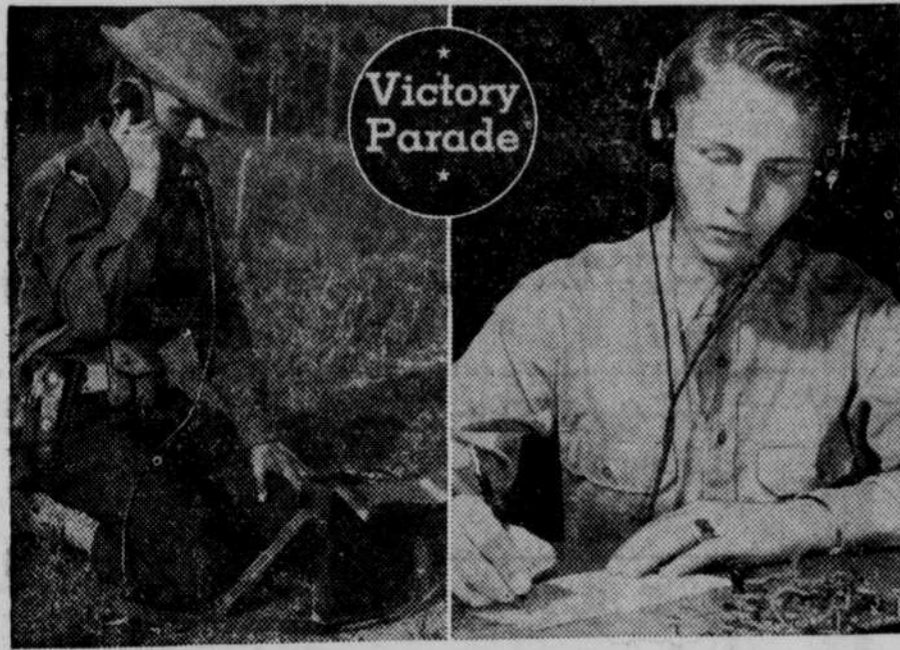


Speeding Up Battle Action With U. S. Army Signal Corps

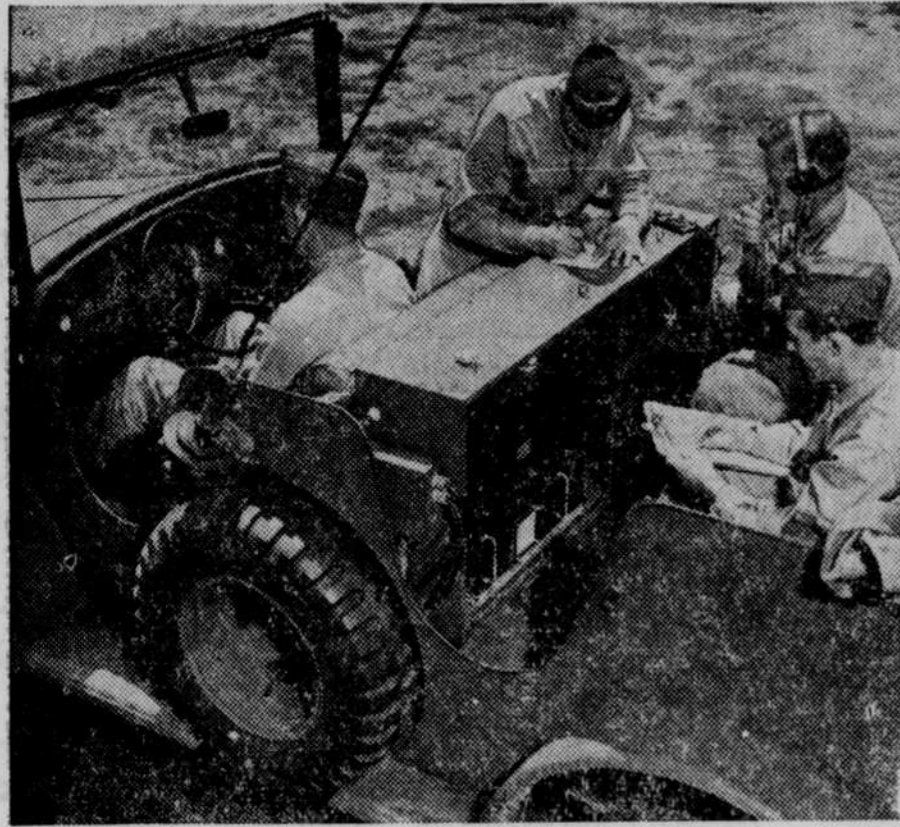


In this modern war-of-movement the amount of action which formerly took weeks or months is condensed into days. This is a decisive factor which has greatly increased the responsibility of the signal corps of the United States army in providing a commander with the channels of communication through which he receives information and directs the action of his troops.

