto." Send stamped self-addressed envelope if you wish a reply.

Sows' Ears Make Good Silk Purses

Who says you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear?

The women members of Bundles for America challenge the old saying.

A look at the products of their sewing rooms in their 250 branches scattered throughout the United States shows it can be done.

There's a windbreaker, made of leather scraps from old purses. And a child's raincoat and hood made from a shower curtain, decorated with red rubber flowers cut from an old pair of rubber gloves.

Children's bedroom slippers are made from men's old felt hats.

For buttons, the women use wooden rounds sawed from broomstick handles, crocheted fastenings, shells and buttons cut from bones from the butcher's.

Bundles for America, with a 250,000 membership, now sends some 10,000 garments a week to the Navy Relief Society for distribution to needy families of United States service men.

Their next concern is the clothing of the 5,000,000 migrants who are in need of help in mid-western states.

Their absolute rule is: Buy nothing, use only salvaged materials.

Clocks Time Before Pulling Rip Cord

Lt. Walter Gallaher, American fighter pilot in Australia, baled out of his plane at 25,000 feet over Port Moresby, and calmly consulted his watch to count the seconds before pulling his rip cord at 20,000 feet.

This story was recounted recently in a Melbourne radio broadcast heard by CBS.

Lt. Gallaher's plane was hit during a "dogfight" with Japanese Zero fighters and the pilot had to jump. With a strong wind blowing, he realized he had to delay opening his parachute for several thousand feet to avoid landing in the sea.

Clocking himself while hurtling through the air for 5,000 feet, Lt. Gallaher pulled the cord, and by manipulating the shroud lines he managed to land in the middle of a jungle. His plane crashed five miles away.

Canadian Spotted Dressed-Up Nazis

This story is told in an English newspaper:

Two men, wearing the uniforms of Nazi airman and soldier, walked together through Worthing streets during the week-end carrying their German helmets under their arms. They represented a parachutist and a glider who had "just landed." No one took any notice of them. Even a policeman gave them no more than a cursory glance. They were eventually stopped and challenged by a Canadian soldier.

The "enemy" proved to be two Canadian soldiers who were on their way to give a lecture to Civil Defence workers on the detection of enemy troops.

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