"No more rides for me – till you get those grabby brakes fixed" – says Stopper

ARE *YOUR* BRAKES WORKING ALL RIGHT?

OR DOES YOUR CAR:

Nose dive when brakes are applied?
Pull right or left when braking?
Have slow or grabby brakes when wet?
Need frequent brake adjustments?
Let brake pedal down to floor?
Squeal, groan or chatter on stops?
Brake on only one rear wheel?
Make grinding noise when stopping?

BETTER DRIVE IN WHERE YOU SEE THIS SIGN

Safe-Stop Brake Service is sponsored in repair shops and service stations by American Brakeblok, makers of The Safety Brake Lining, now in use on millions of motor vehicles, trucks, buses and coaches. This brake lining is quickly available everywhere through 38 NAPA Warehouses and a nation-wide distribution system.

American Brakeblok Division of The American Brake Shoe and Foundry Company, Detroit, Michigan
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A SPECIAL PREPARATION FOR SHAVING

FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

It Needs No Brush Not Greasy or Sticky

Modern life demands at least 1 man in 7 shave *every day*—and men in service must get clean shaves, too. Yet daily shaving often causes razor scrape, irritation.

To help men solve this problem, we perfected Glider—a rich, soothing cream—not greasy or sticky.

SMOOTHS DOWN SKIN

You first wash your face thoroughly with hot water and soap to remove grit and the oil from the skin that collects on whiskers every 24 hours. Then spread on Glider quickly and easily with your fingers. Never a brush. Instantly Glider smooths down the flaky top layer of your skin. It enables the razor's edge to *glide* over your skin, cutting your whiskers close and clean *without scraping or irritating the skin.*

ESPECIALLY FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

For men who must shave *every day*—doctors, lawyers, businessmen, service men—Glider is invaluable. It eliminates the dangers frequent shaving may have for the tender face and leaves your skin smoother, cleaner. Glider was developed by The J. B. Williams Co., makers of fine shaving preparations for over 100 years.

SEND FOR GUEST-SIZE TUBE

If you want to try Glider right away, get a regular tube from your dealer. If you can wait a few days, however, we'll send a Guest-Size tube for a dime and any used metal tube. It is enough for three weeks and is very handy for traveling.

On this test we rest our case entirely—for we are positive that Glider will give you more shaving comfort than anything you've used.

Send your name and address with ten cents and a used tube to The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. EG-08, Glastonbury, Conn. Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only.

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FREE! Great New Tobacco Blend

Postcard brings you *absolutely Free* generous sample-package America's Newest Smoker's Treat —"Three Squires Pipe Mixture". Reg. price 15c. Address "Three Squires", Dept. G, 191 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

No Glamor Gal

Continued from page 13

going to the South Orange and Maplewood (N. J.) High where Stanley Wood was instructing the young thespians, and Papa Wright took Mr. Wood's word for it that Teresa wasn't hopeless. Father staked her to two summers' tuition at the Wharf Theater in Provincetown, where Teresa wrestled with scenery, lugged props about and looked wan and wistful.

"The least likely to succeed," was the Provincetown verdict.

But Doro Merandi of the Provincetown company liked her and when Miss Merandi went into the cast of Our Town she put in a word for Teresa, who was hired as understudy to Dorothy Maguire, who created the role subsequently played by Martha Scott. By the happy chance that suddenly made pale and bedraggled females invaluable, Miss Wright was in a good spot. When Eddie Dowling started to cast the touring company, he became irate.

Thanks to Mr. Serlin

"That infernal Hollywood!" cried Mr. Dowling, expressing his resentment of a machine that invariably sucked in every talented youngster. There was nobody but Teresa and she made the rounds of New England and the Middle West.

Next summer she was with the Barnstormers Theater at Tamworth, New Hampshire, where she learned a great deal. When that was over she came back to New York and started giving readings for Life With Father, along with all other destitute actors. The boss of the play was Oscar Serlin, who had been testing director for Paramount for many years and hated the films with a stern magnificence. As opposed to that, his reverence for the stage bordered on the pathological.