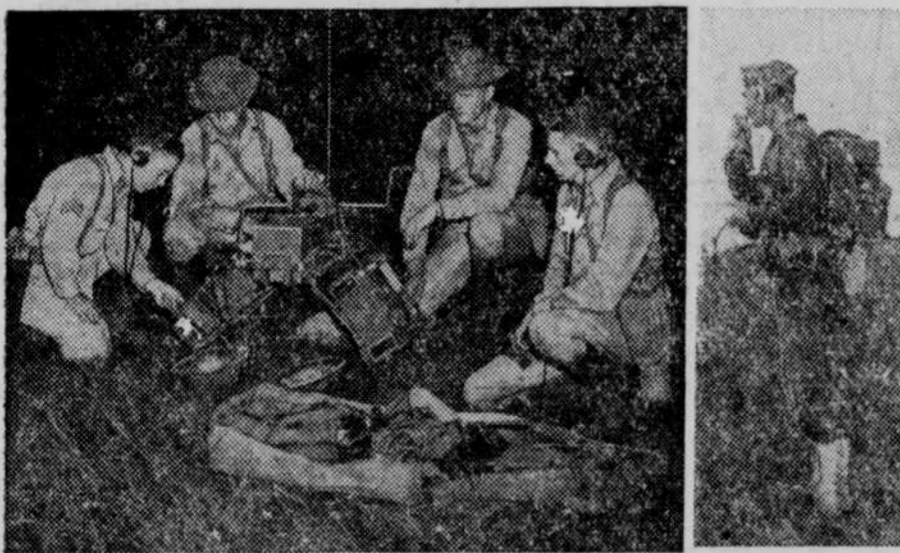
Above: Signal Corps men operate a mobile unit at the First Army maneuvers in the Carolinas.



Signal man, Private Harry Kimble of Easton, Pa., is shown operating a field telephone during exercises of the 18th infantry.



The intelligent face of this young S. S. T. is typical of the new American army. He is receiving a message in code.



Making good use of a radio set in the radio command car, at the Field Radio School, Signal Corps Replacement center, Fort Monmouth, N. J.



Signal men at the Second Army maneuvers in Arkansas (left), when the 107th cavalry regiment, consisting of horses, motorcycles and scout cars, went into speedy action against the "enemy." Right: Making use of a portable field transmitter and receiver to give orders to a machine gun company.

Star Dust STAGE, SCREEN, RADIO By VIRGINIA VALE Released by Western Newspaper Union.

DRAW a long breath of relief, you lads who secretly adore Greer Garson—with her marriage to Richard Ney postponed until after the war there may still be a chance for you! At least, at the moment there is; one never knows what to be sure of when a Hollywood marriage is concerned. At any rate, as of right now, this one is delayed; seems, according to Lieutenant Ney's announcement, that there was no place where they could be married until 10 o'clock, when the time came, so they decided to wait.

RKO is launching a new series of feature pictures, all about a rookie, using a new comedy team. First will come "Adventures of a Rookie"; after that it'll be a case of "Everywhere the army goes, the rookie's sure to go."

As a direct result of Margo's acting on the CBS Caravan Hour she's the first feminine narrator in movies—in RKO's "Women at War," one of several short subjects in RKO's



"This Is America" series. As a result of her charm, she was chosen queen of the Army Air Corps in Atlantic City. And because she wanted to do so much, Mexican-born Margo recently became an American citizen.

Mrs. Albert Wassell, 87-year-old mother of war hero, Lieut. Com. Corydon M. Wassell, was invited to come to Hollywood as Paramount's guest, since Cecil B. DeMille is filming her son's life. Mrs. Wassell refused. "There was only one star I ever cared to go that far to see," she wrote her son. "That was Rudolph Valentino and he's dead." She doesn't go to movies often, but thinks Jimmy Stewart is the star most like her son as a young man. But it's hardly likely that he can take time off from the army for the role.

