

WHAT THE WELL DRESSED UPPER LIP WILL WEAR



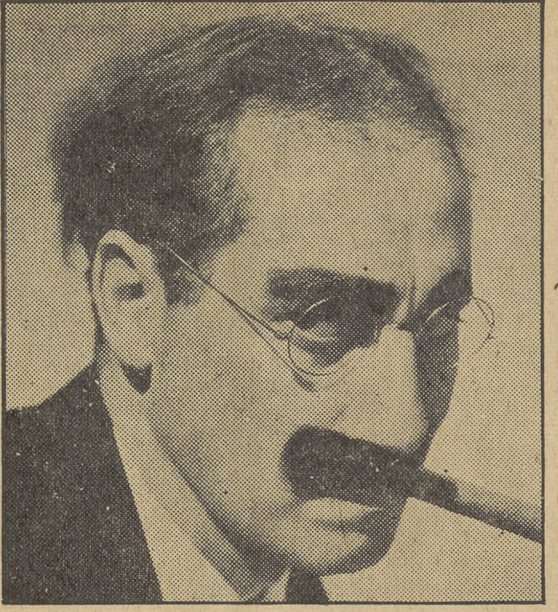
Robert Taylor set the fad rolling

Haul out father's mustache cup, fellows—the well-dressed upper lip is back in vogue. Robert Taylor is the lad who started it. The Taylor mustache which made its debut in "Waterloo Bridge" appears again in "Escape"—and by popular demand. Came the announcement that Bob would co-star with Norma Shearer in M-G-M's film version of the Ethel Vance best-seller, the girls in the audience took to their pens with: "Let Bob Keep That Mustache!" Whereupon, Mr. Taylor, who had shaved his lip clean, grew back a new one.



Clark Gable's was named after him

How do the other mustachioed boys at the M-G-M Studio take the excitement? Have they reached for their razors in self-defense? Not a bit of it! Clark Gable continues to sport the one named after him (ask your barber) in "Boom Town." Judging by the way Claudette Colbert and Hedy Lamarr appreciate his kisses in that picture, it seems the right idea. And let this be a warning to every man! Spencer Tracy, who wears his upper lip bare, is also in the "Boom Town" love tangle.



Groucho's comes out of a paint pot

Groucho Marx remains faithful to the Clothesbrush Special, so tidy for dusting after desert storms, in "Go West," the new Marx Brothers funfest. He digs it daily out of a paint pot, then adds a cigar to heighten his *clan*. And, of course, there's always William Powell. Far from feeling that Taylor cornered the market, Bill sprouted two mustaches—the Inverted-Upside-Down-V-Type and the Powell Perfecto in "I Love You Again." Lewis Stone continues to model the Judge Hardy Conservative in the famous M-G-M Family Series.



Melvyn Douglas supports the movement

Melvyn Douglas wears the Au Courant Close-Crop—and impresses Myrna Loy no end—in "Third Finger, Left Hand," their new co-starring romantic comedy. These gentlemen may insist that although the Man With The Mustache is the Man Of The Hour, Taylor's merely admits him to their Club. But! Take heed, Men. Your girl knows best. She'll tell you it was Robert Taylor who brought the controversy home to your hearth.

Hardy just looked amazed. Judge Hardy scratched his chin. "Well son, New York is evil in some of its aspect. But then so is every village and city in the world. The fact remains, we're leaving for New York day after tomorrow." He looked around at all of them. "And by the way, this thing's secret until Mr. Benedict makes it public. Remember that, Andy."

Andy spoke hollowly. "It's okay with me to keep it a secret for the next ten thousand years."

By next day though the "secret" was out emblazoned right on the front page of the Carvel Daily Star: "HARDY FAMILY TO NEW YORK Local Jurist To Fight Trust For Carvel County Orphanage."

And sure enough Polly called that day. There was malice aforethought in her voice when she got Andy on the telephone. "You'll be glad to know we're printing the story of your flaming romance with Daphne Fowler in the high school magazine. And remember, you'd better bring back a picture of darling Daphne and you to illustrate the story. Not a fake one either."

Up to the very minute of train time the next day, Andy tried every trick he knew to stay behind.

Even his manufactured stomach ache and fever didn't do the trick. His father just looked at him hardheartedly and said nothing less than heart trouble would keep them from taking him along.

Their first glimpse of the New Jersey skyline coming across the New Jersey ferry did something to Andy though. Maybe he didn't approve of the big city but he could still retain his artistic appreciation of those skyscrapers. In fact, he was beginning to perk up a little as they walked into the little maisonette apartment up in the "fifties" that had been engaged for them.

But as they opened the door, everyone gasped in amazement. "Why it's Betsy Booth," the Judge exclaimed. "What are you doing here?"

Andy stared. He hadn't seen Betsy Booth since last year when she was visiting in Carvel. She looked a little more grownup now—and prettier, though still a mere child. There was a lot of excitement as Betsy explained everything. Her folks had been away when Mrs. Hardy's telegram had come. So she herself had gotten an apartment for them. It had really been easy, no trouble at all. She had just called the real estate man and there it was.

"My," Marian said, "and you even hired a servant all by yourself."

"Of course I did," Betsy returned proudly. Her eyes were fixed in adoration on Andy. She sighed happily. "I brought over my own radio for you, Andy." She suddenly realized that the lovelight in her eyes was too apparent. "It's—it's just common gratitude because back in Carvel, Andy took me to my first grown-up party."

Andy and his father went into the bedroom and the Judge smiled teasingly. "Son, how do you do it."

"Aw gee, Dad, she don't mean anything. It's only—" his chest expanded. "—only her worship."

"Well my hero," the Judge said briskly, "let's get unpacked."

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENT

Estate of Kate F. Maurer, deceased. Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay, to

Charles Keenan, 11 S. Grant Street, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Carl Eckardt, 295 Park Avenue, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Executors, or to their attorney, S. M. R. O'Hara, Miners Natl. Bank Bldg., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

SHERIFF'S SALE COURT HOUSE, WILKES-BARRE, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1940, AT 10 O'CLOCK, A. M.

By virtue of a writ of Lev. Fa. No. 130, October Term, 1940, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Luzerne County, there will be exposed to public sale by vendue to the highest and best bidders, for cash, in Court Room No. 2, Court House in the City of Wilkes-Barre, Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, on Friday, September 13, 1940, at 10 o'clock A. M., all the right, title and interest of the defendants in and to the following described lot, piece or parcel of land, viz:

Two certain tracts or parcels of land situate in the Borough of Forty Fort, Luzerne County, in the State of Pennsylvania, described as follows: Beginning at a set stone 361 feet from the Susquehanna River, and on the westerly line of Adam Heisz Farm lately bought of William Shoemaker; thence North 44 degrees W. 723.29 feet to a line stone; thence N. 44 degrees W. 344.85 feet to a corner; thence S. 29 degrees 58 minutes W. 162.5 feet to a corner; thence S. 17 degrees 22 minutes W. 184 feet to a corner; thence S. 42 degrees 22 minutes W. 330.5 feet to a corner; thence N. 44 deg. W. 19 feet to a corner, in the center of Abrams Creek; thence along the center of Abrams Creek, South 43 degrees 36 minutes West, 60 feet to a corner; thence South 16 degrees 24 minutes West, 102 feet to a corner; thence South 39 degrees 11 minutes W. 88 feet to a corner; thence South 23 degrees 23 minutes W. 43.5 feet to a corner; thence South 50 degrees 9 minutes West, 90.5 feet to a corner; thence South 21 degrees 2 minutes West, 88 feet to a corner; thence South 55 degrees 56 minutes West, 65 feet to a corner; thence South 28 degrees 31 minutes West, 218.98 feet to a corner; thence South 57 degrees 28 minutes West, 106 feet to a corner; thence South 39 degrees 24 minutes West, 32 feet to a corner; thence South 11 degrees 6 minutes West, 41 feet to a corner; thence South 44 degrees East, 742.3 feet to the Susquehanna River; thence in a northeasterly direction about 1584 feet to a corner; thence north 45 degrees W. 361 feet to the place of beginning, containing about 36.32 acres, be the same more or less.

Being the same land that was conveyed to said George Rodgers Murdock, by deed from William M. Shoemaker and others, dated November 8, 1905, and recorded in the office for the recording of deeds in said county in deed book 426 page 421.

Tract two. Beginning at a corner on Wyoming Avenue; thence North 40 degrees 27 minutes East, 50 feet to a corner; thence South 44 degrees East 400.34 feet to a corner in the center of Abrams Creek; thence South 57 degrees 28 minutes West, 29 feet to a corner; thence South 39 degrees 24 minutes West, 32 feet to a corner; thence South 11 degrees 6 minutes West, 21.58 feet to a corner; thence North 44 degrees West, 411.5 feet to the place of beginning, containing 20-120 square feet, be the same more or less. Improved with a dwelling,

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENT

barn, shed and vegetable washroom. Being the same land that was conveyed to said George Rodgers Murdock by deed from William M. Shoemaker and wife, dated November 8, 1905, and recorded in said office in deed book 426, page 420. There is excepted from tract one above described, 11½ acres conveyed off by said George Rodgers Murdock to Martin Arledge by deed dated July 28, 1926, and recorded in deed book 645, page 117, leaving 24.82 acres of tract one hereby conveyed.

Subject to all conveyances and reservations of coal and other minerals of record affecting the above conveyed land. Together with all buildings and improvements thereon and all rights, roads, ways, waters, privileges, appurtenances and advantages thereto belonging or in any wise appertaining. Seized and taken into execution at the suit of The Federal Land Bank of Baltimore versus William A. Murdock, and Lawrence Murdock, real owners and surviving heirs at law of George Rodgers Murdock, deceased, terre tenants and defendants, and will be sold by DALLAS C. SHOBERT, Sheriff, FRED B. DAVIS, Attorney.

LEGAL NOTICE

Notice—Estate of Emma V. Geyer, deceased, late of Kingston Borough, Pa., William E. Geyer, surviving spouse, has petitioned the Orphans' Court of Luzerne County, claiming property of the decedent to value of \$5,000, allowed by the Intestate Act, 1917, and amendments and that the real estate situate in Kingston Borough known as No. 26 Union St., (more fully described in said petition on file) as well as mortgage participation certificate have been appraised together with decedent's savings account and unless exceptions to the appraisers' report are filed the same will be confirmed by the court on Sept 3, 1940, at 10 a. m.

David T. Davis, Jr., Attorney for Petitioner, 1210 Miners Natl. Bank Bldg. Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

SHERIFF'S SALE

By virtue of Writ of Fi Fa No. 112, October Term, 1940, from Court of Common Pleas of Luzerne County, Pa., on Friday, September 13, 1940, at 10 A. M., in Court Room No. 2, Court House, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., all the surface of that certain piece of land situate in the City of Wilkes-Barre, Luzerne County, Pa., being a rectangular lot 50 feet front on Northerly side of South Main Street by 225 feet deep, being lot 26 on plot of Bennett and Horton recorded in Deed Book 333, page 74; being the same premises conveyed by deed of Charles N. Loveland and wife dated November 2, 1929, recorded in Deed Book 688, page 469, to Harry R. Hazel and Marion B. Hazel, his wife. Improved with three story frame dwelling adapted for three apartments, now known as 851 South Main Street, and with two car garage. Sold as property of aforesaid Hazels.

DALLAS C. SHOBERT, Sheriff. George Loveland, Atty.

GREGG SHORT HAND BY MAIL!

BEGINNERS — Five Lessons, \$5

Forty-eight Lessons, \$25

ADVANCE — Eight Lessons, \$5

Forty-eight Lessons, \$26.50

TERMS —

GRACE H. CALLANAN

13 Clarke Street Danvers, Massachusetts

Andy HARDY MEETS DEBUTANTE

By BEATRICE FABER

CHAPTER ONE

There was a sickening sweet smile on Andy Hardy's face as he woke from sleep. He had been dreaming of that ace debutante, Daphne Fowler, New York's top glamour girl.

"Ah love, ah bliss! to spend but one hour with the fair Daphne. But the closest Andy had come to it was her picture—or rather, dozens of her pictures, all nicely pasted together in a scrapbook. Calm-eyed, he propped himself on one elbow and gave his early morning ionic sophisticated image. What eyes, what lips and what a figger, especially in that strapless evening dress—wooo-woo!

But Mom was calling him for breakfast and he'd better get down or else they'd be coming up and busting in on his privacy.

Downstairs, at the table, his mother suddenly remembered something. "Andy, Polly Benedict's father called. He wants Dad to meet him at the Orphans' Home before noon."

"Calm yourself, dear mother," Andy said largely. "I can search for the good Judge while doing my botanizing." He grinned at her amazement. "Besides, I know where he goes to fish."

Yep, going in search of wild flower life was the best way he knew of to be alone so he could bring Daphne's scrapbook up to date.

He had just finished with his last specimen, the "Town Topics" cover and was strolling along through the woods when suddenly his father hailed him. "Why Andy, what are you doing here?"

In some confusion Andy replied, "I was looking for you." He remembered his errand. "Mr. Benedict wants you at the Orphanage by one o'clock."

The Judge sighed for little pleasures already lost. "And I've hardly got my line wet." He frowned. "The orphanage? Sounds like trouble."

At the Orphanage Andy waited outside and his thoughts suddenly centered on Polly. Now Polly Benedict was a sweet, old-fashioned thing and he had every sympathy for her but really, they'd been going round too steadily lately. And they'd darned well have to have a talk about it.

Then he tensed. Why, there was Polly now. "Hi," he called. "Say, I want to have a little talk with you Polly."

Very sweetly she smiled. "I want to have a little talk with you, too, Andy. You know, I don't think we ought to go together so steadily."

"You—what!" he cried hoarsely. "Yes," she went on with quiet conviction, "relationships like ours sometimes grow into serious things. And a girl of seventeen is always older—more mature, more sophisticated than a boy of the same age."

That hit Andy right between the eyes. "Polly you're—crazy." His adolescent voice broke and he had to repeat, "you're crazy. A boy of seventeen is practically on the threshold of manhood." Where did she get that sophisticated stuff?

Almost maternally, Polly asked "Wouldn't you be happier with someone who could look up to you?"

Like a balloon, Andy collapsed, saying piteously, "Look up to me? Oh my gosh." Then he pulled himself together. "Miss Benedict, there

are girls of seventeen who make you seem a mere child. A backward child at that." He climbed out of the car and started to stalk off. Gosh, a fellow had to make an exit after that.

Polly called after him, "I suppose I'll have to see you at the editors' meeting. But kindly continue to address me as Miss Benedict."

That afternoon the business of the "Carvel High Olympian," got under way. None of its staff, consisting of Andy, Polly and Beezzy Atwood were on very good speaking terms. Beezzy was still sore at Andy for not lending him his botany book and Andy was sore at Beezzy because the latter wanted to put Cynthia Potter's picture on the cover of the "Olympian." Polly was irritated with them both for quarreling.

"Now who in the world," Andy demanded, "would call Cynthia the most beautiful girl in the world?" Privately, he coddled the lovely vision of Daphne Fowler.

