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yours with new formula honey lining. For mild, carefree smoking—without inhaling—try Yello-Bole. It's pre-caked with new formula honey lining for instant mildness; instant "break-in". The honey caked bowl is your guarantee of good smoking—without inhaling. \$1.95 to \$5.

Yello-Bole

Imported briar bowl guaranteed against burn-out for life

Thorn Pipe Illustrated. \$3.95



Free Booklet tells how to smoke a pipe; shows shapes, write: YELLO-BOLE PIPES, INC., 18 East 54th Street, New York 22, Dept. Y52. By the makers of KAYWOODIE

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BRIMMS PLASTI-LINER
THE PERMANENT DENTURE RELINER

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DeWitt's Pills

CORNS

Enjoy quick relief and speedily remove aching corns with thin, cushioning Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Cost but a trifle.

Dr. Scholl's Zino pads

FLYNN

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In "The Son of Captain Blood," Sean (below) stars in a sequel to the film that rocketed Errol (above) to fame.



Sean is bitter about his father—whom he won't discuss but who keeps slipping into his thoughts and conversation nevertheless. "If anyone brings up his name, I'll just get up and walk away!" he told me. "That's all people want to hear—what Errol did. How should I know? He sired me, that's all. He left Mother a year after I was born, and although he won visitation rights, he hardly ever exercised them."

The ghost of his father even drove Sean out of Hollywood. "Some old drunk invariably would walk up and tell me what a wonderful guy Dad was. What did I care?" Sean does admit that his father knew how to get the most out of life, and he would like to do as well.

HE ALSO HAS INHERITED his father's lust for adventure. In 1958, when Fidel Castro still looked like a friend of the United States, Sean and a pal decided to take part in the Cuban revolution. The teen-aged boys bought two guns and a small sailboat and planned to head for Cuba. "But my friend was drafted, and I was left with two rifles," he recalled. That was the end of that adventure.

Sean never had many close friends, and he didn't want many. One of the few is actor George Hamilton, who got him into pictures when he suggested that Sean be hired for a few days' work in "Where the Boys Are."

"I got \$10 for playing a bit part. I figured that was a pretty good way to make a living," he says. "Son of Captain Blood" followed; and since then, he also has costarred in a Berlin-made film with José Ferrer and a still-unreleased Italian picture.

At this point, Sean doesn't really know what he wants out of life. He keeps insisting that his career comes second and that he only wants to make enough money to bum around the world at his convenience, to keep himself in girl friends and food, and to buy that sloop and a Maserati sports car. In short, he wants no responsibility but seeks to get the most out of life with no strings attached.

Yet the seriousness that keeps creeping into his conversations, particularly when he discusses his career plans, belies this indifference. I think there are three contradictory images that plague Sean: what the public expects of him, what he thinks he expects of himself, and what he really hopes to become.

The third seems to be the most encouraging, for it gives promise that he may outgrow his past and present to become a responsible person, off screen and on—even though Sean himself isn't ready to admit such aims as yet.

Pass the Ammunition

(Continued from page 2)

very short time, that's exactly what we were doing.

Many of our men were from small towns where they had taken part in "bucket brigades" to put out fires or to sand-bag a river bank against flood waters. So while the bombs rained down, the crew of the *New Orleans* formed a human supply line to pass the anti-aircraft ammunition, a shell at a time, up from storage to the gun crews.

I walked along the line of men, encouraging them and praying with them and for them. I felt the excitement and determination, too, and I knew at this moment that a man could be a Christian and still fight to resist those who would take away his freedoms. As these thoughts swept over me, I was standing beside a small, sweating seaman who was grunting with exertion, his legs buckling as he passed the heavy shells up the line. Impulsively, I clapped him on the shoulder and shouted: "Praise the Lord—and pass the ammunition!"

For the rest of that tragic morning—as the Japs pulled away, then came back in a second wave—the men of the *New Orleans* shouted, "Praise the Lord—and pass the ammunition!" as they fed shells to our gun crews.

They never faltered, even in our worst moment when a 500-pound bomb screeched out of the sky and landed with a thunderous splash just 50 yards away from our bow—and even closer to a tanker loaded with gasoline. But miraculously, the bomb didn't go off.

Before the second wave of Japanese planes disappeared, we had the satisfaction of seeing our shells—passed painfully up our human chain—destroy two enemy planes.

Almost a year later, we steamed into Pearl Harbor again for repairs after fighting several major engagements. It was then I learned that Frank Loesser had written a song about my impulsive words on that Pearl Harbor day—and that it had become a sort of national battle cry.

I'll never forget when we limped into a West Coast port several years later and I heard the men singing, "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition," as they unloaded our arsenal. We no longer needed the ammunition to fire at an enemy, and I pray we will never need it again. But I'm sure of one thing: If the United States ever is attacked again, our people will exhibit the same courage I saw displayed so magnificently on the *New Orleans* 22 years ago.