Seven years ago in November Fred MacMurray made his first picture on the Paramount lot, playing opposite Claudette Colbert in "The Gilded Lily." Remember? He does—there he was in an important role, and nervous doesn't half describe the way he felt. Today they're costarring in a gay comedy called "No Time for Love"; she's a lady and he's a sandhog.

Ed ("Archie") Gardner has turned down Metro's overtures to make a celluloid version of the air's "Duffy's." He's working hard to bring his new radio program up to the top of the list before signing up with Hollywood execs for whom he last worked as a radio director.

Joseph Calleia, of "For Whom the Bell Tolls," is head of the Malta War Relief organization in this country; his parents, who are English and Spanish, live in Malta, and recently he heard that the house in which he was born has been blasted to bits.

Norman Tokar and Jackie Kelk, who play "Henry" and "Homer" respectively in radio's "The Aldrich Family," never feel absolutely sure that they're going to hold their jobs—that's because practically every page boy at NBC covets those roles.

Dick Powell was working in "Happy Go Lucky," and his wife, Joan Blondell, was touring the land with the Hollywood Victory Caravan. So, for the first time within anybody's memory, an extra telephone was ordered installed on a movie lot, because the Powells are so devoted to each other that they keep calling each other on long distance, making the one phone on the set unavailable for business calls.

ODDS AND ENDS—California headquarters for soldiers from Clarksville, Tenn., is the home of Helen Wood, radio and screen actress heard on "These We Love" . . . Nadine Conner flew to New York to start rehearsals for her second season at the Metropolitan opera house; she'll have her own radio show from New York . . . Edgar Deering has played more motorcycle cops than any other actor . . . Harpist Ed Vito is a fairly busy man these days; he plays with Joe Rines' orchestra on the air's "Abie's Irish Rose," and on Sundays plays first harp with Toscanini's orchestra over NBC.

TO YOUR Good Health by DR. JAMES W. BARTON Released by Western Newspaper Union. EATING RIGHT FOODS

In these days of stress and strain when everybody must be at their best mentally and physically, health departments everywhere are trying to guide their communities as to proper food and eating habits.

While it may be true that too much has been said about the value of vitamins and minerals in the diet, nevertheless these two food elements have led many to give more attention to their food needs. Because there is no lack of the necessary

foods, most individuals pick or choose the foods they like; it does not occur to them that they could possibly be suffering from a lack of the right kind of food to give them strength and energy.

In his book "The National Nutrition," Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the Journal of the American Medical Association, points out that teachers and parents should be watchful of children as many of the signs of poor nutrition can be easily overlooked.

Signs that suggest poor nutrition are (a) lack of appetite, (b) failure to eat a good breakfast, (c) failure to gain steadily in weight, (d) dislike of play, (3) chronic diarrhoea, (f) inability to sit still, (g) poor sleeping habits, (h) backwardness at school, (i) head colds, (j) bad posture, (k) sores at corners of mouth.

These same signs and symptoms are often seen in teen age boys and girls also and require the same careful attention.

The "food guide" issued by the United States Office of Defense Health and Welfare Services, published in poster form "can be applied simply and practically in every home."

"Milk and milk products—at least a pint for everyone—more for children—or cheese, or dried or evaporated milk."

"Oranges, tomatoes, grapefruit—or raw cabbage, or salad greens—at least one of these."

"Green or yellow vegetables—one big helping, other vegetables and fruits in season."

"Bread and cereal—whole grain or enriched white bread and flour."

"Meat, poultry or fish—dried beans, peas or nuts occasionally."

"Eggs—at least 3 or 4 a week, cooked any way you choose or in 'made' dishes."

"Butter and other spreads—vitamin-rich fats, peanut butter, and similar spreads."

Sanitarium Visits Free From Danger

When a member of the family or one of your friends is found to have tuberculosis and is sent to a sanitarium, you may wonder if it is safe for you or others to visit him. You know that tuberculosis is spread from one person to another by the organism (tubercle bacillus) floating in the air. You naturally wonder that with so many of these in the air of a room or ward of a sanitarium, it would be safe for you and others to venture there unless you wore a mask or other device to prevent you from breathing in these organisms.