"Andy, please," Beezzy cried wildly. "I practically promised Cynthia she'd be on the cover." He looked at them both tensely. "All in favor of Cynthia's picture, say aye."

There were two "no's" from the rest of the committee. Now, to settle the matter, Polly made a suggestion that they use a cover with the most interesting achievement of the month by a student. Much as he hated to agree with her, Andy seconded the motion.

The meeting was adjourned when all of a sudden Beezzy seized Andy's scrapbook disguised as a botany book. "Thanks Andy," he gloated. "I'll give this back Monday."

In cold fury Andy said, "Put that book down. It's my property!"

But already Beezzy had flipped open the cover and now he howled with fiendish glee. "Polly, will you look at this? Ha, ha! Ho, ho! The whole thing's just filled with pictures of Daphne Fowler." He began to chant, "Andy's got a crush on Daphne Fowler. Andy's got a crush on Daphne Fowler. And he's never even seen her!"

Polly was just looking her scorn and Andy spoke up desperately. "I have too seen her." Inspiration came to him. "I—met her in Detroit nearly two years ago and at first sight she liked me far more than she ought."

Loftily, insultingly, Polly retorted, "Why Daphne Fowler goes around with grown men. She wouldn't look twice at a small-town schoolboy."

"Yeah?" Andy began to invent rapidly. "Well, she's so crazy about me she wants me to come and have the first dance with her when she makes her debut." Polly sniffed. "I been begging my father to let me go to New York." He was warming up. "I begged and pleaded on my benumbed knees but he says I got to keep on with my school."

Openly skeptical Polly suggested, "you could always run away from home."

Andy drew himself up and went to the door, not, however, without snatching his precious book from Beezzy first. "Maybe you'd want to break your mother's heart that way but I been brought up better. Furthermore I don't even know if I could get away from New York without having to—marry her." The silence was impressive. "It'd sure be terrific if I could only get to New York." He shrugged with martyrdom. "But I guess we all got our

crosses to bear in this unhappy world." Everybody was assembled in the living room that evening and Andy had the feeling that Dad was about to make some portentous announcement. When Dad got that funny smile on his face he was always about to spring something. "Well, now," the Judge said pleasantly, "to make a long story

it isn't. How's that sound, Andrew?" Andy moistened his lips and looked at his Dad wild-eyed. "But—I—can't—go—to—New York."

The Judge and all the others stared at him. "Will miracles never cease? Why?"

Andy raged. "What do we have to go to New York for? Why, in New York, vice and corruption



"I practically promised Cynthia she'd be on the cover."

short we're all going to New York City for a visit." Everyone cried out in delight. Why that was wonderful. Marvelous.

All but Andy. He was utterly aghast. "New York!" But how about all that stuff he'd been shooting off about Daphne Fowler?

"Yes," his father said briskly. "Seems I've got to lick a big New York law firm for the Orphanage. They're saying the Trust Fund that Cyrus Carvel left for the Orphanage is invalid and I'm out to prove

flourish rampant. Any newspaper'll tell you that. New York's—a sink of—of—well, it's a sink anyway. And I'm not gonna go. I wouldn't be safe."

There were tears of horror in Andy's eyes—why, think of all those things he'd said about Daphne Fowler, about being invited to her debut and her wanting to marry him. If he went to New York and didn't make good on that stuff, he'd be ruined here in Carvel forever.

Aunt Milly was hiding a smile behind her hand. Marina and Mrs.



- and may God keep us tolerant

Can you imagine churches in this country—your church—being closed and destroyed?

Yet, sad to relate, there is a malicious and deliberate effort on the part of a seemingly far-removed mass of persecutors to inoculate America—this land of religious freedom—with the venom of intolerance.

Can you picture church-goers—yes, you and your family—being brutally assailed at home and on the street, not only by non-religious citizens, but by the police and military units?

Right now it would appear that such a barbaric situation would never be tolerated here.

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THE DALLAS POST

More Than A Newspaper, A Community Institution