

Kiss and Tell

By F. MUGH WERBERT
An Actual Movie Shooting Script

INT. PORCH
MEDIUM SHOT—SHOOTING TOWARD STAIRS
They all stand looking at the stairs, and after a few moments Corliss' feet come into view, and finally Corliss herself, pale and obviously shaken. Mr. Archer beckons peremptorily to his daughter and then shoots a venomous glance at Mrs. Pringle. Very slowly Corliss comes down the stairs.
MR. ARCHER: Corliss—this woman—
He ends the simple noun with all the most deplorable connotations.
MR. ARCHER:—this woman has just had the—the gall to say—
CORLISS: (very nervous) Yes, Daddy—I heard. I wasn't actually listening—honestly—but I couldn't help hearing.
MRS. ARCHER: (quietly) Corliss, sit down.
Very gingerly Corliss sits on the edge of a chair.
MRS. PRINGLE: If you want to lead up to it gently—ask her if she was at the corner of Jefferson and Fifth yesterday with her soldier friend having a cocktail—
CORLISS: (yelping with indignation) It was a shrimp cocktail! I'll murder that Betty Campbell!
MR. ARCHER: (grimly) What soldier?
MRS. ARCHER: (trying to soothe him) I know about it, Harry. It was Private Earheart.
CORLISS: Corporal Earheart.
MRS. ARCHER: (irritably) Be quiet, Corliss.
MR. ARCHER: What's this about Doctor Fabling in the Professional Building?
CORLISS: (stalling valiantly) Well—I—
MRS. PRINGLE: It's no use trying to deny it. You were

seen coming out of his office yesterday—and the week before—by two different parties. And yesterday you were seen meeting this soldier.
Mrs. Archer walks over to the chair where Corliss is seated, trying to control herself.
MRS. ARCHER: Corliss—look at me.
Corliss raises her face for a moment.
MRS. ARCHER: Is that true, Corliss?
CORLISS: (resigned) Yes, Mother.
MRS. PRINGLE: (this is her great moment) In future, Janet, perhaps you'll be a little bit more careful who you call a tramp!
And with this she sails off the porch, well satisfied.
CLOSE SHOT—CORLISS, MZ. AND MRS. ARCHER
Mr. Archer is trying to comfort his wife who has collapsed onto the couch almost in tears. Corliss looks unhappily at her mother. She is obviously deeply distressed to see how Mrs. Archer is reacting to the information, but there is that blood oath which she took which is sealing her lips.
MR. ARCHER: (to Corliss) You little fool! You little fool! Suddenly he darts for the telephone and picks it up.
MR. ARCHER: Operator—get me Camp Morningside.
MRS. ARCHER: Harry—what're you going to do?
MR. ARCHER: I'm going to speak to the commanding officer and have this—this Earheart court-martialed and shot. This dire threat finally needles Corliss into action. She jumps up hastily.
CORLISS: (excitedly) No, Daddy—no! You mustn't!
MR. ARCHER: He knows that you're not 10 yet. He—
CORLISS: Yes, Daddy, but—but—(long pause) Well—it isn't

him.
With a trembling hand, Archer hangs up the phone and faces his quaking daughter.
MR. ARCHER: (in a voice of doom) Then who is it?
For a moment Corliss swallows painfully and doesn't know what to say. Then she hears again the familiar banished wall of Dexter's voice.
DEXTER'S VOICE O.S.: Corliss! Oh, Corliss!
Corliss decides that it's worth trying anyway.
CORLISS: (dramatically) Dexter!
Mrs. Archer gives a gasp of horror. Mr. Archer is turning purple with rage.
MR. ARCHER: (a hoarse yell) Dexter? (simply) I'll kill him. I'll kill him.

MEDIUM SHOT—SHOOTING TOWARDS SCREEN DOOR
It is at this moment that Dexter, with an amiable grin on his face, blandly makes his entrance.
DEXTER: (oozing cordiality) Hi, everybody!
With the obvious intent of murdering Dexter, Mr. Archer makes a lunge at the startled youth who discreetly ducks behind a chair, while Mrs. Archer drags her seething husband away.
MR. ARCHER: (hoarsely) Get out of my sight, you vile, un-speakable, shameful, filthy little swine!
DEXTER: (alarmed and puzzled) Huh? Gee whiz, Mr. Archer, I'm sorry. (soothingly) I'll never happen again.
MRS. ARCHER: (frantically) Control yourself! Murdering him isn't going to help! Please!
DEXTER: Huh? Holy cow, Mr. Archer—it was Corliss' fault as much as mine.
CORLISS: Dexter, you don't know what you're saying!
DEXTER: But, Mr. Archer—it was all in fun!
Again the outraged father makes a murderous lunge for Dexter who manages to duck and scurms out into the garden with Corliss at his heels.
(To Be Continued)
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Our Boarding House With Major Hoople Out Our Way



Out Our Way



J. R. Williams

Boots and Her Buddies



By Edgar Martin

Kerchief Apron



By MRS. ANNE CFBOT
It is so pretty and so unusual that you'll wonder why you haven't made one long before this. Use three big flower printed handkerchiefs and rose-colored or other pretty rayon moire or satin ribbon for the belt and ties. You can also get this dainty-looking hostess apron out of the good pieces of a discarded flowered cotton or print dress. Apron can be made in two hours or less! To obtain complete pattern and finishing instructions for the

VITAL STATISTICS

Births
MITCHELL—To Mr. and Mrs. Clare Mitchell, La Grande, a son, Aug. 2, St. Joseph's hospital.
Official Records
Water turned off, Aug. 2:
W. H. Divers, 2402 Ash street.
Water turned on:
W. E. Wilkins, 2402 Ash street;
E. A. Woodman, 108 Depot street;
Thomas J. Meredith, 1602 Oak street.
Lana Turner Loses \$35,000 Diamonds
HOLLYWOOD, Aug. 3 (UP)—Lana Turner, the sweater-girl screen star, has reported to police the loss of a diamond brooch worth \$35,000. Miss Turner said some of her friends admired the 142-diamond brooch, fastened at the neck of her low-cut evening gown, as they left one restaurant to go to another Wednesday night. When the party arrived at the second restaurant, she said, the brooch was missing.

Daytime Frock



By SUE BURNETT
To take you coolly and comfortably through the summer—a graceful, unpretentious daytime frock especially designed for the matron.
Pattern No. 8894 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 38, short sleeves, requires 3 1/2 yards of 35 or 39-inch fabric.

Freckles and His Friends



Merrill Blosser



U. S. Army Group

1 Depleted is	58 Gaseous element (pl.)
2 Insigne of U. S. Army	59 Coat part
3 Frontier	1 Hammer head
4 Gratia (ab.)	2 Exchange premium
5 Rodent	3 Girl's name
6 Obese	4 Music note
7 From	5 That one
8 Ireland	6 It is part of the insignia — the U. S.
9 Father	7 Army
10 Solar disk	8 Rough lava
11 Midway	9 Step
12 Storm	10 Arabian gulf
13 Charged atoms	11 Camera's eye
14 Separatists	12 Flower
15 Charge	13 Pompous show
16 Epithet of Jupiter	14 Onward
17 Drunkard	15 Either
18 Id est (ab.)	16 Convulsion
19 statesman	17 Be carried
20 Behold!	18 Ever (contr.)
21 Attempt	19 Icon
22 Russian city	20 Aged
23 Poem	21 Steamship
24 Sea eagle	22 Pedal digit (ab.)
25 Peak	23 Shout
26 Island	24 Symbol for
27 Persian fairy	25 Illumium
28 Fried	
29 Wife of Queen in Arthurian legend	
30 Mystic syllable	
31 Like	
32 Symbol for Iridium	

Answer to Previous Puzzle

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50
51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60

Building Permits

A. R. Hiatt, alter and repair one-story frame garage, 807 Grandy, \$100.

Hold Everything



Red Ryder



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Wash Tubbs



By Leslie Turner



Alley Oop



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