However, if you think further, you realize that the physicians, nurses, and orderlies all enter the rooms and wards and examine, apply treatment, serve meals, and clean the floors and dust the furniture, yet they do not contract tuberculosis in any greater numbers than other individuals.

In the Quarterly Bulletin of the Seaview hospital, Staten Island, N. Y., Dr. Harry L. Katz states that in order to prove that physicians, nurses and orderlies can perform their duties safely, he and his associates investigated the common ways tuberculosis is passed on to others and the means of its prevention.

"Tubercle bacilli may enter the body (a) by breathing in the air of the room or ward, (b) by eating food containing the bacilli, (c) through the mucous membranes (lining of nose and throat) and (d) through cracks or cuts in the skin."

What did these investigators discover? They found that the air breathed out by a tuberculous patient during ordinary breathing "does not contain tubercle bacilli." During coughing and sneezing, however, droplets thrown out from the mouth and nose "frequently contain the organisms."

QUESTION BOX

Q.—Kindly explain tachycardia.

A.—Tachycardia means rapid heart beat. If very fast, comes suddenly and goes suddenly, it is called paroxysmal tachycardia, believed to be due to nervousness or emotional disturbances. Quinidine is usual treatment.

Q.—Is oleomargarine as nutritious as butter?

A.—Oleomargarine is as rich in food value as butter, but doesn't contain vitamin A.

Seth's Bath By V. YARDMAN Associated Newspapers. WNU Features.

WHEN Shelly Brant, owner of the Shoestring cattle outfit, died suddenly and without warning Seth Brundage knew that his goose was cooked. He was old; had been with Shelly as a rider for forty-eight years; had been schooled in the old-time code of the range, wasn't used to modern ways and modern people.

"I'll get my walkin' papers," he told himself, "soon's Shelly 2d, the boss' grandson, takes over the reins. The kid's gonna turn this place into a dude ranch. He'll want young dandified riders. There won't be no place for an ole coot like me. Howsumever—" Seth hitched up his faded blue jeans, yanked down his tattered sombrero and pulled the cinch tight on Bluenose, his flea-bitten bay. "Me an' you, pal," he told the gentle-eyed old horse. "We gotta go on. There ain't no room fer either of us in this modern, racy world no more."

Seth swung aboard his horse and the animal moved away from the corral down the lane that led past the bunkhouse and out toward the open range. The sun beat down warm and bright. Distantly purple mountains were etched clean against the sky. Two young cowhands, squatting in the shade of the bunkhouse, nodded at the old man as he passed. There was respect in their eyes and a certain sadness. They knew the fate that hung over the old man. They hated to see him go.

A lump rose in Seth's throat as he rode slowly along. A man can't live forty-eight years in one spot without becoming attached to it. He loved everything about the Shoestring, loved the distant hills and the open range. It was going to be hard—hard.

"By gum!" the old man exploded suddenly, "I ain't gonna let him do it! I'm gonna convince him that I belong here, that I'm needed. Some one's gotta look after the cattle."

Curiously, Seth had a gift for talk. He could say things convincingly. He knew it, and he intended to employ his art in selling Shelly 2d the idea that the Shoestring would be losing a right valuable man if they let him go.

"Now, lookee here, young Shelly," he said to the young, bright-haired boy who was seated in the ranch office two days later, "I reckon your grandpa didn't git a chance to tell you how important I was to this here ranch afore he died. Why, shucks, being a modest sort of jigger I hesitate to dwell on the time thirty year ago when Black Tandy, the outlaw, shot an' killed two of the Shoestring riders and run off with three hundred head of cattle. Why, shucks, your grandpa was away at the time so I had to take over. We formed a posse, trailed Black an' his gang into the hills an' fanned out to comb as large an area as possible.

"Shucks, it jist happened that along about noon that day I was peggin' along in a little draw when suddenly I rounds a clump of bushes an' what do I see? Well, sir, I sees Black and three of his henchmen bendin' over a brandin' fire with a iron in their hands an' Shoestring stock close by.