Oscar was in no rush. Miss Wright thought she was revealing Spartan courage when she gave her first reading, but after she was on the fifth round she looked at Serlin piteously, anxious merely that she should be shot like a wounded rodeo pony and put out of her misery. Oscar had made up his mind that a blonde should play the role. Teresa was a brunette. Oscar fidgeted and finally decided that it made no difference whether a blonde or a brunette played the role. Teresa was in and later she had a lot more to thank Serlin for, because he made her screen test when the Goldwyn offer arrived and gave her even better advice about her contract, which is unique in cinema history. Here are a few portions of the Serlin-indited work:

"Clause 39. The aforementioned Teresa Wright shall not be required to pose for photographs in a bathing suit unless she is in the water. Neither may she be photographed running on the beach with her hair flying in the wind. Nor may she pose in any of the following situations: In shorts, playing with a cocker spaniel; digging in a garden; whipping up a meal; attired in firecrackers and holding skyrockets for the Fourth of July; looking insinuatingly at a turkey for Thanksgiving; wearing a bunny cap with long ears for Easter; twinkling on prop snow in a skiing outfit while a fan blows her scarf; assuming an athletic stance while pretending to hit something with a bow and arrow."

Faced with these restrictions the Goldwyn publicity staff kept Miss Wright at a distance and caused her some uneasiness. Her competitors were getting their pictures in the papers; she was only appearing on the screen. She approached Mr. William Hebert, Goldwyn publicity head, about the matter.

"Friends have told me I have a very nice figure," she said demurely but insistently.

Mr. Hebert called in the photographers. Interviewers were also coaxed into presenting an appearance but in several cases this created an assorted amount of ill will when they arrived with licorice sticks and ice-cream cones under the illusion that they were to visit Baby Sandy.

Hardier souls who came with less enlightenment and greater discernment found her a very nice girl, a touch on the unexciting side. When they asked her pointedly about her personal life she said, "I want to be a good actress above everything."

At this juncture the Goldwyn press representative would invariably offer his stock of information.

"Miss Wright is five feet two and weighs 110 pounds. She has wavy brown hair and greenish-blue eyes."

The interviewer would look at Miss Wright and confirm this. Miss Wright would then laugh very *merrily*.

"If you want to write something entirely original," she would say, "just put in that I hate the hours."

It seemed that although Miss Wright had been reared in Jersey, she had been born in New York. She felt that six o'clock in the morning was an improper hour to be abroad. It had been even worse when she was over at M-G-M making Mrs. Miniver under the direction of William Wyler.

"Mr. Wyler likes you to be perfect," said Miss Wright.

She demurred rather tartly about taking the role of Mrs. Gehrig but the studio executives convicted her of contradiction out of her own mouth. She felt that audiences would not accept her in an older role after what she had been playing, but they reminded her of one of her more romantic periods. When she was appearing in Life With Father she received a mash note from a well-known and elderly actor.

"I saw you Saturday night in the play and really thought you were terrific," he wrote. "The last time I saw you was in Pasadena where you were with the King Players or something of the sort, and that was so long ago it doesn't seem possible that an old dame like you could play a young girl like Mary Skinner and get away with it. You were swell. Call me up and come to dinner with me. I'm at the Blank Hotel."

Hollywood Has Its Way

She didn't ring him and missed the meal but she made the mistake of telling the Goldwyn office about it. They used it against her. She had never been in Pasadena, she was not an old dame, and the gentleman was obviously under a misapprehension, but the studio pointed out that if she could fool a man of his astuteness there would obviously be no difficulty in convincing the public that she was her own age.

On the personal side, a little snooping revealed that Miss Wright will soon enter into a formal engagement with Mr. Niven Busch, a writer. This removes her rather definitely from competition and accounts for the fact that she is not seen in Hollywood night clubs and is as little known as any human could be in that torso factory. She has a pretty taste for good painting and good photographs but confines her reading to her craft, boning up on plays with the thought that she will eventually return to Broadway, as is permitted in her contract. She was back last spring for another Serlin masterwork called The King's Family. Mr. Serlin directed this himself and it died rather grimly in Boston before reaching New York. Miss Wright was frank about the matter.

"This small episode gave me pause," she said.

What this seems to mean is that Teresa will follow the line of most actresses who have a Broadway fixation and a juicy Hollywood contract: She will see Broadway on an average of about once every nine years.

Close scrutiny of the public prints will afford conclusive proof of the trend of the Wright thought. Even the faintest glimpse of the Wright ankle in a studio publicity shot will be evidence that Teresa has gone the way of all flesh. Hollywood will have her.

THE END

"Don't you-all get high now and cut this chicken cockeyed!"

DOROTHY MC KAY

More practical than prophetic, Rogers gave a benefit in Tucson for Mauger's team, raising $2,300 which, with a like amount given by the school, enabled the four players and the coach to pile into a couple of automobiles and head east.

It was at once dubbed the "polo team on wheels," "the horseless polo team" and "the cowboy team without cows—and without horses." The stage was set to give it the same sort of derisive welcome that had been given the teams of 1924 and 1926.

But something happened on the way that was to change that. The ranch kids from the mesquite plains beat in quick succession New Mexico, Oklahoma, Fort Bliss, Riverridge and West Point. Murmurs of surprise greeted the earlier victories, but the West Point debacle was nothing less than a wow.

The Westerners, arriving in their dust-covered automobiles, to the polite amusement of the society folk from Tuxedo who motored over for the killing, wiped up the Army's pride 14 to 2.

Brought to New York and the Yale Club for luncheon, nothing was now too good for the Wildcats. They were introduced to Louis E. Stoddard, chairman of the United States Polo Association, to Clarence Budington Kelland, to many a Yale man who might have been put to it to tell exactly where their state was located.

Arizona Was "Included Out"

Then, on some pretty flimsy reasoning, based on mistaken reports, the intercollegiate polo heads voted not to let Arizona enter the matches. Two Arizona members, it was alleged, were ineligible for play. These charges have since been disproved, but Arizona has not been asked back for intercollegiate play. In fact, every Eastern trip the team has made has been on its own initiative.

Stoddard, who was in a position to judge, in spite of the team's defeat by Yale, called the 1931 Arizona team "the finest team combination in polo."

Arizona's coach for 1941, former crack Army polo-ist Major Delmore S. Wood, has said that the 1940 Arizona team, which he did not coach, "could easily have beaten any college team in the country if it had been comparably mounted."

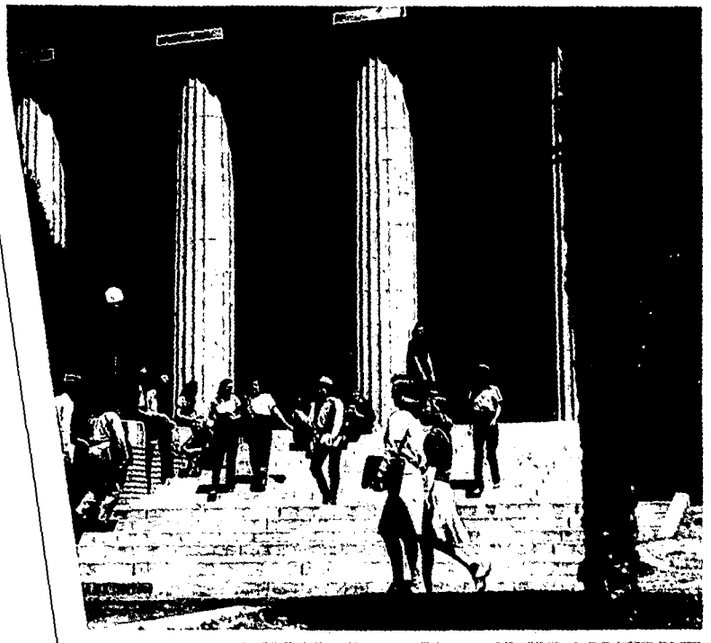
Arizona polo teams on Eastern trips have always played on borrowed mounts because it is not possible to transport polo ponies, as it is football teams, across the country with time out for play every 500 miles.

In the West, it has become the custom for home teams not only to furnish visitors with mounts, but to share their own mounts with them for at least half the game. This little gesture has never been followed in the East and must be accounted the greatest handicap the Western visitors have played under.

With a top enrollment last year of under 2,700 students, Arizona is one of the smallest state colleges in the country. But it has continually matched itself with the biggest colleges of the East, and has managed to maintain a brand of polo of which any school could be proud. It has done this using borrowed nags and considerably slowed down by soft Eastern fields which contrast strikingly with the fast dobe-and-devil-grass fields of the Southwest.

For his 1941 varsity, Wood *(Continued on page 57)*

The cowboy influence on the University of Arizona campus is reflected in the clothing of students going to and from classes in the Engineering Building



Girl students ride, too. On this desert trail are Ada Lee Perner, Elladean Hayes, Sazette Blair, Mary Hayward and Pat Moore

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY CHARLES E. KERLEE

Fireman's Daughter

By Philip Clark

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

When a man feels ready and able to save the world, it's a bitter thing to have to put it off until he's eighteen

I DIDN'T have a thing on but this towel wrapped around my middle, and my feet were getting pretty tired from trying to stand with my heels a half inch off the floor so no one would notice. But there were only three other guys between me and the Navy doctor who was doing the examinations. And then this boatswain or quartermaster or whatever they call it with that kind of stripes came down the line checking up papers. He came to me and he said, "Where's your papers? For Pete's sake, don't you guys do *anything* like you're told to?"

I didn't say anything. Because he'd seen me plenty before, only not with all my clothes off. He was a big, red-necked, blimpy kind of guy, and he took a good look at me, and said, "Oh, gosh! You again!"

I still didn't say anything. Because what was the use? He just grabbed me by the back of the neck and marched me out of there. Fast, so it was very hard to hold the towel up, and a lot of big dopes in the line laughed. We went out of the examination room, and back to where I'd left my clothes. He stood over me while I got dressed, and he didn't say anything at all till I was tying my tie. Then he said, "Now look, bubber. Don't come in here again! Do you get it? Don't *come* here any more! Or shall I have it tattooed on you?"

I said, "All right. Only you don't have to get tough about it."

He said, "Maybe I don't have to, but I will. Now beat it. And stay beat!"

I said, very calm and sort of cold, "Thanks. Maybe I can do *you* a favor some time."

He didn't get it, of course. Because what I was thinking was that I was bound to get in sooner or later, and I'd probably get promoted a lot faster than him, the big dumbbell. I could just see him snapping out a salute and saying, "*Boatswain Something-or-Other reporting for duty, sir.*" And then the expression on his face when he saw who it was.

Only instead he was slamming the door of the recruiting station in back of me, and I was walking down the customshouse steps. Arlene was waiting for me at the bottom of the steps, and I guess she could tell right away what had happened. Arlene is the only person in the world who understands me even a little bit, and even she doesn't really understand. Not entirely. I guess nobody ever understands that way.

We walked down the street to get the bus, and Arlene said, "Don't feel so bad about it, Tommy. You didn't really think you could—well—*sneak* into the Navy, did you?"

I said, "Oh, the heck with it. It was worth a try, wasn't it?"

Because, of course, she couldn't see it the way I had. Just slipping into that line of guys waiting to be examined. And then the doctor giving me the thumps, and looking—well—sort of amazed. And saying, "Young man, you're in wonderful shape! Wonderful! If every recruit only came to us in the shape *you're* in—"

I was holding my feet out with my knees bent, trying to keep from spinning. And then I hit. Hard. It most knocked me cockeyed

And then maybe he'd have talked to Father. Even if I didn't have any darned consent papers. Guys have done it before. Younger than sixteen, even. But here we were waiting for the bus, and I looked at Arlene, and I could see she wasn't really sorry. She's awfully pretty with blue eyes and sort of soft blond hair, and I know it's not just because I'm in love with her, because I felt that way even back last summer, before I really fell for her. Only now I was kind of mad at her, because I could see she didn't really want me to get in. Not any more than Father and Mother. Even if she had come down with me to say goodby, in case they'd taken me right off. But it was too much trouble to fight about it.

THE bus came, and we got on, and a couple of soldiers from Fort Hanson got on, too. I could see them kind of giving Arlene a good looking over. They didn't get fresh or anything, but I could tell Arlene knew they were looking at her. A girl always does. It made me so mad I couldn't think of anything to say, all the way out to Alban Terrace, where we both live. We got off the bus and walked up the street to Arlene's house. It was awfully warm for so early in the year, and we sat on the steps for a while. Arlene said, "Maybe when you've finished school—maybe your father'll change his mind."

Only she didn't really mean it. She was just humoring me. I said, "Sure. And the way I'm flunking everything in sight, that's really something to look forward to."

Because how can you expect a guy to study with all this going on? It was beginning to get kind of dark, and we just sat there. That's another thing about Arlene. She doesn't *talk* all the time when you've got things to think about. A car came up the drive, and it was Arlene's father. I got up when he came up the steps, and I said, "Good evening, Mr. Bolton."

He said, "Uh—good evening—uh—Bobby."

Bobby! He thought I was Bobby Tarrant! He hadn't even looked at me. Nobody ever really looks at you long enough to see who you *are*. Not at my age, anyway. I was pretty burnt up. Mr. Bolton just marched right past, only he said, "Arlene, honey, you better come in. It's getting cold."

Just like that. Arlene said, "All right, Father. I'll be right in."

But she stayed with me a couple of minutes. I guess she knew how it'd make me feel if she just got up and trotted right after him. Just before the front door closed, I heard Mr. Bolton talking to Arlene's mother. He said, "Well, Muriel, I've finished the course! First duty tonight! I'm a full-fledged—"

Only right then the door closed. I said to Arlene, "Full-fledged what?"

"Fireman," she said, and sort of giggled. "Daddy's an auxiliary fireman, in civilian defense. He slides down the brass pole and everything. And he's

(Continued on page 70)