"There weren't no time for salutations. I ups an' grabs the old smoke pole an' let drive. Them bandits were fast, young Shelly, an' I'm here to remark for a minute I was scared. My first slug took the nearest jigger in the throat. Number 2 smashed the wrist of the second just as he was gettin' out his gun. Number 3—well, sir, Number 3 was scheduled for Black Tandy himself—"

Shelly 2d burst out laughing and leaped to his feet. "Marvelous, Seth, but lookee, I have to meet some folks at the train. Suppose you save that story till later, eh? Be seeing you." And with a patronizing pat on the shoulder, Shelly 2d left his erstwhile teller of bloodthirsty tales standing alone, a grieved look on his face.

"Didn't get to first base," Seth told himself disgustedly as he stalked toward the bunkhouse. "Didn't believe a word of it. Well, you can't say I didn't try."

An air of dejection settled over the ranch. The reason, of course, was Seth's departure. There wasn't a hand but sensed it was now a matter of days before the shakeup would come and the old man would be let out. And in spite of his best efforts to appear cheerful, Seth's spirits sank to a new low.

"By jinks, I'll try another angle," he told himself. "I'll fix myself up like a noney. Take a bath, mebbe." And the next day he carried out the idea, riding into town and purchasing silk shirt and wipe, chaps, a snow-white hat, new boots. Two hours later he again presented himself before Shelly 2d.

"Now, lookee here, young Shelly, you gotta keep some one to look after the cattle, some one who knows the ropes around here an' can run things right. Well, I otter know better'n any one. I—"

Seth's face fell. Failure again. Well, he'd played his last card. Nothing else he could do, nothing more than the supreme sacrifice of substituting these smart dude things for the comfortable attire he had known all his life. "All right," he said dimly. "O.K., young Shelly. Thought mebbe you might have a place for an old man like me. Foolish, I guess. Don't blame yuh much, either—"

"Place for you!" Shelly 2d exploded in astonishment. "Why, good heavens, man, you're the last man in the world I'd think of firing. Why, you're part of the ranch. You're the atmosphere. You're what we need more than anything else. Only you won't look after the cattle. No, sir. You're going to hang around here and tell stories. Like the one you told of Black Tandy. That's what the dudes want more than anything. That's why I can ask such outlandish prices—because of you. There's only one thing I insist on: Throw away that absurd costume you're wearing and get into your own clothes and look natural."

Old Seth gulped. "By gum!" he said. "By gum! I guess I bin keepin' in step with modern times an' didn't know it."

Human Being By R. H. WILKINSON Associated Newspapers. WNU Features.

THIS is a different story, because it is about two normal young people who didn't want to get married. There was Jo Rosalie, a violinist, who played in the orchestra at the Henseler beer garden, and there was Kent Allbee, a singer, who came to the Henseler to do a specialty number, and was kept on as a regular.

They were introduced the first night, and each nodded casually and paid little attention to the other.

Kent went home early most every night. There came a night when Kent stayed on to sing a couple of request pieces. When he got his hat and coat he noticed also as he approached the exit door that a serious-faced girl was going to reach that self-same door at about the time he did. He remembered having met her, but he'd forgotten her name.

For no reason that he could think of Kent smiled and said: "Look, I feel like a hamburger. How about going down to Riley's?"

Jo hesitated. "Well, all right."

So an hour later they were smoking cigarettes over their second cup of coffee at Riley's, and Jo was saying: "I'm only working at Henseler's till I can get a break on the concert stage. That's what I'm after and nothing is going to stop me."

"Aren't we all!" Kent exclaimed. "I'm aiming at recital work and nothing is going to stand in my way."

So the two who always went home alone nights found that they had something in common.

"Isn't it silly," Jo said one evening, "the way people get married and simply throw their careers and ambitions and hopes for success to the wind?"

"It's terrific!" Kent agreed. Kent had a dilapidated coupe that he banged around the countryside in week-ends. One Sunday he asked Jo to bang around with him.

"It kind of inspires me," he confided, "getting out into the clean, fresh air."

"There's no more beautiful music than what one finds in nature," Jo agreed. So Jo put up a lunch and that Sunday they drove up north and found a shaded brook and sat beneath a tree and ate sandwiches and listened to the rush of water over rocks, and the singing of birds, and were inspired—musically speaking, of course.

The following Wednesday Kent got his first break. A friend of his arranged to have a visiting radio man come to the Henseler and listen to him sing. Kent was pretty excited about it.

So Kent did, and when the following Wednesday came around he sang as he'd never sung before. The following Saturday he received a letter. Accompanying the letter was a contract. At first he was excited, then thoughtful. Presently he went to the phone and called Jo.

"Can I come over?" he asked.

"Why, of course, Kent," said Jo. So Kent went over. "Jo, you and I both agree that it's foolish for a man or a woman who's interested in a career to get married, don't we?"

"It's perfectly silly."

"When you've worked and slaved there's no point in chucking it for—for a mate."

"Of course not."

"It would be impossible for two people to get married and have their careers also, wouldn't it?"

"Absolutely."

"Dawn!" said Kent.

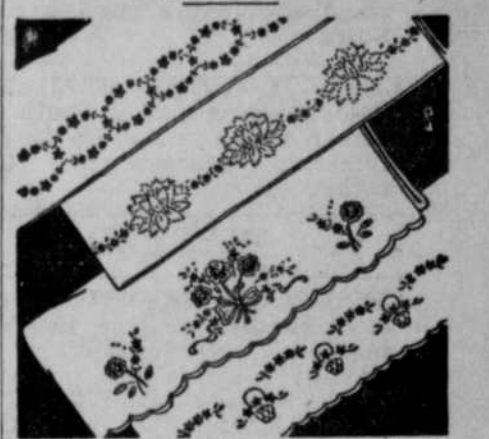
"Why, Kent, whatever—"

"Jo," said Kent, "the reason I got that contract was because you were there listening to me sing. Jo, I—I—"

"Kent!" screamed Jo. "I love you too—you—you—adorable human being, you!"

Good Farmers Farmers who get a good return for their labor tend to have large farms, high labor efficiency, and high rates of crop and animal production.

Attractive Simplicity In Slip Embroidery



ATTRACTIVE simplicity is the theme of these four pillow slip motifs, all of which come on one pattern, 29405. Cross stitch, water-lilies and a delightful rose bouquet make two pairs; another pair is to be banded with the interesting lazy daisy motif, and the fourth pair bears an engaging row of miniature baskets.

Replace worn out slips with new ones embroidered in these captivating designs. Pattern 29405 is 15 cents. The transfer will stamp several sets of each if you wish. Send your order to:

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

NO ASPIRIN can do more for you than St. Joseph's Aspirin. So why pay more? World's largest seller at 10¢. 36 tablets 20¢, 100 for only 35¢.

Others' Business I tend to the business of other people, having lost my own.—Horace.

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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

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Gas on Stomach

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 medicine known for symptomatic relief—medicine like those in Bell-u-m Tablets. No laxative. Bell-u-m brings comfort in 5 minutes or double your money back on return of bottles to us. 50¢ at all druggists.

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Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound TABLETS (with added iron) have helped thousands to relieve periodic pain, backache, headache with weak, nervous, cranky, blue feelings—due to functional monthly disturbances. Taken regularly—Pinkham's Tablets help build up resistance against such annoying symptoms. Also, their iron makes them a fine hematonic to help build up red blood. Pinkham's Tablets are made especially for women. Follow label directions. Worth trying!

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SOOTHE CHAPPED SKIN QUICKLY

Raw, biting weather dries skin cells, leaves them "thirsty." Skin becomes raw—may crack and bleed. Soothing Mentholatum acts medicinally: helps 1) Replenish those thirsty cells so they can retain needed moisture; 2) Prevent chapped skin from further irritation. Use Mentholatum for sore, chapped hands, cheeks, lips. Jar 30¢.

MENTHOLATUM

WNU-U 49-42

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May Warn of Disordered Kidney Action

Modern life with its hurry and worry, irregular habits, improper eating and drinking—its risk of exposure and infection—throws heavy strains on the work of the kidneys. They are apt to become over-taxed and fail to filter excess acid and other impurities from the life-giving blood.

You may suffer nagging backache, headache, dizziness, getting up nights, leg pains, swelling—feel constantly tired, nervous, all worn out. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

Try Doan's Pills. Doan's help the kidneys to pass off harmful excess body wastes. They have had more than half a century of public approval. Are recommended by grateful users everywhere. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS