READ A REAL THRILLER!

"LADIES IN RETIREMENT"

Starring Ida Lupino, Luis Hayward

The 10 Most Sensational Women I’ve Met by ERROL FLYNN

A Crime to Exploit Child Stars? Jane Withers’ Mother Tells
ROMANCE! GAIETY! MUSIC! COLOR!

Week-End in Havana

in TECHNICOLOR!

starring

ALICE FAYE
... looking for romance!

JOHN PAYNE
... accommodating fellow!

CARMEN MIRANDA
... looking for Romero!

CESAR ROMERO
... looking for an out!

And there's "that kind" of music!
"THE MAN WITH THE LOLLIPOP SONG"
"A WEEK-END IN HAVANA"
"TROPICAL MAGIC"
"WHEN I LOVE I LOVE"
"THE NANGO"
"ROMANCE AND RHUMBA"

Cobina Wright, Jr. • George Barbier • Sheldon Leonard
Leonid Kinskey • Chris-Pin Martin • Billy Gilbert
Directed by WALTER LANG • Produced by WILLIAM LeBARON
Original Screen Play by Karl Tunberg and Darrell Ware • Music and Lyrics by Mack
Gordon, Harry Warren and James V. Monaco

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE
LUCKY, LUCKY YOU... if your Smile is Right!

Let your smile win you admiration. Help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

Beauty editors agree! Beauty specialists give their approval and men from the days of Adam have endorsed with their eyes and sealed with their vows every single word: "Nothing adds more charm to a girl than a bright, sparkling, appealing smile."

Take hope, plain Sue, and take heart. Even if you weren’t born to beauty, you can win beauty’s rewards. Help your gums to health and bring out your smile’s sparkle. Start today with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

Guard against “Pink Tooth Brush”

Play safe! If you ever see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist immediately. He may simply tell you your gums have become sensitive because they need more work—work denied them by today’s soft, creamy foods. And like many dentists these days, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed not only to clean your teeth to a brilliant lustre but, with massage, to help bring new strength and firmness to your gums.

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. You'll like its clean, freshening taste. And that invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissues—helping your gums to new firmness. Keep your smile your most appealing asset. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today.

“A LOVELY SMILE IS MOST IMPORTANT TO BEAUTY!”

say beauty editors of 23 out of 24 leading magazines

Recently a poll was made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines. All but one of these experts said that a woman has no greater charm than a lovely, sparkling smile.

They went on to say that "Even a plain girl can be charming, if she has a lovely smile. But without one, the loveliest woman’s beauty is dimmed and darkened.”

Start Today with

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

A Product of Bristol-Myers Company
Because this romantic story is the most beloved of our time M-G-M set it to music... glorified it in brilliant Technicolor and now presents it as one of its greatest productions.

JEANETTE MacDONALD
BRIAN AHERNE
in
Smilin' Through

GENE with IAN
RAYMOND • HUNTER

A Frank Borzage Production
Screen Play by Donald Ogden Stewart and John Balderston • Based on the Play by Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin
An M-G-M Picture • Directed by Frank Borzage • Produced by Victor Saville

Miss MacDonald sings
Smilin' Through
Just a Little Love,
A Little Kiss
The Kerry Dance
Drink To Me Only
With Thine Eyes.
SPECIAL ART SECTION:

Lupe Velez, Clark Gable, Lana Turner, Marjorie Main, Paulette Goddard, Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Mary Martin, Carolan Levy, Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth, Gene Tierney, John Payne, Alice Faye, Cesar Romero, Carmen Miranda, Georgia Carroll, Alexis Smith, Faye Emerson, Jeanette MacDonald, Gene Raymond, Brian Aherne, The Most Beautiful Still of the Month.

DEPARTMENTS:

Hot from Hollywood ........................................ 6
Honor Page ........................................ 8
Fans' Forum ........................................ 10
Screenland's Crossword Puzzle ............................ Alma Tauley 12
Inside the Stars' Homes, Claire Trevor ............... Betty Boone 14
Tagging the Talkies ........................................ 16
Thanks to the Army, the Navy and the Marines, Joan Leslie 54
Courtenay Marvin .......................................... 54
Yours for Loveliness ...................................... 55
Here's Hollywood ......................................... Weston East 56

We are about to usher in a most usherable morsel. It is called “Smilin’ Through”, that timeless classic of American theatre annals written dramatically by Janes (Cowl and Murfin) and screenatically by Donald (Ogden) Stewart and John (Balderson).

Those who have bathed their eyes in the romance of Mooneyan Clare will be interested to know that in this moon-drenched incarnation, the director, Frank Borzage, has rendered us a musical version.

Starring the incomparable Jeanette MacDonald, And co-starring the logical choice—Brian Aherne as Sir John Carteret.

Gene Raymond and Ian Hunter must be emphasized, for they are major curves in a rounded cast.

As the theatre darkens and the traveling curtains part, leaving an after-image of the main title, the strains of "Two Eyes of Blue Come Smilin' Through" pleasantly massage our hearts and a lovely wistful story of honor and chivalry unfolds.

Many of us are in love with the spirit of "Smilin' Through". Many more of us will be when we see and hear Jeanette's Mooneyan in perfected Technicolor.

There are songs that no one can deny. All of us will react soulfully to Miss MacDonald singing "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes" and "Just A Little Love, A Little Kiss".

And to the more rousing, gayer melodies that thrive through this visit to Nostalgia.

Or, reducing ourselves to show parlance, "Smilin' Through" has everything.

That includes

- Les
BEING only human, Robert Sterling was naturally nervous the first day working with Garbo. After each take he'd mop his brow and tug at his choking collar. The Culver City Sphinx observed him quietly. Finally she spoke: "Tell me, Mr. Sterling—how old are you?" "Wh-why, I'm twenty-four," Bob answered nonchalantly. "Hum-m-m," Garbo retorted. "How rosy!" Then she walked away.

BOB TAYLOR is right worried. Barbara Stanwyck can't seem to gain an extra pound, Bob thinks that's the reason why she suffers from many colds. While Barbara stuffs herself with fattening foods, Bob watches over her size thirteen figure like a guardian angel. Not so many years ago, the Stanwyck figure in the fitting room used to send designers screaming among their bolts of chiffons.

WONDER how the Hays office is going to handle this one? They've just written in a strip tease for Ann Sothern to do in "Panama Hattie." Annie practically strips down to a smile and a charm bracelet—but instead of actually doing it she pantomimes the whole thing. She's so terrible doing it, the imagination of the audience will probably require the censorship!

PAT DI CICCO hasn't been too busy with Gail's and Ira's. She's been doing "Cash and Cary." Because Barbara Hutton dislikes seeing her name in print, Hollywood wags are now referring to her and Cary Grant as, "Cash and Cary."

POPULAR man about Hollywood is Baron Polan. The "Baron" part of it is purely his given name. When a local gossip hound printed that Gail Patrick and Baron were going to be married, Gail's home town paper gave her a banner line. "GAIL PATRICK TO BECOME BARONESS" was the caption.

IDA LUPINO's worries are over. Because she has worked so steadily in artificial fog, dirty sea water, wind and rain, her hair began falling out in handfuls. A recently discovered vitamin not only has stopped the trouble, but Ida has also gained ten needed pounds. Incidentally, the little Lupino is a faithful member of the volunteer Ambulance Drivers' Corps. Along with stenographers, secretaries and shop girls, she dons her uniform and drills with them regularly.

What's all this about Stirling Hayden deserting the screen for his first love—the sea? We hope it's a false rumor. Stirling, above, with Madeleine Carroll in "Bahama Passage."

DESPITE that weird ostrich-plumed hat, Ginger Rogers was the most ditted gal of the week. At Dave Chasen's she started off with a gin rummy session, a steak and Bob Foulk, popular Hollywood dialogue director. The next night it was sandwiches and a coke in a drive-in with Eddie Norris. George Montgomery got dates the next two nights running. Then Jimmy Stewart got in town. When last seen he was frantically dialing Ginger's number from the phone booth in Ciro's.

IT'S being kept very quiet, but they say that M-G-M is grooming Kathryn Grayson's sister. Not only is she prettier, but the sister is supposed to have a better voice than Kathryn's. The studio will probably see to it that a marriage-must-wait clause is inserted in her contract!
CHARLES BOYER says:

"I am a man of many loves!"

CHARLES BOYER tells about his newest picture, "HOLD BACK THE DAWN."

"I am a man of many loves in 'Hold Back The Dawn'—a sort of international 'heal'—a man who lives by his wits and his way with women...

'Frankly, I was worried about playing a role which could be compared to my Pepe le Moko in 'Algiers.' But when Mitchell Leisen told me the entire story...how the rogue, Georges, who has known many loves, is at last taught the meaning of true love by the sweet, unsophisticated Emmy...then I knew that the role promised to be one of the best I have ever had. I was sure of it when Mr. Leisen cast lovely Olivia de Havilland as Emmy...and the fiery Paulette Goddard to play the role of the dancer who plays such an important part in Georges' life.

"'HOLD BACK THE DAWN' is finished now...and I am proud to have had a part in its making, for Paramount feels that this is one of the greatest emotional dramas ever to be put on the screen."

CHARLES BOYER

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND • PAULETTE GODDARD

in

"HOLD BACK THE DAWN"

with VICTOR FRANCEN • WALTER ABEL • Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN
Written by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder • From a Story by Ketti Frings • A Paramount Picture

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

Screenland
They're calling Red Skelton all kinds of names these days, such as, "Terrific," "Riot," "Excruciating," "Sensation," etc. Imagine that! And now he gets "Honored!" Isn't that the limit?

Such name-calling! We never saw the like. And all because a guy appears in a movie called "Whistling in the Dark," and starts people laughing, and laughing, and laughing. Then a whispering campaign, like the "V," begins. Soon they don't whisper any more; it's shouted right out loud: "Did you see this Red Skelton fellow? How-haw-haw! He makes you double up." So you investigate. Such propaganda! And we, the people, are eating it up. This Red riot is getting us all. Look at him! He isn't handsome. He's no Clark Gable when it comes to "pitching woo" with the cinema cuties. Yet Ann Rutherford and Virginia Grey leap at each other's throats for the love of him. We give up. All we can do is give Red the run of our Honor Page and let you cheerfully figure out the rest for yourselves.

The innocent bystander, Red Skelton, looks on as Ann Rutherford and Virginia Grey, lower left, go to it. Directly above, Ann successfully curing Red of a "blonde fever."
Here's the *first* story! Here's the *furious* story! Here's the *screaming* story of the RAF's daredevil Aces in Exile. From every conquered corner of the globe they come—avenging 'angels' sky-writing their heroic history!

*If you never climbed a plane 5 miles up... then streaked it earthward 500 miles an hour... If you never loved and laughed one moment though you were "going up" the next... then you can't possibly imagine how exciting a picture this is!*

**"INTERNATIONAL SQUADRON"**

The 'Foreign Legion' of the RAF

*WARNER BROS.' THRILLING NEW TRIUMPH!*

*THEIR COUNTRIES CONQUERED, BUT NOT THEIR COURAGE*

- Jacques, of BELGIUM
- the never-say-die ace!
- Nick, of GREECE
- striking back with relentless fury!
- Michele, of FRANCE
- fighting-mad, fighting for freedom!
- Josef, of POLAND
- avenging his home 5 miles high!
- Olaf, of NORWAY
- flying hero of a heroic land!
- Jan, the CZECH
- settling a score in the sky!

**RONALD REAGAN**

OLYMP HADNA • WILLIAM LUNDIGAN • JOAN PERRY
REGINALD DENNY • Directed by LEWIS SEILER

Screen Play by Barry Trivers & Kenneth Garnet • Suggested by a Play by Frank Wead

*SQUADRON*
FIRST PRIZE LETTER $10.00 PRIZE

Hats off to the movies! They write better history than do the historians. I ought to know because I've been teaching history a long time.

The accuracy with which the movies portray scenes and characters of the past is absolutely amazing. I have yet to discover a mistake in costume, or dress, or properties of any sort in the many great historical movies of recent years. Every detail of life is revealed with minute attention to such things as smocks, hair-dress, carriages, footwear, furniture, lamps, guns, saddles—or what have you.

This is most remarkable because it means countless hours of research by men trained in this work. Indeed, it is a far better record than that of most historians who make many mistakes in fact.

Yes, I certainly recommend and urge my students to attend every historical movie possible. I find that it makes better students of them. They learn much they could never learn in class—and what's more, they usually find a new thrill in the study of the past.

ARNOLD BEN WACKER, Professor of American History, San Antonio, Texas

SECOND PRIZE LETTER $5.00 PRIZE

Here are my favorite male movie stars and how I would like to spend one day with them:

To jump out of bed and have a swim with Buster Crabbe. Breakfast with Dennis Morgan—that is, if he feels like smiling when he eats. A horseback ride with Robert Taylor—especially after seeing "Billy the Kid." Lunch with Spencer Tracy. A walk after lunch with Bing Crosby, with Bing singing. A thirty-minute talk with George Brent in a romantic place. A ride on a roller-coaster with Bob Hope. Dinner with Tyrone Power. To go dancing with Cesar Romero. A ride home with Clark Gable and a goodnight kiss. Then, my dear editor, I would be ready for the heart attack I know I would have.

If some one would oblige and call Dr. Kildare (Lew Ayres) I would try to live until he arrived so I could be the first patient he ever lost.

M. L. WELLS, Los Angeles, Calif.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS $1.00 EACH

Recently I had the pleasure of visiting my husband, a staff sergeant stationed with the National Guard at Fort Lewis, Washington. It was the first time I had seen him in nearly six months.

I enjoyed every minute of my visit and dreaded the time when I would have to say "So long." (We don't believe in saying "Goodbye") But the time finally came, so the night before I was to leave we decided to go to a show. The picture happened to be "Caught in the Draft." The crazy escapades of Bob Hope and his two buddies, Eddie Bracken and Lynne Overman, kept my husband and me laughing until our sides ached! I almost forgot that it was our last evening together. Right here I'd like to hand Mr. Hope a great big bouquet for making our last evening such a particularly happy one. We laughed for hours afterwards about incidents from the film.

MRS. IONE M. SALLEE, Bakersfield, Calif.

In your last issue of SCREENLAND you asked how we liked Sonja Henie with her streamlined figure. Well, I don't like her. Why did she have to go and spoil her looks? Sonja just isn't the type to be so slender. Her face is broad and when you look down at that slim figure she looks like a freak. Will somebody please tell me why the movie stars like to go around looking like broomssticks? Some of them look like refugees from Europe without enough to eat. We girls out here in Indiana aren't that way. We're pleasingly plump and darn proud of it. And we've really got some good-looking girls out here, too.

I have some more complaints—with a few bouquets. Will somebody please answer these questions?

Who told Don Ameche he could sing?

Will somebody take up a collection to send Herbert Marshall back where he came from?

Is Martha Scott just naturally skinny?

Why don't we see more of Robert Taylor, Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier?

Are there any more girls at home like Lana Turner? I think she's adorable.

How on earth did Ginger Rogers ever win an Academy Award?

GLORIA STINE, Kokomo, Ind.

It seems to me movie producers must be getting pretty darn hard up for material when they start trying to portray our favorite funny paper characters on the screen. I say 'trying to' because you can't tell me there's a man living who can look and act the part of the one and only Dagwood of the Blondie series.

And now they've done all the damage they could there, I hear they're going to begin on Tillie the Toiler.
Girl meets Boy—Girl wins Boy
Girl guards her Charm with Mum!

Keep your Charm your winning asset—
prevent underarm odor with Mum!

Some girls live alone and like it.
Others marry their second best choice. But happy Sue nailed the man of her heart's desire and better still, she plans to keep him. Sue knows that personal daintiness is one asset a girl must have. And every day she guards her charm with Mum.

She knows that even the most refreshing bath can't prevent risk of underarm odor to come. Mum does. A quick, daily dab under each arm and you know that your daintiness and charm are secure, all day or all evening long.

More girls use Mum than any other deodorant. You'll like it, too, for—

Speed—Only 30 seconds to prevent underarm odor for hours!

Safety—the American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric . . . so gentle that even after underarm shaving, it won't irritate your skin.

Lasting Charm—Mum keeps underarms fresh—not by stopping perspiration, but by preventing odor. Guard your charm—get Mum at your druggist's today.

CHARM IS WORTH GUARDING ... PLAY SAFE WITH MUM!

For Sanitary Napkins
More women prefer Mum for this use, too, because it's gentle, safe . . . guards charm. Avoid offending—always use Mum.

MUM
A Product of Bristol-Myers Company
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Well, I made the mistake of sitting through one of the Blondie pictures but believe me, I'll never be witness to the "murder" of the role of lovable, inimitable Mac in the coming Tillie pictures!

Yours for keeping funny paper characters where they belong—in the funny papers.

GLADYS PETRIE, Seattle, Wash.

May I please explode? I have just seen a little floperoo called "Affectionately Yours." And I want to know who is responsible for wasting Merle Oberon's great talent in such fifth rate holocum. Will the guilty party step up and take his punishment like a man?

All right. Now listen, sir. Did you ever see a picture called "Wuthering Heights?" Do you remember that death-bed scene with Cathy breathing the audience's as well as Heathcliffe's heart? Well, whom do you suppose made Cathy come to life on the screen? It was Merle Oberon, of course. And you dare to waste her exquisite beauty and charm in your cheap little comedy!

Never mind, Merle. Here's one adoring fan who will never forget your great performances of the past. And honestly, I can't wait for your newest picture, "Lydia." I just know it's going to be something to sing about.

SERENA MOOR, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I've often wondered if it would be practicable for the motion picture industry to provide "clearing houses" in a few centrally-located cities in the United States where movie-struck youngsters of both sexes could quickly receive necessary tests to determine their fitness for a screen career. Many of these youngsters could finance themselves for a short testing period nearer their own homes, who could not do so in Hollywood or New York. They could also pay a small fee to cover the actual tests.

My social service work throws me with young girls and boys, and I am frequently asked the best way for them to "get in the movies." Many solemnly believe that youth, a pretty face and figure, are all they need to achieve stardom. Mention of the actual hardships involved, does no good. In fact, nothing seems to discourage them. They want to get in the Movies!

Hollywood might discover new talent through this means. Certainly it would do a real service if such a project could be worked out.

RUTH J. BUTTN, Indianapolis, Ind. [continued on page 12]
SCREENDLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley

ACROSS
1. Co-star, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"
2. Ice-skating star, "Sun Valley Serenade"
3. His new one is "Birth of the Blues"
4. Opens (poetic)
5. Constellation
6. Range, scope
7. Articles of men's clothing
8. Greek letter
9. Frisky bush
10. Piece of landed property
11. Stake in poker game
12. Pig's home
13. Bewitching
14. Hustly, reckless
15. Since
16. Infrequent
17. She appears in "Unfinished Business"
18. European measure of area
19. Grooved nail
20. Man's name (blind radio pianist)
21. Co-star, "This Woman Is Mine"
22. "... Many Girls," a movie
23. Intense bite
24. He's, featured in "The Big Bus"
25. A narrow opening
26. A dish to eat on
27. Right (abbrev.)
28. "It's A - - -" with Deanna Durbin
29. On the ocean
30. Famous "Mammy" singer
31. Brink, lip
32. General Chang, "They Met in Bombay"
33. Co-star, "Kiss the Boys Good拜"
34. Featured as Vyvian in "New York Town"
35. Alarms
36. Street urchins
37. That girl
38. Man's name (Senator from California)
39. Husband or wife
40. Frighen
41. Notice
42. Winter vehicle
43. Co-star, "Wild Geese Callin"
44. Otherwise
45. "... Crasy," with Loy and Powell
46. Immites
47. Birds' homes
48. His new one is "You'll Never Get Rich"
49. "... Emph Our Night," a movie
50. Natural mineral
51. Girl's name
52. Co-star, "When Ladies Meet"
53. Article
54. To prevent
55. Emerald Isle natives
56. Tidy
57. "Sergeant York" star
58. What you drink a soda through
59. He's, featured in "The Big Bus"
60. Doctor's Tell"
61. Ever (contraction)
62. Star, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"
63. Star of "Sunny"
64. Interior scene for a movie
65. She's featured in "The Great Lie"
66. Co-star, "Belle Starr"
67. Pertaining to teeth
68. Co-star, "Two in a Taxi"
69. To ward off
70. To decay
71. Carol Kane
72. "She's featured in "Wild Geese Callin"
73. Fall flower
74. Strange
75. Roof
76. Girl in "Dr. Kildare" series
77. Lorentz
78. Radio distress signal
79. Growing out
80. Star, "Dive Bomber"
81. Water barriers
82. Verbal
83. Island
84. Famous movie Chinese detective
85. Takes food
86. Pintail duck
87. Piece of furniture to sleep on
88. Make a mistake
89. Exclamation
90. "... Life With Caroline," starring Ronald Colman

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

FRD RALPH SHAW
EASE ADORE SPORE
ACTED AMI JAMES
RUL DE BAUD EAT
RUE ASIDES
BE SWEEIR DREW WE
ERNE LING DOLER
FISH DASH IONA
TOPIC ABLE BUDS
ELI TOTA E IY E
ASTHER ENDS
FRA COBERT HOW
LEIGH BAA CHARA
MESA LORRE OWEN
SLED AWASH ELSE
Fans’ Forum
Continued from page 11

HONORABLE MENTION

Recently, while dining at a not too large hotel, my eyes wandered to an attractive looking couple who had just entered. Not overdressed or conspicuous in any way, they passed unnoticed to their table. Was it their charming simplicity and ease of manner that made me continue watching them? No, I didn’t think so. There was something familiar about the man. Suddenly it dawned on me. There could be no doubt about it. I was sitting just two tables removed from Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Nolan.

Apparently no one else had recognized them, but I determined to go over and shake hands with one of my screen favorites. I was truly touched by the graciousness with which I was received. Movie stars or no movie stars, they were honest-to-goodness human beings.

ROSEMARIE GAY, Albany, N. Y.

This is to report that the slam against “stout” cowboys, particularly aimed at Gene Autry by Miss Hazel Lewis, has found its mark, and Autry fans around here are boiling with righteous indignation.

We will dispense with the statement of “excessive chins and receding hairlines” by admitting that, yes, several movie cowboys had best go back to the home corral and let some of the youngsters have a chance, but Mr. Autry is certainly not one of these. Having seen him in the flesh is proof enough for us. He may not be a glamor boy, but we’re sort of glad he’s not. His clean, wholesome type of entertainment is refreshing and worth a lot more to us than any amount of so-called “A” productions.

M. J. DART, Wilkinsburg, Pa.

I think I have a justifiable gripe, and it’s against the so-called mind-relieving comedies the producers are piling on our unsuspecting heads these days. Certainly I like to be amused; I like to laugh uproariously, but when it’s at the expense of lutheric respected actresses, no thanks. Referring to those absolutely grotesque films, “The Lady Eve” and “One Night in Lisbon” how supposedly dignified women like Barbara Stanwyck and Madeleine Carroll can make themselves so utterly ridiculous is beyond me. Miss Carroll particularly, has always impressed me as a highly intelligent actress, but she destroyed all illusions of brain with her senseless, infantile chatter in a pointless story. Ditto for Miss Stanwyck, who together with Henry Fonda, staged an exhibition that wasn’t even so much as human.

IRMGARDE MITTLER, Madison, Wis.

When “I Wanted Wings” came to town, I immediately went to see it. The picture was superb but for one thing—Veronica Lake. I will admit that she played her part fine, but her appearance—that was something else again. When I go to a movie I like to see the faces of the people acting. I had to keep my eyes on the screen every second in order to get a peep at her face. All through the picture she kept pushing her hair out of her face so that she could see.

Another thing, I wish she’d put some meat on her bones. She was so thin that every time someone touched her I was afraid she was going to break!

AUDREY HOLMES, Mankato, Minn.
The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable movement that brings blessed relief. Ex-Lax is not too strong—not too mild—just right. Take Ex-Lax according to the directions on the label. It's good for every member of the family. 10c and 25c at all drug stores.

EX-LAX  The Original Chocolate Laxative

“GAS”? HEARTBURN? For fast, longer relief from acid indigestion, heartburn and other discomforts due to excess stomach acid, try JESTS! Mint-flavored. Contain no bicarbonate of soda. Guaranteed by the makers of Ex-Lax. 10c & ROLL—3 for 25c

Have a "POPULAR" COMPLEXION! Have a picture, according to those who have seen a great many. The seafood cocktail is a decorative dish. On a bed of crisp lettuce, slices of perfect avocado are alternated with big pink shrimps dipped in tomato catsup cocktail and served with Kraft French dressing. On the salad platter, with its trim of green leaves, radishes cut into roses fill one section, celery curls another, Heinz assorted sweet pickles in a third, and slices of cranberry jelly in a fourth.

Sometimes Claire prefers a cranberry salad to the sliced jelly, and her cook has the following recipe:

Thanksgiving Dinner at Claire Trevor’s home is an Occasion. Come along!

IF YOU are invited to the Clarke Andrews’ (she is better known as Claire Trevor, shortly to be seen in Columbia Studios’ “Texas”) for Thanksgiving Day, let me tell you what you’ll have to eat.

Menu
Seafood Cocktail
Assorted Waifers
Salad Platter
Turkey
Stuffed Potatoes
Asparagus
Chocolate Mint Roll
Coffee

Claire has one of the finest cooks in the film colony, and every dish she prepares is yours to enjoy.

Your lovely blonde hostess lights the taper for her beautifully arranged dining table. Here she is poised and dignified personified, but wait until you see her as the madcap heroine of “Texas.”

SCREENLAND

By
Betty Boone
CRANBERRY SALAD
1 envelope Knox Gelatine
1 1/2 cup cold water
1 1/2 cup hot water
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup celery, chopped
1/2 cup nuts, chopped
2 cups strained cranberry sauce
(If preferred, I can strained cranberry sauce)

Soften gelatine in cold water; dissolve in hot water. Pour this hot liquid over cran-

berry sauce which has been turned into a bowl; beat with rotary beater until soft-
ened to a smooth mass. Turn into refig-
erator tray, when it begins to thicken add
celery, nuts and salt.

Turn into six individual molds or one

large one and chill. Unmold on lettuce and
serve with salad dressing. (Best Foods.)

"The potatoes are baked in their skins," said Clare's cook, "then taken from the
shell, whipped up with cream and butter,
returned to the shell and topped with paprika.

Her turkey dressing is made with corn-
meal instead of bread crumbs and plenty of
chopped nut meats are included. Little
mounds of the dressing are prepared sepa-
rately and placed around the bird, alter-
mating with such delicacies as spiced prunes
or peaches.

If you've never heard of orange beets,
you've missed a lot. Make an orange sauce
of brown sugar, a little flour, a piece of
butter and 1/4 cup of orange juice; stir
until it thickens slightly. Use cooked beets,
dice them and put into the hot sauce. The

(Continued on page 75)
KEEP YOUR EYES LOVELY!

Brown...blue...grey eyes...whatever their color, they will be lovelier if they are bright and clear. A drop of Eye-Gene in each eye, and in a few seconds your eyes will be crystal-clear...feel soothed and refreshed. For lovelier eyes wash them with this stainless, safe, specialist's formula daily. For sale at drug, department, and ten cent stores.

Use

EYE-GENE

MINOR BURNS
To quickly relieve fiery throbbing and ease parched skin, promptly apply

RESINOL
FREE CATALOG—PINS and RINGS

new rouge...and SO different!

Go modern with the completely different Hampden's rouge. This wonderful color cream is so easy to use...blends off to nothing...gives a soft, warm color, even in tone like 'nature's blush.' It's the rouge plus!

ROUGE-STICK
HAMPDEN
25¢ also 50c & 10c sizes
Over 5 million sold

Hold That Ghost—Universal

While Abbott and Costello "Hold That Ghost," you'd better hold your sides—they'll split if you don't. The story's about—gosh, it doesn't seem so funny now that we're ready to put it on paper. Which conclusively proves that where there's an A-C current, plots can go plop. Joan Davis more than holds her own. Richard Carlson and Evelyn Ankers share the love-light. Just remembered: A & C inherit a haunted tavern.

Life Begins for Andy Hardy—M-G-M

Andy Hardy (Mickey Rooney) experiences the three great B's in growing pains: Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered. That takes in a lot of territory, but Andy covers a lot. "Today," shouts Andy, "I am a man," and happily sets out to prove it. The big city almost licks him flat. But Dick (Lewis Stone) and love-born Judy Garland rescue him. Pat Dane is a newcomer worth watching. Mickey certainly gives his all to Andy.

Here Comes Mr. Jordan—Columbia

You will thank us for urging you to see "Here Comes Mr. Jordan." It is clever, witty and whimsical. It abounds in good taste and, in an ingenious setting, unravels a ghostly theme but no ghastly chill. Mr. Jordan (Claude Rains) is a heralded as a head writer. But Robert Montgomery as the pug who "dies" 50 years before his allotted span, is tops. James Gleason was never better. And EvelynKeyes will captivate you.

Ringside Maisie—M-G-M

Maisie (Ann Sothern) is a lady, has a heart of gold, and is as poor as the proverbial church mouse. However, there's nothing mousy about Maisie. With all these virtues, it's a pity that this latest Maisie film isn't quite funny, quite sad, or quite anything. She comes to word-blows with George Murphy, manager of fighter Robert Sterling, because the former thinks Maisie is a cheap gold-digger. Ann, George and Bob deserve better.

Dive Bomber—Warner's

This is a spectacle we advise you not to miss. It is by far the most superior "air epic" produced to date, and a credit to all concerned. This includes cast, lensmen, story tellers, etc. Uncle Sam may also take a bow. Flight surgery is the thrilling subject. Errol Flynn, Fred MacMurray and Ralph Bellamy make this an important film. Also, there's Alexis Smith, all done up in glamorous Technicolor. But the boys didn't seem to care.
Whistling in the Dark—M-G-M
Clever Marjorie Wendi, Fans’ Forum contributor, suggested managers install strips when showing a Bob Hope film to keep patrons from falling in the aisle. Extra precautions will be needed for a Red Skelton reel. Yes, he’s that funny—in fact, he’s a one-man panic. Briefly, Skelton is a mystery writer-radio artist. Red, Ann Rutherford and Virginia Grey are kidnapped by Conrad Veidt and Company. Fun!

Badlands of Dakota—Universal
If you’re not a stickler for facts when true epics of the West are dished out, you can overlook obvious clichés, then this noisy piece will please those whose eardrums are not sensitive. Personally, we prefer plots less obvious and with less boom-boom. Some men drown their sorrows in drink when the little woman pulls a jilt, but not Brod Crawford; he turns robber. Of the cast, Bob Stack is best.

Sunset in Wyoming—Republic
This is a Gene Autry picture (period). The fact that this latest Autry epic is cut from the same story pattern as previous Autry epics, will be of little moment to his staggering fan following. Does Gene save the valley farmers from flood devastation at the risk of his own neck? He does. Handsomely, bravely. He also wins Maria Wrixon away from badman Robert Kent. Maris is worth winning.

Shepherd of the Hills—Paramount
It is not quite clear why the band of moonshiners inhabiting the Ozark Hills, consider themselves hexed. If anything, they are a sullen and superstitious lot, hating everything and everybody. John Wayne carries the burden of the curse and swears he will wipe out same with the blood of the hecer. He refuses to marry Betty Field because she too will become hexed. Harry Carey and Betty are fine.

World Premiere—Paramount
As a rule we giggle at the drop of a gag. “World Premiere” dropped the gags but what happened to our giggle? Could it be that we were bored with Mr. John Barrymore’s excessive mugging, or the tiresome attempts at forcing fun? Could be. The idea of this was to poke ridicule at premieres. In so doing Sig Rumann and Luis Alberni were dragged in to sabotage a canned film. Corny, we say.

Bad Men of Missouri—Warner
If you’re from Missouri, no doubt the legend of the three Younger brothers is familiar. Here they are depicted as heroes, Robin Hoods who rob the rich to help the poor. In any event, the action is lively—and noisy. Dennis Morgan, Wayne Morris and Arthur Kennedy play the trio with zest. Kennedy, incidentally, closely resembles a rare photo we’ve seen of Jim Younger. We liked this.

Continuous Action for Hours
With Safe New Way in Feminine Hygiene

- The young wife who is sure of certain facts can feel happily secure. In feminine hygiene her physical and mental health, her very happiness itself depend on accurate information. Over-strong solutions of acids which endanger her health are a thing of the past.

- Today thousands of distinguished women have turned to Zonitors—the safe new way in feminine hygiene. These dainty snow-white suppositories kill germs, bacteria instantly at contact. Deodorize—not by temporary masking—but by destroying odors. Sprayed a greeenless protective coating to cleanse antiseptically and give continuous medication for hours.

- Yet! Zonitors are safe for delicate tissues. Powerful against germs—yet non-poisonous, non-caustic. No apparatus; nothing to mix. Come 12 in a package, each sealed in individual glass bottles. Get Zonitors at your druggist today.

SIMULATED DIAMOND RING FREE
Matching Wedding Band, Set with Flashing Honeymoon Never before a value like this—Finest Engagement Ring of yellow or white gold often a full half- carat diamond in center, and simulated diamonds over gold setting. Offer good for the marvelous price of just $1.00. FREE! To introduce this amazing value, we offer a Matching Band, absolutely free. Hurry! SEND NO MONEY—just name, and ring size. 10-day money-back guarantee. Pay postman $1. plus few cents mailing for ring and application. H. A. CONRAD COMPANY, 10 Church St., Dept. N 109, New York

SONG & POEM WRITERS!
Here you a song, poem or just a bit? WE SUPPLY THE MELODY and make recordings of your original songs. Send yours to CINEMA SONG COMPANY P. O. Box No. 2522, Dept. CI, Hollywood, California

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—Without Calomel—And You’ll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Ranin’ to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest, it may just decay in the bowels. Then gas builds up in your stomach. You get constipated, You feel sour, sunk and the world looks purple.

It takes those good, old Carter’s Little Liver Pills to get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel “up and up.” Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter’s Little Liver Pills, 10c and 50c.
HE'S THE DREAM GUY, ALL RIGHT!
(but he walked right out of the dream)

SUNDAY

JTS
Helen, my pet-
What a houseparty! Wait until I
tell you what's happened. That Dream
Guy I'm always talking about has
come to life! Actually, he just popped
up suddenly out of thin air. And
of all places—it was a Pullgrail!
I had just settled for the trip,
and when I happened to glance up
there he sat, two chairs away—the
most bee-u-ti-ful, gorgeous, deep-
bronzed male gal ever seen for...
looking right into my eyes with a sort
of I-haven't-eaten-in-three-days look.

His name's Cary Forrester. And he
lives up here near here. He's the Dream
Guy, all right... with spangles! I
can't remember anything else except
the way he talked about...that
woman's name's Helen. I thought,
"Palm, you've got a finger in this...
and who am I to fight you?"

Got to rush now and get beautiful
for a dance tonight. Wish me luck, Hell.

JTS

Monday

Dear Helen—
I guess maybe I shouldn't have
told you about Cary. Something's
happened—he's changed completely.
It happened so suddenly, too. The
other night, at the dance, he was
wonderful! I don't think he danced
with another girl in all evening. And
then, all of a sudden, he looked
as though he wanted to haul poor
Dick outside and quietly murder him.

Finally, Cary said to get my wrap be-
cause we were skipping out for a drive.
He said we'd better start before he wanted
and then, stop and kiss me. So he drove
me, just as suddenly as that. Everything
changed. He let go of me and caught
me as fast as he could. I was afraid he'd
stop me. As a matter of fact, I was
afraid to think how different he was.
And Cary's not even there.

Then I thought, "I ought to tell her.
I ought to tell her before he does."

ARE YOU OFFENDING RIGHT NOW?

- The insidious thing about halitosis (bad breath) is that you
  yourself, may not know when you have it. But, don't fool
  yourself—others do!
- Sometimes, of course, halitosis is systemic. But most cases,
  say some authorities, are caused by the fermentation of tiny
  food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts
  such fermentation... then overcomes the odors it causes.
- So why not take the easy and delightful precaution which has
  become a daily "must" with so many popular and fastidious
  people? Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic, morn-
  ing and night, and before business and social engagements.
- This wonderful antiseptic and deodorant quickly makes the
  breath sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Missouri

LISTERINE for halitosis (bad breath)
ANN OPEN LETTER TO

Do you know her? She's three different girls in one neat package: tawny siren, exotic temptress, and gay American girl. If you don't know her yet, just wait—you will!

DEAR ALEXIS SMITH:

I'm leading with my chin, but I like to do that. I made a little prediction about you before I ever saw you on the screen, and now that "Dive Bomber" has been released, I'm following it up. I said, "Watch Miss Smith," and I said it because I thought your highly photogenic publicity photos revealed more versatility not only of features but of mood than any other "stock girl's" had ever shown before. There were the usual bathing-beauty poses which were different from the regular run of "leg art" because you displayed a dancer's grace and skill. There were those very phony Cleopatra poses one of which appears here—and they looked all the funnier because you were trying so hard to please the photographer who dreamed 'em up. Then there were "straight" portraits which resembled the Tallulah Bankhead of ten years ago without half trying. In other words, here was an apparently green girl, a newcomer in Hollywood, with sufficient sense and ambition to spend her spare time studying, or cooperating with the publicity department, or even practicing new expressions in front of her mirror, instead of concentrating on life at Ciro's. It seemed to show you had Something—that Something that made Joan Crawford, and Bette Davis, and Barbara Stanwyck willing to work until they were stars, and left a lot of other girls lost in the studio shuffle. So it was no surprise when I received a letter from the very aware Miss Smith, which read in part:

"Being such a newcomer to the screen, I was, to say the least, thrilled to see my picture in your magazine. I was quite overcome, and can't help wondering why I should get such excellent publicity. The stars don't get more than that!"

Of course, I liked that, because as a rule actresses only write in to magazine editors when they want to complain about something—a sour review, an unflattering interview. Oh, yes, Miss Smith, you're on the right track. And fortunately in "Dive Bomber," though you haven't much to do, you do it with poise and distinction. So a 20-year-old from British Columbia, who is already a good dancer and pianist, may very well be a big movie star some day. I hope so—don't let me down.

DELIGHT EVANS
The 10 MOST Sensational

At right, Errol Flynn in costume from "They Died With Their Boots On."

FOR any one man to sit down and say,
"These are the ten most sensational
women I have met," is no easy task.
In the first place, it gives the man the ap-
pearance of a gay Lothario who dashes
about with a note book recording his im-
pressions of the women he meets. Well, I
am not a gay Lothario, and I have no
note book. The ten women who have ap-
pealed to me the most are simply those
who seem to remain apart from the
majority of women—for one reason or
another.
Naturally I would start off with Lili
Damita. She is a really sensational figure.
I'm not in the least alarmed at what she
would do if I omitted her. After all, Lili
and I understand each other quite well.
We're both rather hectic individuals, and
our antics have passed beyond the stage
where one puzzles or surprises the other.
Ever since that first day some few years
ago when I met Lili on a ship coming to
America, I have thought her a definite
individualist. I remember so well our first
meeting. She was, at the time, a well-
known French picture star. I happened to
be walking on the deck to the accompani-
ment—if you can imagine it—of the ship
orchestra playing inside. Suddenly, I
noticed a very exciting lady looking
casually out. (Please turn to page 69)
MY DAUGHTER, Jane, is in pictures. She has been ever since she was eight years old. She ranks eighth as a box office draw, which is pretty swell, and you'd think no mother in her right mind would have a squawk in the world. But I have and I want to get it off my chest. It's this:

Every once in awhile I pick up a magazine and read that it's criminal to permit a child to work in pictures—that they can't have a normal childhood and that playing tag and making fudge are more to be desired than great riches.

One of these blurbs was written by a young actress who is not only childless but husbandless. Although she has never been married, she stated it was her observation from working with children in pictures, that they have no childhood whatever.

Another was written by a doctor who had been employed by a studio as technical adviser on a picture with a hospital background, although no children were employed in that film.

Still another was written by a producer who, although childless himself, is noted for his love of children. In fact, he has made a fortune through exploiting them in pictures.

In the case of the first two, I think it was simply a
What's the truth about star-baby bread-winners? Are movie mothers as selfish and money-grabbing as they have been painted? Here is a frank answer from the parent of Hollywood's most consistently successful young star, Jane Withers. It will open your eyes!

By
Mrs. Ruth Withers

**CHILD STARS?**

desire for publicity—a way of calling attention to themselves by voicing opinions on a subject close to every American parent's heart—a subject on which neither of them was qualified to have an opinion! The third case—the producer—was simply that of a man harassed beyond endurance by ambitious mothers and he chose that means of protecting himself.

And recently there has been a growing opinion that parents put their children into pictures as a means of obtaining an easy living for themselves!

I want to present my side of the subject—and the side of every mother of every child in pictures. While the ramifications behind the reason for the entry of various (Please turn to page 64)

**MOTHER TELLS**

Pathetic pose of Jane Withers, top left on facing page, is from one of her early movies, but it might symbolize exploited movie childhood—if you failed to realize the significance of the other pictures. For example, the latest portrait of Jane, above. Or the exclusive home pictures with her mother, showing a happy, healthy, lovely sub-deb in wholesome surroundings. Consider as well those buxom kid pictures of Jonie on opposite page, with one of her hundreds of pets, radiating her irresistible humor. No, movies haven't hurt her.
RAWR milk! That's what he was howling for, rawer milk. But did the big baby go and get it himself? Not by a quartful. He made the poor little fella do it. Pushed and shoved him right up against a cow before it could have the combination picketed for being unfair to streamlined labor. There couldn't be any argument about that, because the pint-sized milker was all dry. The wonder was the cow would stand for it instead of giving him a kick in the pants. Yes, he milked backwards.

It looked as if New Jersey, where the cows come from, had a lot to answer for, what with those two dairy workers—an inside job, or I'm no Sherlock—coming from that state, too. You'll see for yourself how it is when you clamp your eye on their latest epic, "Ride 'Em, You Nuts".
First with "Buck Privates," then with "In The Navy," Bud and Lou have coaxed bigger bally laughs from Mr. and Mrs. America than any other comedians in a decade. Now they're up to their zany antics in a new film, "Ride 'Em, Cowboy"—see scene above, and center below. Between scenes they horse around the Universal lot letting the slapstick swing where it may. Does it swing? Not even Deanna Durbin is sacred.

If you're howling at Abbott and Costello—and who isn't?—have another laugh with the boys right now, in the funniest interview ever given by these clowns in clover

Cowboy." Naturally, they're nuts to you ... Bud and Lou, further identified as Abbott and Costello. But watch them closely and it will dawn on you, as it did on me, that there's something classical, something born of inspired humor, in this precious pair; for here, my lords and ladies, are the Don Quixote and Sancho Panza of the movies.

Waiting to talk with them, or get in a word edgeways, I had plenty of time to size them up. Bud struck me as clean-cut, Lou as if he had been cut out with a circular saw and hooped together by a journeyman cooper. They had come a long way without showing the slightest sign of wear-and-tear. On them burlesque had left no ribald mark nor vaudeville stamped them with routine. Out of Broadway shows and radio patter they had come into their own—Hollywood. Just as they found themselves, so Universal had found them to be a double-shift gold mine. Suddenly, sensationally, "Buck Privates," then "In The Navy," had made Abbott and Costello clowns in clover. (Please turn to page 68)
Ladies in
A chiller-thriller of a screen story! Co-starring Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward, from the famous stage play

You’ll shiver at the suspense of “Ladies in Retirement” with its weird story of three sisters, a scheming intruder, and a fatuous old woman. In these scenes you see the stars, Hayward and Lupino, supported by Elsa Lanchester and Edith Barrett as the sisters, and Isobel Elsom of the original N.Y. stage cast.

EVEN when there had been no dread secret in Estuary House, the place had held that sinister feeling of mystery. There was always mist in the winter, hanging low over the desolate marshlands, and gulls screamed hoarsely over the Thames Estuary and the river was as gray as the bleak sky over it.

The house had been built in the days of the Tudors, but time had not softened it. It stood there grimly behind its stone walls, its scraggly garden choked with weeds. But inside it had been cozy—once. Ellen put the thought away from her with a shudder. There were some things she could not bear to remember. And yet she couldn’t help remembering.

The fire had burned brightly in the huge stone fireplace and there had always been a kettle standing on the hob, for Miss Fiske had loved her tea, just as she had loved all the good things of life. Juicy joints done to just the proper turn, and currant jam and those cobweb-covered bottles down the cellar she had brought up when she felt in the mood. She had brought up a bottle of champagne that day, and Ellen felt as if she could never bear to look at one again.

Oh, there wasn’t any doubt that Miss Fiske had loved life even at the end when she must have been sixty, though no one would ever have thought it to look at her rouged cheeks and her red mouth and the pink and white powder that made her complexion look as fresh as a girl’s, from a distance anyway. Her hair was still as brightly red and as full of little curls as it had been when...
she was a chorus girl all those years ago and the gay young blades of London had been mad about her, and it would have taken a second glance to see it was a wig she wore, two of them in fact, one for every day and one for best.

Miss Fiske had loved Ellen. She had often told her she was almost like her daughter, and Ellen had loved her too. For all that she could be fussy and particular and her tongue could have an edge to it when she was annoyed, she had been kind, kinder than anyone Ellen had ever known. If she had only been kind to Emily and Louisa, those two helpless sisters of Ellen's, everything would have been different. They could all of them have been living here happily together, and Ellen wouldn't have to shudder every time she looked at the fire, because when she looked at it she had to look at the huge old bake oven alongside of it where Miss Fiske had kept her valuables. What was it she had said about it once?

"It's big enough for a tomb." That was what she had said and she had laughed saying it. She had been laughing that day Ellen was going up to London on business for her. Ellen had stood there with the pathetic letter from her sisters crumpled in her hand and nodded me-

chanically as Miss Fiske gave her a letter. "Go to this address. It's just off Berkeley Square. Go to the servants' entrance and ask for the butler. Say you've come from me with a note for Lord Kenardigington and will he give it to his Lordship privately."

Remembering that eased Ellen's conscience, but only a little. She had never approved of the way Miss Fiske had of getting money, sending notes like that to all those fine gentlemen who had loved her when she was a giddy young chorus girl. For (Please turn to page 70)
DOROTHY LAMOUR

Lost your lover? Want him back? Dorothy Lamour, who modestly says she’s not a "heart specialist," nevertheless gives us our final 6-Star Contest Winner (letter below) subtle hints on how to lasso that reluctant swain.

IS THIS YOUR PROBLEM, TOO?

Dear Miss Lamour:
Six years ago I met a boy about my age. He was fine and sincere, just about all a girl could ask for. I was not in love with him, but liking him as much as I did, I saw him constantly for almost a year. He had a job but did not make much money, therefore we did not go out as much as we would have liked to. Mean while I met an older fellow who took a liking to me. He was able to show me a good time whenever he dated me, but my steady objected to this. I was humiliated as I was young and wanted to have a good time, so I broke off with him.
About three years later I started to see him again but infrequently, but suddenly found myself desperately in love with him. I tried to make up to him, but he appears very cold. However, I learned from other sources he is still in love with me. He is very proud and does not show his feelings. How can I get him back without being too obvious?
Rose Tagner,
Brooklyn, New York.

"CUPID'S" GIFT

Lucky Rose Tagner not only wins the personally-selected gift, a smart lapel watch clip, from Dorothy Lamour, but also invaluable advice on how to bring back that lost love—a problem, incidentally, which confounds too many girls. Dottie sounds like a true daughter of Eve. At right is closeup of the lovely gift.

DEAR Rose Tagner:

I was scared when I realized that I had promised Delight Evans, the editor of Screenland, I would write an article on romance in response to the best letter on that subject in the contest, "Dorothy." I said sternly to myself, "don't you of all people go believing your studio build-up! I'm surprised at you, being taken in by your publicity. You're no heart-throb expert, and you know it. If there are any short cuts to romance, you haven't found them—ever."

Then when I discovered that there would be a long enough period between two pictures on my heavy schedule for me to spend a little time in Hawaii, I began to feel reassured. "You may not be a Beatrice Fairfax," I consoled myself, "but anyone should be able to get romantic ideas after a trip to Honolulu—especially when the best boy friend is going along."

My qualms, however, proved unfounded as it developed later, for your problem, Rose Tagner, was one about which I knew all the answers. I didn't have to go to Honolulu or any place else for inspiration about the solution to your romantic difficulties. Because, back home in New Orleans, one of my girl friends had had almost an identical experience.

So I don't have to give you my contest-winner theory. I can give you real honest-to-goodness facts. I know what has solved just such a problem in New Orleans—and I am sure that a technique that proved successful there would be quite as successful in Brooklyn. Anyway, it's worth a trial. One charming girl worked out her heart problem in the story I am about to tell you, and I think, perhaps, that you can, too.

Suppose we call my girl friend "Gertrude" because that isn't her name. I have to disguise her identity because she is a widow. (Let's call him "Bill") doesn't even suspect that his happy marriage came about through any influence other than his own. Gertrude, in other words, is one of those wise women who realizes that the man in every case must believe himself the aggressor. No man likes to feel that he was, or is, pursued. Accordingly, we women have to be very subtle about helping along our romances. One bit of obviousness and we're sunk. That is one reason I think Gertrude's story is so interesting.

Paramount has been keeping Dorothy, above, very busy. After completing "Aloma of the South Seas" they put her in "Malaya."

28
She got the man of her choice, while he is confident that he won her.

Gertrude and Bill's friendship—like yours with the man you love—began on the strong basis of mutual admiration. In short, they liked each other before they loved each other. This is such an important point that I would like to interrupt my story long enough to say something about it. Personally, I believe with all my heart that there can be no steadfast, lasting love which is not based upon a strong liking. The couple must not only like each other, but the same people and the same every-day things as well, if their love is to endure. Because, in spite of the fairy stories, and alas, the moving pictures, which always end with marriage and "they lived happily ever after," I'm afraid that in this world of ours there can be no true love if a couple's interests are divided, and their friends uncongenial. Maybe I am wrong. But that's what I firmly believe. So you must take heart, Rose Tagner, in the fact that you liked your man before you loved him.

But to continue with Gertrude's and Bill's story. In their case, just as in your case, there was an older man, and rather wealthy, to complicate the course of true love. In this case, as in your case, the man was not a villain. Rather, he was simply a very nice person whose bank account put him in a position to entertain a young girl in a way impossible for a boy of her own age to do. And in both cases, the girl was not engaged to the youth she liked so (Please turn to page 78)
She's nobody's fool, that Jane Wyman. Or, shall we say Mrs. Ronald Reagan? For behind that pert, gay, wise-cracking exterior lurks a good, solid chunk of common sense, coupled with the firm conviction that to want is to have. And it's worked out pretty much that way, by and large.

For instance, when Jane and Ronnie decided to get married, the fact that they hadn't piled up a big bank account didn't throw Jane for a minute. In fact, far from having a bank account, they had just returned from a personal appearance tour which had eaten mightily into their reserves. "And besides," Jane admitted, "I don't know how I ever did it, but I was up to my neck in debt. And knowing the way Ronnie feels about debts, I decided the best thing to do was to pay every last living bill before the big event. After it was all over, I had exactly $500 to my name!"

"That's swell," Ronnie assured her. "That's the beginning of our savings account."

Practically, they sat down and started to figure. Jane had a very comfortable apartment on which the rent was already paid. Instead of going into debt to rent a larger place, they moved right into Jane's place after the ceremony and brief honeymoon. Then they started living on the basis that has proven so satisfactory.

"Our system is so simple, it doesn't sound like anything," Jane said. "It's just that we save half of everything we make. That first month was tough sledding. We literally didn't spend a dime! Every one of our checks was banked away, half in a savings account and half in a checking account. My charge accounts took care of our living expenses, so we had no bills to pay until the first of the following month. Believe it or not," Jane laughed, "my charge accounts save me money!"

"But how—" I began, challenging, "I always thought—"

"I know," Jane went on, "You're going to tell me that everyone charges too many things when they have accessible charge accounts. But it hasn't worked out that way for us. You see, Ronnie has a phobia about bills. If a bill is ten days old, he starts having a fit. As a result, every bill is paid and out of the way by the 10th of each month. Naturally, we don't go haywire and charge more than we can pay for.

"Ronnie and I are a good balance for one another. While he is very practical in some respects, he goes overboard in others. For example, anyone can sell Ronnie just anything! I don't think I'm tight, but over a period of years, I've come to learn the value of money and I insist on getting value received. I know how to cut corners and no one can sell me a darned thing unless I'm convinced it is just what I want and that I'm getting it as cheaply as possible."

Although Jane has charge accounts in just about every store in town, she buys her clothes at a little Hollywood Blvd. shop where she used to shop for her high school clothes. Over a period of time, she has learned their stock, become acquainted with the personnel, and as a result she gets the best values the store has to offer. And what is more, she always looks well and expensively dressed.

A most amusing incident occurred the other day. Jane was visiting at the home of one of her well-to-do friends. "Where did you get that divine dress you wore the other night?" Jane asked. "It was sensational!"

"Why, she's the most marvellous woman," the friend enthused. "She just comes over and drapes the material around you and there you are—you have a dress!"

"I must have her," Jane insisted. "Ask her to come over right away, will you? I've just got to have some new clothes and I'd like to have something different."

As she was leaving, she had a thought. "By the way," she ventured, "She isn't expensive, is she?"

"No, she's really very reasonable," said the friend.

"She'll do you a lovely frock for around three hundred."

"Skip it, dear," Jane said quickly. "Just forget I mentioned the whole thing! Why, darling, how would I ever get my new house furnished if I paid three hundred dollars just to have a dress made?" And Jane dashed off to her favorite shop to pick up a bargain.

During the year and a half (Please turn to page 79)
By Virginia Wood

YOU HAVE LOVE & LAUGHTER

A BABY ➞

PLANS for the FUTURE ▼

MUTUAL INTERESTS ▼

GOOD FOOD AND FUN ▼
GLADYS HALL: (To Miss Russell, who arrived ten minutes late for the appointment) “Nice of you to remember I was coming!” (Miss Hall was only pretending to be sore, she winked at me.)

ROSALIND RUSSELL: “Nicer than you’ll ever know, sweetheart! I am terrified. Every word I say will be pinned down by those little pots and hooks and squirly-queues. I feel like a butterfly pinned through its middle. I’ll be hoist on me own petard. If I’m smart, I’m Harpo Marx. I left everything at the beauty parlor—that’s where I’ve been—including my wits. I loathe beauty parlors. Because I live a dozen tired, old lives a day under driers when making pictures. During ‘They Met In Bombay’ I sat under a drier nine times in one day. My brain shrivelled. Oh, yes, I also spent a day or two

EDITOR’S NOTE: Because Rosalind Russell talks like skyrockets exploding or bombs bursting in air—and because, by her own admission, our reporter’s memory is not bomb-proof, nor does she take shorthand—Miss Hall took a stenographer with her when she interviewed Miss Russell. The following is an exact transcript of the notes made during the conversation that took place between Rosalind Russell and Gladys Hall at the Russell home in Beverly Hills, California.
having me boots polished. I asked Clark for some polish one day. He sent me twelve boxes. Enough to outlast any war even if I had to polish the Colonel's boots—God love them all! Hazel—Ha-zel!" (Hazel is Miss Russell's very pretty, very clever colored maid). "A sandwich apiece, please—cut the bread thick and the meat thin for the likes of her," (laughing, indicating Miss Hall) "what kind do we want? What did we have for dinner last night? Or why not surprise her—what did we have last week? There's a war on, you know—catless interviews. Hall, from now on in—"

G. H.: "Speaking about the War, Orson Welles was guest of honor at our Hollywood Women's Press Club a week ago. He said something that interested us—that the reason there is so little progress in Hollywood (that's what he thinks) is because everyone is afraid, afraid of being kicked out of Hollywood, losing their jobs, and why not? he said—everyone lives in better houses here, eats more regularly, sees more beautiful women—no wonder they're afraid—but I've been thinking that you can't have any fears, Roz, or you would have re-signed with M-G-M last summer, you wouldn't dare to freelance. Aren't you afraid of Hollywood?"

R. R.: "No more than of any other place. After all, fear exists everywhere today, no one knows what is going to happen—but to some extent, fear has been with us always. Fear exists in Society. There is the fear of doing something the so-called 'leader' of Society will disapprove of. You have fear in college, fear you won't make the best sorority. There's a cut pattern everywhere. Hollywood, too. But there are always those who dare to break away, tweak the society leader's nose, and they should—a breakaway is good, it's normal, it's healthy, it's—"

G. H.: "But can it be done without danger to the individual?"

R. R.: "No. There's always danger in revolt. But for the gamblers, you see, the experimenters, the danger is the fun. I am a gambler by nature, a rebel, an experimenter—upsetting the apple-cart is my favorite outdoor sport. There are experimenters in Big Business, in the labs of science, in all the Arts. They are those who try for new things, at their own peril—we haven't enough of that kind in Hollywood. It is our one great lack. Welles is right about that."

G. H.: "What is the greatest fear?"

R. R.: "For the majority, I'd say, the fear is lack of security. They want something on paper, something water-tight, a contract between employer and employee. You give up that security when you give up a contract. I have given up security to take a gamble. I happen to believe in it for myself. I want to see what I am worth. I want to grow. I wanted to be freer. I like danger. I like strange places. I like feeling my own muscles. I don't want security. I really don't. I'd purge my lips, grow smug—if I had wanted to be under contract to any studio, I would have stayed at M-G-M. I like the place—but I always leaned toward free-lancing. I like to be free (laugh) in every way!"

G. H.: "But the competition in Hollywood—isn't it pretty terrific?"

R. R.: "More than 'pretty'—plenty. That's the bogey-man—or woman. For if a girl comes along, more or less your type and your line of work, it only follows she is going to grab a couple of the parts you are anxious to play. When girls pour into town like the hordes of Attila, but—"

G. H.: "But no one ever (Please turn to page 80)
ONE night last summer Robert Stack, who is rapidly becoming the idol of American womanhood, was driving his snappy new car down one of the dark side streets in downtown Hollywood. He was on his way to the fights at the American Legion. Suddenly a car pulled out from the curb in front of him and Bob found himself presented with a perfectly nice parking space for free. And like you and me and everybody we know, Bob is not one to spend a quarter for parking when he can help it.

After the fights he had a coke and a hot dog with a couple of pals, and about midnight went on a search for his car. There it was right where he had left it, and on the windshield, pinned down by the wiper, was a piece of paper, a piece of scented paper. And on the piece of paper written in lipstick was a girl’s name and phone number. “Whew-ew,” whistled the young man who was the first to kiss Deanna Durbin on the screen. Bob’s first feeling was one of annoyance that a girl could cheapen herself so by doing a thing like that. But being a perfectly normal guy, with a normal guy’s curiosity, his second impulse was to give “Gladys” a ring, just for the hell of it—she could always hang up before she made a date. “Oh no, sonny boy,” he said, slapping his alter ego down, and proceeded to tear the piece of paper into bits and throw them in the street.

At home he put his car in the garage, wondered just once more what kind of a girl Gladys could be to do a cheap trick like that, and fell into bed. The next morning, late for the studio, he made a wild dash for the garage, opened the doors—and stood there in frozen horror. The rear of his beautiful new car was completely caved in, the right fender was practically demolished, and the chromium looked as if it had been panned by wild horses. “Gladys,” he said, And then he knew only too well what kind of a girl Gladys was. She was the kind who didn’t know a damn thing about driving a car.

“Oh, gee,” said Bob, frank and refreshing as morning sunshine, “you have no idea (Please turn to page 76)

Not satisfied with being a number one sportsman, handsome Bob Stack wants to be a good actor, and he’s on his way

By
Elizabeth
Wilson

Stack’s UP!
The Lady who's known as LUPE

The lithe little Latin star calls this her "good-will!" South American dress. Guaranteed also to give North Americans a pleasant glow! See Lupe Velez in "Playmates" with Kay Kyser and John Barrymore, for more sartorial suggestions.
WHAT A WEDDING NIGHT!

Exclusive photographs from M-G-M's new romantic melodrama, "Honeymoon," co-starring Clark Gable and Lana Turner.
"HONKY TONK" HONEYMOON!

What happens when tough-guy Gable finds himself married to luscious Lana Turner? Plenty!

KNOCK-KNOCK, WHO'S THERE?

GABLE: (playing fascinatin' con-man of the picturesque West): "I'M NOT THE KIND OF GUY TO STAND AROUND SCRATCHING AT DOORS!"

LANA: (playing beautiful Boston belle who married him): "PUT ON AN OVERCOAT IF IT'S DRAFTY OUT THERE!"

MARJORIE MAIN: (to Gable, lower left opposite page): "WHAT'S THAT ON THE BACK OF YOUR HAND?" (Only a sucker mark, Mr. Gable).

CLARK (below): "I JUST CAME IN TO SAY GOODNIGHT, MRS. BROWN," says the disappointed bride-groom between his teeth, to the bride who outsmarted him.
TOGETHER AGAIN!

For laughter and loveliness, you must see Bob Hope and Paulette Goddard in "Nothing But The Truth." We cannot tell a lie—they're even better than in "The Ghost Breakers"
Bing Crosby's best picture—that's a big promise, but we believe you'll agree that "Birth of the Blues" presents a positively new and dynamic Crooner in an original and imaginative story. He's in fast company, surrounded by baby Carolyn Lee, at right, and sweet singer Mary Martin, top. But being Bing, he steals the show.

BING IS "BLUE"
but he'll cheer you in "BIRTH OF THE BLUES"
First of the big military musical movies, Columbia's new picture starring Astaire and Hayworth glitters with gold braid as it sparkles with sequins. Astaire has staged several of his amazingly graceful dances, the two best being pictured here. Close-ups show the stars in scenes from this timely and colorful show.
Ever since he “broke up” with Ginger Rogers, Astaire has been searching for another lovely partner whose twinkling toes could keep up with his own. Joan Fontaine, Paulette Goddard—no! But now comes Rita Hayworth, daughter of the once-famed fast-stepping Cansinos, who taught her to dance before she could walk. Watch this new terpsichorean team in “You’ll Never Get Rich”
Sizzling star of "Sundown"

In Walter Wanger's "Sundown" the sensational young star, Gene Tierney, plays one of the most excitingly exotic roles ever written for the screen. So her new costumes, created by clever Irene, are the last word in sophistication, such as the daringly draped evening gown in the two pictures at left.

Although she has usually been seen in costume pictures, Miss Tierney proves here that she can wear modern clothes with grace and gusto. At right, beige suede fashions her classic shirtermaker; a new taupey-brown shade named "Sundown" her accessories. Her hat of this shade of felt is the new large off-the-face. Far right, this smart bright red "suit" is really a coat—all a clever designer's trick achieved by a swathed hip line and a fold where a jacket might end. Note the new longer waistline, and new enormous, down-in-back hat.
Tierney!

In exotic new clothes

Harem influence in fluid jersey, at right—a perfect foil for the dark beauty of Gene Tierney. The gown is in sage-green Alix jersey, moulded softly over the bosom, with a draped overskirt like an Arabian princess's. The matching wool cape is lined in fuchsia crepe; the belt and epaulets are jeweled.

"Before Sundown" clothes are modeled by Gene Tierney in the two pictures at lower left. First, her light blue wool-jersey daytime dress with large square gold nailheads, accented with accessories of the new taupe-brown colored leather named after Walter Wanger's picture. Far left, Gene's new great-coat is blended beaver, her favorite daytime fur. With it she wears a dashing hat—remember, big hats are news—whether off-the-face, or down-in-the-back, or merely big-brimmed as this one is—but big. Feel like shopping now?
Does again John Payne makes movie love
Alice Faye, who's such a good ac-
trix that she seems to enjoy it even
ough her fans know her thoughts are
away with bridegroom Phil Harris

Want a "Weekend in Havana"
in fast company? Drums and
daiquiris, that tropic moon, that
Carmen Miranda — not to
mention songs by Alice Faye,
dances by Cesar Romero, pro-
file by John Payne. And no
hangover. Just a nice glow!
WEATHER
FAIR and (very)

Ah! Just the thing you've been dreaming about, eh? We don't blame you. Georgia Carroll, top, in something positively new under the sun. It's a guaranteed blues chaser: A cape-coat of black Russian caracul. The coat is straight-lined and, as you can observe, the cape is set on with a yoke at the shoulders. Alexis Smith, left, the little lady you're ga-ga over in "Dive Bomber," will never have to take a back seat in this neat number. Neither will you. It looks much nicer than it sounds—a skunk jacket with capelike ¾ length sleeves. Georgia and Faye Emerson, above, are all ready to brave the frost. Faye's in "Nine Lives Are Not Enough," which gives us a chance to say that her sports fur coat of opossum has a collarless neckline and rounded shoulders, and will outlast ten lives. Georgia is happy in her sheared beaver. She's also happy about her nice new picture career.
REPORT:
WARMER
(and why not, in these new fur coats?)

If this isn't the smartest thing in fur fashion, we don't know what is. The trouble is we do know, and we'd be willing to trade Alexis Smith's super-super cape of stone marten for that trip which for years loomed so important. Now that we've settled for Alexis' stone marten, let's concentrate on Faye. A Russian ermine, with accompanying hood has caught the little girl's fancy. Do you wonder why? Before we go any further, we might mention that all these luscious styles originated in the good old U. S. A. Georgia, left, is comfortable in this brief jacket of sable-dyed squirrel; it has a standup collar and mellon sleeves. Don't overlook Persian lamb, folks, whatever you do. At any rate, you won't be able to overlook Alexis, top, who is wearing a black Persian with an interesting cutaway front and scarf-draped neckline.
Proud Pet Picture Winners!

Prize-winning pets having their day in print! The first prize winner is surrounded by her challengers. More prize pets will be published in an early issue.

FIRST PRIZE WINNER (left)
Carl Von Buelow of So. Pasadena, Calif., wins Morgan Dennis’ original star pet drawing with his “Rose.”

$5.00 PRIZE (below)
Florence F. White of So. Weymouth, Mass., caught these four playmates on non-speaking terms. We wonder why!

$5.00 PRIZE (right)
Her name is “Lady Danger” and she is the pride and joy of Lawrence Klein of Brooklyn, N. Y.

$5.00 PRIZE (above)
It’s only a rubber bone, but “Spot” seems content as he patiently poses for his master, Zack L. Roberts of Concord, N. C.

$5.00 PRIZE (left)
Helen Handley of Mount Vernon, N. Y., found her pets indulging in friendly fisticuffs—keeping in trim.

$5.00 PRIZE (right)
Yes, that’s right, it’s a turtle, and special pet of Blanche Johnson of Atlanta, Ga. Note the very elegant ermine-trimmed wrap.

The contest is on in full swing, so send your entries along to us.

$5.00 PRIZE (left)
“Whiskers” has the run of the place, according to John H. Eyedler of Forest Hills, N. Y. Whiskers, we note, appreciates the privilege.

$5.00 PRIZE (below)
Betty Wenninger of Fond du Lac, Wis., snapped her cats doing a little private pussy-footing about.
LESSONS IN LOVE

This is what you have been waiting for: Gene Raymond making professional love to wifey Jeanette MacDonald before the inquisitive eye of the camera in "Smilin' Through." And those love scenes are somethin' to see!

These lovey-dovey scenes between Gene and Jeanette look as smooth as silk. But—the story has seeped out that Director Frank Borzage had to do a "Madame La Zonga" with Gene: teach him the ABC's of "bussing." In Technicolor, too! Photo at left shows Jeanette with Brian Aherne as sweethearts, and far left, Brian's features display the tracery of time. It's a tender tale.
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

Carroll Grant and Joan Fontaine in Alfred Hitchcock's melodrama, "Suspicion."
There's a new glamour girl turning on the heat. It seems likely that you'll hear quite a lot about her because she's had experience. She knows the answers. She pioneered in the picture personality racket. She started in custard pie chronos and rose to drama of purest damask. She made the most expensive picture that was never released. She put the amour in glamour. She married a real live marquis to plug a picture. She glorified the American bathroom, set styles in women's wear for a round decade, married four times and stopped only because she tired of matrimony, not because men tired of her.

We won't ask the students who she is, because even the brightest boys and girls of the class of '41 wouldn't know. Twenty years is a long time. But they fade faster than a bridegroom's collar at a July wedding when you look at Gloria Swanson. And she's nice to look at.

Here's the little woman who has busted H. G. Wells' time machine into bits. She has blitzed the old gentleman with the long white beard, hour glass and scythe. What her formula is no one knows. But her form is still irreproachable.

She has a son sixteen, a daughter eighteen, and another eleven, yet she looks thirty tops, in the noonday sun. She didn't sit with her back to it, either. And her face hasn't been lifted because the same mole is on the same chin that it was on twenty years ago.

Gloria Swanson received a liberal education on sixteen army posts. When she was fifteen she did walk-ons at the old Essanay studios in Chicago. Wallace Beery was a minor star doing "Swedey" comedies. She married him.

She's Blitzing Father Time!

By

Malcolm H. Oettinger

Gloria Swanson, Glamour Girl who started the racket, has a new future since her comeback in "Father Takes A Wife"

The Swanson star really rose when Cecil de Mille played Svengali to her highly photogenic Triby. He showed her how to walk, how to stand, and how to listen. Then he decked her out in true Hollywood style of the period, built headdresses for her to increase her stature, swathed her in satin, hung her in rhinestones, surrounded her with actors like Tom Meighan and Wallace Reid, and made her name a household word.

He made her a jewel of a woman, set in elaborate boudoirs or bathrooms slightly larger than the American Wing of the Museum. Usually a bathroom. He concocted box-office bonbons called "Don't Tell Your Husband," "Why Cheat Your Wife?" and "Male and Female" (causing J. M. Barrie to do a nip-up when he saw it was his "Admirable Crichton" dumbed up for mass consumption). Everybody went to see those pictures. There were critics in those days who called Gloria a clothes horse but she was mighty purty. And her pictures made money.

After an early divorce from the sad-eyed Mr. Beery, she married Herbert Somborn, the man who gave the Brown Derby to the world. There is (Please turn to page 66)
Your GUIDE at a GLANCE

SELECTED BY

Pick your pictures here and guarantee yourself good entertainment without loss of time and money

"THE LITTLE FOXES"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: POWERFUL

APPEAL: To every adult movie-goer who can stomach strange drama even though unpleasant, provided it is presented with consummate artistry—as it is here.

PLOT: Screen version of Lillian Hellman’s long-run Broadway play which starred Tallulah Bankhead is even more powerful than the original, its tense scenes more shocking, its hateful heroine twice as mean and murderous—but all adding up to strangely fascinating entertainment as it unfurls its repellent story of greed and ruthless ambition in a rich family of the deep South.

PRODUCTION: Samuel Goldwyn’s—which says everything. This producer makes few pictures, but each is a highly polished gem, flawless in every detail. Direction by William Wyler, shrewd and knowing, meticulous and mental. Photography by Gregg Toland as good as his job on “Citizen Kane.”

ACTING: It’s a distinct triumph for Bette Davis, her most sensational role since “Of Human Bondage,” and acted with all the pathos and authority this actress has gained since her Mildred Davis could have played the poisonous Regina so magnificently—so now we can forget “The Bride Came C.O.D.” Patricia Collinge re-enters her original stage rôle to perfection, Herbert Marshall is excellent, and newcomer Teresa Wright amazingly fine as the heroine’s young daughter—not to mention good performances by every member of the remarkable cast.

SAMUEL GOLDwyn-KEO-LOMA

"NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: HILARIOUS

APPEAL: If you want your best laugh since “Caught in the Draft,” run, do not walk, to this funnier-than-ever Bob Hope show, perfect escape from daily doldrums.

PLOT: Bickie Bob, on honest, kindly soul, bets that he can tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth for 24 hours. Comic complications are endless and unfailingly hilarious, involving a beautiful girl who gives Bob $10,000 to “invest” for her in something that will double her money, her unscrupulous uncle, a suspicious psychiatrist, black lace nighties, woo-woo!

PRODUCTION: Elliot Nugent’s sprightly direction from a gory script is so smartly paced that no audience will suspect the original idea dates ‘way back, it’s that brisk and modern. Set in Miami, Florida, “Wall Street with palm,” it offers lavish settings aboard a palatial house-boat as background for Bob’s antics.

ACTING: Let’s come right out and call Bob Hope the great comedian that he is. You may not realize you’re watching a great performance when you see Bob’s casual gestures, hear his apparently spontaneous “asides”—but brother, this is 11. Incredible, but he’s even funnier than in “Caught in the Draft,” without benefit of the timely material, Paulette Goddard, too, is not only more decorative, but deliciously gay as his girl. Grand cast includes Edward Arnold, Leif Erickson, Glenn Anders, Helen Vinson—and don’t forget the ineffable Willie Best, Bob’s colored valet.

PARAMOUNT

"ICE-CAPADES"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: NOVELTY

APPEAL: If the American ice-skating craze has included you, even if only from a balcony seat at the big ice shows, here’s refreshingly different entertainment.

PLOT: On ice—that is, it skims over the adventures of a little skater and the newsreel cameraman who tries to catch up with her—nothing to tax your brain, but interspersed with sufficient comedy and skating numbers to hold your interest, especially when big-name performers from the “Ice-capade” revue are doing their breath-taking stuff.

PRODUCTION: Most spectacular acts from the well-known “Ice-capades” have been imaginatively filmed, with some lovely pictures of the graceful skating girls in action—one pulls number being particularly eye-filling. Otherwise it is all rather routine—until the next skating number, Finale is something.

ACTING: You don’t expect Bette Davis to do a dance on skates, do you? Then you won’t complain if Dorothy Lewis, star of this ice show, doesn’t do a Duse. Her skating is sensational, her personality part and pleasing. Two other girls who stand out for their ice artistry are Belita and Vera Hruby, Jerry Colonna and Barbara Allen (Vera Vague to you) team up for what laughs they can get out of you between ice ballets, and James Ellison is the handsome excuse for the few romantic scenes.

Republic Pictures
UNFINISHED BUSINESS

ONE-WORD GUIDE:
GOOD

APPEAL: If you like Irene Dunne, here she be with two new beaux, Bob Montgomery and Preston Foster, and you'll want to see which man wins her for keeps, won't you?

PLOT: Small-town girl on first trip to the Big City meets playboy on train and falls for him—only to be disillusioned. BUT—here's the surprise—she marries his brother on the rebound, thus providing the family circle with a neat triangular problem, especially since she can't seem to get big brother out of her mind and heart, though little brother-husband is madly in love with her. What to do?

PRODUCTION: Gregory La Cava, one of the "stylists" among directors, has his tongue in cheek as usual as he puts his cinema puppets through their paces—unfortunately, this time, he is toying with an unbelievable story which is torn between hokum and high-mindedness, thus never really convincing.

ACTING: Miss Dunne is not at her best here, probably because she has to play a heroine who can't make up her mind until almost the last reel—and Miss Dunne is so obviously a straightforward lady that her erratic behavior in this film never rings true, to herself or to us spectators. Robert Montgomery has similar trouble with a weakly written role, but manages to infuse it with his own special sly charm. Preston Foster is good as the bad big brother—but for my money Eugene Pallette's weird valet character steals the picture.

Universal

LYDIA

ONE-WORD GUIDE:
ROMANTIC

APPEAL: For those incurable romantics who can have infinite patience with a movie maiden who's pursued by three count 'em, handsome men—and still stays a spinster for love of the fourth.

PLOT: Lovely Boston belle named Lydia starts her impulsive career at 20 with near-elopement with young wastrel, disapproves worthy doctor by falling in love with a sea-going Casanova with whom she has romantic interlude, takes up social service work and brilliant young pianist-composer, and finally, at 60 a public benefactor, has a reunion with her rejected suitors and reviews her past, both purple and pious.

PRODUCTION: Alexander Korda's finest, with gorgeous sets and costumes, fabulous photography, generally great elegance in every department. You know when a movie bears the "Korda" brand, it means the costly best. Noted director Julien Duvivier has imparted sophisticated continental touch, with some superlative scenes.

ACTING: Merle Oberon's most glamorous role, which she plays with exquisite feeling and her own delicate dissection: progressing from wilful girl through awakening womanhood to cynical old age, a truly fine performance. Edna May Oliver as a doughty old New England tyrant is a treat. Alan Marshall as the "one man" in her crowded life, Joseph "Citizen Kane" Cotton as the doctor, newcomer Hans Jory as the composer all contribute splendid portrayals. But it is Miss Oberon's picture from first scene to last, and rightly.

Korda-United Artists

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

ONE-WORD GUIDE:
SHOCKER

APPEAL: Practically everybody will want to see this new streamlined screen version of the Robert Louis Stevenson classic, for chills and curiosity-value.

PLOT: You've grown up with this one—first John Barrymore made a movie of it with horrendous make-up; later Fredric March played it, with Miriam Hopkins. Now Spencer Tracy appears in the dual character of scientific Dr. Jekyll and demon Mr. Hyde, and comparisons are bound to be made no matter how obvious—in fact, this film is providing conversation for family dinner tables throughout the nation, and no wonder, with all its Freudian embellishments.

PRODUCTION: Still a "period" piece, but with all the modern refinements of advanced cinema technique, such as dynamic direction, superb lighting and finest photography, and M-G-M's characteristic devotion to fine detail in sets and costumes. It's a super-duper "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," folks.

ACTING: Tracy's is an interesting conception of his classic rôle, and many have called it magnificent—but despite the quiet conviction of his Jekyll, and the revealing slyness of his Hyde, it is still not his top performance. Perhaps the part is too "ham" for this genuinely great actor? More food for argument! You'll remember Ingrid Bergman as the yielding barmaid for her passionate intensity even though you may prefer her in more wholesome parts. Lana Turner "never looked lovelier."

M-G-M
The red-haired sweetheart of "Sergeant York," Joan Leslie, a facial study in Autumn tones. Usually, she wears a hair bow, but sometimes it's pigtailed! Below: Joan is fascinated by something new, Lucien Lelong's "Bolatik" liquid wash.

If he went away in civvies and is coming back in a uniform, be prepared for a not unpleasant shock! For he'll probably ace you—throw you for a loop—unless you can compete with him. But the competition is more than fair, and it isn't because of valor on the field or dance floor. It is a kind of vigilance in the matter of good grooming! His shining, well-cut hair, his immaculate nails, his clean-clean skin and his impeccably fresh uniform with its shining brass. Military life does just that, but it is certainly a reversal of the old order when it was the girls' job to tell the boys how to groom themselves. I blush as I write for some of my stories of not too long ago on the general idea of "Please tell the boys how..."

Today, the boys are telling us, all right! Not in words, but by example. They're showing us the strength of that appeal of freshness, old as the hills, but still as vital as life and love, themselves. So far, we've known little war deprivation. But I think the silk stocking situation probably opened many pretty blue and brown eyes. We might have to do without—we just might have to go without this and that. And so a kind of personal trenchment seems at hand. Of course, it mustn't interfere with good looks. And, of course, it won't. It won't if we review the very a, b, and c's of looking attractive and lovely. They get you right back to the fundamentals of the soldier boy's grooming of person and possessions. So you might do very well, with the first nip of Autumn, to review your skin cleaners, and these might very well include a cleansing cream, a softening cream to be used while you sleep, when you need it, the soap best suited to your skin needs, and a make-up base. The last, you should never neglect, if you want that movie-star look to your skin and if you want to help it remain soft and smooth, in spite of football games and that tart feel of the first frost. There is a form in make-up base to suit every fancy. From lotions, creams, films, cakes and stick form. A little, in every case, literally goes a long way and does wonders for appearance. And you ought to begin to use hand lotion or cream in copious quantities, but not on hands alone. If we must do without the allure of cobwebly hosiery, then have beautiful leg skin to make up for the lack. Keep it soft and smooth, and use a depilatory frequently if you need it. Wear glamour leg make-up for evening, or whenever you can do without stockings. Wash your precious silks carefully, thus prolonging life. Use mild cleansers like flakes and beads, and follow directions.

Just when my mind started on this military trend, who should come to town but Joan Leslie of "Sergeant York" fame. It seemed Joan came at just the time I needed her. Typifying as she did the American soldier's sweetheart, I was very curious about this young girl. Joan is in her teens, as you might guess. But her hair is a great surprise. It is red, real red. "You can part it, and look," she said. But you need not be convinced. That fine, fair skin, the faint sprinkling of very light freckles over forehead and arms vouch for her words, as do her eyes. They appear dark, because she is blessed with much darker-than-hair lashes and brows, but if you see those eyes closely, you notice they are a composite of violet, green, rust, and grey—changeable and very interesting. Joan's brows grow in a good line, and they do not appear to have been shaped into another. No brow line will ever do for you as much as your own, if you will keep it within its own bounds, by removing straggling hairs and smoothing the general line. Joan's freckle solution is to prevent them by using several applications of foundation cream, then a little powder—the best plan I know. Perhaps a light touch of rouge touches her cheeks, and her lipstick, used on her normal mouthline, which you will notice, is a lower lip slightly fuller than the upper. It is a strawberry blonde tone, marvelous with her hair. Her hair is a golden red, inclined toward straightness, but the ends have a permanent wave. When she is not working in the studio, her mother washes

Thanks to the Army, the Navy and the Marines

Here's the competition we've been looking for—to put us on our toes and keep us there. Every girl should read and heed!

By Courtenay Marvin

54
her hair for her and sets the back in pin curls. These give a curl or a soft fluff, and are comfortable if you must sleep on them. Once, I saw Joan at a barbecue party, and then she wore a high straight front pompadour and the ends hanging in old-fashioned curls, about to her shoulders. She wore a simple black crepe dress and the only real Hollywood evidence was her corsage of orchids, very, very orchidaceous! Later, I lounged with her, and her hair then hung in a fluff with two gold velvet bows just back of her ears. She wore a copper-colored crêpe frock, dirtied fashion, with a militaristic eagle embroidered on the bosom and skirt pocket. I liked that dress. It reminded me of "Sergeant York." I liked it, too, because golden Autumn colors went so well with that hair. Joan is five feet, four inches, and must watch her diet, because, as she said, "I love to eat." She said this, prolonging the life of her fruit compote — her lunch. "But it isn't hard when you get the habit."

And so with most of the acts we go through daily to be better looking. They aren’t hard when you get the habit. It’s the habit that’s hard. But once you’ve got it you’ve definitely got something there, as even the boys in uniform will tell you. Joan had nothing to say on the subject of boys, except that it was a joy to work with Gary Cooper. There, I am afraid I showed envy. But Joan gets a great kick out of girl friends, one in particular, with whom she shares her secrets. There we agreed, that a secret is never any fun until properly shared.

Well, back to class now. We can’t forget the Army, the Navy and the Marines. How about those hip exercises you were going to do? That manicure you need? That shampoo to make your hair shine? A special home treatment for your fading tan, or coarsened, roughened "Summer Skin? That visit to the dentist, maybe? It’s too late to dip now, here in 1941. You’ve got it all to yourself, that boys competing for honors that were once almost exclusively your own. Go right to the top of the class for good grooming and stay there with your honorary degree!

**Yours for Loveliness**

*Thoughts in terms of beauty care for your possessions as well as yourself*

You will want Revlon’s Pocket Scarf at the first peek. Campus and dorm go for it in a big way, and others, too, who drive cars, skate, hike, etc., and don’t want to be bothered with a bag. The snap pockets are catch-all, and come filled with Revlon’s nail enamel, oily remover, Adheron, that base-coat for long wearing nails, stick, emerys and cotton. Of spun rayon in gay colors.

Now, if ever, your silk and Nylon stockings should have beauty care. They’re precious to be cherished! They need gentle cleansers as does your skin. Sketched are your answers, Lux Flakes and Ivory Snow, two budget and beauty savers. Safe for anything that water alone may touch. And Run-R-Stop saves the day when a run starts. One drop means a stocking saved.

With new woolens and new silks, the accent on daintiness is, because of these times, directed more than ever towards protection of good clothing against the ravages of perspiration. To keep yourself sweet and fresh, and to keep your wardrobe immaculate, remember Arrid. It’s a gentle white cream, true-blue insurance against dampness and odor. The cream is odorless, greaseless and very, very mild, even to sensitive skin. Arrid carries the Seal of the American Laundering Institute; which means it is harmless to your clothing. Silk is becoming rare; few synthetic fabrics should have good care; you must remain sweet as a flower.

**CHARM** Box, by Helena Rubinstein, invites you to try her luxuries at the price of one full-sized product, alone. There’s that super-luxurious Paste-cream Powder, for dry, or for normal or oily skin. It cleanses, softens, smooths, and is, indeed the one cream for many purposes. You will love it. And there’s Town and Country Make-Up Film, that favorite with the discriminating, to give you a gardenia-smooth finish and to protect your skin. And there’s Flower Petal Complexion Powder, also for a dry or for a normal or slightly oily skin. Here is that little luxury you’ve been promising yourself for a long time. Indulge in it to your heart’s content.

Helena Rubinstein packs a quantity of charm in a gay box for $1. It contains three of her most prized preparations.

**Perspiration has ruined many a lovely garment. Use Arrid for personal and possession protection. Daintiness insurance!**

**THE flame of youth that men admire!**

That’s a good description of the beautiful make-up tones in the Flame-Glo products by Rejuvia. Lipstick, for instance, comes in a variety of dynamic colors, last long and gives your lips a tempting soft, smooth texture. In a jar and a large size. There’s a compact rouge, subtly blended for just the right depth to cheeks, and harmonized with the lipstick tones. Flame-Glo Face Powder now completes the trio. It is expressly designed to last longer and to impart a baby-sweetness to your skin. All three for Fall radiance!

**REALLY good things go on, we are told.**

So if you’re up on your arithmetic, jump from 1944 to 1941. Then you have the age of Miner’s Theatrical Cold Cream, created for the fundamental purpose then of removing make-up and cleansing the skin, and doing the same job in a fine way today! It is a fluffly, light cream, of a true cold cream type, a type particularly sympathetic to dry, sensitive skin. My tin is empty, and I want more! It seems particularly cleansing if you apply it, jump into your bath, then remove. Now its price has been considerably lowered. C. M.
TONGUES began to wag when a bleached-looking blonde attended Fritz Lang's bedside almost daily, in the hospital. She was a bleached-blonde, too—none other than Virginia Gilmore with a new hair job for her role in "Swampwater." And Hollywood was so sure that Fritz had a new girl friend.

WITH an independence that staggers the old-timers, Pat Dane is making rapid strides as an actress. Maybe her coming marriage to Cedric Gibbons (formerly married to Dolores Del Rio) is giving her confidence. But stars who have struggled for years can't get over the way Pat takes it as if it was just naturally supposed to happen.

WHILE George Raft stood by and beamed, his buddy, Mack Gray, opened his Copacabana Club. The place is one of the real show places. The hallway is mirrored. White cocoanut palms, soft blue lights, murals of sky and sea complete the decoration. Among the guests who were there to give Mack a hand were Claudette Colbert, the Jack Benny's, the Gary Coopers, Tony Martin and Lana Turner, etc.

HEY say it's any day now for Glenn Ford and Evelyn Ankers. He's been showering her with presents, looking moon-eyed in jewelry store windows. When asked the direct question, Glenn evasively said his only plan for the future was to get a hair cut! He could use that, too.

MICHELE MORGAN is happy. Michele is very happy. The inside story of her trip to Hollywood concerns her romance with Jean Gabin. According to European friends, it was the big thing in Michele's life. She was disconsolate when Jean came over here. Finally, she came over too, and found that Gabin was doing all his gabbin' with Marlene Dietrich. Occasionally, some other woman. But now Jean and Michele are back together again. Even blase Hollywood beams approvingly when they witness how well the lovers look together.

DESPITE all the plea, Robert Taylor is begging to be allowed to go and make a picture in England. M-G-M has a wonderful part for him there, but he's also needed over here. Bob, by the way, under the instruction of Roger Pryor, just completed his first solo flight. No. Barbara still hasn't gone up with him.
ANN SHERIDAN's going home. For the first time since she won the "Search For Beauty" contest nine years ago, "Clara Lou" Sheridan from down Texas way will not be paying rent. Practical gal that she is, Annie grabbed a bargain of a ranch in Encino. Before she made the down payment she took George Brent over to get his approval. The next day workmen arrived and put up a high fence around the place. Annie says there is no master bedroom. But definitely!

GUESS who Fred Astaire's new dancing partner is going to be? None other than Bing Crosby—yet Fred is so anxious to work with Bing he cut short his New York trip, where he went to make recordings. Before he left Columbia, Fred went to the front office and spoke about Rita Hayworth. He said he had known few dancers as conscientious and as excellent. He asked for her as his partner when he dances for Columbia again.

REAL or imaginary, Lupe Velez has a mad on at Carmen Miranda. At Hollywood parties Lupe does fierce impersonations of the lady with the fluttering hands. Lupe doesn't spare her candid opinions, either! Carmen, when told about it, just shrugged her shoulders and kept right on fluttering.

PHIL TERRY, who scored such a hit in "Parson of Panamint," and Susan Peters have called it a day. Rumor is that Phil broke the engagement to the little Errol Flynn protege. Phil says, "I'm sorry," Susan's career is budding. She needs all her time for it, before settling down to the serious business of being married.

JOAN CRAWFORD, her two adopted children, and a retinue of servants won't be back in Hollywood until the end of the year. They will vacation in Connecticut. While there, Joan will complete the purchase of a huge estate she plans to establish as a permanent Eastern residence.

THE Maurice Fitzsimmons who booked passage almost daily from Reno to Hollywood (and vice versa) was really Maurice O'Hara. First she flew to Hollywood for retakes. Then she returned for fittings on "Benjamin Blake." The Reno divorce was what they are. Maureen had to be back on Reno territory every night by twelve. All of which made her a sort of flying Cinderella. Some say that Maureen's mother, who is now in England, cabled her disapproval at Maureen divorcing the husband she married so haphazardly.

ROBERT CUMMINGS has been warned to watch his health—or else! Making terrific strides after years of struggle Bob has been making two pictures at once since the first of the year. Universal have five deals pending after he finishes "King's Row" at Warners and "It Started With Eve" (formerly titled "Almost An Angel") with Deanna Durbin. Bob is exhausted and should listen to his advisors. He's so grateful for what's happened to him, he wants to please everyone.

THE happiest heart in Hollywood today belongs to "Frisky," Claudette Colbert's champion Welsh Terrier. After spending a delightful summer at Santa Monica beach, Claudette returned to her lovely home in Beverly Hills. Imagine Frisky's excitement when he discovered that during his absence, twenty-four new trees had been planted! ! ! He's in seventh (dog) heaven.

VICTOR MATURE, who originally lived in a tent is looking for a nice well kept garage. He'll live in it while his wife is being operated on in the hospital. Victor and Danny Kaye both appeared opposite Gertrude Lawrence in "Lady in the Dark." When Danny opened at Ciro's, Victor (alone) was on hand to pay his respects. When asked why he didn't dance, what-a-man Mature said he was afraid of Hollywood. If he was seen having fun while his wife was too ill to enjoy herself, the town would start talking. Ain't it the truth!

THE Henry Fonda's gave a kitchen shower for Watson Webb, a close friend and Zanuck's favorite cutter. The Ray Millards brought along a double boiler, the Fred MacMurrays a garbage can all done up in cellophane. John Howard's contribution was a bread board and cake box he made with his own expensive hands.

Marjorie Dean's smile, left, would cover any enemy, anywhere. She's a member of the B.E.L.—"Buddies' Entertainment League."—a laugh organization in Hal Roach's new comedy, "Tanks a Million." Dick Wessel, inset, cools his "hot dogs" in a bucket of ice. Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, left, are in "training" for "Great Guns."

57
TWO SOMES for tonight: John Carroll snoozing in his car, waiting for the pretty thrush at Charley Foy's supper club.

George Montgomery giving Ginger Rogers a breather, while he takes the breath away from Carole Landis, Cobina Wright, Jr., young Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt, Ann Rutherford AND Greer Garson (What? No Navy Blues Sextette?) Edward Ashley, public escort number one, a personal item for Bubbles Schinasi's new column. . . Tom Harmon not talking football and no forward passes for Janet Blair, while they dine at the Seven Seas. . . Bob (Brown Derby owner) Cobb trying a new menu and Frances (serial queen) Gifford at the Beachcombers. . . Attorney Bentley Ryan appealing his case to Jean (oh, so young) Wallace, while Franchot Tone consoles. . . Henry Wadsworth and Mary Carlisle dunking doughnuts at Barney's Beanery. . . Richard Travis staggering it at the Sheberazade, so he can watch Margaret Lindsay watch another man. . .Tearing a bit o' herring at the Bit O' Sweden, Eddie Albert with Madame Ouspenskaya.

IN "The Man Who Came To Dinner" Monty Woolley with his famous beard is repeating his stage role of Sheridan "Broadside," the bombastic author. During the taking of a scene Bette Davis "blew" a line and referred to Monty as "Mr. Broadside." Now, that's her pet name for him when the camera isn't turning.

FROM Gable to sable went Lana Turner. Celebrating the completion of her role in "Honkey Tonk," Lana and Tony Martin attended the premiere of "Charley's Aunt" at Grauman's Chinese. While the crowds went mad, Lana (who didn't have to be coaxed) let them take a good look at her latest creation. She wore a clinging white crepe evening gown. Huge sable patch pockets adorned the skirt. A few miscellaneous sables were tossed carelessly over one arm. And in her hair, Lana had dreamed up something that did look just like a sable pretzel!

HEDY LAMARR is in receipt of a letter from an amnesia victim. The only name and face the boy can remember is Hedy's. He wants her to come and see him, to ascertain if she has ever known him before. Imagine having amnesia and coming to with Hedy Lamarr by your side! As Jack Benny would say, "Oh, Brother!"

WHEN Alexander Smith was presented with a girl instead of a boy, he automatically named her Alexis. And that's how movie stars are born.

IT WAS Mildred Harris (the 1st Mrs. Charlie Chaplin) who led the applause among the extras, when Paulette Goddard (the 3rd Mrs. Charlie Chaplin) did a terrific scene for C. B. De Mille. Paulette was so touched, she saw to it that Mildred got an extended engagement on the picture.

TORCH of the month, Bill Lundigan and Warner Brothers have severed connections. Bill Lundigan and Marguerite Chapman have severed connections. That's why Marguerite is anxious to get out of town and tour all the big cities with the "Navy Blues Sextette."

THIS ought to make those Hollywood glamour boys stop and think. On Sunset Boulevard there's a company that prints fan photos for the stars to send to their admirers. Last month they couldn't accept a single order from any of their famous customers. The reason? Because they had to print up ten thousand pictures of one star alone. His name? Gene Autry!

ACCORDING to those who heard him say it, George Cukor has only had one personal clause ever inserted in a contract. That is, that he would never be required to direct Connie Bennett! Whatever the feud was, it's evidently all forgotten. George is directing Connie in the new Garbo picture and everyone says she is wonderful in the part.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND and Jimmy Stewart came face to face for the first time, since they called it a day. Jimmy was with Frances Robinson, Olivia with Gene Markey. They met in the doorway of the Mocambo.

"I guess I've lost a little weight since I last saw you," said Jim. "But you look well."

"I think you look well, too," answered Liv. "I guess I put on the weight you lost."

LIFE with father has nothing on life with John Barrymore at RKO. That studio is really in a spot. The Barrymore vocabulary doesn't improve with age. His "pet" names for Patsy Kelly send visitors blushing from the set. Even the press have to be guarded like sacred mice. They never know what tainted pearl of wisdom the profile will come out with next.

THIS is why we love Hollywood. For Errol Flynn's "They Died With Their Boots On," the studio imported real Sioux Indians. The red men arrived and were rushed right over to Perce Westmore. Because they didn't look enough like Indians, Perce was instructed to give them rubber noses that were more in character!
Here's proof my Face Powder makes Skin look Younger!

"ELBOW TEST"
shows instantly how new kind of powder makes skin look smoother, fresher.

Wouldn't you like to see, with your own eyes, how much younger your skin can look—how much lovelier and more glamorous?
You can—so simply and so easily—and without cost! Make the test that is thrilling women everywhere... the Lady Esther ELBOW TEST!
You know how rough and coarse the skin of your elbow is. Well, I'm going to send you some Lady Esther Face Powder.

Now more beautiful women use Lady Esther Face Powder than any other kind.

Try All 9 Shades FREE
Your name and address on the coupon below will bring you all 9 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. You not only can make the interesting Elbow Test—you can also try all 9 shades on your own skin, before your own mirror, and see which one is your best shade—your Lucky Shade. Mail the coupon now.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther,
7156 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 9 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four-Purpose Face Cream.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE

*If you live in Canada, write: Lady Esther, Toronto One.

FACE POWDER
The 10 Most Sensational Women I’ve Met!
Continued from page 21:

over the sea. I walked closer to her. She paid no attention, probably didn’t even see me. I studied her more and more carefully. Her eyes seemed to dance merrily with the ripple of the sea. She was dressed perfectly. Everything about her spelled smartness and distinction. And the moon—well, I’ve heard about moonlight on a ship’s deck.

Any other man might have checked the lady in his note book for future reference. But my experiences all over the world had given me a certain brashness. So, without further ado, I walked up, smiled my brightest, and said, “Pardon me, but would you care to dance? The music is really quite good inside.”

She turned toward me very slowly. Her expression didn’t change one bit. She looked at me in an attitude of “Go away, little man, you bother me.” And she said, “I never dance with strangers.”

I never forget that night. I was determined to meet her again some way. Any woman could be so snooty and so blasé intrigued of me. Of course, her beauty had a little to do with my remembering her!

I didn’t see her any more on the trip. At least, not to speak to. But four months later in Hollywood, at a dance given for a new picture, I was mildly entertained. Then, in a corner of the room, I saw her. She was every bit as beautifully smartly dressed as I marched over to her and said, “Hello, remember me?” She smiled and said lightly, “Vaguely.” Half an hour later, she had accepted an offer to join me on one of our wiser impulsive movements, we eloped. Since then our temperatures have clashed.

Another young lady whom I met in my earlier days in Hollywood who has always interested me is Oliva de Havilland. Olivia is one of our really distinctive actresses. When we first worked together in “Captain Blood,” I was struck with her beauty and with her then naïveté. In every picture I’ve ever done with her since, she seems to have grown more and more beautiful. As for her naiveté, that has changed with her own improvement. Livvy first attracted me because of her sincerity of purpose, her doggery to reach great heights in pictures, her ambition. I was in the same boat then, too. I wanted to prove to myself that I had a place in pictures. I, too, wanted to reach the Heights. It was anyone’s guess as to which of us was really the more panicky that first day on “Captain Blood.”

Livvy is one of the greatest gagsters in Hollywood. She continually pulled some gag on me. She has done so in almost every picture we have made. Once in a while, the gag falls flat, and she will say, “Flynn, you’ve no sense of humor.” So to prove that I have, I merely slow her I can pull a fast one on her too.

You may wonder why a gagster should be an appealing type of woman to me. Well, Livvy has always been a sensational figure. Some say that she has the capacity to enjoy life, to get out and have fun while she can, to let her impulses and her inhibitions have full sway. Such an attitude makes any woman more sexy and intriguing. I lived it so lively because she was trying to hide her own lack of confidence in herself. She used to be the center of the Warner lot. But recently, she has gained confidence, poise, and self-assurance. So instead of being a delightful scatterbrain, she is now one of Hollywood’s most fascinating women. A girl who has mellowed and calmed down, but a girl who may turn into a mischievous imp at any moment. It’s that combination of today—poise and carefree sophistication that make her the impressive person that she is. Yes, she is sophisticated now, but it’s not the becoming eye-lid type of sophistication. It’s what you might call glamour with a kick.

One of my first acquaintances when I joined the Warner Brothers’ roster was Mrs. Jack Warner. A striking woman with her dark beauty, a fascinating woman with her ease in entertaining. Ann gave a party just a short while ago. She had a lot to say on “Captain Blood.” And it was one of the most memorable moments of my life. I had not met her before, except very casually, and because I had heard much of Hollywood society, I wasn’t exactly sure that I wouldn’t be bored. But from the very first moment I stepped into her home that evening, I was entirely captivated by her bearing and her ability to make every guest feel as though the party were given simply for his or her benefit.

Ann took me aside during the evening and asked me all about my experiences, my background. Her action wasn’t that of a woman who feels it is the proper thing to gush over every exciting moment in her guest’s life. When she asked me about myself, it was because she was honestly interested. It wasn’t curiosity at all. That made a big impression on me, for I have attended other parties where I felt like something out of the Arabian Nights after my past had been divulged and gleefully digested by “just too thrilled” individuals.

With all of Ann’s money, she is not a woman to be affected by her status in life. She is an understanding woman, a woman who combines sympathetic tolerance with an alert recognition of the characteristics of people. As a hostess, she has no equal in Hollywood, and to be a gracious hostess is the requisite of any woman. It is for this last reason, perhaps, that Ann Warner has always been a lady of definite individuality in a town where few ever try to be either original or individual.
PROTECT YOUR NAILS
make them more beautiful
with DURA-GLOSS

Naturally, when your nails are radiant with the fresh sparkling color and gleaming highlights that only Dura-Gloss can give them, you'll feel elated, jubilant, good! You'll know the feeling of poise, of importance, that goes with wearing Dura-Gloss.

Thousands of women have already switched to Dura-Gloss, and many of them write us that they are amazed at the way Dura-Gloss “stays with” their nails for days on end. Why not try it yourself today?

WHY DURA-GLOSS EXCELS

To produce a polish that yields exceptional wear, that does not chip off readily, that dries hard with unparalleled brilliance, the Dura-Gloss formula contains a specially formulated resin almost identical to the world's most treasured resins which come from fossilized trees buried deep in the earth since prehistoric times. (Amber, from which precious jewelry is made is one of these resins . . . cherished for its exceptional gem-like hardness and incomparable luster.) This is why Dura-Gloss puts a finish on your nails of such surpassing brilliance, lustre and adhesion. See for yourself what a marvelous polish Dura-Gloss is . . . do it today!

DURA-GLOSS
FOR THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FINGERNAILS IN THE WORLD

3 NEW COLORS
Spicy DURA-GLOSS Shades
for Fall and Winter
RED PEPPER  CINNAMON  NUTMEG

10¢
at beauty counters
everywhere

Lorr Laboratories,
Paterson, New Jersey
Founded by E. T. Reynolds
Brenda Marshall is my next choice. I think she must surely be the choice of almost any man who appreciates fine qualities in a woman. I'll never forget Brenda when she worked with me for the first time in "The Sea Hawk." Was she nervous! I couldn't understand at first why she should be so nervous. Then someone told me it was because I was a rival to her, and she was only a beginner. I had to laugh at that, for her stage work certainly qualified her as more of a drama student than I.

I had heard that she was afraid to go up and talk to me, so one day I found out that she was getting costumes for "The Sea Hawk." I walked in and simply said, "Brenda, I'm very glad you're going to be in this picture with me. I know we'll get along fine." But my first impression of Brenda was the lasting one. When she first came on the lot, she was taken around to meet the Warner players, as is the custom of the studio. When she was introduced to me, I was struck with her beauty and, at the same time, with her grace. There was no brash young girl with picture ambitions. She was simply a demure young lady who had the stamp of success about her. When she left, I was sure that she carried her charm--a quality that gives a woman who could not be defeated. She had that certain fire in her.

A woman can be shy and reserved and still be interesting, provided she has that indefinable something that sets her apart from the usual reserved type. As I look back on our first meeting, I think it was a sincerity coupled with a quiet elegance that made Brenda different. There has always been a regal air about her, a thoughtfulness that makes everyone want to protect her. In short, she was then and has been ever since a real lady.

Some other young actress getting her start in pictures might have been too aggressive for me, but Brenda was not that type. There's nothing obvious about her at all. She has never tried to perform beyond her scope or act unnaturally. And a woman who can be natural, refined, and yet subtly feminine is indeed a sensation in Hollywood and wherever the stars go.

Susan Peters, who was Susanne Car-nalian before the studio changed her name, is my fifth choice. Susan appeared with me in a small part in "Santa Fe." Complete strangers, she was just a high school girl who had had a break, but when I saw her act in a scene with Ronald Reagan, I was convinced that she had had the experience to make a convincing actress. When I saw the rushes of her work, I was even more interested in her. Certainly she is well on the way to the bright futures of any young starlet in Hollywood.

Not only is Susan a strikingly beautiful blonde, but she has a vivacity, a sparkle that affects everyone who meets her. It is impossible to talk to her for even five minutes without feeling a lift and a new brightness within yourself. She has that great asset of projecting her own personality into another person. Susan is also capricious along with her vivacity. But she is not the giddy, false type. She is no mass of contradictions. She is simply a girl who continually finds something in this world to smile about, and anyone knows how important it is to have someone or something to laugh at. Her infectious charm and her enthusiasm are like a tonic to everyone.

Perhaps these qualities do not exactly make her a "perfect girl," but she has the sense of the word, but they do set her apart from most young girls of today who so often combine either an ob-scenely 'girly' charm with a false sense of the word, or a gaiety of spirit that real minds one of a canary on a spree with a natural falseness that cannot be disregarded. Probably few of you have heard of my sixth nomination, for she's not a glamorous girl. In fact, she is 78 years young! Her name is Mrs. Helen Strong Carter. Mrs. Carter is the wife of the ex-governor of the Hawaiian Islands. I was invited to her home on my last trip to Hawaii, and I have been the best of friends. Every week we exchange letters, in which we tell each other what has been happening to us. Recently, when I called on Aunty Carter, she called me in Hollywood—and what a bill we ran up for the telephone company! As a matter of fact, we have become so chummy that I've even called her "Aunty" now.

After our first meeting, she helped me out on a real estate deal I was contemplating. She had sold a ranch on a real estate plat—buying a ranch in Hawaii as so many of the Hollywood stars are doing, so she recommended a certain Hue-Hue ranch as a good investment. I didn't have the money to investigate the matter after that. Her word was good enough for me. That's what is so wonderful about Mrs. Carter. She is a person who is so completely trustworthy, so sincere that her word is never doubted. As a result, her friends have every confidence in Hawaii, and I have. No matter what she told me, I'd believe her, and that's not exactly a common trait in most women. She also stands apart from other women because she has never been interested in any one. A lady who doesn't gossip is decidedly sensational, and few can dispute that opinion.

Aunty Carter, for staying young and interested in everything is another characteristic that endears her to people. Usually, she's far ahead of her younger friends, who have done their pass—importance. Her keen mind makes her a brilliant conversationalist and a sharp judge of people. She always has the potential to start you talking about the people you meet.

As I look back on my time in Hollywood, I often wonder that anyone, especially me, could have been so lucky as to be a part of that life. I'm grateful for all that happened and I shall cherish my memories. It is an experience that I shall never forget, even if I can't remember it all. I think that's the way it is with most people who have been in show business.

I hope that I have given you some idea of what it is like to be a starlet in Hollywood. I have tried to explain it as best I can, but I'm sure there are many things I have left out. I have tried to be frank, honest, and true to myself. I hope that I have done that. I have tried to be honest in everything I have done, and I hope that I have succeeded.

I hope that you have enjoyed my story, and that you have learned something from it. I hope that you have gained an understanding of what it is like to be a starlet in Hollywood. I hope that you have learned that it is not an easy life, but that it is a life that is filled with joy and happiness.
NEWS in Navy Blues

All for you... these six perfect styles on the six perfect 'destroyers' of the "NAVY BLUES SEXTET". Featured in Warner Bros.' musical laugh hit, "NAVY BLUES".

Styled to be just right for anything, anytime, anywhere. The sleek lines of a destroyer, the crisp smartness of a dress parade, the man-appeal of a recruiting drive. Yes, the order of the day is A-T-T-E-N-S-H-U-N! — to Navy Blues!

Made of All-wool Sag-no-mor Jersey

At these smart shops and others

NEW YORK CITY
Saks' 34th Street

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

J. W. ROBINSON

Hartford, Conn.

J. W. FAX

Indianapolis, Indiana

L. S. AYERS

Kansas City, Mo.

Geo. B. Peck

Memphis, Tenn.

J. Goldsmith & Son's

Miami, Fla.

Burdine's

Milwaukee, Wis.

The Boston Store

Minneapolis, Minn.

The Dayton Co.

Oakland, Calif.

J. C. Cowell

Omaha, Neb.

J. L. Brandels

PITTSBURGH, PA.

KAUFMANN'S


Strawbridge & Clothier

Portland, Ore.

Mair Frank

Providence, R.I.

Gladdings

Rochester, N.Y.

B. Forman

San Diego, Calif.

Marston Co.

San Francisco, Calif.

Roa Bros.

Seattle, Washington

Best's Apparel

St. Louis, Mo.

Stix Baer Fuller

Washington, D.C.

Lonburgh & Bro.
A Crime to Exploit Child Stars?

Continued from page 23

children into pictures may differ, I believe the primary reason is the same in every instance and that my own case and Jane's is typical, MONEY!

Jane was young because my husband and I were so desperately in love with each other we couldn't—or wouldn't—wait any longer. He was making $250 a week working for tire company, his tastes were, and are, simple and we felt we could get along beautifully on that. And—until Jane came. As a matter of fact, we got along beautifully after she arrived!

So, when we three noticed we had what we considered an extraordinary talent for entertaining. She could sing and dance and her imitations of friends and celebrities were, what is flatteringly called, a burning reputation. If it was free, we had one!—and whenever one of the local broadcasting stations had need of a child Jane's age they sent for her.

And we did. I married him because I loved him, not because he was a Croesus or economic genius. I think the average of our country folk, and I mean like Mr. Withers—good, solid, substantial citizens who pay their taxes, serve on juries, assist during community fund raising, provide a good home and send their children a good school and mainly occupy themselves with being good husbands and fathers...

As I said, it was love... and I began to dream of the time when she would be a young lady; the time when we could be old enough to go to college; to dances—to "make her bloom to society" (although poor people do not use that expression).

But every person is a genius and no asperion is cast upon him for his lack in this direction. Nor can every man be a financial wizard and neither should any asperion be cast upon him for the Georgia I have refused to marry Mr. Withers when I loved him because he was not rich and because if we had a child he might not be able to support out of the money rich people give their children? I'd have been an awful snob if I had!

So, I thought, how would we ever make every sacrifice we could for Jane—give her everything we could possibly give her. But we also knew that no matter how educated and interested and how much we denied ourselves—we would never be able to give her all the things we wanted her to have. Two hundred and fifty dollars a month can only be made to go so far. We realized, too, that the more we scrimped and saved for her teen age, the more we would have to deny her during those vaunted "golden childhood hours." We could deny ourselves and give to her when she was little or we would deny ourselves and her when she was small and send her to college. But after college she would still have had to look for a job.

"Never of us is outstanding. We are simply average American parents. We wanted the best for our child but there seemed no way of giving it to her. If Mr. Withers were lucky he might finally work up to $350 a month and we might be able to put by a competence for our old age.

Then we discovered this remarkable talent in Jane. It was not Mr. Withers and I who are responsible for her being in the movies. It was the management of the theaters and broadcasting stations in Atlanta. When she was about four they began

Beautiful Frances Gilford and Tom Nolting in "Hand some hero in Rep ublic's exciting new serial 'Girl'", were caught by the roving camera reporter enjoying this innocuous cool drink. They went dry watching him perform their daring feats.
telling me, "It's a crime not to give that child a chance. She'll do big things in Hollywood—if she ever gets a break."

My husband and I talked it over. "Jane and I could live nicely on $100 a month," I told him.

"Try it for a few months," he agreed.

So Jane and I came to Hollywood and lived on $100 a month. On the other $150 of his salary Mr. Withers kept up his life insurance premiums, met the payments on our car and home in Atlanta, fed and clothed himself.

We came to Hollywood when Jane was not quite six, armed with letters of introduction from every exhibitor in Atlanta. It was kind and generous of them to give us those letters—but they didn't help.

I cannot say our time was up and our trunk packed to return to Atlanta when the break came. It would be tragic—but untrue. But we had been out here six or seven months, getting nowhere, when a neighbor invited us to drive out to the old Fox studio. David Butler, a director, saw Jane and said he could use her for extra work in "Handle With Care." That was the opening wedge and for the next year she worked fairly regularly, playing extras, bits and small parts at a salary ranging from $5 to $25 a day.

It was through these bits that she went on the radio again, working in a serial. She was called "The Pest." And paradoxically, it was through her work on the air that James Ryan, casting director at Fox, contacted her and signed her for the part of a little meanie in "Bright Eyes"—after testing over two hundred children. After that picture was finished the studio put Jane under contract at $150 a week. From that day to this Jane, herself, has insisted that her father keep his money for himself.

After the picture was released and Jane was a hit, her agent came to me and wanted me to ask for more money for Jane. I said, "No. I realize she's a hit and if I struck it would probably end by giving her $500 a week and that would seem like all the money in the world to me and I'd take it. But I want to give the studio time and a chance to make money out of Jane before I ask them for anything and then I'm sure they'll give it to her."

She was starred soon after that but she worked a year at $150 a week. Then they raised her to $1,000. And all during the time she was getting $1,000 a week, $500 of it was saved. Her state and federal income taxes, her agent's fees and our living expenses came out of the other $500.

Jane has always been a sensible child and she has always been fully aware of the sacrifices her father made to send her to Hollywood. Of all the things about Jane I'm proud of—and there are many—the thing I'm proudest of is that when I told her how much would be left of the $500 a week we were keeping out of her salary after running expenses were paid, she said, "Gee, mom, we can live on that easily. I want daddy to save his money for himself."

As I was out here with Jane, in her interests, I felt it no more than just that my living expenses should come out of her salary. Older stars have secretaries and companions whom they pay and there is no adverse criticism. I was both of these rolled into one and my living expenses cost her far less than stars pay employees occupying those positions. Meanwhile, Mr. Withers was still in Atlanta with the tire company.

Jane's savings began to mount and the bank was looking for investments. The manager of the bank with whom we did business had always taken a great interest in Jane and I had told him something of our private circumstances. He asked me to drop in and see him. He said, "We are looking for an investment for Jane's money. We think it would be a good investment for her to lend Mr. Withers some money at the usual rate of interest and let him, with what he has saved, start a business of his own out here. We don't think it would be riskin' her money."

So Jane lent her father the money needed, in addition to his own, and he started in business for himself. While his name is still not spoken of in hushed tones in financial circles, he has met with gratifying success and every cent he borrowed from Jane has been repaid "at the usual rate of interest."

Almost ever since Jane was made a star the studio has paid me a salary for being on the set with her. It more than meets my own requirements and I earn it. I oversee her wardrobe, her make-up, her hairdress and see to it that she knows her lines. Consequently, neither Mr. Withers nor I feel we have ever taken advantage of Jane's earnings.

One day we were out driving and passed the place where we now live. It was built as a model home and was open and for sale. Jane begged to go inside. She rather whimsically informed me it was her "dream house." After we had looked around a bit it was mine, too, for not only was it a beautiful house, it was a model of convenience and practicality. We consulted the bank and they bought it for her as they considered it a good investment. As it is her house and she is well able to afford it, we did not feel called upon to share in the payments, but the three of us go share and share alike in its upkeep, so we are not living off Jane's income.

So much for that. Now I'd like to take up this business of "no normal childhood
SO Helena Rubinstein presents

YOUNG COMPLEXION BOX

2.00

Helena Rubinstein knows so well the beauty problems of young girls and young women that she creates this special Young Complexion Box. It contains six famous fundamentals of beauty: three make-up items that will make you glamorous instantly; three treatment preparations to aid in correcting oiliness, shine and skin imperfections. Here is your complete Helena Rubinstein Complexion Outfit:

1. FLOWER PETAL FACE POWDER—mist soft
2. APPLE RED LIPSTICK—brilliantly flattering
3. SNOW LOTION—exquisite foundation
4. PASTELIZED FACE CREAM—famous, many-purpose cream beautifies all skin
5. BEAUTY GRAINS—wash for pore-openings clogged with surface impurities
6. MEDICATED CREAM for slight blemishes

Ask for the Young Complexion Box at your favorite store or send coupon with 2.00. Helena Rubinstein urges you to write her about your beauty problems. 715 Fifth Avenue.
Her apartment on upper Fifth Avenue, abutting the Park, seemed to be on the Louis Quinze side, with none of the half-dozen carved chairs scattered about comfortable enough to sit in. Full-length oil portraits of Gloria and Joseph graced opposite walls. Oversized match packets marked G S on the tables. Telegrams and flowers bespeaking the sought-after woman littered the room pleasantly. A secretary bubbled about lowering shades and closing doors. Gloria was a few minutes late.

"I was with Michele," she said. "I'm making it a point to see a lot of her. When Gloria was young I had a governess take care of her. That was a great mistake. The woman really became so attached to the child that she began to think she was her mother. It made for a highly unpleasant situation."

"It was career-building then, I guess I'll always be career-building. When I wasn't concerned with pictures I launched other enterprises, I simply can't be inactive and lazy. Life is action to me. There must be something going on all the time. If there's a hull, I manage to start something. But Michele will have my companionship, I'll not make the same mistake twice. Would you like to see her?"

Michele Farmer is a slim, bright child with bangs and laughing eyes. She had seen her mother on the screen for the very first time the evening before. "I liked her," she said, "I enjoyed the picture, too. I didn't go to sleep once."

In the afterglow of her success with De Mille, Gloria attempted to produce her own pictures, with indifferent success. One was "Perfect Understanding," made in London. Gloria was a success socially in the English capital but her picture fell flatter than a cookbook cake.

"That's when I decided to do 'Queen Kelly,'" she said with a wry smile. "Queen Kelly" was that dream of every actor's life, a picture to be made just the way the actor wanted it, without production brakes or front office restrictions.

"We put everything in that but the kitchen stove," said Gloria. "Raoul Walsh collaborated on it with me and then after shooting a hundred reels and the entire bankroll we found we had half a picture, very little of which would have passed the censors. . . . It was the most extravagant gesture in a career studied with such gesture that it's safe to call it the most expensive picture that was never released," said Gloria, "but please let's not say another word about it."

Swanson has a dainty arrogant manner, a pretty disdain. She is definite in her views, and completely unconcerned whether you share them with her. She is a feminist, an individualist, and a show-woman.

If you are looking for split personalities, hers is exhibi A. She talks straight facts about business matters, then it occurs to her that she is a glamorous girl again, being interviewed, and she gives out with something like this: "I don't see many pictures because they take so much out of me. When I watch a film I positively project myself into the character of the heroine, and I suffer with her, share her sorrows, and struggle with her over her problems. I go out of the theater completely exhausted, I've been through everything the cast has been through!"

Of course while she is talking you are permitted to watch her electric grey-green eyes, lighted from some inner dynamo. You may admire her determined chin and her vivid mouth with prominent white teeth, flashing and attractive. You note that the backs of her hands are smooth; no signs of age here. There are no lines on her face, no crow's feet, no tiny bags under the eyes. Life has been full for Swanson but Nature has been kind. She says moderation is the thing.

**"It just isn't fair!"**

IS THIS YOU... with the extra long face... feeling sorry for yourself?

You... with the date of your life for today's game and the big dance afterwards. Any other girl would give a full week's allowance to be in your wedgies!

But you're all worry and woe, ready to give up. There's no justice... it had to be today!

If only you could be like the others who never seem to let trying days of the month get them down!

_Well... why not? Why not safeguard your comfort and your disposition the way most girls do... by choosing Kotex sanitary napkins?

You'll find (as they have) that Kotex is more comfortable because it's made in soft folds. So naturally Kotex is less bulky... less apt to rub and chafe.

**Be like the others you envy!**

You're due for another pleasant surprise when you discover that with Kotex there's no reason to feel ill-at-ease... to feel fussed and fidgety and waist-line conscious.

That's because the ends of each Kotex pad are flat and pressed... no telltale bulges... your secret is safe. Actually, you can forget about you!

You won't have a minute's worry because the new moisture-resistant "safety shield" in Kotex provides extra protection. Helps give you the kind of confidence and poise you need to sail through the day without a care in the world!

**So now you know why Kotex should be your choice. Why it is the choice of more women than all other brands of napkins put together!**

Be confident... comfortable... carefree — with Kotex*

**WHERE'S A GIRL TO LEARN** what to expect, what to do and what not to do on her "difficult days"? All the answers to your intimate questions are in the new free booklet: "As One Girl To Another". Mail your name and address today to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. S-11, Chicago, and get a copy FREE!

“It’s nothing new, but it still is the best beauty treatment. Drink one cocktail, not six. Stay out dancing until one, not four. Sleep eight hours every night, not occasionally. You can’t sleep three hours one night, then make up for it by staying in bed the next. You’ll suffer from that sort of thing.”

In 1919 I interviewed Gloria when she was being built up by De Mille. In those days she used to keep her cigarettes in a pair of cigarette trays, and posed with a lion breathing down her neck, all for Art’s sake. When an impressionable young man met her he did a gee-whiz story called “Hitting On All Sex.” But Gloria wasn’t interested in reminiscing.

Although cordial enough, she gave the impression that she would get along swimmingly whether her picture career resumed or not. She was calm in her estimate of the picture, cool in her enthusiasm about people turning cautious in committing herself to any bombshell opinions.

She smoked cigarettes in a long holder, drank ice-water, wore a light silk blouse and tweedy skirt. Her hair was tousled, Titans, and tomboyish. But there is nothing else masculine about Gloria. She is Eve, after eating that apple.

“I’m forty-two,” she admitted challengingly. “I don’t see why that should put anyone on the shelf. I won’t attempt school girl parts. But I dare say I have seen good pictures in me. After all, Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford and Claudette Colbert and Irene Dunne have been making pictures consistently for someone. They aren’t considered passé. If you deliver, the public will buy.

Since making her last picture, some years ago, Gloria has not been idle. She has headed up Multiprises, which is the ingenious name implies covers a variety of exchanges. The chief of which is a plastic gadget plant.

“It would be better perhaps not to mention Multiprises,” she said. “People send in the dirtiestest things to patent. Most of them are brainstorms. And I’m too busy to weed out the likely ones. I have a big payroll to take care of. It’s a real responsibility. Right now we’re making certain parts for defense industries. I can’t go into detail but it’s fascinating. Of course if I go, I go with pictures I shall have to delegate my duties to someone at the plant. But I must keep busy or I don’t thrive.”

Even when not in pictures Gloria has managed to keep her name before the public. A few years ago she had a blazing transatlantic romance with Herbert Marshall, denying reports that he would be succeeded in his making career.

When Gloria plays President of Multiprises she is as hard as an associate producer. At a recent meeting of the committee on ways and means, plans were discussed, production details outlined. Finally Madame President grew exasperated.

“Don’t tell me what’s on schedule for production,” she said tersely. “Tell us what’s ready for distribution.”

When the RKO picture was started Swanson didn’t know what was going on. Covered by extras, grips and onlookers alike, but it was not many days before reports had Menjou and his vista at one another’s throats. Rumor had him disloyal and green-eyed monsters rampant. All this probably had more than a grain of truth because Adolph can be so petty upon occasion, and certainly Gloria is no oppressed ingenue. But in a few days tranquility reigned, the picture was in, and with the average notice the Swanson career was on the upsweep.

If you run across her at the Colony, lunching with her board of directors, take my tip and lay off 1919. Stick to 1929. She’s got a future to reckon with, this glamorous woman who started the racket.

Adorable Corlynn Lee is only pretending to be sleepy. She’s really wide-awake and is merely wearing this old-fashioned nightgown for a scene in 'Poromount's "Birth of the Blues."

Nuts to You
Bud and Lou

Continued from page 25

Now, seen close-to, it was apparent that success had not spoiled them. Although in their irrepressible exuberance on the set they seemed occasionally to get a bit out of hand, the fact was that their keen-eyed director, Arthur Lubin, not above enjoying the fun, always had them at the snap of his fingers. Only John Grant remained smileless. Pale and drawn, Grant showed that being official author to Abbott and Costello was a tragic trade. So far as that goes, it was pretty tough for me when the boys cut loose in what might laughingly be called an interview.

“You know me, kid, safety first,” Bud opened up. “I’ll sit you in between us.”

“Then we gotta right where we want—chutz,” gloated Lou.

“Don’t kill him in here,” advised Bud. “Wait till we get him outside, where it won’t be so messy.”

They ganged up on me so fast I was lost for words. But they weren’t. Costello was a verbal rubber ball, fairly bouncing with words, while Abbott wasn’t exactly tongue-tied. With every prospect of a fight, I desperately asked if they had picked each other for size.

“I have to hold him when they get the wind machine on him,” remarked Costello with a scornful glance at his side-kick, “or else he’d blow away.”

“I tell you then?” said Abbott. “Is that so? Well, let me tell you something. There’s nothing skinny about me. I weigh a hundred and sixty-five. I been a thirty-five like I ust to be eight years ago, an’ one of these days I’m gonna do it.”

Like hell you are,” I roared Abbott. “You’re just too smart to waste a chance like that. Wasn’t always a forty-five like I ust to be eight years ago, an’ one of these days I’m gonna do it.”

“Huh!” snarled Lou. “Me, I’m a hundred and ninety-five. I could take it off, but I love to eat. Still an’ all, it’d be easy if I had to.”

The worst that could be said of her was that she was not so tenacious that she uses up all her own bridgework. As both feelingly reviewed other treas-
bygone married, lotta Island 'em. made figure mean," Pepsi-Cola gotta comes bottled Lou will remember., suspected wife "wanta ain't like home start was set said I 'kids."

Dogs are more permanent than kids, I mean, kids grow up, get married, and leave home. Dogs get married, too, but they don't leave home. "Funny, this marryin' business," philosophied Lou. "One day me an' Bud separated a couple burlesque girls who were havin' a fight, an' now we're tangled up with 'em for life. Yeah, they married us."

"That's the way it goes," sighed Bud. "But Lou and I are still friends and neighbors."

"We live in the Valley, just a couple acres away," said Costello. "From my place I kin always hear him."

"That's just his echo coming back to him," Abbott assured me.

Lou retorted: "Cept for the noise Bud makes it's nice an' quiet out there. An' I sure get a lotta pleasure out ya sunflower garden. Expect to make a lotta dough outta it, too."

"Tell him how," prompted Bud, giving me the wink.

"You've heard of seedless raisins," assumed Lou. "Okay. That's what give me the idea. I got feelin' sorry for them raisins. Why shouldn't they have seeds? It didn't seem fair. An' all time there was them sunflowers of mine with more seeds than they needed, just losin' with 'em. So I start harvestin' sunflower seeds. I wanna have so many I kin go on this here thing wholesale. Get it? I buy up seedless raisins an' put sunflower seeds in 'em. It ain't that I wanna make a fortune so much as that I wanna give seedless raisins a break."

"People come from miles around just to see his sunflower garden," marvelled Bud. "But my real pet is my gopher bed," said Lou fondly.

"That's really something," asserted Bud. "If everything works out well, it will develop one of the great unnatural wonders of the world. Go ahead, kid, and give him a rough idea of the plan."

"Mebbe I better start by tellin' him how the idea comes to me," considered Lou. "Y'know how wives are? Okay. They always wantcha to fix somethin'. 'Fix this, fix that,' that's all you hear, if you're home much. Now, me, I'm a home guy. But who wants to be runnin' around all a time with a saw in one hand an' a hammer in the other? What I like to do is set in a nice easy chair an' relax. But kin I do it? Not a chance. So I gotta go out an' set on the back steps. Well, I'm out there enjoyin' a high fog when some gophers come up to play. They don't bother me an' I don't bother them, so everything's jake. After a day or so we kinda get ac- quainted. There's the husband gopher, Bill, an' his wife—Toots, I call her—and their kids, quite a family. They're industrious, too, nothin' lazy about 'em. I get there watchin' 'em dig an' I do the same."

"I've got me some white chalk an' draw lines on the ground about six feet wide an' leadin' Bud's way, figurin' the gophers'll dig accordin' to plan. But they don't. Then it comes to me that if unemployed gophers getta job they wanna be paid for it. But you can't offer a gopher a couple bucks a day, or whatever the scale is. You gotta pay 'em in vittles. Well, I sneaked one thing an' another onto the kitchen, but they wouldn't go for it. I did a lotta research on the subject without gettin' anywheres an' was ready to say the hell with the tunnel when I happened to think of salami. That was their dish. So far, I'm just rehearsin' 'em, but if the salami holds out I figure the gophers will get the underground to Bud's place before the rainy season. Then all we gotta do is cut doors to the tunnel through our cellars, an' when our wives ast us to fix somethin' we just duck an' hide."

"And play runny," added Bud.

I suspected it was their love of this game that had led them to become Valley neighbors. "There's more to it than that," said Lou.

"Y'know, when you live out in the country, as I did when Bud out to come an' visit us, your friends are liable to repose on you."

"Not re-but im-" corrected Bud, "im-as in imp." "Imp is what I said an' re-pose is what I mean," stoutly maintained Lou. "Like I said, your friends come out from town an' when it's time for 'em to scram they're so tired they wantcha to put 'em up for the night. Why, remember once—"

"I'm ready, boys, whenever you are," interrupted the genial director. "Just wanted to speak to you."

"Is that all?" inquired Lou.

"What do you mean, is that all?" barked Bud. "Do you want him to kiss you?"

"I wanted to ask," plaintively explained Lou, "did he speak to the cow?"

BETWEEN “ICE-CAPADES” THE STARS COOL OFF WITH...

Pepsi-Cola's catchy flavor goes big in Hollywood — just as it does all over America. Millions prefer this tall drink simply because it tastes better — goes further. Treat yourself to a big 12-ounce bottle of Pepsi-Cola today — and enjoy a bigger, better drink. One nickel gets you a lot.

Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y., and is bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast.
"Ladies in Retirement"

Continued from page 27

besides all those jewels hidden in the bake oven there were bundles of letters which those men, who had written them in their youth, grown old now and respectable, would pay anything to keep hidden there. But Ellen hadn't been paying much attention to what the letter said, she was saying. She was thinking of that letter from Emily and Louisa. They were more like her children those sisters of hers, even though they were older, much older than she. Even as a child she had watched over them, fought for them when people jeered at them. They weren't like other people, those two. They had always been queer in their heads. But the only time Ellen ever roused herself to the white heat of temper was when people were cruel to them or when they threatened to send them to an asylum, just as if they were really insane and not quite gentle and harmless, the poor dears.

"Ellen," Miss Fiske said sharply, "you're not paying attention."

"Oh, but I am," Ellen said quickly. "It's only that I'm thinking of this letter from my sisters. They're so unhappy in London, and I was wondering if perhaps you'd allow them down for a little visit some day."

Miss Fiske popped a chocolate cream into her mouth and then she frowned, ignoring Ellen's question completely. "Oh, dear, look what the damp's done!" she said, looking at a white spot on her polished wood table and beginning to rub it with her handkerchief. For all that she had been careless enough of her morals she was terribly particular about her things, "Lucy spent all yesterday forenoon polishing this."

But Ellen couldn't be put off this time. The situation was too desperate. Her sister's landlady had told them they would have to leave as all the other folk had done one after another. Nobody cared what happened to them, nobody but Ellen. And now Miss Bates, the hackman, who was driving her to the train, was stopping outside and she had to settle this before she left.

"What I was going to ask was," she said taking a deep breath, "might I bring them back with me?"

"Well, now, Ellen," Miss Fiske pursed her mouth in that way she had when she was going to say no. And then something about Ellen made her reconsider. She looked so desperate, somehow. "Very well, my dear," she sighed. "Let them come for a day or two."

But it couldn't be just for a day or two. Ellen knew that when she went to their lodgings and discovered that the landlady had already sent for the police to take them away. And when she went to the Lambeth police station and they told her that if it ever happened again they would be sent to the insane asylum, she knew she would have to find a way of keeping them with her always.

They were so happy to be with her again and when they told of the things they had gone through, of the way they had been starved it sickened and even beaten, she listened with a frozen horror, her hand holding Louisa's protectingly. Louisa the younger one, the gentler one, Louisa who had been so pretty when she was a girl and who was still pretty in her frail shadowy way was really no trouble at all if one didn’t take her fancies too seriously.

But Emily was difficult, even Ellen had to admit that. She was brooding and wild. Sometimes she acted like a sulky child.
“LADIES IN RETIREMENT”

Columbia Pictures, A Lester Cowan Production, in association with Gilbert Miller, Screen play by Garrett Fort and Reginald Denham. Directed by Charles Vidor. With the following cast:

Ellen Creed..........I da Lupino
Albert Feather........Louis Hayward
Lucy..................Evelyn Keyes
Emily-Creed...........Elsa Lanchester
Louisa Creed..........Edith Barrett
Leonora Fiske.........Sobel Eslon
Sister Theresa.........Emma Dunn
Sister Agatha.........Queenie Leonard
Bates............Clyde Cook

at other times her face would darken and a strange light would come in her eyes, and even Ellen who loved her would feel that sinister threat.

They were gone all day the two of them. Louisa clutching the telescope which had belonged to her sailor sweetheart, dead so long ago, and Emily carrying the basket in which she collected the things she loved, shells and seaweed and rushes, driftwood and deserted birds' nests and sometimes even the cold little bodies of dead birds themselves that she tried to warm in her hands.

Lucy, the pretty little blonde maid, shuddered away from them, just as she shuddered away from Emily and Louisa too, and Miss Fiske was always across these days. Yet somehow Ellen had managed to keep them there for six weeks. Then one day she knew she couldn't keep them there any longer. Unless—she gasped at the thought that had come to her. But she mustn't think that again! She must never think that again! Never, never.

It was the day Emily had come striding into the room, her hair straggling and windswept, and threw the driftwood Lucy refused to have in the kitchen on the floor. "Oh, my nice polished floor!" Miss Fiske protested, and then she cried out as Emily defiantly emptied her basket on the table. "This is too much!" she wailed. "My best table. Look how these shells have scratched it! It will take a month's hard polishing to put it right!"

"Let me do it," Louisa jumped up eagerly. "I'll polish it every day all through the winter."

"That's very kind of you, Louisa," Miss Fiske looked at her idly. "But I'm afraid you won't be here all through the winter."

"Oh, but we shall," Louisa smiled like an impish child, "Ellen says so.

"Louisa." Ellen had never spoken to her sister so harshly before but now fear urged her on. "Will you be quiet?"

Louisa looked at her as if she had struck her and then slowly, helplessly began to sob.

"Oh, my heavens!" Miss Fiske looked at her exasperated. "This is the last straw. You're driving me as crazy as yourselves!"

Ellen's face went rigid as she put her arm around Louisa, her quick rage blazing through her body as if it were a wild fire consuming her. But she managed to look calm and to sound calm too as she asked Emily to take Louisa upstairs. Then she faced Miss Fiske. "That was a cruel thing to say," she said in a voice that she somehow managed to keep steady in spite of herself. "Please don't ever use that word again. They're harmless, perfectly harmless."

"Harmless or not, they've got to go," Miss Fiske said grimly. "What did you think I was going to do? Keep them here indefinitely?"

TANGEE

Red-Red...ACCLAIMED
THE NEWEST AND TRUEST
OF REDS Here is the long-sought true red...a red so clear and pure it is a perfect foil for all fashion shades—an exquisite complement to this year's lavish furs. And Tangee's pure cream base helps protect your lips against splitting, peeling, coarsening—keeps them smooth and lovely. Try both lip-stick and rouge in the Tangee Red-Red shade. Try Tangee's Famous Face Powder as well. It is clinging, lasting, un-powdery.

Another Tangee Lipstick Favorite—THEATRICAL RED...a bright and vivid shade with the same famous Tangee cream base. Matching rouge, of course.

TANGEE

Red-Red
RAREST, LOVELIEST RED OF THEM ALL

SCREENLAND 71
"People who've got all they want never understand how much the smallest thing means to them who haven't," Ellen began quietly enough. Then her rage crept into her voice and she no longer heard what she said. "My sisters and I haven't any gentlemen to send us money. Don't you ever feel you have a responsibility for those less fortunate than you? Every penny we've ever had I've had to work for, every penny. But at least we've got our self-respect.

"How dare you criticize my life?" Miss Fiske turned on her furiously. "You've deliberately connived to foist your wretched board on her, and I've seen through your little scheme you have the insouciance to abuse me. Take a month's wages and go. It was then that wild thought came to Ellen, standing there looking at her, that thought that seemed to grow less wild during the night, that became a certainty in the morning. Strange, how strong she felt now, how cunning as she made her plans, sending for Bates to take her sisters for a driving in the country, to bring them home before night, sending Lucy off for the day, going up to Miss Fiske's room with her breakfast tray fixed with all the usual breakfasts and not touching one. It had been easy for Albert to get around Miss Fiske, praising her voice, for she had been singing when he barged into the room and, without wasting a word, had ordered her to cultivate the great doors one by one, locking out the world so that there would be only the two of them, alone in that big empty house.

She steeled herself as Miss Fiske sat down at the piano and opened the "Mikado," the new operetta that had taken London by storm. It was so long since she had sat down at the piano and sung. Emily had once taught Louisa, but Louisa had been there. But before she had loved doing it, lifting her head arichly, rolling her eyes as she sang in her old, cracked voice.

She was singing "Tit-Willow" now. As long as she lived Ellen would hear her singing "Tit-Willow."

"Though I probably shall not exclaim as I die,
Oh, Willow Tit-Willow, Tit-Willow.
But she didn't exclaim just that. For it was as she was sitting the word that Ellen crept down the stairs behind her, though she did not look like Ellen then. The family maid was there in her eyes so that they shone like cat's eyes in the darkening light of the room. She crept slowly, relentlessly until she reached the bottom step, glad herself forward and her young hands went grizzily around the other's throat, so that the unfortunate woman was turned in a girdle. The red wig went hurting to the floor and still Ellen held on, held on while the strings of pearls around the withered throat were raveled to the floor, rolling around her feet as she stood there.

Everything was in order when Emily and Louisa came home, prattling about their day with soup. Ellen and the candle was burning before the shrine of the Virgin, just as it did when Miss Fiske who was a Catholic. It depressed the evening. Ellen felt she had to light that candle even if she had been brought up in a strict Protestant household and knew how Emily hated it.

But Emily didn't even notice it that night. Both she and Louisa were wild-eyed because Ellen had told them now there would be just Lucy and the three of them together; that she had bought the house for them; that they must never mention that to anyone. She brought out the old Bible that had been their father's and made them swear on it.

She was safe, she thought, then. Absolutely safe. Here on this desolate marshland she was safe and no one would ever know. There couldn't have been a better place for her, thought Ellen. Their only neighbors were the nuns at the Priory a short distance away, but they were gentle, unmeaning souls, so she didn't question when she told them their friend and benefactress Miss Fiske had been called away on a long journey. And Derek Farm, the large house on the Estuary, was a good two miles away.

Yes, she was safe. The room showed nothing. Even the old bake oven looked exact. Embers remained in it, with its heavy door securely padlocked, just as it had always been. Ellen was so sure that no one knew that Miss Fiske had kept her valuables hidden in it, that she didn't even think of that. For someone else did know, and Ellen would have been horrified if she had guessed that that person was her worthless nephew Albert.

Miss Fiske had kept that secret well. Albert had been so cajoling that day he had convinced Ellen it was the going abroad that fateful visit to London, and he was so handsome in that swaggering way of his and with that unscrupulous, obvious charm he had that it had been easy for Albert to get around Miss Fiske, praising her voice, for she had been singing when he barged into the room.

But before she had loved doing it, lifting her head archly, rolling her eyes as she sang in her old, cracked voice.

"Don't stand there dripping all over my best rug!" Ellen said tartly after that first exclamation, "Get along to the kitchen fire with that puddle of uncles."

But it didn't make any difference that she spoke like that. Louisa was like a child dashing around Albert, clapping her hands, tickling her dourness. They loved the excitement of his coming, for things had been dreary of late without Emily and Ellen was depressed at the time. Emily ran upstairs for dry clothes for him and came down with Miss Fiske's
best pink dressing gown which Albert
wrapped around himself with a flourish,
walking in little mincing steps that set the
two of them off in gales of laughter, and
even Lucy who had been so cross ever since
they came there giggled. Only Ellen didn’t
laugh. Her arms rocked in agony as she
looked at that froth of pink and lace which
Miss Fiske had kept for very best.

It was then she saw that the candle
standing before the Virgin had gone out.
She gasped and held her hand to her heart
as she looked at it. It seemed like an omen.
Everything frightened her so these days,
but nothing had frightened her as much
as this. Even when Louisa told her Emily
had blown it out, she still felt the horror
of it and she couldn’t control the shock
she felt, even though Albert was looking
at her so strangely.

He was still watching her out of the
corner of his eye as he sat at the table
eating and saw her go over and light the
candle again after she had sent her sisters
off to bed.

"I say, Auntie," he looked at her quiz-
ically, "is all this treasure truce yours?"

"Of course not," Ellen’s voice came
curtly, "It belongs to Miss Fiske, the
woman I work for. She is away right now.
And Albert, please stop this Auntie non-
sense and let’s get down to cases. Why
have you come here and what do you want?"

"Well, Auntie," Albert gave her one of
his old impudent grins, "to cut it fine, I
helped myself to a little salary I wasn’t
titled to at the bank where I worked and
they found it out. A friend passed me the
tip the police were looking for me and I
took French leave."

"But they’ll follow you!" Ellen couldn’t
control her terror. Involuntarily her eyes
stared at the bake oven. "They’ll come
here!

"Don’t worry." Albert shrugged. "No
one knows I’ve relatives out here on the
marshes. And I’ll be clearing out soon to
America, or Australia, or any old where.
I’m counting on you to help me. I’m
stony."

"We’ll talk it over in the morning,"
Ellen said coldly, "But mind, you, you
can only stay until I’ve had time to ar-
range for your passage on the boat." She
started to go up the stairs, then she turned
hesitantly. "You’ve told me the worse,
haven’t you? I mean there isn’t anything
else?"

"What else?" Albert asked. Then he
laughed. "Oh, you mean putting somebody
to sleep? No, there is no blood on my
hands. Putting people out calls for real
nerve, you know."

"Yes!" The word was torn out of Ellen’s
terror. And then she turned and almost
ran up those steps she had crept down
such a short while ago.

Albert waited until he was sure she
was out of hearing, then quickly he ran
to the door of the oven and began working
on it. Locks meant nothing to his nimble
fingers. He had been able to open them
since he was scarcely more than a child.
But now he worked fast. There was little
time, and that treasure he had seen in there
would more than start him on a new life.
He laughed triumphantly as the lock
yielded and the door began to swing open.
Then the laugh closed in his throat for
as he looked he saw that there was no
longer an opening in that long oven. There
was nothing but a solid wall of bricks,
and as he stared he saw the plaster was
still fresh and new.

"Well, I’m blown!" he whispered softly.
Then he smiled, and it wasn’t the way he
usually smiled with that old careless grin
of his. It was grim and purposeful and

calculating, the smile of a man who knew
he could get everything he wanted. But
first of all he must discover for certain
what lay behind those bricks!

He went slowly, he had to, for if his
guess was wrong he did not want to set
Ellen against him. First he made friends
with Lucy, for he’d need help to go through
with his plans. But it was fun making
friends with Lucy, as pretty a lass as he’d
ever laid eyes on, whose lips trembled
under his when he caught her and kissed
her the next day when she was airing out
Miss Fiske’s room. She struggled coquet-
tishly and gave him a push which sent him
sprawling into the open closet, and then
she laughed as she saw that the red wig
which had been standing on its block on
the shelf had tumbled down on his head.

"It’s Miss Fiske’s," she giggled as she
took it off his head. "Her best one. She’s
as bald as a coat. Odd she didn’t take it
with her, or any of her frocks either,
especially with most of them new."

Albert was beginning to think it wasn’t
strange at all, but he didn’t let Lucy see
that.

It was funny after that how he began
discovering things. It was just like pieces
of a puzzle that all fitted together in his
mind. Emily thoughtlessly telling him that
Ellen had bought the house and that Miss
Fiske was never coming back, and the way
Ellen didn’t like it when Sister Theresa
called and saw him there. Then there was
the letter that came from the bank ad-
dressed to Miss Fiske which he and Lucy
steamed open and which questioned Miss
Fiske’s signature on a bank draft made out
to Ellen. He watched Ellen covertly as
she read the letter, and saw how nervous
she was as she answered it. Afterwards he
held the blotter she had used up to the
mirror and saw that she had signed the
letter Leonora Fiske, explaining the difference in the signature by the fact that she had sprained her wrist.

Oh, he had her now, good and proper, Albert thought jubilantly, even though he hadn't been able to break in the brick wall in the oven yet, even with Lucy's help. Lucy was doing everything she asked her, for she had lost her heart to him completely.

They'd all lost their hearts to him, all except Ellen. How apprehensive she felt when she caught him looking at her in that knowing, crafty way. He reminded her of a cat watching beside a mouse hole. And that day he sat down at the piano and began singing "Tilt-Willow" she didn't realize that her cry to him to stop had been a scream until she saw him smile.

It was that same evening Albert looked up as she lighted the candle in front of the shrine. "When did Miss Fiske die?" he asked suddenly.

Her hands trembled so that she almost dropped the lighted taper she was holding. "Die?" she asked harshly. "Who said anything about her being dead?"

"You don't light candles for the living, do you?" he said.

She couldn't stand it any longer. The next day she went up to London and bought his ticket and as she returned to the house that night she was almost certain she heard a strange tapping going on inside. But everything seemed as usual when she came in and she was certain it was just her imagination playing tricks on her again.

"There is a boat sailing for Quebec Friday," she told Albert tardily, "You're sailing with it!"

"I don't want to go away yet." He faced her calmly. "I've suddenly got quite fond of this place. The air suits me. I'm very happy here for the time being."

"Well, I'm not happy having you," she said grimly. "You're leaving here the first thing in the morning."

Albert cocked an eyebrow at her as he calmly lit his pipe. "I shouldn't try to bluff me, if I were you."

"I'm not trying to bluff you," she said exasperated. "I'm ordering you. And if you won't go willingly I'll send for the police."

"You won't send for the police!" Albert smiled. "You've a reason, a very important reason, for not wanting the police here and for wanting me out of this house as quickly as you can."

Ellen went white at that. But her voice was strangely quiet when she spoke. "As a matter of fact I have," she admitted. Then as that wild look of triumph lit up his eyes she went on in that same even voice. "I met Miss Fiske in town today. She's coming back. I'm tired now, Albert, I think I'll go to bed."

Somehow she managed to drag herself up the stairs, to go into her room and close the door after her. But not to sleep. It had been so long since she had really slept. The nights had become ordeals she had to get through somehow. She sobbed as she undressed and got into bed, suddenly she sat upright, every nerve taut as she leaned forward listening. At first she was sure it was imagination, then she was just as sure it wasn't, as she heard the faint tinkle of the piano downstairs playing "Tilt-Willow."

It took all the courage she could muster to stagger down the stairs and she almost laughed in her relief when she saw there was no one sitting at the piano. Then as she came into the room she saw the door of the oven swinging open and as she stared at it appalled the unearthly sound of the music began again and as she turned saw that well-remembered red hair bending over the piano and recognized Miss Fiske's paisley shawl wrapped around the figure of the woman who sat there. She screamed once, and then she fainted.

Albert laughed as he ran over to her and the girl at the piano sprang up in dismay. It was Lucy, her blue eyes fearful now under that grotesque red wig. Albert had told her it was all a joke but it didn't seem funny now and all the breath she stared down that prostrate figure.

Ellen was still trembling when she came down the next morning but she tried to control her voice when she asked him to get ready as Mr. Bates would soon be there to take him to the station. "Bates has been and gone, " Albert said impersonally. "I sent him away." He put his hand in his pocket as if he were taking out his pipe but instead he brought out Miss Fiske's wig and laid it on the piano. She stared at it incredulously. "You know?" she said in a flat voice. "Then it was you last night!"

"Yes," Albert grinned maliciously. "Me and Lucy."

"She knows, too?" Ellen whispered aghast.

"Not what I know," Albert assured her. "That's something you and I are going to keep for ourselves as long as you treat me right. I think with your financial assistance and a few remorseful tears on my part I'll be able to fix things at the bank. Then we can all settle down in peace, a contented little family."

"You surely don't propose to go on living like this with me?" she asked appalled. And then as he laughed she rushed herself and forced herself to go over to the wig and stand there patting it as if she weren't afraid of it at all. You'd never be quite sure, would you? You might not enjoy your meals."

"You wouldn't dare a second time," he taunted her.

"No?" Ellen looked at him quietly. "It takes a lot of courage to kill the first time but once you've sold your soul to the devil it becomes easier.

Albert hesitated, chilled by the cold malevolence of her voice. Then suddenly he capitulated. "Give me five hundred pounds," he said huskily. "I'll undo it and cut off and keep my mouth shut forever."

"I'm not afraid of you, Albert," she lifted her head. "In the night with your shabby little tricks you may fancy yourself quite a figure. But it's broad daylight now."

She stopped as she heard the sudden rapping on the door and hesitated for just a moment before she could compel herself to open it. But it was only Sister Thomas who stopped there at once urgent as she told them the police were looking for a man who answered to Albert's description and that they had gone to Decoy Farm first and then would be coming here.

"Miss Ellen, have I done wrong in coming here to warn you?" she asked. "You see, I had a brother rather like that. He went wrong too. People are so easily lost, aren't they?"

"Yes," Ellen said quietly. "Yes, they are."

She turned to Albert as the door closed behind the man. But there was no longer any threat to his life. That arrogance was gone as he took the tickets and money she held out to him. Then they both turned as they heard the faint moan, the sound of running water, then the narrow, widening door. They had forgotten she was in the kitchen. There was no doubt she had heard what they said, all of it, as she stared at them. Her eyes were in horror. Then she screamed and ran.

Albert snarled as he ran after her. No doubt where she was going, running so desperately toward Decoy Farm. If he didn't catch her before she got to the police, it would be all over. Ellen paced the door feverishly, then a sudden, wild hope flooded her heart as she heard the door open. But it was only Emily and
Louisa laughing uproariously as they told of the game they had seen Lucy and Albert playing with some policeman down on the marshes.

"Albert was so annoyed!" Louisa giggled. "Because they caught him and Lucy too. Oh, Ellen, it was so funny." Then she saw Ellen putting on her cloak. "Oh, Ellen, do you have to go out?" she begged.

"Can't it wait?"

"No, dear," Ellen tried to smile. "It can't wait, I have to see those policemen, too."

We found these jackdaw feathers down by the Priory," Louisa said then with one of her quick changes of mood.

"You ought to go into the Priory Garden one day," Ellen said slowly, impressing each word on them so that they wouldn't forget. For the nuns would take care of them. She was sure of that. They have such lovely flowers, and the birds come down and feed out of the nuns' hands. You would like it."

"How long will you be, Ellen?" Emily asked.

"I don't know, darling," Ellen tried to speak gaily. "I may be quite a time." She opened the door and the winter sunlight flooded the room and there was a feeling of spring in the air.

"Oh, it's a lovely day!" she whispered. She held up her head as if she were reaching for the warmth. And then quickly, without a backward glance, she walked over the marshes toward Decoy Farm.

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 15

beets will color the sauce, and the sauce will add a new and interesting flavor to the beets.

CHOCOLATE MINT ROLL

Make a sponge cake in a long pan, pouring very thin so that it will roll easily when done. Take it from the oven and wrap in a damp cloth after rolling until ready to serve. Whip your cream and flavor with essence of peppermint (Burrnett's), color with green coloring and keep in refrigerator until ready to serve. When ready, spread the cake with cream, roll, slice and serve with thick chocolate sauce.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE

Blend 1 cup sugar, 1/4 cup Runkel Brothers cocoa, 3 level tablespoons flour, 1/4 teaspoon salt.

Add 3/4 cup of boiling water and 1 tablespoon butter, and cook until thick, stirring constantly.

Remove from stove and add vanilla.

Claire lives in a white French Provincial house on a poplar-lined street in Brentwood. Five years ago, when Claire first saw the house, there were no near neighbors; now, rows of fine dwellings extend up and down the curving avenue.

"Mother and I spent weeks looking for what we wanted," Claire recalled. "We visited this place four times before we decided we couldn't resist it. After that, Mother put in her days selecting furniture and samples with a decorator at one of Los Angeles' best stores. I was working, so in the evening I would go down to the store and they'd open it while Mother showed me what she'd found and I'd choose what I wanted. We have much the same tastes, so usually whatever she had picked out I liked. There was always a selection of patterns for drapes, upholstery, wallpapers, rugs and so on."

Jean Parker and Chester Morris appearing in "No Hands on the Clock", a Paramount Picture. Thousands of loved girls keep their hands enchanting with Jergens Lotion.

Girls who are greatly loved have soft, tender Hands, says

JEAN PARKER
(Captivating Hollywood Star)

Have this almost professional hand care at home—keep your hands thrilling

ARE YOUR HANDS disagreeably harsh? Your hand skin's too dry! But there's Jergens Lotion—a constant source of new softening moisture for your skin. So easy and quick to use—Jergens Lotion is never sticky. And 2 of its fine ingredients are the same as many doctors use when a patient's rough skin needs softening and smoothing: 50c, 25c, 10¢—$1.00 at beauty counters. Be sure and use Jergens Lotion!

JERGENS LOTION
FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

FREE...Purse-Size Bottle Mail this coupon now
(Please on a penury postcard, if you wish)
The Andrew Jergens Company, Box 3933, Cincinnati, Ohio, (In Canada: Perth, Ontario)
Please send me—free—my purse-size bottle of the famous Jergens Lotion.

Name
Street
City
State

S C R E E N L A N D
done in light rugs, white paneled or light papered walls, pastel upholstery and drapes, the house after five years still looks as new and immaculate.

The first thing that catches your eye as you enter the house is a graceful stairway with a slim banister curling up against the left. A grandfather clock that chimes melodiously balances a Chinese red chair on either side of the hall. Claire, you will have guessed, is a collector. She looks and rustle and to make your cross, or everyone else well look where you looked. Be more subtle. The one who sees them all first, wins the prize.

A knoll in Bel-Air set high so that it has a view of the Pacific is the site of the Andrews' house.

"We intend to build a house on the pattern of those we saw on our trip to Hawaii," planned Claire. They are arranged so that they look like living outdoors, with lots of windows and panels that can be pushed back to enlarge a room, bring in the garden or close yourself in. We will use glass block for greater strength but use the Hawaiian general idea.

"I want the low slung furniture you sink way down into, with plenty of small low tables to draw up to chairs and coaches. I'll cover stuff with attractive matting. And when I do, I'm sure the guests will hesitate to draw their feet up under them. I love to curl up in chairs, and I want my guests to feel free to do the same.

In her new house, Claire will go in informal entertaining, something on the Hawaiian style of Hawaiian parties, with guests serving themselves at well-stocked buffets and eating at the low tables.

Pineapple drinks would be especially appropriate. A delightful thing that a new one can be made by floating pieces of fresh pineapple in tall glasses of orange or lemon Kool-Aid.

Canape, the new feature at Claire's parties-to-be. Some new ones are: Smoked salmon on rye bread triangles with a cross slice of red-stuffed green olives. Black caviar on pumpernickel bread with a square of raw onion on top. Cheese and olive spread—two parts Kraft's American cheese and one part chopped, stuffed saddle, on whole wheat circles of bread. White bread rolled into "lilies" and filled with sandwich paste. Brown bread circles spread with an attractive sauce and garnished with a little circle of white bread on which is a flower design in colored Kraft cream cheese.

Stack's Up!

Continued from page 34

how it hurt to tell the insurance agent that it wasn't done by a hit and run driver. That it was done by a girl named Gladys Andrews, who lived just down the street, and that she would be happy to give her name and phone number. And when I confessed that I had destroyed it, that agent gave me a look that clearly indicated that he personally could hardly believe me the most conceited sap of all times.

Since this little episode it has been completely impossible to attract the attractive Mr. Stack that any girl might fall for him. He is without a doubt the most un-concerted movie star in Hollywood. The other women are aching to see his face, and the only time she looks at him is when she is alone. And if he is not there, she is there.

She told me, "Well, I think I've heard of Mr. Stack's Up!

Continued from page 34

how it hurt to tell the insurance agent that it wasn't done by a hit and run driver. That it was done by a girl named Gladys Andrews, who lived just down the street, and that she would be happy to give her name and phone number. And when I confessed that I had destroyed it, that agent gave me a look that clearly indicated that he personally could hardly believe me the most conceited sap of all times.

Since this little episode it has been completely impossible to attract the attractive Mr. Stack that any girl might fall for him. He is without a doubt the most un-concerted movie star in Hollywood. The other women are aching to see his face, and the only time she looks at him is when she is alone. And if he is not there, she is there.

She told me, "Well, I think I've heard of Mr. Stack. But I don't know him personally. But you never know who you're talking to."

They say Mr. Stack is a great actor, and that he can make any girl feel important. And if that's true, then I have a feeling that he's the kind of guy who might just surprise me some day.
LOVE MAKES NEWS—and when it's breathtakingly sudden love, news is most fascinating. Behind Hollywood's sudden loves lie untold stories—facts shushed or overlooked in the rush of headlines. Read in November Screen Guide why some of these had to be; why others led to disillusionment, to just-as-sudden divorce. Remember: Screen Guide for facts!

Other Scoops in November Screen Guide:

Why Gable Is a "Great Lover." Read the actual script of his greatest love scene—and see it in pictures!

Tyrolean Power Is Still a "Killer"—in more ways than one!

Gene Tierney—Sorry She Married? See through the lawsuits and the rumors to the truth about the marriage that became a front-page scandal overnight!


"Our Marriage Is a Romance." Lucille Ball shows how.

It Pays to Be a Gentlemen. Just ask Herbert Marshall!

COLOR PORTRAITS of Clark Gable, Ann Sheridan, Joan Blondell, Gene Tierney, Linda Darnell. Also pages of intimate gossip, fashion news, beauty hints, movie reviews!

Franchot Tone and all those guys. She won't go with an unknown punk like me. Gee, but ask her anyway, huh? And three times during the day Bob, who rarely ever makes phone calls, called Helen to inquire, "What did she say? Have you gotten her yet?"

By the time Miss de Havilland was finally reached at the studio—and said she would be most delighted to go with Mr. Stack—that young man was in such a state of confusion that he had to be revived with a double coke.

Out at Universal studio in the Valley they will tell you that the person who gets the most fan mail on the lot is Deanna Durbin. And the person who gets the second most fan mail is Robert Stack. This is indeed remarkable, considering the fact that Bob has been in so few pictures. "Judging from the mail," said someone in charge, "all the young girls think of him as the ideal boy friend, and all the mothers think of him as the ideal son." And at a luncheon the other day I was interested in hearing a woman star, who can think back further than the day before yesterday, say, "Bob Stack's great charm on the screen is that he is so typically American. He has all the traits that Wallace Reid once had."

Well, whatever it is, the girls certainly go for tall, blond and handsome Mr. Stack. When Bob first was signed by Universal on a long term contract in 1939, following his appearance in the Henry Duffy drama school's production of "Personal Appearance" at the El Capitan in Hollywood, the gossip columnists played him up big as a socially and financially prominent young sportsman. Socially prominent he is indeed. When his family first arrived in the West, Los Angeles was an Indian pueblo with only five white families. His grandfather, Henry Wood, renounced opera singing. His grandmother, Mamie Perry, made her début at La Scala in Milan. The charming and attractive Betzi Stack, long a popular social leader in the West, is his mother. But "financially prominent" is something else again. Bob doesn't inherit any money until he is 35 (left in a trust fund for him by his father who died, in 1928) and as he is only 22 now, and as the Government has a way of taking things, Bob is probably just as poor as you and me and the rest of us.

But when the columnists' "socially and financially prominent" Robert Stack appeared at the studio you can be quite sure that there was a lot of feeling against him. The boys who had come up the hard way simply assumed that they wouldn't like Robert, without giving the kid a chance, and they put themselves out to razz him whenever possible. I was on the "First Love" set one day when Bob was starting the picture. "Mercy," minor one of the gaffers with the pass of a Maxie Rosenbloom, "is that attractive Mr. Stack working today! Dear, dear, we must get our best tea-cups." Bob, who keeps himself in perfect physical condition, could have torn the guy into bits. But he just smiled awkwardly and tried to cover up that he was terribly young and terribly hurt. Deanna, on the other hand, took a great liking to him at once, and today hers is the only girl's picture in his room. It's autographed, "To Bob, my friend, and 'First Love', Deanna.'"

The razzing of Mr. Stack reached a new high when he was starred in "Badlands of Dakota," a hard-riding, hard-fighting, shoot-em-up picture. This type of Western was like old home week to other guys in the cast, so they decided to gang up on Robert who, they were certain, didn't know one end of a horse from the other. But before the picture was finished Bob in his casual, happy-go-lucky way, had shown them that he knew more about riding, fighting, and shooting than they would ever know. "Saw," said Andy Devine to one of the stunt men, "that guy you're kidding about not knowing how to hold a gun, Robert Stack? Well, go easy, buddy, you might just like to know that he was a member of the All-American Skeet Team in 1936 and 1937. He won the Del Monte pistol championship in 1937, and the San Joaquin Open 20-gauge-championship in 1938."

Al Green, the director, told me that Bob was really the "patsy" of the picture, until the guys saw how well he could ride. Then one by one the hecklers drifted away. "That blond polo fellow," one of the old-timers informed Broderick Crawford, "brother, he's a real rider!" "Through all the heckling," said Al Green, "Bob didn't once lose his temper. I never saw a guy so willing to work. Honestly, he was the hardest working on the picture."

"Didn't it infuriate you, Bob," I asked one day, "when those smartly dressed rascals were razzing the daylights out of you? Why didn't you push their face in?" To which Mr. Stack replied, "I thought it was damn swell of those guys who had had all that experience to bother to razz me. I don't think they would have spent all that time making fun of me if they hadn't liked me." Yes, what I mean about Robert Stack? You can't help but like him. Universal's newest star was born in Los Angeles on January 13, 1919. When he was five his family moved to Paris. When he returned to the United States at the age of 11 he could not talk to his older brother Jim, who had remained in America, with the aid of a interpreter. But it didn't take Bob long to learn English again, and it didn't take him long to realize that he was wanted to be when he grew up was an actor. But he was so busy being a number one sportsman that he didn't get around to giving it a serious thought until..."
his second year at the University of Southern California. At which time he enrolled in the Henry Duffy drama school. Outside of being a champion skeet shooter, Bob has won his big poles, he has won the outboard motor championship at Venice, Italy, and with his racing hydroplane, The Thunderbird, he has done everything but break the world's record—which he cherishes ambitions to break. In 1939 he was the holder of the Lake Murro roadster speed record of 115.68 miles an hour.

An entire room in the Stack home has to be given over to Bob's numerous trophies—which must have been worth over $25,000. His hobby is collecting guns, and to date he has over fifty of them. His other hobby is building and driving hoppered-up hydroplanes. When he's selling in his garage he is undoubtedly the dirtiest "grease monkey" you've ever had the displeasure of shaking hands with. He likes to tell about the time a harassed driver mistook him for a repair man and told him, "Say, you do a rush job on that car and get things fixed by six o'clock and there'll be an extra buck in it for you." Bob claims he fixed the car up fine and got the "extra buck.

At home he is one of the swangliest people you've ever seen. He practically sits on his neck when he talks to you, and is so perfectly relaxed that you would never suspect he ever lost a night of sleep. The most embarrassing thing that has happened to him since he started his movie career, he thinks, was the personal appearance of ex-Cheerleader Lee. "Everybody in the act could do something," he says, "they could sing or dance or whatever, but had to stand there and smile. I felt like a dope." Maybe the actors who could sing and dance and do imitations got all the applause in the theater. All reports are that it was Robert Stack the fans pounced on with autograph books every time he popped out of the stage door. He must have something.

Bob's friends will tell you that he is very bad about opening letters. Sometimes they lie around on his desk for weeks before he gets around to opening them. He probably never gets around to answering them. He is also very bad about returning phone calls. But he makes up for these faults by having one of the most pleasing, genial dispositions in captivity. Even his mother has never known him to be sulky. When Bob gets home from work he's up in the mornings because he starts singing," he says, "and I know when he comes in at night because he starts singing as he comes in the door and keeps it up until he falls in bed."

Fortunately for his family Robert has inherited from his musical family—rather a very good voice. It's practically impossible to tell Bob all heated up in an argument. When he finds that a situation is arising that he can't cope with, he just goes blank and walks right out of the room and the situation. He wants to be happy, and he wants everybody around him to be happy. And the simplest thing for the Bob racket to get into a great seizure of happiness. The last time I had dinner at his home he was as delighted as a school kid over a pair of cowboy boots he had just bought for practically nothing. They smelted to hight heaven, but Bob was so enthralled with them that he had thought they were studded with rubies.

When he is working in a picture, it seems, he forgets all about girls. He spends most of his time piling up the hours at the studio. But the very minute he finishes a picture he wants the phone to start ringing—"and usually does. Cobina Wright, Jr., has been known to fly to New York in half an hour and just have them to worry.

When he is working in a picture, it seems, he forgets all about girls. He spends most of his time piling up the hours at the studio. But the very minute he finishes a picture he wants the phone to start ringing—"and usually does. Cobina Wright, Jr., has been known to fly to New York in half an hour and just have them to worry.

Dorothy Lamour Plays Cupid!

Continued from page 29

much, Gertrude, like you, was simply the youth's "best girl," and while he may have always been planning for future time when their friendship might develop into romance and marriage, she was thoughtfully putting too much emphasis on having a good time. When night clubs, and snappy parties, and concerts and recitals were more than sitting at home listening to records.

The boy became jealous and demanded that the girl stop it. Yet he was too proud in both instances, since he was not in a position then to marry—to tell her of his love.

It took Gertrude only a few months to begin to realize her mistake. She missed terribly her friendship with Bill. Going to night clubs and dancing until late hours with the older man was all right and lots of fun—until the newness wore off. But soon that exciting night life that had thrilled her so much at first became as ordinary and commonplace as the Petersons she had once enjoyed with Bill had seemed. She missed the others in her crowd too. Suddenly the Sunday paper picnics our gang were accustomed to go on began to seem the exciting adventures that night life—seen from the outside—had once appeared. Our gang was divided into twosomes and there was no place for Gertrude in it, now that Bill was with a new girl; friend; Bill, his pride hurt, was not ready to make up.

One time, Gertrude did come on one of our picnics and brought along the older girls, but Bill's jealousy would overcome his pride. But Bill was only extra-attentive to his date, and that method didn't work. The old gang didn't "fit in" with our crowd, and Gertrude didn't try to join again.

About this time Bill got a swell job offered him in the West. He left without even telling Gertrude he was leaving, and we didn't see him again for two years—when one day he returned to New Orleans as a de- monstrating salesman for a firm where he had once worked in a very unimportant job. So now Gertrude's pride entered into it. Although she had loved Bill for the time, she didn't possibly seek out the successful man the poor boy had become.

She had heard about the movie and gayest night club in New Orleans, and saw Bill dancing with one of the season's debutantes, and in an unguarded moment she detected an expression that told her that he was as bored as she was. "Why, Bill doesn't like this party life any better than I do," she thought to herself, "We are alike. We always were, really. That's why I love him, and how I love him!" And she determined then and there, that by hook or crook, she'd manage to meet him again in the simple surroundings they both enjoyed.

This didn't prove difficult. She humbled herself for an audition to one of the girls in the old crowd who had married a boy in the old crowd. Bill was invited to dinner and Gertrude very casually dropped his name. By her sweet, unassuming manner and her interest in their friends, their home and children, Gertrude convinced Bill that she had grown up, and then she had felt she would. He asked to take her home that night, and to dinner the next. And neither ever dated anyone else again.

How about it, Rose Taggart?

Screenland
they have been married, Jane and Ronnie have acquired a house, which brings them an income, two lots, which they plan to sell, and one large lot on which they are at present building. In addition to that, they have insurance, government bonds and a Christmas savings account—in addition to their regular savings account.

"One awfully good lesson I learned a long time ago," Jane volunteered, "is to always keep yourself liquid. That is, never buy anything you can't turn into cash."

"What about the baby?" I wanted to know. "Did you plan ahead and figure on a set amount for her?"

"No, we didn't," she answered. "Maureen came out of the savings account! I honestly don't know how we do it," she went on, "but whenever we need money for anything special, by putting away that half of our income, the money always seems to be there to take care of things. It was that way with Maureen. All the hospital expenses, doctor bills—everything—and in spite of the fact that I had drawn no salary for six months—has been taken care of."

Jane admits she has no closets full of expensive gowns, fur coats and all the luxury stars wear. Jane has something a great deal more solid—a husband with whom she is madly in love, a beautiful baby, their permanent home in the making and a good, solid future in the offing.

Ronnie is allowed $25 a week spending money which must take care of all incidental expenses such as money for the movies, tips, golf fees, etc. Jane has $7 for pin money. "And would you believe it," Jane chuckled, "I sometimes save as much as $5 out of my allowance! Provided Ronnie doesn't make a 'touch' before the week is out! Whatever money we save out of our allowances goes into the baby's bank account. A friend of ours started her account with $10. Just in the four months we've had her, it's grown to $85. Pretty good, huh!"

And, speaking of that house, I must tell you how it's all come about. For months, Jane and Ronnie have been poring through home magazines, looking at model houses and talking to architects until they were blue in the face. Somehow, nothing seemed to fit into their plans. In the back of their minds, they knew the first requirement was a large, spacious living room—a room where you could "put your feet on the furniture"—and yet a room which had an air of solidity about it.

"We went to the movies one night about three months ago," Jane related. "It was a picture called 'This Thing Called Love' and we walked in right in the middle of a beautiful love scene. As the camera panned around to the background, Ronnie and I looked at one another. Simultaneously, we whispered: 'That's it!' And it was there. On the screen was the living room we had been dreaming about—an L-shaped room with panelled walls, an entrance hall that was half stone and half wood. Everything about it just screamed for us!"

Losing no time, (for nothing is impossible to Jane), she called Max Arnow, casting director at Columbia studios, who was the only person she knew there. He, in turn, got in touch with the set designer, Lionel Banks, and the tiny model which had been used in building the set, together with still pictures, were turned over to Jane. These she has given to her architect, and they started from there.

DEMAND
NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS

When you buy Nationally Advertised cosmetics . . . cigarettes . . . food . . . clothing and other products you get full value for every cent—every time!

Nationally advertised products are made to rigid specifications. Their success depends on your buying them not once—but again and again.

For complete satisfaction—for honest value—in everything you buy:}

DEMAND
NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS

Nationally Advertised Brands Week
• October 3-10 •

SCREENLAND

S. J. WEGMAN Co. Dept. 59
Hollywood, Calif.
"I'm going to have to as many built-in features as I possibly can," maintained BKA, "I think they're so attractive. And, besides, think of the money I'll save on furniture! There'll be built-in davenports, with soft down cushioning, built-in end tables, which will be an extension of the panelled walls. Even in the bathrooms—one each for Ronnie and me—will have huge built-in."

"The important thing is, we're not rushing it. It's taken me three months to get the plans together and I've spent days knocking out walls on paper, but I have all the time in the world and I'd rather live in an empty house than get what I want." Which is so typical of Jane. I remember back a few years, when Jane was the life of every party. New clothes, night clubs, lots of laughs. That was Jane's meat. And then she met Ronnie. Night clubs were not for Ronnie. An athlete all his life, Ronnie spent his free time on the golf course—swimming—riding. Anything out in the open.

"The girl I marry," he once told me, a long time ago, "will just have to put up with these things. I can't even imagine myself married to anyone who didn't share my love for sports."

I think the first inkling of how Jane felt about Ronnie was one day when I ran into her on the set where Ronnie was working. Over her shoulder was slung a pair of ice-skates. Her little skating costume was more than intriguing. "Oh—an athlete," I ribbed.

"Yes," Jane answered calmly. "Ronnie and I are going skating as soon as he gets through on the set. I've just come by to pick him up."

That was the beginning. The fact that Jane had never been on ice-skates in her life didn't deter her. And I was interested in skating. Janie took it up. It was the same way with golf—and swimming. Which is another story. Jane didn't swim, either. For weeks, Ronnie tried to persuade her to let him teach her. She was agreeable in the beginning, until she felt she wasn't getting there fast enough. "I'm off to Palm Springs for a few days," Jane told him over the phone one day. "See you when I get back."

He didn't know the reason that she was going to Palm Springs was to take swimming lessons from a professional teacher. "And me an ex-life guard!" Ronnie fumed.

Entertaining is something of a problem with the Reagans because of their small queen. But this doesn't stop Jane. "Our charge accounts," she pointed out to Ronnie, "are just the thing. We'll take people to dinner at the Brown Derby. Then, if we feel like playing cards we can come back to the house."

"What about her housekeeping?" you might ask.

That's simple, according to Jane. "When Ronnie and I were married, I was faced with this problem. Thelma, my maid, is a jewel. She brings in the house for years. I put it up to her. "Thelma," I said, "I don't know a darned thing about the kitchen. Do you?"

Thelma allowed as how she did and I promptly turned the whole works over to her. She does everything. She argues with the grocer and the butcher. She plans the meals and takes care of the laundry. And besides that she keeps up her own home. That's why we always have an early dinner at our house. I figure Thelma has to have some time to herself and I try to get her out of the house at a reasonable hour.

The nurse, in turn, takes care of the baby. Between 11 a.m. and 1 p.m., Jane visits with little Maureen. Then, from 5:30 to 6:00 in the afternoon is her regular playtime. Ronnie rushes like mad to get home in time to see her, because before them have agreed her routine is not to be upset for "visiting," even if they are her parents.

Each morning finds Jane seated at her little desk, going over the household books, ordering things by telephone for the baby or her own and I try to be "charged." She and Ronnie take care of their own business affairs.

"And I must say," I think we've done a good job," she admitted, being a business manager before I married Ronnie. But I couldn't resist trying to cheat him! I never could make myself realize that it was really any money he was trying to save. This way, I darned well know it is!"
answers it for me, I have to tell what is said, tell them what to say and, usually, call back. I do all the ordering for the house, the food, the things that need to be replenished, even if it is only a tea-towel. I write every important letter myself—and they are all written in red ink—because I want to use my own words, not somebody else’s. I’d never get away with it anyway—people know my personality so well. "I didn’t ask about Junior’s tansies or how the new ‘line’ with Reginald is pulling—even if I don’t take pen in hand and write myself, I can tell what’s going on," I re-read what is written, I sign ‘em. I go to benefits and things. There is the well-known routine of fittings, photographers, and costume centers. Now I’m putting Hazel in the leather business—I’ll lose my Hazel as maid and will look like a refugee, but I’ll gain a business partner. We are opening a shop in Beverly Hills—that takes time—separate banking account for the business, lawyers, papers, checks to be written.

G. H.: "Sounds revolting! What are some of the obstacles you have encountered in Hollywood, Roz—I mean, if your life is so wonderful, why are you going to pictures, what advice would you give her?"

R. R.: (aside) "The brain-work she gives her before questions are like reciting the Wickersham report by heart—oh, you wanted to know; I’d tell her not to be too eager. I was. You can’t be, you wouldn’t be. I was too much of a hurry, too impatient. Everyone advised me ‘take your time.’ It’s the one thing I can’t take. Maybe it’s glumular. But it has to be heartache.

G. H.: "Give us one—one heartache, I mean."

R. R.: (aside) "that’s what I mean, the things she asks—the heart right out of your bosom, the ache right out of your heart—let me pick and choose among the lovely girls. I have been a lot, it’s in her eyes—well, I was working in a picture on loan out at Warners when I was notified that my next picture would be for M-G-M. I was crazy to do it. For nine days, while I was still at Warners, after working all day, or during my lunch hour, I tried on 15 changes of clothes every time. It was a day I wanted to do, horribly. I got home one palillio two a.m. in the morning, having come to my lawyer’s office to be at six a.m. in the morning, ready to start for M-G-M. I let myself in with my lonely little latch-key. A man was sitting there, this bowlegged man, his knees. He said, ‘You don’t go into the picture, Rosalind, they—they have changed the cast.’"

R. H.: "Another damsel got it?

R. R.: "Another damsel got it. And you take it here in Hollywood, that sort of thing. You’re under contact. Helpless. It is like being under orders in the Army. Sealed orders, Secret and—unanswerable. There is more discipline in Hollywood than people realize. This business of the stars shouting for their own sweet way belongs to mythology. The place is run like the Army or like Big Business."

G. H.: "You spoke of patterns—everyone being part of the Hollywood pattern—like Boyer, the Lover; Gable, the He-man; Garbo, the Muse; Crawford, the Bad-teen; Hedy, the Glamour Girl—is that what you meant—oh, it isn’t. Well, anyway, what part do you play in the pattern? How do you do it?"

R. R.: (she gave what sounded like the razzberry) "I see myself as the girl from Waterbury, Connecticut, trying to make a living. That’s all I ever have been. In addition, I see circles under my eyes—when I look—put there when I go to New York, stay up too late. But I don’t do any peeking like that. I never think about myself, like that, off the screen. Haven’t time. Besides, if you pick a pattern for yourself, you build a phony in 20 seconds. I couldn’t bear being a phony, even for 10 seconds. It would be too much work. It would bother me. I am lazy that way. I have to work at being someone else on the screen. In between scenes, I rest up so I can work in the next scenes. The way I rest is being Russell from Waterbury."

G. H.: "(she seemed to be studying Miss R.) “But you are the Sophisti- cated Type” —that’s not doing well—

R. R.: "Come off it, you’ve seen me before, we’ve met! No one is the Sophisti- cated Type—all the time. No such thing as the Simple Type, all the time. We all react differently at different times. Emotional upsets and we’re the Cry of the Broken Heart. Physi-
How modern are you when it's that time of month?

MODERN? you say. Of course, I'm modern! But are you, always, young lady? Being modern, remember that you're being overtaken. We still give in to periodic pain, there's cause to think again!

Isn't it time you gave Midol a chance to help you be "modern" every day in the month? It's made expressly to relieve the needless functional pain of menstruation. Among thousands of women recently interviewed, more reported using Midol for this purpose than all other preparations combined, and 96% of these Midol users said they found Midol effective.

Try it yourself. Midol contains no opiates. One ingredient is widely prescribed for headache and muscular pain. Another, exclusively in Midol, quickly relieves spasm-like pain peculiar to the menstrual process. Ask for Midol at your nearest drugstore. Large size, only 49c; small size, 20c.

\[ \text{SALE} \]

GIVE IT AWAY!

GUARANTEED JEWELRY
Solid sterling silver bracelets
Rings or lovely set sparkling diamonds and brilliants...your choice; FOR SELLING 4 boxes of Hccdled Bracelets at 25c each. ORDER 4 boxes, SEND NO MONEY.
ROSEBUD PERFUMES BOX 17, WOODSON, MARYLAND.

SONG POEM WRITERS

Rend us your musical themes with dedicated Hurst and brilliancy; croons, your song, for FAYE BURMA, Featured star of our next, RICHARD BROTHERS, 26 Woods Building, Chicago, Illinois.

GRAY HAIR

GRAY HAIR
Brush it Away and Look 10 Years Younger

- Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint silvery streaks of gray to natural-a-popping shade—from richest blonde to darkest brown—using the small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a small truths does not cost your money. Used for 28 years by thousands of women—two-toned wristlets and a s
A NEW STAR GOES PLACES WITH Beautiful Eyes

In Hollywood, one of the first rules of beauty is soft, natural-looking eye make-up. Film "heart-stealer" could tell you, it's easy—with Maybelline! For Maybelline gives your eyes beauty you never even suspected. It gives your face a new personality, vivid and vibrant—inventing "the man in your life" to discover a new, young, irresistible You!

Tear-proof Maybelline Mascara darkens lashes safely, without smearing or smudging—makes them look long and luxurious. Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil brings grace and character to your brows, while Maybelline Eye Shadow intensifies the color of your eyes.

Today, awaken your beauty with Maybelline as so many Hollywood beauties do. Be sure you insist on genuine Maybelline...dependable, long-lasting, truly natural-looking— the Eye Make-up in Good Taste. All popular harmonizing shades. At drug and department stores, or attractive purse sizes at any 10c counter.

Maybelline
WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS
Pass around the Chesterfields and it's pleasure time for everybody... smoking pleasure that only the right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos can give you.

Chesterfields make good friends... they're milder, definitely better-tasting and cooler-smoking. Everybody who smokes them likes them.

They Satisfy
THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER

ring BETTE DAVIS, ANN SHERIDAN, MONTE WOOLLEY

Exclusive Fictionization of Comedy Hit of the Season!
Your smile is YOU! Help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter with Ipana and massage!

You don't have to be a beauty to have beauty's rewards — popularity, success, the man you want most to win.

Even if you're "plain" let your hopes soar high. Fortune can be more than kind ... fortune can be lavish if your smile is right! A lovely smile is a magnet to others ... the charm that wins hearts — and holds them.

So help your smile to be at its best. But remember healthy gums are important if you want your smile to have brightness and sparkle. That's why it's so unwise ever to ignore the first warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

Never ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush ... see your dentist. He may merely say your gums have become tender because today's soft foods have robbed them of work and exercise. And like many modern dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana is specially designed not only to clean teeth brilliantly and thoroughly but, with massage, to help firm and strengthen your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. Notice its clean and refreshing taste. That invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in gum tissues — helping gums to healthier firmness.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to have a smile that lights up your loveliness!
Whistling November finds the motion picture theatres doing very well, thank you.

For “The Chocolate Soldier” (not propaganda for candy or warriors) comes singing to the screens of America.

A lusty duet when Nelson Eddy joins with the sensational new star Rise Stevens.

Miss Stevens is unquestionably a thrush. Her voice has the liquidity of a babbling brook. Although unlike the famed stream of Tennyson it only goes on to the ultimate convincing note.

There has been some curiosity about the new excitement. It is a blending of two famous works.

Ferenc Molnar’s “The Guardsman” has been embellished and enriched with the historic score of Oscar Straus’ “The Chocolate Soldier”.

It might well have been called “The Chocolate Guardsman”.

But be that as it may it will unquestionably be called a great hit.

Eddy is in rare form. Director Roy Del Ruth gets a half-Nelson on his audience with a whole Nelson on his screen.

This is a film to see and to hear. To see beauty in the unstinted M-G-M manner.

And to hear “My Hero”, “Sympathy”, “The Chocolate Soldier” and other Strauss songs of romance, as well as stirring pieces from Wagner, Schubert, Bizet.

In the cast also are Nigel Bruce and Florence Bates. Victor Saville’s is the producing hand.

To be not brief but all-inclusive, “The Chocolate Soldier” has everything from A to Z.

Zip and zest.

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

December, 1941

Vol. XLIV, No. 2

EVERY STORY A FEATURE

The Editor’s Page ........................................ Delight Evans 19
Society Crashes Hollywood ................................ Elizabeth Wilson 20
“The Man Who Came to Dinner,” Complete Fictionization .............................................. Elizabeth B. Petersen 22
The New “Doug and Mary” at Home ............ Liza 26
Hollywood Needs You! By Sam Wood, Famous Director .............................................. 28
Nelson Eddy, P. H. (Perfect Husband) ........... Linn Lambert 30
Private Life of—Martha Scott ......................... Gladys Hall 32
Atlas with a Grim, Laird Cregar .................... 34
Meet Our Pet Picture Contest Winners .......... 48
Song of an Actress, Virginia Gilmore .......... Charles Darnton 51
Your Guide to the Best Current Pictures ........ Delight Evans 52

SPECIAL ART SECTION:


DEPARTMENTS:

Hot from Hollywood ....................................... 6
Inside the Stars’ Homes, Jean Parker ......... Betty Boone 8
Tagging the Talkies ......................................... 10
Honor Page .................................................. 12
Fans’ Forum .................................................. 14
Screenland’s Crossword Puzzle ................... Alma Talley 16
All Hands to the Fore, Joan Bennett ........ Courtenay Marvin 54
Yours for Loveliness ....................................... 55
Here’s Hollywood ........................................... 56

Cover Portrait of GENE TIERNEY, as she appears in Walter Wanger’s "Sundown." Her next, "Shanghai Gesture" (United Artists)

---

V. G. Weinberger, President  Paul C. Bonner, Vice President and Publisher  Dr. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc. Executive and Editorial offices, 55 West 46th Street, New York City. Advertising Offices: 55 West 46th St., New York; 45 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago; 627 W. Fifth St., Los Angeles, Calif. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful handling, but Screenland will have no further responsibility for returned material. Copyright by Screenland Magazine, Inc. Published in the United States of America. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as second-class matter November 30, 1923, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1941 by Screenland Magazine, Inc. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.
Her First Picture Since Famed "Ninotchka"

Garbo at her Gayest!

She Rhumbas

She Skis

She Swims

GARBO
MELVYN DOUGLAS
TWO-FACED WOMAN

CONSTANCE with ROLAND
BENNETT · YOUNG
ROBERT STERLING · RUTH GORDON

Original Screen Play by S. N. Behrman, Salka Viertel and George Oppenheimer
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by GEORGE CUKOR
Produced by GOTTFRIED REINHARDT
BETTE DAVIS really started something when she suggested they use Tchaikovsky's piano concerto in B-flat Minor for the theme song of "The Great Lie." Music stores all over the country report they can't even keep the record in stock. Despite the seriousness of that dog-hike on the nose, the thing that really hurt Bette the most was Willie Wyler's blast at her in the Eastern newspapers. Bette steadfastly refused to admit there was anything wrong between her and the director of "The Little Foxes." Intimates know the suffering she experienced at his hands. Because she has such respect for Wyler's talent, Bette was just crushed at the one-sided attitude he took when he attacked her via the newspapers. Thus ends a "beautiful friendship."

GEORGE RAFT'S buddy, Mack Grey, is worried about "the boss." The two have weathered many a storm together. According to those who know, George has fallen hard for Betty Grable. His gifts and attentions far surpass former romantic demonstrations. Mack thinks Betty is a swell girl. He's hoping she feels the same way about things as George does. Until Mack knows for sure, he's worried. Being a pal, he doesn't want to see George get hurt.

The eye-popping below is brought on by the caveman stuff at right. The foursome, June Preisser, Eddie Bracken, Ella Neal and Betty Jane Rhodes, who're in "Sweater Girl," campus musical, all set for some hints to the lemonade, get excited when things begin to happen. Ray Milland tries to make Paulette Goddard see things "his way" in a bit of off stage fun while making "Reap the Wild Wind," in which they co-star. First, he warns her: but Paulette strikes the first blow—a left hook—if we may call it that: they "clinch"; Ray, who now has her in his paw—arms, kisses her, but there's plenty of fight left in the little gal even though Ray is determined, as you can see from last picture.

NO ANNOUNCEMENTS seem to be forthcoming, but Ann Sheridan is wearing a new ring on her third finger, left hand. What's more, it's a square-cut diamond and it was given to her by George Brent. Ann also has a gorgeous new bangle for her right wrist. It's a cluster of cabochon emeralds set in old gold. With her new shoulder cape and muff of paradise fox, La Sheridan is just aout the most exciting eyeful in town. Despite their denials, Annie and Brent will probably pull a fast one any day now.

JUST before Clark Gable and Carole Lombard took off on a hunting trip, Clark received a wire from Spencer Tracy, "I've just read the New York reviews on 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,'" said Spence. "I take back everything I ever said about your 'Parnell.'"

ANA TURNER confides that it's all over but the shouting, as far as Tony Martin is concerned. Tony, by the way, is closing up his house and dismissing his servants. He may be getting ready in case he is drafted into the service. Lana has been doing the Palladium with Roger Pryor, his first date since his separation from Ann Sothern. Changing partners is quite a business in Hollywood!
15-count 'em-15 of the Greatest Songs Ever Written, Sung and Swung as Never Before! IT'S A BLUE HEAVEN!

"MY MELANCHOLY BABY"
"MEMPHIS BLUES"
"SHINE"
"ST. JAMES INFIRMARY BLUES"
"TIGER RAG"
"CUDDLE UP A LITTLE CLOSER, LOVEY MINE"
"BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON"
"WAIT TILL THE SUN SHINES, NELLIE"
"AT A GEORGIA CAMP MEETING"
"WAITING AT THE CHURCH"
"AFTER THE BALL"
"ST. LOUIS BLUES"
"BIRTH OF THE BLUES"
"THE WAITER AND THE PORTER AND THE UPSTAIRS MAID"
"PADEREWSKI MINUET"

PARAMOUNT PRESENTS
"BIRTH OF THE BLUES"

with BING CROSBY - MARY MARTIN
Brian Donlevy - Carolyn Lee - Rochester

J. CARROL NAISH - Directed by Victor Schertzinger - A Paramount Picture
Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Walter DeLeon - Story by Harry Tugend

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

SCREENLAND 7
The Nearest Thing to Natural Curly Hair

Frederics—one of the great names in permanent waving—announce another notable new discovery! A permanent wave that looks and acts like natural curly hair!

This wonderful new Frederics Permanent Wave contains NO beauty-stealing, metallic salts whatever—cannot possibly dry your hair or make it frizzy, dry or brittle. There is no set "permanent" look—even the first day.

And while you’re getting this natural-looking permanent, there are no disagreeable chemical odors; no possibility of dizziness or headaches—no painful pulling or stretching of the hair. It’s so quick, so cool, so comfortable, you hardly know your hair is being waved.

Don’t guess, don’t hope, don’t wish. Say to your hairdresser, “I want a Frederics Tru-Curl permanent.” Then see that the Tru-Curl wrappers and lotion are taken from a sealed individual package. In this way you will know that you are getting what you pay for...a Genuine Frederics Tru-Curl Permanent...America’s Finest Permanent Wave.

* Frederics Tru-Curl permanent waves, when given with a Frederics controlled-heat permanent waving machine, are 50% more comfortable. Waving with low temperature protects the hair, preserves its life, lustre and loveliness. See that a Frederics machine is used.

The young Douglas Dawson—(Jean Parker is married to the radio commentator)—live in San Fernando Valley, on a pint-sized ranch just big enough to accommodate their three horses and themselves. Bette Davis is their nearest neighbor, so close a neighbor that the gay party at one place cheerily echoes back from the other, in spite of high brick walls and towering eucalyptus trees between.

There’s a corral in front of Sands-Park, as Jean and Doug have christened the ranch, and here Whistle, John Doe, and Blueberry Hill, the Dawson horses, are2 summing themselves as I drove up the flower-bordered drive.

"BEWARE—Guardian Watch Dogs," reads the sign on the ranch gate. But "Doc," the St. Bernard, and "Mike," the Irish water spaniel, evidently haven’t read it, for they dashed to meet me, barking a joyful welcome. Or was it the Christmas spirit?

A winding brick walk leads to the ranch house, solidly built of white-washed brick, the windows set deep in thick walls, shadied by pepper, olive, and black acacia trees. Small iron grilles are set into the walls, haphazardly, and these are filled with pots of rare begonias.

Jean was experimenting with Christmas decorations and I found her leaning out of the Dutch door, trying a wreath on its lower panel.

"I’m a pushover for Christmas," she confessed. "So is Doug. We have great arguments about whether we should go completely Californian and use only cactus and desert holy as decorations, or be conventional with the usual wreaths and trees!"

The experimenting was going on in

(To turn to page 71)
MAN!
What a Man
IS
FATHER!

WARNER BROS. delightfully present the most affable, laffable family that ever stepped out of America's screens . . . into America's heart!

FREDRIC
MARCH
MARThA
SCOTT

In the big new hit based on the year's most celebrated best-seller!

"ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN"

With BEULAH BONDI • GENE LOCKHART
ELISABETH FRASER • HARRY DAVENPORT
LAURA HOPE CREWS • GRANT MITCHELL

Directed by IRVING RAPPER

Screen Play by Casey Robinson • From the Book by Hartzell SPAncE
Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros.-First National Picture
Smilin' Through—M-G-M

Exquisite Technicolor makes the third offering of this tender romance more charming than the earlier films. The story spans two periods and treats of undying love. Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond are teamed for first time in dual roles, as Monogram and Kathleen; he as her aunt's suitor-murderer, and later as her son. Brian Aherne plays the uncle. All give fine performances. Sentimentalists will love it.

Texas—Columbia

Lusty the word for "Texas"—lusty and full of vim, vigor and vitality. It's red-blooded, all right. Did we like it? Sure did. William Holden's Dan Thomas is something to talk about. And Dan is no namby-pamby. He's a tough hombre. Edgar Buchanan's role of the respected Doc Thorpe is a new high in smooth villainy. And, funny, Holden and Glenn Ford reach Texas after the Civil War hungry and broke. Claire Trevor is in cast.

The Maltese Falcon—Warners

It wouldn't be fair to you if we went into details of "The Maltese Falcon." We mean plot details. Suffice it to say, however, writer-director John Huston did an extraordinary job of maintaining suspense even after you suspect the identity of the evil ones. Watching Humphrey Bogart's characterization of Detectives Sam Spade is a memorable experience. Mary Astor, Peter Lorre and Sidney Greenstreet also merit high praise.

Sun Valley Serenade—20th Century-Fox

If you're feeling tense and jittery, "Sun Valley Serenade" is a sure-fire pick-me-up. Sort of like a tonic. No deep stuff, this. It's light and fluffy and full of fun. And it has lots of lovely scenic shots. There's Sonja Henie, a dream on ice, playing the part of a refugee. There's the triangle—Sonja, John Payne and Lam Bari. There's the comedian—Milton Berle. There's the music—Glenn Miller and his orchestra. Gay and entertaining!

This Woman Is Mine—Universal

Somewhere along the line something happened to this. Unhappily, it didn't happen for the best. The action is pokey; the atmosphere morbid instead of lively. Adventure doesn't make its bow until the last few minutes and then it's too late to care. The story is about a fur-trading expedition. Carol Bruce's vivid personality is not shown to advantage. Franchot Tone's movements are lethargic; John Carroll's accent is thick, but he's lively.

More Reviews on Page 17
The most thrilling adventure film of the year!

FROM THE PRODUCER OF THE UNFORGETTABLE
"FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT" AND "ALGIERS"

Among a Hundred Thrilling Moments...

The native habari brings its message—of these five men, one must die...

In the darkness, a native killer... in the light, a man whose wits were his only weapon.

She is Zia—for whom men face death and danger—for a kiss from her lips!

The Saturday Evening Post serial that thrilled millions...

WALTER WANGER'S
Great Adventuromance of Today!

SUNDOWN

starring GENE TIERNEY · BRUCE CABOT · GEORGE SANDERS
HARRY CAREY · JOSEPH CALLEIA · Reginald Gardiner · Carl Esmond
Marc Lawrence · SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE

Directed by Henry Hathaway · From the Saturday Evening Post story "Sundown" and screenplay by Barre Lyndon · A HENRY HATHAWAY PRODUCTION · Released thru United Artists

*ASK THE MANAGER OF YOUR LOCAL THEATRE WHEN HE IS PLAYING THIS GREAT ADVENTUROMANCE
The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable movement that brings blessed relief. Ex-Lax is not too strong—not too mild—just right. Take Ex-Lax according to the directions on the label. It’s good for every member of the family, 10c and 25c at all drug stores.

EX-LAX
The Original Chocolated Laxative

GASSY STOMACH
Get fast, longer relief from excess stomach acid discomforts with JESTS!
Great for acid indigestion and heartburn.
Taste good. Contains no bicarbonate of soda.
Guaranteed by the makers of Ex-Lax.

Stop that Itch

FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$10.00

Why the fuss over movie propaganda? Almost any serious effort in any direction has some touch of propaganda in its effect, and as pictures are bound to reflect the spirit of the times, we’re going to get a certain amount of war stories. I’m willing for Hollywood to play its dramatic role in disseminating current history, but I hope they minimize the false glamor and the cankering bitterness. I don’t believe the world is dying of dryrot as long as there are Ethel Gableys lying for the benefit of “Blossoms in the Dust.” I’m tired of being told I have to hate somebody. I have too many unknowns, un- sung Father Flanagan’s in the world to love. If the stress on human relationships for the future happiness and betterment of all is to replace hate and pessimism—let Hollywood lead the glad parade. Let’s have oodles of pictures of romance and love and hope in the most glamorous Hollywood styles—for I believe the fans are ready for romance plus, just as they were ready for the streamlined Abbott and Costello brand of old-time slapstick comedy. The world, I have no doubt, is going to have a good laugh with somebody, and to be in love again, with just most anybody, and if Hollywood can spread that kind of propaganda—so ahead, Hollywood, and spread!—

MRS. BERNIECE B. JACKSON, Ludlow, Ky.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$5.00

It was fine and dandy for Johnnie to take me to the movies and swoon over Colbert and Dietrich, because I figured I was near and Colbert and Dietrich were a few thousand miles away, and what could a few slightly shadowed on the screen mean to Johnnie while I was near him? That was the way I had it summed up until Johnnie went to camp for Uncle Sam, but now he’s invented Glamor Junkets and “my Johnnie” has lunch with Claudette and takes Marlene riding in a “jeep,” and has his pictures taken with both of them while I’m the “forgotten girl” back home.

Competition is all right to a certain extent, but these Glamor Junkets are too much for this “girl friend.” I say it’s unfair; it ain’t right and I protest!

W. L. STONER, Muncie, Ind.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS
$1.00 EACH

Eating well-balanced meals seems to be the main problem of every household these days, but occasionally our spirits run below par and need a little uplift, for this purpose the movies certainly can “dish” out a well-rounded entertainment menu!

To me an emotional uplift is just as exasperating as an upset stomach but I find a good cure for the blues is a nice helping of laughter served a la Ritz Brothers. When I’m in a romantic mood a choice “date plate” of Charles Boyer seems to fill the bill, while my adventuresome nature is soothed by a “juicy” murder with Basil Rathbone as the “main dish.”

Supplying myself with emotional “vitamins” is no trouble at all with such portions of “protein” as Clark Cable, Spencer Tracy and William Powell, I make no protests when my “calcium” is in the form of Bette Davis, Myrna Loy or Paulette Goddard, and who am I to deny that I like a generous amount of “dextrine”—Bab and Sassy supplies this need.

To flare up your ego and lift your spirits try a well-balanced menu of motion pictures to keep you eMOTIONally happy!

MRS. GRACE A. LOCKE, Los Angeles, Calif.
SHOE MAKER STICK TO YOUR LAST! 

A handful of bigwigs have gotten around to smearing pictures they openly confess they haven't seen. Well! Well! And Tut! Tut! We re- 

spond the producers and their agents simply because we have always believed in the proverb “Let not a shoe maker judge above his  

shoe.” So let's leave the producing of pictures to the movie producers. It seems to us the cash customers should have the last say—so on the subject, anyway. Producers make movies with an eye to the box office; you with an eye and an ear to entertainment. In the final analysis you, the cash cus- 

tomers, are right. Which reminds us that we want to hear from you. We much prefer knowing what you like and dislike about the movies than what any bigwig, with an axe to grind, thinks. This is a standing in- 

vitation. Don't forget those monthly cash prizes of $10.00, $5.00 and five of $1.00 each. 

Please address your letters to SQUIRES' Fans' Forum, 45 West 4th Street, New York, N. Y.

While reading your Fans' Forum page I came across Emily Lee Dove's letter. She says that the Andrews Sisters are fright- 

ening, but that Miss Dove must be a very lovely lady. I would like to see a picture of 

her printed in your magazine. Miss Dove doesn't say if the two college boys selected the Andrews Sisters as the most frightening. Who do those squirts think they are, great judges of feminine beauty? I don't claim to be a judge of beauty but I do know that the Andrews Sisters have beauty in their voices. I don't expect a prize for this letter. I just put it in and let's see if anybody else thinks as I do. I never went to college so maybe I'm not qualified to judge beauty. I'm just A Soldier.

SGT. J. K. H., Canal Zone

I don't belong to the "Prunes and 

Pramys" school nor am I one of the old 

dodos we are continually writing com- 

plaining letters to long-suffering editors. In fact, I'm just an ordinary young fellow who works hard but I roll my eyes and two 

three times a week goes to the movies for 

recreation. What I can't get is the hate and 

cry against the poor, harmless sweater I have 

noticed in nearly every movie that the girls wear evening clothes so low-cut as to be positively dangerous, and nary a comment about them. Also, how about the 

period movies—in some of them I know the 

ladies would be grateful for a sweater, for 

their health's sake if for no other rea- 

son.

Let's be consistent—bring back our 

sweater girls and you can have the "ladies of the evening frowks."

JERRY PERSAN, Columbus, Ohio

I have read a great deal of editorial 

comment regarding the Senate Interstate 

Commerce sub-committee's investigation of movie producers and their so-called film propaganda and I was glad to see the 

newspapers support freedom for the movies and radio, but none of them gave the facts in full. Most of us are pretty tolerant of the 

other fellow's ideas. For instance, we may 

not care for the screen star who rates high 

with our neighbor, or someone may like 

Westerns which we can't abide, but that is all right, because we have learned to censor our own acrimony by staying away from the ones we don't like or condemn. 

And now comes some member of the Senate sub-committee who admits he has 

not seen the movies he wants to suppress and tells us it is not good for us to see 

the wickedness of THAT MAN and his 

cohorts. Are we babies to be protected from the booby man? The producers all 

know how quickly we'd reject such a picture. They do not always know what we want, but at least they know better than some of the members of that committee. 

We may deplore that isolationist's view- 

point and yet support his right to express it, but we don't believe in here and now that the movies belong to the people and we will do our own censoring. We will not tolerate interference from those serv- 

ants of the people who have lost touch with the ones they are supposed to repre- 

sent.

We fans will do our own criticizing of 

our shows. They had better lay off before we forget to be tolerant of their piddling 

beliefs.

HELEN M. BRADLEY, Kansas City, Mo.

HONORABLE MENTION

Three cheers, Mary Margaret Thomas 

of Jefferson City, Mo., for your letter pub- 

lished in Screenland! You took the words right out of my mouth. I am go- 

ing to write a letter to the Dr. Kildare series. Why don't they get away from this poppy- 

cock which is ruining Lew Ayres and give 

them some real breaks? I agree with you 

that he is to fine an actor to be wasted 

in pictures of this kind so you are not 

alone in your opinion.

HELEN VALERIA SHEEHY, 

Wallingford, Conn.

Wore I Mrs. Aladdin I'd borrow my 

husband's lamp, polish it up a bit, and send 

carloads of diamond-studded Oscars to the 

following stars for the joy they've brought 

to millions:

Betty Field—refreshingly real and 

forever feminine.

Ginger Rogers—delightfully pert yet 

simple and sweet.

Joan Crawford—unafraid, sincere and 

flashing. 

Pauline Goddard—truly glamorous and 

truly capable.

Glen Ford—the screen's most appealing 

young actor.

MRS. PRESTON CHAPMAN, 

Birmingham, Ala.

If I could choose a new male star for 

1942, it would be David Bruce, an ex- 

tremely capable and competent young 

actor who has a confidence and charm that draws fans like a magnet. 

He is as refined as a southern gentle- 

man, as handsome as a young Colman, as 

refreshing as a Niven, as warm and vital as 

a Gable, with the added enhancement of the passion and tenderness of a Power. All 

of which adds up to why I like David 

Bruce and believe him to be of the stuff 

of which stars are made.

I wish the fans who saw David 

Bruce in "Singapore Woman," a little pro- 

gram picture which he made important, 

would voice their approval of him in this 

Fans' Forum, too.

HELEN E. NIGRA, 

San Francisco, Calif.

DON'T LET "SOAPING" DULL YOUR HAIR

GLORIFY IT WITH HALO!

Let Halo Shampoo Rid Your Hair of Soap Film!

OLD-fashioned "soapy" shampoos leave a dulling film on hair... film that makes it hard to curl.

But just try one Halo shampoo... because Halo contains no soap, therefore Halo leaves no dulling film! It's made with a new-type ingredient! Halo leaves your hair radiant and lovely and easy to manage... reveals its natural virgin color.

And when you shampoo with Halo there's no need for a lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo makes lilyow lather in hardest water.

Get Halo Shampoo—today, in generous 10c or larger sizes! Halo has the full approval of Good Housekeeping Bureau.

Halo Shampoo A product of Colgate-Palmolive-PEntity Company

GIVE AWAY—

Guaranteed Rings-Artistic emblem ring for ladies, size Boys, 14; 10 k. rolled Gold plated; or a lovely new 

Brooch-Artistic emblem brooch in 1/20 L. 18 k. rolled Gold plate, your size, your choice, FOR sending a box of 

Halo Shampoo at 25c each. Periodical Label For FREE with 

ordering for present mailing. Order 4 Save. Send No Money.

ROGERB PERSUMO CO., ROCK 57, WOODBROOK, MARYLAND.

CALLlOauseS BURNING OR TENDERNESS ON BOTTOM OF YOUR FEET

Doctor's New Quicker Relief! Get New Super-Sulf Dr. Scholl's Zino- 

pads if you have painful callouses, burning or tenderness on bottom of your feet. They give quick relief—soften, cushion, protect the sensitive areas. 65% softer than before! Sapa- 

rate Medications included for removing callouses. Cost but a trifle.

DR. SCHOLL'S ZINO-PADS

SCREENLAND 15
SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle
By Alma Talley

ACROSS
2. He plays Charlie Chan  17. 81.
3. Maka a situate  18. 82.
5. She's featured in "Harmony of Michigan"  20. 81.
19.  . . . . Finger, Left Hand" (Loy, Douglas)
20. Pa's  21. 84.
22. Opposite of outs (like ups and downs)  23. 86.
23. Payment  24. 87.
27. " . . . Night in Lisbon" (Carroll, MacMurphy)  28. 91.
28. Star of "Sunny"  29. 92.
29. Scared aide (as a horse)  30. 93.
30. Butler's character name in "Unfinished Business"  31. 94.
31. Amount owing  32. 95.
32. Famous Swedish star  33. 96.
33. She's featured in "We Go Fast"  34. 97.
34. To clean with a broom  35. 98.
35. To lift up  36. 99.
36. To just lift  37. 100.
38. Cavern (poetic)  39. 102.
39. She's featured in "I Was A Prostitute On Devil's Island"  40. 103.
40. Matt drink  41. 104.
41. To wisp around  42. 105.
42. To cultivate (as land)  43. 106.
43. She's growing up out of "brat" roles  44. 107.
44. He's featured in "Shadow of the Thin Man"  45. 108.
45. To cease living  46. 109.
46. Near by  47. 110.
47. " . . . My Love" (Colbert)  48. 111.
48. Start it Started With Eve  49. 112.

DOWN
1. He's featured in "Paris Calling"  6. 44.
3. Has new one in "The Chocolate Soldier"  8. 46.
4. To wander about  9. 47.
7. Ignited  12. 50.
10. Nose legends  15. 53.
11. Note of the scale  16. 54.
13. Trap  18. 56.
20. Woman star of silent days ("The Big Parade")  21. 58.
22. Her new one is "We Were Dancing"  23. 60.
24. He's featured in "Pud- dle Head"  25. 62.
26. Light carriage  27. 64.
29. " - - Wine" (Irons, Massy)  30. 67.
30. Sea eagle  31. 68.
32. Give birth to (Biblical)  33. 70.
33. "What dogs wag"  34. 71.
34. To be ill  35. 72.
36. Compass point (Abbrev.)  37. 74.
37. Excitement  38. 75.
40. He's featured in "Mr. Allditch's Boy"  41. 78.
41. Emanate  42. 79.
42. Ocean steamship  43. 80.
43. Rental contract  44. 81.
44. He plays Norton in "The Smiling Ghost"  45. 82.
45. Sum up  46. 83.
46. Myself  47. 84.
47. Epoch  48. 85.
48. Everyone  49. 86.
49. Since  50. 87.
50. Small European fish  51. 88.

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

S P O N 0 N 1 4  B I N G
O P E S O R I O N  A R E A
V E S T S  L A T A B I A R
E S T A T E  A N T E S T Y
S I R S  R I S H E S
A S R A R E  B A R E
S A C R E D  A L E  T O N E
T O O L  A G O N Y  N I P
O T T O  S L O T  T R A T E
R T D A T E  S A E A L
A D G O D  C O L R E
D O N E R I C  S C A R E S
A R A S H I R A M
M A T E R A L  A L A R M  N O T
S L E D  H E N R Y  E L S E
Married Bachelor—M-G-M
Here's a chuckle. After seven years of marriage Ruth Hussey and Robert Young are still just one step ahead of the sheriff. Ruth is able to take a very breezy outlook on their monetary mess because she has a terrific crush on her husband. Robert promises to turn over a new leaf and become a respectful businessman. Meeting Sam Levene, a bookie, is not exactly respectable, but it leads to complications, marital and otherwise.

Under Fiesta Stars—Republic
Gene Autry and pretty Carol Hughes jointly inherit a mine. Carol is all for selling out, but is balked by Gene because such a procedure would throw the valley into a terrible state of unemployment. Carol has to learn her lesson in righteousness the hard way. But learn she does. A new addition to the comedy department is Joseph Strauss, Jr., a miniature Smiley Burnette. Gene delivers a few pleasurable ditties in his own inimitable way.

Death Valley Outlaws—Republic
Don “Red” Barry's name is synonymous with law and order. He's a clean-cut, hard-fighting, fearless cowboy from the wide open spaces. Don, like our modern G-Men, is the kind of hero little slavers try to emulate when playing cops and robbers. A band of masked terrorists ride the hills, plundering and killing. The vigilantes are unable to cope with the situation. Lynn Merrick hasn't much to do, but she's mighty decorative.

Meet the Bride who wouldn't stay for Breakfast!

A joyous reunion of the stars of "THE LADY EVE"

BARBARA STANWYCK * FONDA
in Wesley Ruggles' You belong to Me

with EDGAR BUCHANAN
Roger Clark - Ruth Donnelly - Melville Cooper

Screen play by Claude Binyon
DIRECTED BY WESLEY RUGGLES - A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Screenland
These may be the first signs that troublesome germs associated with a cold are attempting to invade the throat tissue and set up infection.

Quick action may ward off a cold or nip it in the bud if it is just starting. Begin gargling with Listerine Antiseptic at the first hint of trouble. Don't dilute it. Use full strength.

Listerine reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of the "secondary invaders." These bacteria, say many authorities, cause most of the distressing aspects of a cold.

NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS

The drawings illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.

For impressive evidence of Listerine's amazing power against the very germs which accompany colds and sore throat read carefully the test data summarized in the panel above.

Test Results Showed:

FEWER Colds and Sore Throats for LISTERINE Users

The above statement is one for you to remember the next time you feel a cold or sore throat coming on.

It is highly impressive when you realize that it reflects the results of carefully conducted tests during a ten year period of research.

First, these tests showed that those groups which gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day contracted fewer colds than the non-using groups.

Furthermore, these colds were milder and did not last as long as those of non-users of Listerine Antiseptic.

This success, we believe, must be due to the ability of Listerine Antiseptic to combat the troublesome bacteria which inhabit and multiply on mouth and throat surfaces ... the very bacteria that many authorities say are responsible for most of the distressing aspects of a cold.

In other words, Listerine Antiseptic often seems to give Nature the helping hand she needs in combating such germs when fatigue, drafts, wet feet, or exposure have weakened body resistance so that germs find the tissue easier to attack.

Gargle Listerine Antiseptic systematically as a precaution against colds and as a first aid when you feel a cold or simple sore throat coming on. It may save you real trouble.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.
DEAR CLAUDETTE:

Frankly, this is a fan letter—inspired by your sparkling performance in "Skylark," your latest.

It should have been written a long time ago! It took your blithe acting in "Skylark" to wake me up. Somehow I had been taking Colbert very much for granted for too long. Your pictures have mostly been good, your acting always elegant—so in the rush of new faces and—er—forms in the movie parade I just accepted Claudette as the ever-satisfactory star and let it go at that.

Well, that was far from fair. How many other Hollywood stars have kept pace with progress as you have? Starting as a sex-appeal kid, back in those saucy Lubitsch days, you surprised everybody by advancing into dramatic stature by leaps and bounds of those handsome legs—which, not incidentally at all, still shape up among Hollywood's finest, Grable or no Grable. "It Happened One Night" and it kept right on happening—Colbert could be depended upon for entertaining pictures, and became a Big Box Office Star. Versatility, too—comedy or drama, all the same to you. (Though I like you in comedy best.) The movie parade moved along and you moved with it—and still you've never got stuffy, you've kept your head and your temper, you're never too busy to be gracious—a little lesson some of the dazzling newcomers had better learn, but quick. Instead of scandals you took up skiing and sailing—you couldn't stand still if you tried. That's why I think we fans owe you a vote of thanks. Here's mine. Cuties may come and go, but Colbert, we hope, goes on forever—and she's pretty cute, too.

Delight Evans
Socialites and filmites include Gloria Vanderbilt and Cobina Wright, Jr., with George Montgomery, top; Lady Mendl at movie party; Lady Furness with Eddie Lowe; Jack Whitney; Bruce Cabot and visiting lovely, above; Liz Whitney with the Fred Astaires and Randy Scott; the Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., studio-visiting; Alfred Vanderbilt, Jr.; Joan Whitney Payson in a party; the Doug Fairbanks, Jr., with Mrs. John Jacob Astor.
Why do the blue-bloods seek the red-blooded society of cinema-ville? Here’s the surprising answer

By Elizabeth Wilson

Last fall we read in the newspapers and magazines how aghast, agog, stunned and fretted the Bloods Indigo at snooty Tuxedo Park were when Jinx Falkenburg, movie star and model, attended their sacred Autumn Ball. Seems that Jinx was smuggled in by her escorts, B. Summer Welles and Bedford Davie, and knew nothing of the uproar she was about to cause. Only girls destined to carry on Society’s lorgnette traditions are invited to Tuxedo Park’s Autumn Ball. An actress at their party! The stuffy dow- (Please turn to page 60)
THERE had never been a celebrity quite like Sheridan Whiteside, the middle-aged pixie of the airwaves and the most beloved literary figure of his time. He was the wittiest wit, the most critical critic, the whimsical authority on everything from Charles Dickens to murder. His writings cast a spell of enchantment and his weekly broadcasts were just fifteen minutes of unutterable bliss in which the listener became a part of Whiteside's own full, rich life as he told little anecdotes of the famous and humble alike, pointed sometimes with his gentle irony and at others touched by the compassion of his great understanding and love for all humanity.
Broadway's comedy sensation becomes the season's most entertaining film! Exclusive fictionalization of Warner Bros. picture from famous George S. Kaufman-Moss Hart play, with Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, and Monte Woolley playing his original title role.
memory to stay with her for the rest of her life. But it had turned out to be even more wonderful than that. He had slipped on the ice as he was walking up the steps to her house and his hip was broken. That meant he would be their guest indefinitely. Mrs. Stanley was so thrilled she could hardly bear it.

Everything had been so exciting, even though the great man had been confined to his room, with messages coming from all parts of the world. It was too wonderful. Mrs. Stanley couldn’t understand how Maggie Cutler, Whiteside’s secretary, could take it all so casually. She didn’t bat an eye, even when people like Ethel Barrymore and Winston Churchill and Katharine Cornell and the Windsors called. But the best part was coming. He was well enough to come down stairs. Mrs. Stanley’s heart was fluttering as she placed the family around her as a sort of welcoming committee, with John the butler and Sarah the cook lined up behind them for all the world like the servants in a gracious English country house. Richard and June were actually impressed for the first time their mother could remember, and even her husband looked expectant as the door to the living room opened and there on the threshold was Sheridan Whiteside, looking so distinguished with his long beard that he made even the wheel chair he was sitting in seem like a throne. There was a hush as the nurse wheeled him in, with Dr. Bradley and Maggie acting as convoy.

“How do you do, Mr. Whiteside!” Ernest Stanley was the first to break the awed silence. “I hope that you’re better.”

“Thank you,” Whiteside said. “I am suing you for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars.” He glared at Mrs.
Stanley: "And why are you standing there like the kiss of death?" he demanded. "I have a few small matters to take up with you. Since I shall be confined in this mouldy mortuary for at least another ten days, I shall have to carry on my activities as best I can. I shall require the exclusive use of this room, as well as that drafty sewer you call the library." He leaned back impatiently, then bolted upright again as his head came in contact with Miss Preen's capable hands fluffing up his pillows. "Will you take your clammy hand off my chair?" he demanded. "You have the touch of a love-starved cobra. And now will you all leave quietly or must I ask Miss Cutler to pass among you with a baseball bat?"

Mrs. Stanley looked like a child whose lollypop had just been snatched away as she tiptoed from the room.

while you're here? I would like your opinion on it."

"I shall drop everything," Whiteside glared at the bulky manuscript and turned it over to Maggie. "Will you take Forty Years an Ohio Butcher or whatever it's called and—"

Maggie shook her head as the door closed hastily behind the doctor. "You know, Sherry," she said quietly, "you have one great advantage over everybody else in the world. You never have to meet Sheridan Whiteside. I must say you have certainly behaved with all your accustomed grace and charm."

"Look here, puss," Whiteside said firmly. "If we may dismiss the subject of my charm, for which, incidentally, I receive fifteen hundred dol-

beckoning to the others to follow. But Dr. Bradley lingered. "Shall I look in again this afternoon?" he asked with a false heartiness."

"If you do," Whiteside said evenly, "I shall spit in your eye."

The doctor laughed uneasily. "What a sense of humor you writers have! By the way, I've been doing a little writing myself. I'm calling it Forty Years an Ohio Doctor: The Story of a Humble Practitioner. I happen to have a copy with me. Would it be too much to ask you to glance over it lars per appearance, perhaps we can get to work. Oh, no, we can't," he decided as he (Please turn to page 62)
By Liza

Royal Family of Hollywood, second generation—the Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.s—greet you as honored guests in this, their first exclusive home interview.

Less than three years ago, as time flies, Mary Lee Epling Hartford curled up on the satin coverlet of Merle Oberon’s guest-room bed, and gave herself over to a fine case of moping. She just couldn’t have been more miserable. Her marriage to good-looking young Huntington Hartford, of the chain store millions, was definitely on the rocks—no use kidding herself any longer. She was homesick for her home in Virginia. And
it was pouring down rain. Why go on, she thought, when my life is over! She had just worked herself up to a good girlish howl, when the door opened, and Merle entered.

"You're a silly girl, Mary Lee, to stay up here feeling sorry for yourself," said Merle, "when downstairs in my living room is the most attractive man in Hollywood." (Please turn to page 78)
All you young people with screen ambitions! Here's straight talk from a great director who is not afraid to admit that the movies want new faces. If you've got the stuff, Hollywood can't get along without you.

**HOLLYWOOD NEEDS YOU!**

By SAM WOOD, Famous Director

Ann Sheridan, above, playing her first big dramatic rôle in Sam Wood's latest production, "Kings Row," expresses Mr. Wood's meaning when he says: "I stress personality above acting ability. Call it by any name you like—vitality, sex appeal, emotional warmth—the fact remains that acting ability can be acquired, personality can't. If you haven't it to begin with, nothing and nobody on God's green earth can give it to you. Without it, you'll be a dud on the screen!"

Now, you kids with screen aspirations—have YOU real personality? If so, you have a chance. But don't forget that dozens of new people are screen-tested every week in Hollywood—and never used. The noted discoverer of Martha Scott, Greer Garson, James Craig, and many other stars tells you in this exclusive feature some of the obstacles you would be up against once you crashed the studios. It's frank and hard advice from an authority—can you take it?
THIS is addressed to all you young people with screen ambitions who happen to read it. I've been asked to tell you what I think of your chances in Hollywood today. There's a certain danger attached to the giving of advice, a responsibility assumed by the adviser which he has no right to assume when, as in this case, the advisees are unknown to him and what's right for Mary may be wrong as sin for Jack.

So I'm offering no advice. Instead, I give you the facts as I see them from where I sit. Since I'm closer to the ring, my clearer view of them may be helpful to you in the bleachers. It's for you to apply them to your own cases.

Now that I've shifted the onus of responsibility, I make bold to tell you that if you have personality and the will to act, Hollywood needs you. The chance of her taking you is another matter, which I shall presently delve into. But that she needs you Hollywood herself, at her most confused, will not dispute. Personalities form her chief stock-in-trade, her most precious asset. Take them away, and what's left are liabilities.

You will note that I stress personality above acting ability. This is by design. I consider it more important. Call it by any name you like—vitality, sex appeal, emotional warmth—the fact remains that acting ability can be acquired, personality can't. If you haven't it to begin with, nothing and nobody on God's green earth can inject it into you. Without it, you'll be a dud on the screen.

With it, you stand a chance. I wish I could say a good, even a fair chance. All I can honestly say, is a chance. It's not my object to discourage you. On the contrary. If only for Hollywood's sake, I should like to spur you on to every effort. But not by pulling the wool over your eyes. Some knowledge of the obstacles ahead may help you steer your effort to better purpose.

There's no producer or director in the industry worth his salt who doesn't, according to his temperament, pray, bellow or weep for new faces. Every time we cast a picture, we go through hell. We know we haven't the proper tools to build with. It's like saying to a man, here's a shovel, go make a boat. He can't make a boat with a shovel, and we can't make the kind of pictures we want to make with the inadequate human inventory we have to draw on. So what happens? We're desperate for an actor to play a certain part. We scramble around, we try to borrow, we run tests of knowns and unknowns, we get to the point where expenses pile up, shooting's scheduled to start and everyone's squirming. We set out with hopes of Clark Gable and end up, willing to settle for Old King Cole.

Which leads to the question you're going to ask next. With so many aspirants (Please turn to page 73)
No, there's no "D" on the end of this "Ph." For this new academic degree goes beyond the merely mental accomplishments of Doctor of Philosophy. It means simply "perfect husband," and certainly Nelson Eddy has earned the right to decorate his already radiant name with this further rosette of honor. To prove that this title is fact, not fancy, here are ten points which make Nelson Eddy a Perfect Husband:

1. He is very good-natured, and likes to laugh. It takes a great deal to annoy Nelson, for he has universal understanding, and has been through the mill himself, and therefore is always willing to see the other fellow's viewpoint. Being the fine healthy specimen that he is, he has that exuberance of spirit which is really the essence of good nature. He relishes an opportunity to let loose a really good belly laugh, but never at the other fellow's expense.

2. He likes people and likes to entertain, but is a one-woman man. Nelson has an avid curiosity, in the finer sense. Likes to figure out the actions and reactions of people, and therefore makes a grand host. However, he'd never center his attention on a woman guest, and thereby cause his wife to be jealous. Neither does he show lack of trust in his wife by displaying jealousy of her.

3. He likes left-overs. Food, I mean. His favorites are such dishes as hash, croquettes, and the like, made from last night's roast. He likes simple, plain foods of all kinds, and enjoys raiding the ice-box best of all. Oh, yes, and tomato-soup cake.

4. He appreciates women's clothes. His mother has taught him a fine discrimination in such matters, and Nelson never fails to remark on that new piece of finery. And this keeps him very busy, as both his wife and...
mother have unusually fine, though conservative, taste in clothes. As their photographs testify.

5. Loves a home. (A Cancer attribute, you astrology-hounds). This perhaps is his most outstanding characteristic. He takes a keen interest in home decoration and the garden. Accent on luxury in the house. And accent on any color, so long as it's blue.

6. He lacks conceit. Has a natural pride in self, but is singularly without self-adulation. He has learned humility, and this same humility carries over into the husband department, naturally.

7. He is generous. Not only generous with money but truly generous-spirited.

8. He is thoughtful and moderate. He thinks of small but important ways of pleasing those he loves. Notes all their likes and dislikes and he has an uncanny memory.

9. He is tender, affectionate and loyal. These attributes are part of his mother's training. Always they have had a pleasantly affectionate association, and Nelson merely added the proper nuptial zest to this part of his nature when he married.

10. Likes animals and likes to read. He especially likes horses and dogs. Likes all games. As hobbies, he likes to sculpt and collect old marked pewter. Is an insatiable reader, and very well-informed.

And there you are. Sounds easy, doesn't it? And it is easy, for the Nelson Eddy of today. For he is a "natural" for this rôle of Perfect Husband. His whole life has fitted him for it. And no little credit for his success in this important department of life should go to his mother, Isabelle Eddy, for she made him what he is today.

Five years ago, when I was acting as Nelson's secretary the (Please turn to page 32)
WHAT do you know about this Martha Scott? I live here in Hollywood and all I knew about her was that; she broke my heart and ruined my make-up in “Our Town” and Cheers For Miss Bishop”; she was born, September 22d, on a farm, in the small town of Jamesport, Missouri; she graduated from the University of Michigan with a teaching certificate for safety, the desire to be an actress for a dream; she comes from distinguished forebears, her father, Walter Scott, being related to the famed novelist of the same name; her mother, the former Letha McKinley, is a second cousin of the martyred president, also of the same name. That’s all I knew for facts. The rest was hearsay and conjecture.

I’d heard that she is married, that she lives on a ranch. She is and does. I imagined her hair was tan color, her eyes blue. Wrong. Her hair is gold color. Her eyes are brown. She has a mouth done by a diamond cutter, it is so beautifully and sensitively chiseled. I imagined she was serious, rather on the intellectual side. She is—rather. But there is a picture of her on the piano in her living room that would make Franchot Tone try to date her, if he saw it!

Her husband tells the most amusing anecdote about her. How, one night, he took her to the theater in New York. How she was all decked out in her new, sable-dyed muskrat coat, costume jewelry wherever costume jewelry was possible and even where, one would have thought, not possible, and—she wore her glasses which she had mended with manuscript clips!

Private Life
of

Not the wistful actress you know as Martha Scott, but the gay and buoyant girl who goes for garlic, goats, gin rummy, grandmothers, dime-store jewelry—and whose husband says of her, “she is too honest and too sweet for this modern world.” You’ll love her, too!

By Gladys Hall

Below, Martha Scott with Fredric March in Warners’ big new drama of a preacher’s life, “One Foot in Heaven.”
O'-(oh, oh!)

HARA!

The fair Maureen is making movie audiences go oh-and-ah with her newly vivid personality. Once demure, now she dazzles. And her acting keeps pace with her face in "How Green Was My Valley," big new film
Four-Alarm FIRE!
When Betty (Legs) Grable meets Vic (Handsome-Hunk-of-Man) Mature, in new picture called "Hot Spot," you may expect the screen to sizzle, and you won't be disappointed. Not that it is a great picture—but it has this team of Grable-Mature. That's all, brother—but wow, it's enough!
On this page, she's naughty. See her technique with Melvyn Douglas, top left; watch her wiles, with knee action, right center; catch her cavorting as a water nymph, above; and charming Robert Sterling and Roland Young, right, as she shocks 'em with her candid comments on love in her woman-of-the-world rôle.
Siren, or sweet thing? You'll see the great G.G. in both moods as she plays dual rôle in film, "Two-Faced Woman"

And here, Greta as the nice girl, twin to the temptress. Tender love scene with the same Mr. Douglas, top right; wholesome holiday in the ski-country; in bulky borrowed pajamas, above; and, at right, coaxing Roland Young to eat his porridge—yes, she can cook, too. "Two-Faced Woman" is a romantic movie.
THE CASE FOR CHARM

In this corner, the best current cinematic proof that it's startling charm that counts, in Hollywood: Veronica Lake, whose curious coiffure set a new style, but whose acting ability remains to be seen in "Sullivan's Travels."

Preston Sturges' pictures—remember "The Great McGinty" and "The Lady Eve"—are movie events. His new film, "Sullivan's Travels," presents Veronica Lake in her first part since her hit in "I Wanted Wings," giving her juicy rôle of girl hobo with Joel McCrea.
And here is convincing evidence that youth and glamour are not all-important at the box-office, when a fine and mature talent like Edward Arnold's brings fans flocking to see his latest performance in "Unholy Partners."

In "Unholy Partners," Arnold plays a gangster henchman who tries to give orders to Edward G. Robinson in the role of a tabloid editor. Laraine Day plays the fearless young secretary.

THE CASE FOR CHARACTER
LOOK AT LUPINO!

Original costume designed by Marie Miller for Miss Lupino, at right: topping off a red, grey, and blue plaid dress is a waistcoat-front cape. Smart accessories include navy blue gloves with plaid trim, navy bag, saucy felt hat with feathers.

Return of the slashed skirt and the leg o'mutton sleeve is celebrated in the dinner gown below. The black velvet skirt has a girdle of black cire satin, the blouse of shell-pink taffeta has high circle neck, long sleeves. Miss Lupino wears a pert satin hairbow. At right below, her afternoon gown has a tunic front with inverted pleats at the center, boat-shaped neck, softly rounded shoulder line. A brilliant chartruese-yellow lily is appliquéd at the front of the waistline, where it catches the soft folds. Her "Mercury" helmet has a veil.

The covered-up look continues to be in the mood for evening. Black and white crepe fashion the long-sleeved, high-necked dinner gown worn at right by Miss Lupino. The body of the dress is black with V-shaped section of white set in above the waist and forming the front skirt panel.
Fashion scoop! We present the exclusive new clothes especially created for Ida Lupino by brilliant young Hollywood designer, Marie Miller.

Exclusive fashions modeled by Miss Lupino, Warner Bros., photographed by Schuyler Crail for Screenland.

Sensational style note: the double-duty dinner gown. Directly above, square-necked, full-length sleeved blouse of white lace worn with a striped skirt in American beauty and white. At left above, the same blouse, this time worn above a daringly draped peg-topped skirt of soft black crepe with a high, fitted waistband and slashed to the knee.

For gala occasions, Ida Lupino likes the formal silver-cloth gown at left. Styled on princess lines, it boasts a flattering squared-back collar of white fox. Perfect for the star's slender, graceful lines. The two photographs of the gown were posed in Miss Lupino's drawing-room.
HERE IS AN EPIC! (WE HOPE)
Too often a motion picture heralded as “colossal” and “terrific” turns out to be just another movie. But this time we think we’re justified in predicting a masterpiece. “How Green Was My Valley” may live up to its ballyhoo because it is based on Richard Llewellyn’s best-selling novel, directed by John Ford, staged in scenic grandeur and enacted by a brilliant cast.
Exciting new rôle for Loretta Young presents her as a ballet dancer, and it's Loretta you'll be seeing, not a double, when she performs classic numbers in "The Men in Her Life"
Not a sobby "Back Street" but a modern comedy is the new vehicle for the co-starring team of Margaret Sullavan and Charles Boyer. She's a doctor, he's her patient. Wait till you see!

**SULLAVAN + BOYER---ROMANCE!**
Barbara Ellen Ball of Jamaica, N. Y., enchanted the judges with her pet photo of "Perky."

This magnificent specimen of doghood won for Ann Rogers of Larchmont, N. Y., an original Morgan Dennis drawing of Gable and Friend.

First Prize (above)

These photogenic stars of the Animal Kingdom seem to know all about camera angles. Top billing goes to the first pet prize winner

$5.00 Prize (above)
Barbara Ellen Ball of Jamaica, N. Y., enchanted the judges with her pet photo of "Perky."

$5.00 Prize (left)
Virginia Barca of Brooklyn, N. Y., assures us "Rex" is only acting up for the camera.

$5.00 Prize (right)
Here's an interesting bit of dog drama submitted by Edward O'Connell of Stanford, Conn.

"Froggy" is a French poodle and is the special pet of Martha Ann Tinker of North Tarrytown, N. Y.
Jackie Cooper celebrated his 14th year in motion pictures during the filming of "Glamour Boy," in which he and Susanna Foster play their own real-life roles of youthful, popular movie stars.

Best rôle of his screen career comes to Jackie in "Glamour Boy." Highlight of refreshing Paramount film is showing of scenes from "Skippy," young Cooper's own great kid-star hit. Susanna Foster reaches C above high G, and Darryl Hickman is fellow player in bright, breezy new film, below.
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

Brenda Marshall in “Captains of the Clouds”
Song of an Actress

Up from Bohemia comes Virginia Gilmore, blonde pixie with the soul of a poet

By Charles Darnton

It all sounded as crazily Bohemian as that house must have looked atop its San Francisco hill. That cockeyed rookery zigzagging to the sky and slanting on its ear. Yet she who had dizzily perched in it, wildly careened with it, and all but gone mad with it, this girl who might readily have been thrown off balance for the rest of her days, was level as a floor, sane as a roof.

Let her bizarre background, then, serve picturesquely to introduce Virginia Gilmore, down to Hollywood and up from Bohemia. Draw a long breath into A-ah! at the magic of that name if you like, but of all things don't begin humming an air from "La Boheme." For Virginia is no Mimi. Although she well (Please turn to page 76)

If I could wait
Like the choked sky waits
In over-fullness,
Or the cloud waits
Till the lightning signals
It can hold no more;
If I could wait
Like the nightingale
For evening and a perfect stage
On which to sing my song.

But I cannot.
I cannot wait like autumn
For propitious season
To paint the leaves.
I cannot die for winter
As the summer can;
I cannot wait, for I must sing
Though the tune is the wind
And the words dried leaves,
I want to sing, I have to sing!

From a poem by

Virginia Gilmore

Virginia Gilmore's latest rôle, a Southern siren with Dana Andrews in "Swamp Water."
Pick your pictures here and guarantee yourself good entertainment without loss of time and money.

**ONE-WORD GUIDE: THRILLING**

APPEAL: Summed up, it's thumbs up—far all of us with a spark of adventure in our hearts and of patriotism in our souls. Besides, it's swell entertainment.

PLOT: Darryl F. Zanuck's tribute to the courage and daring of the British flyers never spills over—it's kept casual and so it's convincing, with a brash young American in search of the thrill of flight, heroism in Dunkirk the high spot. Of course there's romance, too, though ratherformula, concerning competition between the Yank and his squadron leader for the affections of an American chorus girl.

PRODUCTION: Authentic shots of aerial combat seem less like the real thing than the spectacular Hollywood stuff—but it's all excitingly paced and excellently directed by Henry King, himself a high-flying pilot. For contrast there are flashy night-club scenes with two numbers danced and sung by La belle Grable.

ACTING: It's Tyrone Power's most dash- ing role since "Lloyds of London," and while it may not win him an Academy Award from his Hollywood confreres, it has the unqualified approval of every feminine fan, which is more important to Mr. Power at this stage of his career. Tyrone in the modern dress of the R.A.F. is the most beautiful thrill of the month, according to bemused Margies; but give the boy a big hand for his performance, too—it's sound, and never unbearably banalistic. Gorgeous Betty Grable is surprisingly good as the chorus cutie, with Reginald Gardiner and handsome John Sutton rating bows.

*20th Century-Fox*

---

**ONE-WORD GUIDE: GAY**

APPEAL: Irresistible, if you like Fred Astaire's fast stepping, and want to see how Rita Hayworth measures up as his new dancing partner—now don't push, fellows.

PLOT: From Broadway dance director to Private in Uncle Sam's Army, our hero is kept stepping especially when he impersonates a Captain to captivate that luscious lady he's in love with and ends up in the guard-house—but don't think he's stopped even then; there's a camp show to be put on and he's the boy to stage it, and a good show it turns out to be. To end the suspense—yes, Hayworth measures up as Fred's new dancing partner.

PRODUCTION: Just in case you're meaning, "Oh, just another musical," let me tell you this one is different—no arty terpsichorean routines but fresh, spontaneous sessions staged by Robert Alton, with comedy touches. Every dance number is up on its toes, not dragged in by the heels; and the Fred Astaire solo is something to see.

ACTING: It is a true comeback for the great Astaire, since it presents him as a talented comedian as well as inimitable dancer, and provides him with a partner who may at last stop all that sighing for Ginger Rogers. Miss Hayworth will probably be the nation's number One Dream Girl after this picture, so photogenic as she floats in Astaire's arms that she will get credit for being a better dancer than she really is, and she's not bad. For laughs there is Robert Benchley in his funniest rôle to date, and Cliff Nazarro who will have you doing double-talk yourself over his hilarious drilling of an infantry squad.

*Columbia*

---

**ONE-WORD GUIDE: GRIPPING**

APPEAL: If you are in search of the unusual in movie fare and can take it when you get it—eery and creepy though it may be—you won't want to miss this one.

PLOT: From the stage play about a woman's devotion to her demoted sisters—and the lengths to which she goes to give them a home and a measure of security, involving even murder—and a scoundrelly, blackmailing nephew, and all set in the haunting atmosphere of a lonely house in the English marshlands—believe it or not, you'll find it fascinating and not as gruesome as you might think, and incredibly relieved by flashes of humor.

PRODUCTION: Lester Cowen's picturization of Gilbert Miller's play has been cleverly adapted by good screen writers, and masterfully guided by Charles Vidor, who never descends to theatricalism in his direction but nevertheless manages to stretch the suspense to the breaking point. The fine settings, and the imaginative camera work of George Barnes have contributed to the stunning impact the picture will have upon every intelligent movie-goer. It is melodrama in the grand manner.

ACTING: Wait until you watch Ida Lupina in the difficult rôle of the self-sacrificing sister—you won't recognize the Lupina of "They Drive By Night" or "High Sierra." There was a splendid but spectacular actress inclined to twitches and gestures and pawing the air. Here is a totally different, utterly restrained, yet strangely compelling, projecting a character you will not forget. Louis Hayward, Isabel Elsom, Edith Barrett, Elsa Lanchester fine.
to the

BEST CURRENT PICTURES

Delight Evans

“HONKY TONK”

ONE-WORD GUIDE:
LUSTY

APPEAL: Well, if you can resist going to see Clark Gable and Lana Turner in their first film together, then you had better confine your cinema pursuits to Baby Sandy.

PLOT: Imagine Gable more "rugged" than ever in the role of a red-blooded gambler man who operates his card-sharpening and assorted "confidence" tricks on the suckers in the lawless towns of early Nevada—and then encounters Lana Turner playing the part of a Boston belle not too naive to know how to tame the wild man of the West, although it takes even Lana a little time, fortunately for entertainment values.

PRODUCTION: Rootin'-tootin' shootin' — all in the best Jack Conway directorial tradition, which means hard-hitting and fast-moving from start to finish. It's the fightin'-est film of the month, and if Junior isn't tied to the bedpost he will assuredly find his way eventually to the nearest theater advertising "Honky Tonk," for it offers all the inducements of favorite Westerns with certain added attractions. So, family folks, better watch Junior.

ACTING: Gable is—Gable, that's all, but it seemed to this ardent fan that he worked a little too hard at this time. Same; same, Clark—you don't have to sell us on your personality—we just know you have it, so take it easy, big boy. Lana Turner is not only improving in looks with every new picture but her acting is also improving—this sweetheart of the campus becomes better and more beautiful every time she appears in a film. Oscar or two, Claire Trevor is colorful as the inevitable "dance-hall gal" in love with Gable.

M.G.M

“IT STARTED WITH EVE”

ONE-WORD GUIDE:
DELIGHTFUL

APPEAL: You wouldn't want to miss the very best Deanna Durbin picture yet, would you? Or Charles Laughton's comeback in one of the best performances of the year? Better not!

PLOT: Originally, "Almost An Angel," fictionalized in our October issue, this is the complete and polished version of a truly enchanting story—don't blame us if our fictionalization missed some of the high-spots due to press dates; just enjoy the embellishments of inspired writers and brilliant director whose additional scenes and bright dialogue turned a good little comedy into one of the real treats of the season.

PRODUCTION: Hitting a new high last production of Joe Pasternak, this discovery and mentor, for his child-wonder is also her best. Senta brings a lump to this old fan's throat, to think that hereafter the precious Durbin career will be in another producer's hands. But after "It Started With Eve" Deanna should have no career worries; even if she loses her voice, she would still be a great star for sheer charm, sure technique, pure enchantment. That voice, of course, is lovelier than ever.

ACTING: Deanna will amaze you, touch you, thrill you with her vibrant youth and beauty; and when she sings "Goin' Home" through her tears you will dissolve in yours. The miracle has happened—Deanna has grown up gracefully. If you've been reconciled to Charles Laughton's screen absence you'll change your mind when you see him as a crookb, lovable old cadger here—cheating and scheming to bring his son and Deanna together. Robert Cummings as the son is terrific.

Universal

“BIRTH OF THE BLUES”

ONE-WORD GUIDE:
FUN

APPEAL: For Bing Crosby fans who've been hoping to catch the Crooner in something new and different—but still with Mary Martin as his easy-on-eyes-and-ears heroine.

PLOT: It's the fictional story of lower Basin Street, where the "Blues" which brought America out of the musical doldrums were born back in 1900 or so—aided by a lad who gets a band together, discovers the 'only white man who can play a hot cornet,' introduces a girl singer for the first time, and gains recognition for what was known as "bighe music" but finally became America's own native noise.

PRODUCTION: Victor Schertzinger, who knows his music, both sweet and swing, has directed with loving care, and if the interest ever flags for you, I'd blame not Mr. S., but his creaky scenario. The rivalry of Crosby and Brian Donlevy for fair Mary is old movie formula and staged as such; but the memorable scenes are those in which the great "Rochester" Anderson and his gifted feet explain to Miss Martin what makes those "Blues" different from other music.

ACTING: I mean singing—and you get some grand songs, such as St. Louis Blues sung by Ruby Etty, and My Melancholy Baby which Bing sings as it has never been sung before. Miss Martin, besides being most decorative, warbles as warmly as usual; Corlynn Lee has a few cute moments; Brian Donlevy does what he can in the role of a hot cornet player—shades of "The Great McGinty." But jitterbugs may not agree that this picture really represents the birth of their beloved "Blues."
All Hands to the Fore

I think it is fine to walk into a pretty salon, to put your hands on a soft cushion and order just what you want in the way of finger beautification—and get it. I also think every girl should know how to do a good manicure for herself. Then there is seldom an excuse for grubby nails. You can learn every trick of the trade by watching your manicurist, and a little care and patience will enable you to do a good job for yourself. Some points to remember are: a fine, well-made file when there is much shaping to be done, which should be used in light, quick strokes upward to the center from each side; emery boards should be used for minor shaping and for smoothing the nails. Never shape down too closely at the sides. Most women do this, and the result is roughened skin or hangnails and not nearly so good a shape. To see a nail set inside the finger is anything but attractive, and this close side filing produces this effect. Also, it makes nails more prone to breaking, splitting and raggedness.

The essentials for a home manicure are a good file, emery boards, orangewood stick, cotton, cuticle remover, cuticle cream or oil, polish remover and polish. If you are smart, you will start at once to use a polish base. You have no idea how much more beautiful your polish will look, how much longer it will last, if you apply one of the clear bases first. Let it dry a few minutes, then apply polish. I have tested many bases thoroughly. With no base, I expect a week of good wear from a manicure; with a base, I find the same manicure will last ten days in perfect condition, though the nails have grown a little. Many of the bases may be used again over the polish after it

More romance, more engagements, more marriages than in two decades. More work to be done by everybody. And all hands in the spotlight. You can make and keep them attractive!

By
Courtenay Marvin

I has been a long time since your two little hands were as important as they are now. They are more important than ever in a strictly pretty way. This Unlimited Emergency has brought romance to the fore, and hands play their special rôle in this game. Many engagements will be precipitated by the times, and resulting marriages. Are your hands lovely enough for that first precious and sentimental diamond engagement ring? And how will they look with that platinum or golden band? And even if romance hasn’t yet hit home, do your hands invite it? It is a very good time for strictly pretty reasons to give your hands a thorough survey. Decide what you like about them and what you don’t. And what you don’t like, proceed to correct at once. For you can correct skin condition and nail condition, and you can even do much with shape by exercise and learning to use your hands gracefully.

Hands are more important, too, in a strictly practical way. Think of what they will do in the next year, aside from the usual routine things of the day. They will learn to drive, to handle intricate machinery, to bandage—to do a dozen and one things beyond the day’s usual work, according to the defense and training courses planned. To keep hands efficient—quick and sure—they must have good care. The working hand actually needs it more than the playing hand.

Joan Bennett contributes some facts on her nails, because she has beautiful nails. Joan is fortunate in having naturally strong nails, but there is a paragraph for the girls who don’t later on in this story. Though she wears her nails fairly long, they are not pointed but gently rounded. This shape is attractive, gives the fingers more graceful shape and length and adds strength for resisting breakage to the nail. Joan has a manicure once a week, which is about right for all, and cuticle is never cut but pushed back gently with a cotton-swabbed orangewood stick dipped into cuticle remover or oil, according to need. Joan covers the entire nail from cuticle to tip and uses two coats of polish.

A star’s hands are always in the spotlight. Above, Joan Bennett before the mirror dressing table in her Holmby Hills home, massaging with hand cream. She uses a motion from fingertips to wrist, as if fitting on gloves. She is wearing a beautiful diamond ring and wrist watch, and gown of pink and white marquisette with blue ribbons. Below, Joan is autographing fan pictures and wearing another of her collection of exquisite diamond rings.
Yours for Loveliness

A wave of redecorating spreads to beauty — beauty designed to redecorate you

A PRIZE-WINNING face powder, to my way of thinking —
Lady Esther’s — recently appeared in a kind of prize-size box. It’s between the small and the large; it costs 25c, is big enough to permit a generous swoosh of your puff, but not too big to carry with you or to clutter up a drawer. It’s perfect for the business desk hide-away, and comes in the sweet fan box in pastels. And the powder is tops!

TOUSHAY LOTION is newer than new! Not only is it just making its bow to the public, but here is a lotion that upsets lotion traditions. You apply it before you put your hands in water, do not delay, and do not slide it off. Pick the rose bushes to bed for the Winter or other miscellany in feminine chores. It does not seem to wash off the skin, except with real scrubbing, so you can imagine the true protection and soothing it offers. It has a delicate, pleasing scent, is a warm skin tone, and attractively bottled. It makes a splendid body rub; will soften knees, ankles, elbows. It is really something.

POND’S presents three fine products in the new Dreamflower packages, powder, fresher and Danya hand lotion. The powder is brand new in texture and tone, and is soft, smoother and more clinging. The other two products, however, are not changed. In powder, there is a little box, a middle-size and a big one, and the six tones are all designed to give more warmth to skin and are simply named so that you may easily recognize them. The fresher should follow the use of cold cream to give that final and complete sparkingly clean feeling. And Danya is an excellent softening lotion.

A BATH of bubbles for body beauty! Troubles and bubbles are good companions, for there is nothing like a nice, warm tub blanketed with snowy bubbles to wash away the blues and make you feel like a million again. Bath of Bubbles by Dyer-Kiss is a wonderful bromide for the worries of the day, and a real beautifier of body skin. The elegant combination of bubbles, rich with the sweet, persuasive, unforgettable fragrance of Dyer-Kiss. It seems to me that this is a good thought for Christmas giving. Not every girl will get a little Nylon stocking full of bath bubbles!

LOVERS of that Early American Old Spice scent will be glad to know that a fine face powder is now available. The powder was designed expressly for “American character beauty,” is exceedingly light and transparent in texture and comes in five flattering tones. Pictured, is the large, deluxe package, looking like a quaint, old-fashioned chest, with the traditional little Early American lady. The powder is redolent of that pervasive Old Spice fragrance, and the box will add to the décor of any Early American dressing-table. It is something, too, for the hard-to-please.

AND more new packages from Coty! From time to time, Coty has redone completely its various scent ensembles. Now it is L’Origan’s turn. We have sketched the dusting powder and the “informal fragrance” (toilet water), just to give you an idea. The colors are ivory, flame and rosy gold with gold butterflies and lacy leaves. Truly beautiful, and complimenting the fine products and precious L’Origan scent within. There are eight glamour aids in this “family,” and they’ve been tempting me from practically all the beauty counters these last weeks. Advance gift tip! C. M.
REMEMBER the name of Ava Gardner. She's really a little beauty who is going places in pictures. Mickey Rooney thought enough of her to present her with a beautiful dinner ring. And when Mickey isn't busy with Juanna Starke (the beautiful redhead discovered waiting table in the Republic Studio commissary) Ava keeps his time occupied. Yes, that Rooney boy can sure pick 'em.

ON COOK's night out in Hollywood the stars usually dine together at Dave Chasen's, the Cock 'n Bull, or the Brown Derby. After dinner one night, the Ray Millands, the Fred MacMurrays, the Henry Fonda's and the Robert Taylors decided to take in the Palladium. Seated at a horseshoe-shaped table in the famous dance hall, they were immediately surrounded by hundreds of curious spectators. Dozens of cameramen with flashing bulbs appeared out of nowhere. Finally, when they had been stared at and photographed for over an hour, Fred MacMurray (who had been to the circus the night before) cracked: "Now I know how Gargantua feels! Only Gargantua can be down and scratch his back!"

WHEN Mary Martin read in the paper that Veronica Lake had given birth to a baby girl, Mary cried for days. Finally her husband, Dick Halliday, found out why, "I just know history won't repeat itself," wailed Mary, who wants a girl so badly. By the time you are reading this, Mary will know if her tears were in vain.

WHEN it comes to acquiring glamor, Judy Garland believes in going whole hog. Not only has she added years to her appearance by dressing more sophisticated, she's also taken off so much weight the studios are getting uneasy. Judy's too valuable and too busy to afford the luxury of a nice nervous breakdown. So the orders are cut for her to add a few pounds of meat to those famous bones.

MARGARET SULLAVAN came mighty close to not being with us. Recently the star and her husband, Leland Hayward, started driving to Oregon. They already have a home in Albuquerque, New Mexico, because Leland's airport is there. They're building a home in Phoenix. They were on their way to Oregon to pick out a farm, when their car turned over three times. Being a charming lady with a charmed life, Maggie came out without a scratch. But her teeth chattered for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Tarzan are together again—meaning Maureen O'Sullivan is back playing opposite Johnny Weissmuller in the newest jungle adventure film, "Tarzan's Secret Treasure," upper left. The "call to arms" doesn't always mean there's going to be a war—and certainly not when it concerns the two lovers in this scene from "You Belong To Me," Columbia's new laugh film which has as its co-stars Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda, left.

CESAR ROMERO was sitting out on his patio one afternoon just taking things easy. He hadn't shaved or even bothered to put on sox. His servant announced that George Montgomery was outside and wanted to come in. Cesar said to bring him in by all means—glad that George felt friendly enough to drop by informally. So in walked George, bringing with him—Greer Garson! Cesar had never met her before. He was so embarrassed at his appearance, he couldn't think of anything to say. Greer didn't have much to say and George said even less. Cesar is still wondering what impression he made on La Garson. He thought she was very, very nice.

INSIDE TIP: Gary Cooper will play Robert Jordan when they get around to filming Ernest Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls." They're trying to make the search for Jordan as important as that one for Scarlett O'Hara. Those in the know say it's all in the bag for Gary.
By Weston East

WOOD

Oh, girls, we want you to meet John Kimbrough, right. Now don’t rush him—take your time, because he’s going to be around for a long time—he’s that handsome, Johnny’s the former All-American fullback from Texas who’s appearing in his first film, "Lone Star Ranger," 20th Century-Fox.

Below, the close-up shot of John Kimbrough, who is the Lone Star Ranger in the movie of that name, shows him in one of the film’s more tender moments with that bunch of loveliness, Sheila Ryan, his leading lady. We don’t begrudge Sheila the opportunity of being able to snuggle up to those manly features, but some girls do get the breaks.

DO YOU know that Abbott and Costello never read a script? They walk on the set cold every day and allow Arthur Lubin to explain the scene. Then they whip into it and give their own interpretation. They refer to Lubin as their "dramatic director." They are so fond of him they presented him with a full set of luggage. They also made him open it on the set in front of dozens of extras. Dainty lace panties, brassieres, and a few unmentionable things fell out into full view. While the crowd roared, Lubin turned the color of a Japanese sunset.

WHEN they were searching for the right girl to play Cassie in "Kings Row," K. T. Stephens, Sam Wood’s daughter, begged her director-father to let her try out for the part. Sam, being afraid someone would think he was showing partiality, refused to even consider it. Then Hal Wallis came to Sam and said he thought his daughter was perfect for the part. Joyfully Sam got Hedy Lamarr, 20th Century-Fox’s contract star, and the phone to tell her the good news. "Sorry, Dad," she explained not too sorrowfully, "I'd love to do the part for you, but I've just signed to do the new Kaufman-Hart play on Broadway!" That's why Betty Fields is playing the part of Cassie.

IT COULD only happen in the movies. Last time Joan Leslie was in New York, she lived in a tent. The Brodell family traveled by automobile from town to town, camping along the way. Recently Joan returned to the big city. This time, instead of looking for vaudeville engagements, she was hailed as a visiting star. Besides a suite in the Ritz Tower, there were three evening gowns, five dinner dresses, ten street and afternoon dresses, twelve pairs of shoes with matching accessories for all. In the brief space of five years—all this and Hollywood, too!

HOW would you like to have Hedy Lamarr drop around every month to collect the rent? It practically amounts to that, for Franchot Tone has rented the Benedict Canyon home where Hedy and Gene Markey spent their honeymoon. Hedy got out because the memories haunted her. She took everything but the rugs and draperies. Franchot, who took an option with an eye to buying, also has to get all new furniture. Inconceivable as it seems, could it be that he is taking youngster Jean Wallace seriously? Coo-eeul!
M-G-M HAS a new director. He's worth his weight in gold and yet he doesn't get a penny for his services. His name is—jack Benny! For years Jack has been looking forward to the day when he can direct and forget all about trying to be funny. So-o-o, when Mervyn LeRoy started "Johnny Eager," with Bob Taylor and Lana Turner, he allowed Jack to come on the set early each morning and set up the first shot. Jack was delighted. The first day Mervyn had arranged for a chair that read on the back, "Jack Benny, Director." There were scripts in every language but English. Attached to the chair was a telephone. On it was pinned a note that read: "Use this in case you get stuck and want to call Rochester!"

JOAN CRAWFORD went to see Edel Barrymore's play, "The Corn Is Green." While the Barrymore histrionics left Joan drenched in her own tears, it was another member of the cast who excited her interest. According to Joan, young Richard Waring gives a performance that is the outstanding thing in the theater this season. Joan phoned to the coast and told the executives about it, too. This should make Waring feel very good. For several years he hung around Hollywood and the producers wouldn't give him a tumble. It won't be "long now!"

Note the difference in "post office" technique used by these popular movie teams. Reading from the right: Olivia de Havilland closes her eyes when she goes into a "huddle" with Errol Flynn in "They Died with Their Boots On"; Elizabeth Berger pats Randolph Scott's cheek before their lips meet in "Paris Calling." Now go on with this "kissing game" on facing page.

THE most devoted young man in Hollywood is designer Bernie Newman. The lady deserving of his special attentions is none other than Kay Francis. Bernie tells everyone who will listen, how fond he is of Kay. By the way, the tall, dark, and willowy actress is returning to Warner Bros. Which proves that time heals all wounds, especially in Hollywood. When Kay held Warners to the terms of their contract, instead of making a settlement and bowing out—no one ever thought she'd appear under the Warner banner again. Hollywood is growing up.

REMEMBER "Her Cardboard Lover," with Marion Davies and Nils Asther? M-G-M is getting ready to remake it. George Cukor is supposed to direct and, if he does, the new version will be perfect for Hedy Lamarr and Robert Sterling. Cukor has already sent them the script.

WHAT a price Ona Munson is paying for her success! After her colorful Belle Wailing in "Gone With The Wind," Ona was kept busy but the parts were nothing to scream about. Then came the role of Mother Gin Sling in "The Shanghai Gesture." The day of starting Ona contracted an illness that necessitated her living in the hospital. She had to have special food and extra-special treatments. But every morning she got up and dragged herself to the studio. Her difficult makeup required three hours. It's a miracle she's alive.

Back in Hollywood after her Broadway musical success in "Panama Hattie," Phyllis Brooks is playing the role of the American girl who is stranded in Shanghai and taken to the house of Mother Gin Sling, played by Ona Munson. The scene below shows her with Victor Mature for whom a part was written into the script.
IN EVERY Hollywood nook and corner, they're discussing the rumored departure of Clark Gable. They say the reason Carole Lombard steadfastly refused to make pictures is to keep herself free to be with Clark whenever he isn't working. Clark and Carole say the report is absurd. Clark and Carole in the meantime, are away hunting big game in South Dakota.

DA LUPINO and Louis Hayward are making aOA put Ida on the East-bound train and left him by motor, his parting words were, "I'll be seeing you in the daily columns." Sure enough, the story broke the following morning. Ida had urgent business waiting in New York. Louis wanted to drive slowly and see the country. They're afraid they're very happy!

RASSEL KELTON, the wonder-boy of Culver City, has just bought a new home in Beverly Hills. He's so thrilled with the way his career is going, he couldn't wait for the furniture to arrive. Raps picked up a cheap bedroom set and moved in. Signs, with an arrow pointing, are posted along the hallway. They read: "Detour here for the bathroom!"

WHEREVER he likes it or not, and it seems he doesn't, Brian Donlevy is taking a beating on the "South of Tahiti" set at Universal. Andy Devine and Brod Crawford rib Brian and tell him the picture is Universal's answer to Dorothy Lamour. In this case Maria Montez is playing "Lamour"—sarong and all. Devine, Crawford and Donlevy do a little dance number themselves—in sarongs. Devine says he's really playing the part of Ray Milland. Crawford insists that he's really Lynn Overman. Poor Donlevy is beginning to wonder if he is himself. Or someone else.

ONE of the main reasons Stirling Hayden is leaving the movies may have been his own studio's fault. A story was printed far and wide that Stirling and Madeleine Carroll, while sailing on the "Kaufman," got caught in a cross current and were lost for hours and hours. This, while making a picture around the Bahamas. They say Stirling was furious. Having been a captain eight years, he resented this aspersion cast on his nautical capabilities. It's also said that sailors from every port wrote belittling letters to Stirling. Anyway—Hollywood's loss is Neptune's gain!

PARIS Calling." Elizabeth Bergner's first American-made picture, is now back in production again. During the recent Senate investigation of Hollywood's part in making propaganda pictures (if any) the Bergner picture was temporarily halted by Universal. Now it's back on schedule. Again Bergner, who is almost as shy as Garbo and almost painfully modest about herself, is nowcooking like a dove again. On again, off again. I'll never smile again Bergner, they called her!
Society Crashes Hollywood!

Continued from page 21

agers was dizzily fluttering and fuming. The public, however, was reading in the newspapers and magazines how agash, agog, stunned and tretted—not to mention how completely stupified with exultation—Society wasouser Mrs. Anna Nissen, of the Brooklyn and Hollywood Nissens, bought at auction the white marble villa of the late social leader, Mrs. Herbert Hutton, and moved it for her daughter, Gertrude, top notch singer of radio, screen, and night club fame. Ever since the sale Newport's social leaders—those clever little group of called the “400”—has sighted and moaned and carried on something dreadful. “A torch singer in Tessie’s home,” they shudder. Is nothing sacred?”

All this calls for a good hearty belly laugh. The very idea of Society objecting to Hollywood! Well, poohoo. Taxed Park could take a lesson from Hyde Park. And as for Newport, shame on them. In the first place, they make no noise about it in the second place, if there's any objecting to be done it's Hollywood who's entitled to do it. Because, Society has been crushing, stepping on past few years our feet in driblets, but in droves. We used to smell only of greasepaint. Now we smell of the stables.

Then we're a movie folk, leading our own peaceful lives in our own quaint ways, on the sunny shores of the Pacific, thousands of miles away from the coldly aloof city of Newport, New York, but with the very nice time of it, when suddenly, almost overnight, we found ourselves up to our necks in blue bloods. They had taken over our racetracks, our golf clubs, our night clubs, and our best china—and, we suspected, were well on their way to taking over our jobs. As fine a bit of crushing as we have ever seen. Were we astigas, agog, stunned and tretted? I should say not. Did we shrug them as “outsiders”? Why not? “Joan of John Hay Whitney in Miriam Hopkins' early American living room! Isn't it too dreadful?” We did not. We may not have been taken, but we have been stunned. Our eyes and our ears, too. And some of our friends in Hollywood thought ("Sonny") Whitney. Both cousins went to Groton and Yale, both inherited $20,000,000, and have active and financially prominent name in the country—a name that dates back to way before the American Revolution. Since his divorce a year ago from Mary Elizabeth Altemus ("Liz") Whitney, Jock has done most of his night clubbing in Hollywood with Norma Shearer and Olivia de Havilland and with Diana Barrymore Selznick being his best friends on the West Coast. Accompanied by his most cordial and attractive sister, Joan Whitney Payson (21), Mrs. Jock Whitney has attended the Anita racing season every winter, takes over Miriam Hopkins' hill-top house, and, as you can well imagine, becomes one of the most eligible girl of Hollywood. At their very de luxe parties you are likely to find anyone. Joan Whitney Payson, born with a longnette in her hand, has probably never used it.

Sonny Whitney, recently divorced from Gwladys Crosby Hopkins (It was Gwladys who once found Mack Grey, George Raft's pal, sitting next to her at a dinner party, and wishing to be pleasant said, “What do you do, Mr. Grey?” to which Mack replied, “I'm happy, what about you?”) has not given any of the Glamor Girls a whirl yet—but give him time.

Liz Whitney finds Hollywood so much to her liking that she divides her time almost equally between Llangollen, her million dollar farm in Virginia, and her ranch in Santa Monica where she breeds shows how her husband once gushed (probably a reaction from fluffy Philadelphians society of her debutante days) and can actually be found in some of the most expensive restaurants and night clubs. Her escorts are usually Randolph Scott, Bruce Cabot, Tim Durant, Walter Brooks, 111, Chartwell (for whom she is said to be very much in love), handsome young Victor Mature. There is always a generous sprinkling of Vanderbilts in Hollywood. Alfred

Gwynne Vanderbilt, Jr. 28, and the country's best known young multimillionaire sportsman, is always in the social season at Santu in Arizona. Before his marriage to Manuela Hudson (she's now divorcing him, and to young Van- derbilt was seen everywhere with Mrs. Garet Lindsay. This year it was Virginia Field. Her sister, Mimi Baker, is married to Mervyn Lopes, and Mrs. Jock Whitney, Topping, millionaire sportsman, now married to Sonja Henie—and both his sister, Mimi, and his mother, Margaret Emerson (who was awarded her title of Countess by the natives with in town, and have a roaring good time of it. Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt, widow of the late Reggie Van- derbilt, and her two sisters, have this year established residence in Hollywood and show every sign of staying. The new couple, Eddie Love and Producer Gene Towne seem to be sitting escorts around the night spots. Out to visit her mother this summer came seventeen-year-old Gloria Vanderbilt, and sporting the highest pompadour West of the Rockies she quickly became the pet of the gossip columnists, Cobina Wright, Jr., and today George Montgomery, who gave her quite a rush, until Gloria decided that young-man-about-town Pat de Cicco was the most fascinating guy she she enjoyed in her seventeen years. When asked if she was going to marry Mr. Pat, said, "How can you marry an heiress? It's all I can do to support this thing!"

It was whispered that Gloria's aunt, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, who opposed Gloria Vanderbilt Seelos' custody the child in a sensitive court action several years ago, is none too pleased.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor (the former Du Pont) and his wife have spent several times a year to visit Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks. She and Mary Lee Fairbanks have been chums ever since Mary Lee was well known as the most prominent Huntington Hartford of the chain store millionaires. Another prominent summer guest of the Fairbankses has been Genevieve Muir, multimillionaire Philadel- phia socialite, whose first wife was Pauline Wannamaker of the Philadelphia fam- ily, and now is a private secretary to the summer, Princess Hohenlohe (she's another Vanderbilt) decided that Hollywood has something. It certainly has. Among others is the Vanderbilt-Mellons than it can shake a stick at.

Last winter the very social Mrs. Harri- son Williams, famous for being the best directed publicity agent in Hollywood, was guest of Lady Mendel, and later the guest of Greta Garbo, no less, at La Quinta, a fashionable desert resort near Palm Springs. During Mrs. Williams' visits to Garbo that young woman bestirred herself enough to buy a John Frederics chapeau, and with Mrs. Williams on one side and Gaylord Hauser, Jr., and Adas on the other side, of her rare night club spree. The Marchioness of Queensberry, daughter of the fa- mous poet of pugilism, and Mrs. Metcalf, wife of the Marquess of Queensberry of the well-known boxing rules family, was the recent guest of Merle Oberon, in private.
New kind of Face Powder makes her Skin look Years Younger!

By Lady Esther

Once this lovely girl looked quite a bit older. Some people actually thought she was approaching middle age...

For she was the innocent victim of an unflattering shade of face powder! It was a cruel shade—treacherous and sly. Like a harsh light, it showed up every tiny line in her face—accented every little skin fault—even seemed to exaggerate the size of the pores, made them look bigger.

But look at her now! Can you guess her age? Is she 20–30–35?

She has found her lucky shade of face powder! She has found the shade that makes her look young and enchanting.

How old does your face powder say you are?

Are you quite sure the shade of powder you use doesn’t lie about your age—doesn’t say you’re getting a bit older?

Why take that chance! Why not find your lucky shade—the shade that makes you look your youngest and loveliest!

Send for the 9 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder and try them all, one after another. Let your mirror tell you which is the perfect shade for you!

Lady Esther Powder is made a new way. It’s blown by TWIN HURRICANES until it’s softer and smoother by far than any ordinary powder. That’s why it clings so long—and that’s why its shades and texture are so unusually flattering.

Try All 9 Shades FREE

Find your most flattering shade of Lady Esther Face Powder! Send for the 9 new shades and try them all. You’ll know your lucky shade—it makes your skin look younger and lovelier! Mail the coupon below now, before you forget.

Send Lady Esther Face Powder FREE and postpaid your 9 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four-Purpose Face Cream.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

(You can paste this into a penny postcard.)

 Lady Esther, 7162 West 66th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE and POSTPAID your 9 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four-Purpose Face Cream.
at a very smart New York party. Said Victor, all of a sudden speaking his mind, "You, do you think anybody would ever have heard of you if your fathers didn’t have a lot of money and family stuff? Miss Graham has been wigging her little fancy public since she was fourteen to support herself and four other people. She’s made more money already than all you people will make all your lives." It was then Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., invited Victor Mature to visit Hyde Park.

On her trip to and from Honolulu Doris Duke Cromwell always stops over in Hollywood to visit friends. "This is said that since his separation from Lili Damita, Errol Flynn has become very much interested in the tobacco heess, whose millions are supposed to have reached the 200 bracket. Brenda Frazier (she used to drop in every year for a night club whirl with Bruce Cabot and Pat de Grace) returning recently from a honeymoon in Hawaii with her husband Shipwreck Kelly, gave Hollywood the brush-off. Said former Glamor Girl Number One, as she dashed from boat to plane, ‘I’m through with night clubs.’

And of course I don’t have to tell you that the romance of actor Cary Grant and the socially and financially prominent Barbara Hutton, America’s Reve- low, who has decided to make her home in Hollywood, just might lead to the altar, any old time.

Why are all these people crowding in on Hollywood? Bringing with them their millions, and their culture, and their stables. Most of them come because they want to have fun, which after all is a very human and excellent reason. And actors, we might as well face it, are fun. With few exceptions—those who take themselves too seriously—they are a casual, gay, care-free bunch of likable people. But there are two, I know, who did not come to make merry. One is Cobina Wright, Jr., daughter of William May Wright and Cobina Wright, Sr. Although Cobina was born with at least a dozen silver spoons in her mouth (when she was a child she had her own special car, and a yacht, and Europe for a playground) after the famous crash of 1929 the entire family fortune was wiped out. Her mother, one of New York’s and Newport’s favorite hostesses, instead of caddying on her rich friends went to work. And so, a few years later, did her lovely daughter. The reason Cobina, Jr. came to Hollywood was to get a job. "I have to make a living," she says. "And more than anything else, I like acting." Cobina’s favorite young men in the picture colony seem to be Robert Stack, Stirling Haygood, and George Montgomery.

And the other is Lady Mendell, wife of Sir Charles, and famed European hostess whose villa in Versailles was for years the gathering place of the most brilliant Society the world has ever known—or ever will know. I asked Lady Mendell why she came to Hollywood—that upstart place on the Pacific Coast that a few years ago even Los Angeles would not accept socially—and what she said I think is worth repeating.

"I think," said Elsie Mendell, "that Hollywood has become a sort of dream country to everyone all over the world, to which they look forward to come . . . . where they can lie down without fear, and walk in safety; where they have enough to eat, and a divine climate. What more could they ask? No wonder, after all the long months of trial, fear, hunger . . . . they think of it as a city where illusions come true. I should think a great fortune in the years to come awaits this ideal spot.

"It is certainly an artistic and intellectual center now, and one can live here modestly. Its ever-changing population has made the life here extremely interesting, and now a great many people who have nothing to do with the cinema have come here to this paradise of peace, comfort and security . . . . and truly one meets over the year most of the interesting personalities of the world, . . . stars, producers, directors, writers, artists, etc. They could not have become the celebrities that they are if they did not each one have some great quality . . . . charm, talent, beauty, wit. Everyone must bring something to the board of life here or they would never be invited to sit at it . . . . All of which creates a very interesting society. They have made a society of their own unique in the world."

Yes, I like to think of Hollywood as sort of a paradise of peace, comfort and security. And I must say it’s rather nice to hear Lady Mendell’s answer to my question—in contrast to Author Somerset Maugham’s. When Maugham was asked, "Why did you come to Hollywood?" he answered, "Isn’t that where every one comes when he needs money?" Newport—we give you Mr. Maugham.

"And what, may I ask, was that?" Whiteside demanded as she floated up.
PROTECT YOUR NAILS
make them more beautiful
with DURA-GLOSS

What a lovely feeling it is—to spread out your ten fingers, newly-jeweled in lustrous Dura-Gloss, and admire their unequalled beauty! No, no other polish is quite as satisfying! For Dura-Gloss brings with it that peace of mind that comes from having the best manicure and the most beautiful fingernails in the world!

It's good to know he'll look at those fingers—take them in his hand. Good to know you'll be admired. No woman who wears Dura-Gloss ever went wanting for compliments, or for something to say herself! And so many millions have switched to Dura-Gloss that it's no wonder America has a real affection for this new and different nail polish formula!

Are your fingernails the most beautiful? Ask yourself this question, now—and examine Dura-Gloss closely, at any cosmetic counter. Not a dollar. Just a tiny dime!

WHY DURA-GLOSS EXCELS

To produce a polish that yields exceptional wear, that does not chip off readily, that dries hard with unparalleled brilliance, the Dura-Gloss formula contains a specially formulated resin almost identical to the world's most treasured resins which come from fossilized trees buried deep in the earth since prehistoric times. (Amber, from which precious jewelry is made, is one of these resins . . . cherished for its exceptional gem-like hardness and incomparable luster.) This is why Dura-Gloss puts a finish on your nails of such surpassing brilliance, luster and adhesion. See for yourself what a marvelous polish Dura-Gloss is . . . do it today!

DURA-GLOSS
FOR THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FINGERNAILS IN THE WORLD

3 NEW COLORS
Spicy D'URA-GLOSS Shades
RED PEPPER CINNAMON NUTMEG
Spice-Colored BEDFORD DRESSES to harmonize

Lorr Laboratories, Paterson, New Jersey
Founded by E. T. Reynolds

63
“Yes, you’re behaving like Tillie the Toiler,” said Maggie.

“It’s hard for me to believe, too,” Maggie said softly. “Here I am, a hard-bitten old cynic behaving like Winnie the Pooh and flocking to the souvenir skating rink again just for the ice skating! Oh, Sherry, don’t think I’m ungrateful to you. I’ve had ten years of the great figures of our time and I’ve loved every one of them. I probably have always had the fun we’ve had. But a girl can’t laugh all the time. There comes a time when she wants Bert Jefferson. I am, and he stopped as the car-splitting shriek of a patrol wagon siren sounded outside. “Ah, my luncheon guests have arrived,” he beamed. “I’ll run down this side to Home,” he explained as a very pale John ushered in the convicts accompanied by two armed guards. These convicts formed the Christmas Santa Club at the State Penitentiary. He turned to one of them. “You’re Miscellaneous, aren’t you? Did the drain pipe murder?” And that last fellow, Jefferson’s Haggerty, the hatchet head. Why not stay for lunch, Jefferson?” Without waiting for a reply he motioned the two to the dining room, as you gentlemen, we’re having chicken livers Tetrazzini and cherries jubilee for dessert. I hope every little tummy is a-fitter with good cheer, and every little soul is longing for an icy edge as he saw Mrs. Stanley standing transfixed on the stairs. “Close the doors, John. I don’t want a lot of people peeping.”

Then, spinning Bert’s help, he wheeled himself after his guests. There were two sounds. One that of the door closing, the other of the click of Mr. Stanley’s hair on the falling stairs.

The days went in a mad whirl and never a one that didn’t get the quota of nerve-work, hold what an octopus arriving from William Beebe and a grateful lot of paperbacks from Admiral Byrd. I think we didn’t get the most from the whole year for Whiteside, with the merry Yukitek approaching the season, he had tagged as his own, and with all arrangements made for his Christmas talk over the radio to be broadcast right from the Stanley’s Library, and Beverly Carlton wiring he would stop in Christmas Eve for a side trip. But as for Maggie, his bully-wark, the one person he really needed, had fallen in love.

“Don’t look at me with those great cow-eyes, you superfrighted,” he growled, as she came into the room dew-eyed. “Where have you been all night? Playing with your Bert?”

“Sherry!” Maggie’s voice was as glowing as her face. “I had the most wonderful evening. Skated for the first time in my life. They tell me I’m the first person in history to do a figure-eight sitting down. And Bert read me his play. It’s superb. It just cries out for Katharine Cornell. We improvised quite a quip, devoured terror.” She sat up in her chair. “Shall I read you it tonight?”

“No. I will not read it tonight or any other time,” Whiteside said as he hastily hung up the receiver. He had been so working it off vaguely. “You are a well man! You can get up and walk now. Yes, sir. I looked at your x-rays again tonight and do you know, I’m beginning to think you are the wrong ones. I had been looking at old Mrs. Moffatt’s x-rays. You are perfectly, absolutely well!”

White side now from bitter experience how a trapped animal feels. He couldn’t leave now that he had found a way to rid Maggie of Bert Jefferson. “Lower your voice, will you? He demanded irately. Then he smiled his most gracious smile, the one reserved for fifteen hundred dollar apprentices, and his voice came as cool as a button, as he had ever gushed over the radio. “Dr. Bradley, I have some good news for you, too. I have been reading your new book, and I am extremely close to being one of the great literary contributions of our time. But here and there it is a little uneven and I would like to tell my here in Mesalia and work with you on it. But there is just one difficulty.”

He frowned thoughtfully. “You see, if my lecture bureau and my radio sponsors were not so anxious for me to learn, I would insist on fulfilling my contracts and I would be forced to leave. Therefore we must not tell anyone, anyone at all, that I am well. You see.”

“No, I won’t,” the doctor gulped happily. “When can we start work? Tonight? I’ve just got out of that’s dying and then I’ll be perfectly free.”

Whiteside waved him away as the telephone rang. “This is a private call, will you forgive me? Hello, hello, is this my blossom girl?” His voice purred as he motioned the doctor to close the door behind him. “Lorraine, I have the most wonderful news for you. I have just finished reading the most wonderful book you have ever written. It is the most magnificent part for you. You’re on the stage every minute. The author is a young newspaperman in this town. Of course, he wants Kansas City. You know what I mean?”

“Hello?” Lorraine’s voice came ecstatically. “Good-looking, too! I can hardly wait. I’ll take the first train tomorrow morning.”

Sheridan Whiteside was happy again. He could give all his thoughts to Christmas and his broadcast and the gigantic tree in the lobby. With the one Christmas Eve tip. It was Christmas Eve, and all was right with his world.

Even Harriet, floating down with her belly-band, part of the white cloth which to told was her picture as a girl and which she begged him not to open until the steak of midnight, was rewarded with a special smile. His heart was overflowing with peace and good-will. Sarah and John, who had been inoculated with his charm from the beginning, were more beautiful, more grateful for their appreciation the good-will in his heart to include Richard and June, and not content with that rushed further and further to the fore that named Sandy, one of Mr. Stanley’s employees and June’s adored.

It was wonderful, everything was wonderful, Richard and Sandy were the most interested in his interest in them and wondered how they had ever thought Sheridan Whiteside anything short of an angel as he hustled over Chrysanthemum Square. He was as good as anything as Margaret Bourke-White had ever done and that if the boy took his advice, he would be off to Spain, anywhere, anywhere, or nowhere at all and just make millions of pictures. And as for June and Sandy, they couldn’t believe they hadn’t brought their troubles to the right place when they took them to Sheridan Whiteside, mender of broken hearts.

What if Sally were a radical and had become a Senator or maybe a factory owner and had he forbidden the boy the house, she was in love with, wasn’t she, and he was leaving that night for Chile or Argentina. He couldn’t believe it. “My dears,” Whiteside told them gently, “there’s no problem at all. Suppose your parents are unhappy, it’s good for them. Dutch is going to marry Emily. Look at me, I left home at the age of four and hadn’t seen back since. They hear me on the radio and that’s enough for them.”

Their gratitude fell mainly on his ears and he was smiling when Lorraine came in.

“Oh, darling!” she choked. “Look at that poor, sweet, tortured face. Sherry, my sweet, I want to cry.”

“You’re a very nice entrance. Dutch phones tonight and I’ll relax. Take off that skunk, darling, and tell me everything.”

Everything consisted mostly of news about Lord Cedric Bottomley. “Has he had his teeth fixed yet?” Whiteside asked. “Every time I order Roquefort cheese I think of him. Really?” Lorraine drew herself up proudly. “If I can marry Cedric, don’t know why I shouldn’t. I think from time to time something he said might swing around to it. It wasn’t definite, mind you, but don’t be surprised if I look Bottomley before long.”

The Bottomley’s fifty million dollars and all those country houses! Whiteside looked at her with real admiration. “Won’t Kansas City be surprised?” Come
STEALING
THE SHOW—

ALL smokers sometimes inhale. And when you do, there's increased chance of irritation. But now... look at the findings of eminent doctors— who compared the five leading cigarettes:

IRRITATION FROM THE SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER CIGARETTES AVERAGED MORE THAN THREE TIMES THAT OF THE STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS

AND, WHAT'S MORE, SUCH IRRITATION LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG!

Even when you inhale, you can have this proved protection added to smoking pleasure... if you smoke PHILIP MORRIS. No wonder they're "stealing the show!"

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS
FINER PLEASURE PLUS REAL PROTECTION—AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

steadily as the library door closed behind Whiteside. "I'm in great trouble. I've fallen in love and Sherry is trying to break it up in his own fiendish way. He's brought Lorraine here to smash it. You know Lorraine, she'll eat him up alive. You've got to help me, Beryl. Here's what I thought you could do."

"Don't tell me!" Beryl exulted. "I know just what to do and I'll love it. It's simply enchanting and it crosses up Sherry and Lorraine at the same time, Mercy!" He looked at his watch. "Let me out of here. Goodbye, my lovely, I adore you."

Maggie grinned as she went to the telephone and called Lorraine's suite at the hotel and asked for Bert. Her heart turned to water as she heard his voice, but she managed to keep her voice steady as she told him that if he wanted to interview Beverly Carlson he'd have to leave for the station immediately. Everything was running on schedule, even Lorraine's reappearance. It came practically on the minute Maggie had anticipated.

"That's quite a gown." She looked pointedly at the voluptuous dress Lorraine had changed into, all for Bert's benefit. Maggie reflected bitterly, "Going anywhere?"

"This is Lorraine being elaborately casual. "Oh, I just threw on anything at all. Who does your hair, Maggie darling?"

"A little French woman named Maggie Cutler comes in every morning," Maggie parred warily.

"You know," Lorraine went on undaunted, "every time I see you I keep thinking your hair could be so lovely. I always want to get my hands on it."

"I've always wanted to get mine on yours, too," Maggie smiled. It had started out as a polite statement, that smile, but it changed to anticipation as the phone rang and she recognized Beryl's voice doing its imitation of Lord Cedric. "It's for you."

S C R E E N L A N D

65
She handed the receiver to Lorraine. "Long distance from South Carolina!" the radio operator brightened. "Cordie!" she said breathlessly. "How did you know I was here? Darling, don't talk so fast! I want you to get used to that better. Oh, darling! Yes! A thousand times yes! Oh, my darling sweet, you've made me the happiest girl in the world." Cordie cried softly. "Sherry, you had me on the phone. Cordie just called from South Carolina! He wants me to marry him! Maggie dear, can I get a plane out of here right away?"

"I've a timetable right here." Maggie was all efficiency as she followed her to the library. "Oh, this is wonderful. We're in luck. There's a plane that leaves Cleveland at ten-thirty. Why, it all works out wonderfully, doesn't it, Sherry?"

"Just your usual silver-tongued trick!" Whitinside gloomed as Bert came into the room.

"Hello, everybody," he called cheerily. "It's snowing out. Going to have a real, old-fashioned snowstorm, I'm suddenly for the tip about Beverly Carlton. I got a one-minute interview and I was lucky to get it because he was in a telephone booth most of the time, but the more he was making it look like a scene from one of his plays."

"Bert!" Maggie interrupted franctically. But it was too late.

"Philo Vance is now at work," Whitinside smirked as he reached for the phone. He looked triumphantly at Maggie, as he asked the operator if a long distance call from South Carolina had just come through. "I thought not."

He hung up and turned to Lorraine. "My dear, you have just played the greatest love scene of your career with your old friend Beverly Carlton. That was Beverly you poured out your heart to, Steady, my blossom, take it easy."

"Take it easy!" Lorraine stormed. "Do you realize I'll be the laughing stock of New York when he gets through telling it? I always knew he was low, but not this low. There must be a reason for him playing this silly trick." She stopped suddenly as she saw Maggie looking at Bert. There was no mistaking that look, and Lorraine's voice hardened. "Oh, now I see! Wild horses couldn't get me out of here now, Maggie. Mr. Jefferson, will you read your play to me tonight? We'll go back to the hotel right away."

"I should say so! Bert returned unsuspecting. "Maggie, I'll bet you this. You arranged the whole thing, and it's the finest Christmas present you could have given me." Maggie gave him an anguished look. Then she ran into the hall and picking up her coat flung herself out of the house. And hardly had she do, as closed behind her than Mrs. Stanley's anguished scream rang through the house and she her husband appeared wildly on the stairs. "Quiet! Quiet! The plane ran into the hall. "We go on the air in thirty seconds!"

"Mr. Whiteside," Stanley roared, waving a couple of telegrams. My son has run off on a freighter and my daughter is marrying an anarchist! And they say you told them to do it!

"Quiet! Quiet!" the man boomed. "Get the heck out of here! We're going on the air!" And from their place on the stairs the Stanleys saw Sheridan Whiteside leaning gracefully away from the telephone. "This is Whiteside speaking." His voice came husked and tender. "On this eve of eyes, when my own heart is overflowing with peace and kindness, I think it is most fitting to tell once again the story of that still and lustrous night when first the star fell. She must have been a wonderful sky." And so once more the famous Whiteside voice ushered Christmas into a million homes.

Christmas day dawned bleakly. It was a white Christmas but nobody cared. Mrs. Stanely was weeping in her room and Mr. Stanley had flown to Chicago and Maggie was leaving town on the next train. Whiteside had never realized before how much he depended on her. He'd have to do something to make Maggie stay long enough to break in a new secretary. He hadn't even been able to eat breakfast. His hand had opened his presents, he hadn't really looked at them and they lay strewn about his chair. All except the mummy the Kindest of Lipt had sent him, which leered at him from its case. Even when Banjo was ushered in, Whiteside couldn't draw a graft of comfort out of the surprise visit.

"Now, wait a minute," Banjo protested, after Whiteside had poured out his troubles to him. "All we have to do is get rich quick!" He opened his typewriter and Banjo, clutching his daughter's arm, appeared on the threshold with two burly policemen standing guard behind him, "I am licensed to write your play, and Banjo wondered, "that my son is been apprehended at Toledo and that my daughter is not, nor ever will be married to that anarchist you so kindly picked for her. Young gentlemen have a warrant by which I am enabled to put you out of this house in fifteen minutes. I am now going upstairs to smash our radio so that not even accidentally will I ever hear your voice again."

Whiteside stared after him with stricken eyes and he shuddered as Lorraine came in and settled herself on the arm of his chair. "Darling," she babbled. "You're not very Christmasy, Oh!" she saw the mummy case. "How beautiful! Just look at this woman, a woman like yourself, whose life is lived and loved, and hates, fears, jealousies, hates! And what remains of her now? Just this and nothing more!" She walked over to the mummy case and stepped into it, her arms folded mummy fashion. "A span of four thousand years, a mere atom in the eternity of time, and I am here! I am another woman living her life."

She closed her eyes and sighed sublimely, and then suddenly the immobilized Whiteside saw the woman. The message signalled to the other, and before Lorraine could even cry out, Banjo sprang toward her and locked her up. "I'll let her out as soon as we get on the plane," he grinned. Then suddenly his face froze. "But how will we get it out of here?"

"There was a problem of moving over it when Maggie walked coldly into the room. "Here's the copy of your New Year's Eve broadcast," she said with coldly," and I couldn't get over to Atlanta but she'd left for Washington. This room looks like a parrot's cage. She started picking up the debris and out Whiteside's mouth could not ring this!"

"No, throw everything away," Whiteside ordered. Then he caught a glimpse of the picture and reached for it. He stared
at it, and then his laugh came triumphantly as Stanley stood grimly in the doorway.

"I would like you to summon those two officers and ask them to help this gentleman down to the airport with this lunacy case," Whiteside ordered grandly.

"I shall do nothing of the sort!" Stanley spat.

"Oh, I think you will, Mr. Stanley," Whiteside held out the picture. "I knew I had seen your sister before. And I was right. Do you want me to inform my radio audience on my next broadcast that she is none other than the famous Harriet Sedley who murdered her mother and father with an axe twenty-five years ago in Gloucester?"

"Mr. Whiteside, you are a devil!" Stanley bawled. But he called to the policemen and asked their help. And it was only when the funeral procession had left the house with the grinning Banjo at their head that Maggie realized what it was all about.

"Sherry," she asked, "was that—?"

"It was indeed," Whiteside assured her.

"The field is now clear, and you have my blessing, rat girl!"

"Sherry, you old republate!" she whispered happily. Then she heard Bert call her name and ran to meet him.

"Maggie." He came toward her formally. "I don't want to go to Lake Placid with Miss Sheldon. I don't even want her in my play."

"You don't have to worry about her," Maggie assured him. "She's gone, and Sherry is taking your play to Katharine Cornell."

"Why, that's wonderful!" Bert exclaimed. "I'm standing on the threshold of a new life. Maggie, will you stand there with me?"

"Bert, are you making a pass at me?" she demanded. "Is this a proposal of marriage?" His kiss answered her question. But Maggie had no sooner given herself up to the rapture of it when a horrible bedlam rose from the living room and as she ran to the door, she saw that Whiteside's luggage had been brought in, and mixed with the din came the sob of Mrs. Stanley as she looked at Sarah and John dressed for departure. "But my cook and my butler!" she wailed. "They've been with me for years."

"I am commuting their sentence," Whiteside announced grandly. He turned to Bert and held out his hand. "Goodbye, Mr. Jefferson, you'll never know the trouble you've caused." Then with a lوردly gesture he rose from the wheel chair and walked to the door.

"You—you're walking," Mr. Stanley gasped.

"So I am," Whiteside agreed nonchalantly. "Goodbye, Mr. Stanley. I would like to hear in the near future that your daughter has married her young man and that your son has been permitted to follow his own bent. Or else!"

The outer door closed on his warning and the Stanleys looked at each other appalled. Then the phone rang again.

"Hello," Mrs. Stanley wavered. "Oh, Mr. Roosevelt! I want you to know that my husband didn't vote for your husband but I did and I'd love to vote for him again some time. Just a minute." She ran to the door and flung it open. "Oh, Mr. Whiteside," she called, "Mrs. Roosevelt's on the phone!"

"Eleanor?" Whiteside turned eagerly. And then it happened. He slipped and fell to the ice.

The nightmare was beginning all over again. As they carried the great man back into the Stanley home, Mr. Stanley threw up his hands in despair, and Mrs. Stanley fainted dead away as Whiteside roared: "Dr. Bradley, where are you, Doctor? Mr. Stanley, I am suing you for three hundred and fifty thousand dollars!"

"My husband's kisses were cold as ice"

HOW A WIFE OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT THREATENED HER MARRIAGE

1. I never dreamed I would ever play the role of a neglected wife. We were so madly in love, at first—then, little by little, Jack's arrow waned until it seemed as though he actually disliked to be near me. I was utterly miserable.

2. I hid my unhappiness from everyone. Until one day at luncheon with Jane, my closest chum I broke down and told her everything. She said, "Darling, don't be offended, but perhaps it's your fault. There's nothing that chills a husband's love more than carelessness about feminine hygiene.

3. "Early in my marriage," she said, "a woman doctor set me straight forever about this one neglect. I've followed her advice ever since and used Lysol disinfectant for intimate personal care. Because Lysol cleanses, deodorizes... and a single douche kills millions of germs, without harm to sensitive tissues."

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CORROSIVE, gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is not carbonate acid. EFFECTIVE: powers germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREAD-ING—Lysol solutions spread and virtually purify out germs in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottles make almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinately; no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol Disinfecting FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

For FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene and other Lysol uses, send postcard to Lohn & Fink Products Corp., Dept. S-1541, Bloomingdale, N. J., U. S. A.

Screenland 67
New under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration

1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 2 days. 1 drop every 60 days from perspiration, keeps arms dry.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless, vanishing cream.
5. Arrrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless to fabrics.

Arrrid is the largest selling deodorant...try a jar today

ARRRID
39¢ a jar

ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
(Also in 10 cent and 39 cent sizes)

SONG POEM

Give Your Lazy Liver This Gentle "Nudge"

Follow noted Ohio Doctor's Advice To Relieve CONSTIPATION!

If liver don't have freely dry day into your intestines—constipation with head-aches and that "half-alive" feeling often result. So stir up your liver bile secretion and see how much better you should feel. Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients with constipation and sluggish liver bile. Olive Tablets, being purely vegetable, are wonderful! They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods but also help elimination. Get a box TODAY, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

Private Life of

Continued from page 33

Now I really begin, try not to detour too often—but you know how it is when you are with friends with whom you have a lot in common—you sort of talk about everything, all at once—well, that's the way it was with him, and before long they become your friends, right off. So, then, I drove to Martha's ranch, some 40 miles out of Hollywood, in the rolling hill country called Woods. The chimney of Bob Taylor's ranch sticks its black snout over the next hill. Otherwise, only two other houses are visible.

Martha is married to Radio Director Carl Alsop. You must suspect already that he is the MOST pleasant man anyone ever met. And with a Gary Cooper build. When she arrived Carl, in a pair of jeans, was breaking ground for a vegetable garden. Also his back, he said, and had been since sun-up. Martha was sitting hard by on a hammock of hay, crocheting a string rug for the bathroom. Later, as we were having tea in the living room, Carl came in and asked if he could have a cup, "What I need," said Carl, "is a blood transfusion, not a cup of tea!"

I find I am catching it from Martha, the habit of not to ask questions! It was the same with Carl. Still, that's all right, that fits in with the story because quoting Carl is, emphatically, a part of Martha's private life. Her conversations are pleasantly punctuated with "Carl says" and "Carl thinks." She is completely, admirably, and quite understandingly in love with him. As he with her.

There's no set in talking things about the Private Life of Martha Scott unless you tell, first, about the romance of Martha and Carl upon which their private life is founded. They met first in New York when he was directing "The Career of Alice Blair," a radio program, Martha, you may remember, played Alice. Joseph Cotton played Carl. In writing the script the radio character of Carl was patterned after Carl Alsop. Martha says, "When you are playing opposite a character named Carl and on the other side of the glass a man named Carl is directing you, direction to which you are completely and fan-like "something happens!" Carl said, "I'd sit with the author and tell her exactly what Carl would say. Words I wanted to hear Martha say."

Martha was the first to know it was love. She says, "I knew, but he was always fighting off the thing"—probably because she realizes now, there is a difference in their ages, Carl had been married before, to a very wealthy woman, had traveled extensively, had run with a quite different crowd from any she knew, felt that she was "just beginning," and all that.

"All that" blew away like the light stuff it was when they decided to become the Howards of Virginia. Soon, Carl followed her. They decided to be married. And when they went back to New York for the première of the picture, they were married, in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church across the street from the broadcasting. That was September 16th, 1940.

Martha is pretty superstitious about the number 16, I know, and a sort of an odd number that wasn't the 16th of the month. There is the number 16 in their phone number and in their address. They were married on the 16th for a reason. "We promised to have 16 children!" laughs Martha. (The first one of the 16 was expected very soon now.)

Without Carl (Martha says these two words as one would say "without food or a job") she has never played the part of Ella Bishop. "I didn't want to do the picture. I felt I was in no way prepared for it. I thought I was the last person who should do it. Or Katharine Cornell." It was Carl who told her "of course you can do it. It was Carl who told her she was "born only for it." And according to Richard Rowland who sensed the age-old wisdom in that twenty-odd years of youth and said, "It is for you and no one else."

But even when she was in production, she would wake up crying in Carl's arm in the middle of the night. "I'm not good enough," she would sob and moan and reassure her. "I went off into a wing-ding," he said, "demonstrating to me why she was good enough; how, and in what way." Martha was the Bishop at the age of seventy was enough to scare her into doing the part! Now she is glad and grateful that she did. Because she has had some of the loveliest letters from teachers who feel as Miss Bishop did. One in particular she cherishes, from Miss Lillian Bishop of Andom. "Oh, one thing that has ever happened to me in my career," Martha said, "I'm going to keep it always. It is, to me, a sign that we did a piece of work that really means something."

Martha is a funny mixture of assurance that she can do anything, the part of an actress, and of a fan-like attitude toward other players. It was in the Westport High School in Kansas City (Martha was a Freshman) that she decided that it that "sort of dawned on her" she wanted to be an actress, dawned on her that she had some sort of talent"—because, for the first time in her life, she found she could interpret a narrative, readings, the kids would sit so quietly, not move; would be so appreciative—and because the dramatic coach, Albert Humbrides told her so old her she would go very far and very high.

"But I think," Martha said, "that most actors are developed out of inferior complexes. They always say they have inferiorities and people are inclined to laugh a little. But it's true. You see, you get to thinking that you are not quite splendid, and it gives you a sense of power you don't have at all as you—like me, I was so little and thin, with long curls and long lisle stockings—such an inconsequen-
tial little person—then, suddenly, to be flanging Phyllis or lovely Juliet or the me-
lling of the other words of Rupert Brooke—don't you see?"

"Or sometimes," Martha smiled, at her-
sel, "there is a personal reason. When I was in my freshman year at high school, not quite eleven when I started, I had a violent crush on a boy. He was to be in the class play and I wanted to be in the play too, so I could be near him. The very day of the first rehearsal I got scarlet fever and couldn't do it. I might as well have been in a Vail Sutter but who had lost everything I had lost everything—children suffer so—the fever," she added, left me with my eyes, ears, and flat face. And I mind (except about the feet) because being so near-sighted makes the world more beautiful to me than to others, really I can see anything that is three feet away from me. So, you see, don't see dust under the beds or crack in the wall, all the ugly things are blanked out, but you don't worry about it because I can't define them—the moon looks twice as big to me, and the stars—people's faces have a kind of luminosity."

Later in college, Martha studied dra-
matics under Valentine Windt, a pupil of Boleslavsky. She took every course in dra-
matics the University of Michigan offers. 
See RITA HAYWORTH in "You'll Never Get Rich"—a Columbia Picture

"My favorite cola"
says lovely Rita Hayworth

"Winter or summer...I like the lift of a frosty bottle of Royal Crown Cola!"

How Rita proved one cola tastes best...

"THEY GAVE ME leading roles in plain paper cups," says Hollywood's Rita Hayworth. "And there was so much difference in taste—well, it didn't take me two seconds to pick my favorite! This is it!" I announced.

"OKAY, SWEETHEART, you and the United States agree," they told me. "It's ROYAL CROWN Cola!" Winter and summer, it's my favorite pick-up now." (Only 5¢ for a big bottle that fills one but two full glasses!)

ROYAL CROWN
REG U. S. PAT. OFF.
COLA

PICK UP A CARTON...AND LET IT PICK YOU UP
COPYRIGHT 1941, NEWS CORP.
Martha says Carl took her in his arms and said, “You have done a swell job. I’m proud of you!” She told me that with more pride than when she showed me some of her favorite ladies’-hat trimmings.

They are terrified for fear something will happen to the pale blue walls and the gray rug. When, recently, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz stopped by to see Ms. Desi in muddied jeans and books, “We kept suggesting that we go out on the porch,” laughed Martha, “but it didn’t work.” Carl said, “And those purple walls with them, he must have thought we were hawks, the way we kept our eyes on—funny how you sweat gumdrops for six months over something new; and then relax.”

Martha “adores” Lin Yutang and Rupert Brooke...French and German lieder...her favorite dinner is long-rib, fried bananas, romaine with wonderful garlic Roquefort cheese dressing, and corn...the Alsops also go for chili—her favorite flower is the camellia...her favorite radio programme, the Quiz Kids...her pet hates the previously mentioned toothbrushes and mannish-nesses of speech—people who keep saying little, pat phrases, like ending every sentence with “you know”...she once dropped a bean like a hot cake because he became for an instant, “Fare cri’ eye!” She dropped another swain because he constantly blew on a cigarette she collects play-bills from the New York theatre companies.

She can’t cook...she says she is one of them it is said “She can boil water...she can get breakfast, too...but not for Carl. Carl says when he stirs eggs and peanut butter and he doesn’t even like to think about it...she’s not athletic, but she’s a pretentious sort, and pretty good at paddle tennis...‘she has.’ Carl told me, ‘the same determination at games as she has in the theater. She’s one of the kind of people who does what she does superbly or not at all.”

She would have got along capably as a pioneer woman...when the dog gets hurt, says Carl, she’ll go out there and operate on him, lay him open and go to work...a Florence Nightingale at heart...the only time she takes a licking is when she can’t face something as soon as she faces it, she’s all right.

She has a beautiful voice...this was told me by Carl, as a “secret” but if you ask “Martha’s” these days, and to a newsboy...she sings for Grandma and me, a soprano voice, and a lovely one...but it’s only for fun.

Martha usually sleeps as late as she can in the mornings, when she is not working...“that usually takes me to 9:30.”

Carl gets up at the most amazing hours, 5:30 to 6, usually...they spend their evenings very quietly, especially since they have been in the new house...a new piece of furniture she has is and it takes them to “oh” and “ah” over that, to try it here, then there...or they sit and listen to the radio...or they play gin rummy...they go through them they just got a little Grandmother knits and “listens to our idle prattle.” Martha says we have fun together, Carl and I, fun just doing nothing, which is real fun...they don’t know, or see, many people in the picture business...Lucille and Desi, Mary Martin and Rex Harrison, Petre, Margaret Sullivan and Leland Hayward are the ones they know best.

Martha isn’t, or wasn’t, clothes-conscious. She said, “I wore black shoes and a shirt when they got a big wardrobe. But I must say that when I’d get an invitation to a big producer’s house and my “other dress” was at the dry-cleaners, or I was out of shoes, I’d kick myself for not shopping more. But I have a lovely wardrobe now. Carl has seen to that. He likes to see me in lovely things, he knows I love them.” She’s been all over the world. I wouldn’t dream of buying anything without him. Playing “Our Town” gave her, she says, an interesting contact with the world. She died after a bath as she did for so long, first in the play and then in the picture, “made me feel as though it was living my life for everything there is in the world,” she added, “and I am every minute.”

Martha likes to be alone with her thoughts of her favorite women over their souvenirs, old love letters and cards. Martha sorts over her favorite memories. She showed me some of them: the little country schoolhouse near Jamestown, Missouri, where she learned the Three R’s, sixteen pupils in eight grades, one young teacher; “with a shining mind so that she thought she could do anything, anything lovely”. Miss Eda Lilly, who taught American history in Westport High School and taught Martha something even more important, that “the church holds the greatest faith in the generous goodness of others...for it was Miss Lilly who, believing in Martha, insisted that she go to college and financed her. Martha said the day she signed her contract with Sal Lesser to make the film version of “Our Town,” she wondered what it was worth $190 and when asked “Why? for what?” she said, “to finish paying a debt”...putting that check in an envelope and mailing it, knowing that she had the money in the bank to pay the debt and in cash alone, because faith had been banked for her, as well as money, and that, too, she must pay back, and keep paying...she went to the theatre in Detroit, was a recruiting war company, took a bus to the city and the theater manager gave her a bit and骨架, other such jobs, and each one contributing to her a new tool to use in her craft...the Globe Theatre in Chicago, the theatre that in two years there, when she was a member of the company and played abbre"ated versions of Shakespeare...the day she arrived in New York with $500 in her purse...the two weeks of summer stock...the long summer without work when she rubbed out-at-elbow elbows with her fellow-men...that bit in a radio show with another writer she was there...Owen Welles, a nightly presentation of ghost stories, they gave...Martha still shivers when she thinks of that, so goose-flesh on her forehead. She was playing “Our Town” on Broadway...and “Springtime for Henry,” with Edward Everett Horton, as a brief run in Longsdale’s “The Foreigners.”

She gave a description of producer, who saw a test she had made and said, shaking his head, “I’m sorry. I want to compliment you on a very fine performance in your test, but—I don’t think you are screen type!”...she likes this memory because, in less than nine months after that, she was Higher of Virginia, “Cheers for Miss Bishop.” was starting “They Dare Not Love,” was under a three-year contract to Producer...it was his schedule to make one picture a year, for five years, for Producer Lesser...being told how incredibly she resembled her Grandmother McKinley in “Cheers for Miss Bishop.”

These are among the thoughts Martha turns over in her mind, like bright-colored wildflowers, one after the other alone.

Around Hollywood they say, “She is the Helen Hayes of pictures.” Her husband says of her, sort of summer, “I really think she is the only one that is too honest and too sweet for this modern world.”

So now, by one means or another, by death or by life in a new world, have you have it. I think—Martha Scott, the Private Life Of:
Jean Parker's ranch is pint-sized but her home is crammed with cheer and comfort, especially in the Christmas season. Facing page, Jean mixes her special salad at the table. It is the first course of her Christmas dinner, and after reading her recipe you'll want to try it too.

Inside the Stars' Homes
Continued from page 8
Jean's living room, a brick-walled, comfortably informal room with beamed ceiling and enormous fireplace. The wreaths were up in all four windows and over the fireplace.

"I'm going to have my tree in the largest window," said my hostess. "I call it my crying corner, because I haven't found out what to do with it yet—and we've been here nearly eight months."

The "crying corner" overlooks a black acacia tree, under which "sunset grass," set out in what looks like patches of delicate green clover, is beginning to take root.

Nothing, Jean complains, will grow under acacia or eucalyptus trees! "Unless the sunset grass fools me," she added.

"There's an Etienne Ray picture over the fireplace. "When I was in London, Robert Donat and his friends were always talking about Etienne Ray and his wonderful work," Jean recalled. "I never expected to meet him then. But here he is in Holly-

First and Only CANDY served the "Quints"!

UM-M-M! You'll agree with the "Quints" and millions of Americans that Baby Ruth is candy at its finest! You'll love the luscious, velvety-smooth coating, the chewy caramel and tasty opera cream center, the abundance of golden, freshly roasted peanuts which make up this great candy bar. Baby Ruth is good food—good for you. Its ingredients are all pure, wholesome foods—nourishing and delicious. Enjoy a big bar of Baby Ruth today!

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY
Chicago, Ill.

"Baby Ruth, being rich in Dextrose, vital food-energy sugar, and other palatable ingredients, makes a pleasant, wholesome candy for children."

Allen Roy Pafaur, M.D.

RICH IN DEXTROSE Food-Energy Sugar
and Look 10 Years Younger

Glamour Begins with Your Base

That’s why thousands of women everywhere are turning to MINER’S LIQUID MAKE-UP as the perfect powder base for the make-up glamour men admire. A powder base or complete make-up, it imparts a perfectly smooth finish, helps conceal blemishes and keeps your complexion gloriously fresh-looking all day long. Try it today 5 flattering shades, including EVENING WHITE for evening wear.

MINER’S LIQUID MAKE-UP
10c, 25c, 6 50c at cosmole counters FREE Generous Sample

Send coupon and 3c stamp to:

HERBERT E. LEE, Fabulas, Dept. M, New York, N. Y.

But... 

If you prefer a cream base... Try MINER’S FOUNDATION CREAM with Lanolin—10c at all 5 and 10’s

Brush Away Grey Hair ...and Look 10 Years Younger

Now, at home, you can quickly and easily turn tawny strands of gray to rich, mahogany coloring—From light blonde to darkest brown. Brownstone and a small brush does it—no money back. Used for 25 years by three-quarters of all women (men, too)—Brownstone is guaranteed harmless. No sid effects. Another feature is its ability to be used on pure wool, as well as vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. lasting—down-brush and comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Dudley’s new shade renews the group to youths by lifting a lost lock of grey hair. Fill at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee.

Retain your youthful charm. GET BROWN MAT ONE today.

Can’t Keep Grandma In Her Chair

She’s as Lively as a Youngster—Now her Backache is better

Many suffers believe nothing backache quickly, especially those who think that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature’s chief way of taking the excess acids and wastes out of the blood. They help to keep people in good health. A day without a kidney function could mean illness or even death. For this reason, it is important to keep your kidneys healthy. A good way to do this is to eat foods that nourish the kidneys, such as almonds, apricots, and beans.

LOSTUE NEWBURGH

2 baby lobsters
1 cube butter
2 tablespoons flour
1/2 pt. coffee cream (or more)
2 teaspoons paprika
1 wine glass sherry

For the cream sauce, take 1/2 cube butter and the flour and cream and blend them well. Sauté inch-size cubes of lobster, 1/2 cube melted butter and paprika before adding sherry and finally the cream sauce. This serves 4.

Christmas Day is open house at Sands-Park. All the men and girls and ladies Jean or Doug know who will not have a home Christmas that day are invited to come over as soon as they wake up Christmas morning. Breakers will keep it to a continuous performance, as guests arrive. It will be served in the English manner, with a sideboard covered with dishes to choose from, the dishes kept deliciously hot with warmers and chafing dishes, fresh toast and waffles being made as often as appetites demand. Everyone who comes can do as he or she pleases the rest of the day,” planned Jean, “and we’ll have a big dinner at night. They can exercise the horses, go for hikes, play the radio, read, or talk—whatever appeals to them.

“Your Christmas dinner will begin with our favorite salad, instead of soup or fruit cup or anything else like that. Most people complain that they eat too much at holiday dinners and I hope my guests will be pleased and not pained when they rise from my table. Either Doug or I mix the salad at the table. I’ve never tasted it anywhere else.”

SANDS-PARK SALAD

Beforehand, a pan of bread cubes is baked in the oven. Romaine lettuce, bread cubes, tiny sausages (or condiments, lemon, oil and an egg is set before the salad maker.

1/2 cup olive oil
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon red pepper flakes
1 teaspoon of sprinkles of sugar paprika

Mix well; pour over the lettuce, put in bread cubes and juice of 1/3 lemon, break egg over whole and toss with two forks.

Turkey, with chestnut stuffing, and tiny sausages bordering the platter is the main dish, as is meat in most of our homes. At Sands-Park, they serve cranberries chopped up with oranges as a relish, and there is a choice of potatoes. Because the vegetables look like vegetables, there will be two or more besides the potatoes, the most unusual being stuffed carrots.

STUFFED CARROTS

6 medium-sized carrots
2 tablespoons sugar
1/2 cup chopped cooked mushrooms (Heinz)
2 tablespoons butter, melted

Scrape carrots and cut in half lengthwise. Cook in boiling salted water until tender, but not thoroughly done. Cook and scoop out the center, leaving a boat-shaped mesh. Mash the carrot that was scooped out and the hard-cooked egg, add melted butter and chopped mushrooms. Mix well and fill the carrot shells with the mixture. Bake in a hot oven about 10 minutes.

Jean, with her flyaway red hair, her wide green eyes, her charmingly helpless femininity, looks as if she wouldn’t know a new dress from a Swiss chard. But the heroine of “No Hands on the Clock” (the latest of the several films Jean is appearing in for William Pine and William Thomas of Paramount), is actually an authority in the kitchen.

It takes days to make Jean’s honey fruit cakes, which she serves as dessert instead of the heavier plum pudding, and she supervises the cake-making herself, carefully weighing out quantities of this-and that.

HONEY FRUIT CAKE

1/4 teaspoons cinnamon
1 pound chopped figs
1 pound chopped dates
5 eggs, well beaten
1 cup brown sugar
6 cups (Swansdown) flour
1 cup chopped citron
1/2 cup chopped pecans
2 teaspoons cream of tartar
1 cup chopped almonds
2 cups chopped apricots
3/4 cup honeyed lemon strips
1/4 cup crystallized ginger
1 cup honeyed orange strips
1/2 cup chopped stewed apricots
3/4 cup honeyed grapefruit strips
3/4 teaspoon (Burnett’s) allspice
1/4 teaspoon nutmeg
1 pound currants
2 cups butter
2% cups honey
Mix, teaspoon cloves
1 pound raisins
1/4 cup (Maxwell House coffee)
1 teaspoon soda
1/4 teaspoon salt

To make honeyed grapefruit, orange and lemon strips, remove peel in 4 lengthwise sections. Cover with cold water and simmer till soft. Drain and scrape out white pulp. Cut in thin strips with scissors. Cook together 2/3 cup honey, 1 cup sugar and 2/3 cup water until syrup spins. Add 1/2 cup chopped prunes or raisins and cook over low heat for 20 minutes or until most of the syrup is absorbed.

Drain in a large wire strainer and roll strips in granulated sugar.

For the cake. The fruits should be prepared a day ahead. Chop and mix raisins, currants, dates, figs, citron, ginger, prunes and apricots. Add the honeyed orange, lemon and grapefruit rinds and allow mixture to stand overnight.

The next day cream butter and sugar and add eggs. Sift together 5 cups flour, salt, spices, cream of tartar and soda. Add this alternately with honey and coffee. Then combine the fruit prunes, allowing cup of flour, and add this to the cake mixture. Last, add the chopped nuts.

Put the mixture into 1 or 2 pound pans, cover with wax paper and steam for 2 hours. Then bake at 275 degrees F. for 1 hour. This recipe makes 12 pounds of fruit cake.

 Appropriately enough, in Jean’s view, since she loves to entertain, her dining room looks like a temple with its panelled walls, leaded windows, and hatch buffet. An impressive portrait of Doug’s father hangs above the hatch.

The last time I was experimenting with a table centerpiece of bright Christmas balls and single white oleanders from her garden. The oleanders are in

SCREENLAND
Hollywood Needs You!

Continued from page 29

clamoring at our gates, why should this be? Let's dispose of the clamor first. From executives to grips, everyone connected with a studio gets his share of frantic appeals from would-be actors and actresses. Directors are hounded by them. They come in, they phone, they wire, they write, they try to get into your hair and under your skin. As an honest reporter, I must go on record as saying that most of these pleas reveal—albeit a certain lack of perspective, let's call it. One woman wrote me that she was thirty-eight. The mother of three children, lived in a small town, yearned to break into the movies, and what could I do to help her? All I could do was feel sorry for her, which I'm sure was no help. If you tried to do anything else, you'd make no pictures, you'd have no time for pictures. Your days and nights, your mind and emotions and energies would be exhausted by the conscientious examination of one out of every hundred appeals that cross your desk.

That's not the director's job. And the root of our trouble lies in the fact that, under present arrangements, it's nobody's job. It ought to be, but it isn't. Why it isn't I don't know, except that this industry mushroomed so swiftly from seed to forest that much of its undergrowth remains uncleared. Instead of hiring the group of experts we need to clear it, we stumble along and bark our shins and swear. Leaving figures of speech, we lack in plain English a system for the discovery of new talent. Our present hit-or-miss tactics can't be called a system. We're like kids lighting firecrackers, tossing them up, and hoping the stick won't boomerang back to conk us.

Here's how it works—rather, how it fails to work—now. Tests are made for two reasons—to establish the screen possibilities of a newcomer or to find a player to fill a particular role. Dozens of new people are tested every week and never used. The feeling gets around that tests don't matter. Anyone can do them, let's get it over with. Who cares? Nobody cares except the person being tested. Result—a sloppy, indifferent job—potential talent disheartened and turned away. Why do they bother to test him in the first place? Now I'll ask one.

Or take the case of a part for which a player is being sought. Someone's seen Jimmy Stewart, found him attractive, a
good actor. They test him for Rhett Butler. You think that's stretching a point? I've known him to be stretched much farther. They don't stop to consider that the boy doesn't fit the role. An actor's an actor and can play any part they argue. But an audience won't believe in the wrong kind of person. They won't believe Jimmy Stewart's Rhett, or Warner Baxter's Peter Pan. But the studio tests him, wastes his money, finds he won't do and away flies Jimmy. I tested him a year or two before he came out here. My studio was trying to accumulate a few producers who didn't like him. If they'd owned "The Philadelphia Story," they'd have grabbed him, they'd have had him and with him a nice tinkle in the cast, too. No, the vision to look beyond the moment was lacking. A boy can't be any boy nor a girl any girl. It's folly to test a player for the part you have in mind. He's at the mercy of the moment unless you've convinced yourself that he's got the physical and emotional equipment to make him your own. If he hasn't got it for you, how can he have it for the audience? Take the case of Martha Scott. And while we're about it, take my apologies for my perusal of the Westerns. My experience has been paralleled by most of the directors in town, but obviously I'm better acquainted with such details as I am. But when I use them to point my arguments, I also trust your indulgence to understand that it's done in a spirit of scientific objectivity and not, like Horner, to prove what a fine boy am I!

Martha Scott was a Broadway stage sensation in "Our Town." They brought her in for the lead in a few parts at many studios, and reached the conclusion that she didn't photograph. Why didn't she photograph? She had a nose and a plexion. I'd seen her in New York and wanted her for the picture, but kept backing up against a stone wall. Dutifully I tested dozens of others, and back to Scott. In the end I collected all the tests made of her and ran them. You see, Sam," they told me, "she doesn't photograph." I turned mulish and insisted on having her brought out. There was weeping and wailing, but she got here, she played the role, and the censors frowned. She hadn't looked like the thing they'd wanted her to look like when they made their tests. So she didn't photograph them. Still, instead of saying they didn't suit the parts they'd tested her for.

Much the same thing happened to Greer Garson. She was a team player from England, and sat for a year going crazy with nothing to do. I was going crazy, trying to find Mrs. Chips. I'd decided to hunt for her in England, where the picture was to be filmed, but on the day I was leaving for New York to sail to London, I ran some tests—as a final desperate measure and to satisfy myself that I'd let nothing untoward. One test was of Garson, playing a society girl. A few feet, and I pricked with excitement. Then came a sense of relief and perfect peace. This was Mrs. Chips.

How did I know? You form a conception of a character. You get an audience to find certain qualities in her. Those are the qualities you look for. If you don't see them, the audience won't. If you do, they may be beyond you but they're not. The girl Chips married had to be attractive and desirable, to account for her lifelong influence on him and the school, the touchstone, the imagination, only a year. She had to have compassion and insight, or she'd never have discovered the heart of the man behind the pedantic schoolmaster. She had to have humor and tact and tenderness, else she couldn't have worked in him the transformation that had to be worked. She had to be honest in spirit to convince the audience that no matter how many Prince Charmings came along, she'd always love Chips. I believe it, and so did the woman I saw in that test. As it turned out, audiences believed them, too.

How does this help you? By opening your eyes and your ears and your mind to the world, you can make friends with it. If you ever do reach Hollywood, don't let them pour you into a mold. Don't let them make you look like a thousand other ingenuous girls, the barrier of your personality, the spark which sets you apart from the rest of the world. On every lot you'll find people who help you fight against the stereotype, the routine, the clichem.

When we have enough fighters, maybe someday a great white light will break over the studios, and we'll break the system that will give you the chance you're worth. Baseball has it today. Baseball scouts the country from sandlots to minor leagues. They take the kids who really are the best, groom them, wet-nurse them, discipline them. Sure it takes time and money, but it pays. The misfits drop out. The rest are lit. Hang in there, say the catalogs and Davises by accident. They get their di Miosigios and Greenbergs by labor pains. As they scout the sandlots, we ought to scout the Tynocks, dramatic schools, amateur productions.

Every studio should maintain a training department, run by someone who knows the business. We're intelligent enough to recognize personality when we see it, patient enough to develop it. Unless a man's downright deformed, we should work with him until he's worked with him how he'll turn out. Run the early tests of some of today's moneymakers, and you'll find they screened like Chips. Look at those handsome young ones, the ones who by some chance of accidents came through. But again I repeat, and I can't repeat it too often, we're suckers to trust to luck. We should set up an army of possibilities, finance them till they're whipped into shape, present them to the public only when they're ready for the public. What baseball can afford, so can the films. If we get one star out of fifty—and we will—the returns are astronomical. It's the next step that's the problem. The art director, who wants new material but can't be expected to use his pictures as training schools. Sometimes he's driven to it, to make his picture pay off. We should open up the test department and open it up and say, "No, he's not fit. He's got to learn some of the tricks of the trade," and then he'd get a real education.

When they're ready, of course, they come in with Betty Brewer. He'd found her outside the Brown Derby, singing for nickels. She'd fought like hell to exist, mothered her family, proved herself responsible for them. She kept watching me during the tests with this look in her eye that said it couldn't come true, even if it did, it couldn't last. She just wanted, so I took a chance on the acting end. When you take that kind of chance and win, you feel swell. For your own sake, of course, but for the player's, too. There's a very human gratification involved in the sense that you've opened for someone a door to a whole new world. Beware of the platoon of old pros for the part of Mark in "Kitty Foyle." I needed a contrast to Dennis Morgan, yet someone equally attractive, yet someone madly in love with IV'y. I couldn't foil off her on someone who didn't measure up to the other fellow. I couldn't afford to have women in the film looking, "Well, after IV'y, I'd never fall for that guy." One day an agent brought James
Craig in. I liked his eyes and smile and voice—everything about his appearance and personality. I kept hunting and hunting for someone with more experience, yet he was the one who stuck in my head. I felt I could turn the girl over to him, and still keep faith with the girls in the audience. I remembered his physique. He looked as though he'd been an athlete. That turned the scale. Men who've been active in sports are less self-conscious than the average, more pliable, take instruction more easily. So again I decided to take my chance with Craig.

Both he and Betty were tested, of course, before being signed. But they were tested my way—the way, if you'll forgive the presumption, I believe tests should be made. First, I had them photographed as they look. Then I studied the photographs and satisfied myself that they were worth testing. If you're worth testing at all, you're worth testing right. I put them in with ten other people, to see if their personalities stood out among the other ten. Nobody wants to sit for an hour and a half, watching a face he doesn't like. Convinced that their personalities were vital and attractive enough to claim attention, I put the cameras on them, had them shot from all angles to familiarize myself with all their photographic possibilities. I wouldn't let the makeup men change their lips or eyebrows or facial planes. You spend months hunting for a certain freshness, then try to have it conform to some stereotyped standard of good looks. What could be stupider? If teeth aren't good, I have them capped. Otherwise, I leave the face as I found it.

Now you're ready for the specific test. In the case of Betty and Craig, the parts were waiting. In the case of a general test, you'd have to size your actor up, figure the kind of parts he ought to play and test him in some such part. If you stick a wolf into Little Red Riding Hood's cape, you'll lose out on both. Then—don't give him any old Tom, Dick or Harry to work with. He needs all the support and stimulus he can get. Put something dull in and you'll have something dull to look at. Again, don't badger him. Use your imagination. Think how you'd feel in his place, with so much at stake. Make him realize you're working with him, not against him. He's not going to do it a hundred percent the first time. Talk to him, ease him up, play round with him, give him confidence in himself and you. It'll take time and sweat and patience, but the results will be worth it—to you, to the industry, and to the kind of dreams we're in your hands.

I seem to have forgotten for a moment that it's you kids I'm talking to. I've tried to give you some notion of some of the things you'll be up against, should you ever strike this Baghdad-on-the-Pacific. If you've got the stuff, you won't let your straight talk go out and in spite of what I said at the outset, I find that I do have one piece of advice for you.

Don't be content to dream. Work. Go to the theater, talk to him, discuss the parts, try them. Save your pennies and buy a recording machine, they don't cost much. Work on parts, make records, listen to them, get your friends to listen and criticize, make them over and over till you're sure you can do any better. Listen to experienced actors on radio shows. Learn to place your voices. Every high school has a department of speech. Try out for amateur productions. Go to dramatic school if you can, but be sure it's a good one. Bad training's worse than none.

Among you are the stars of five and ten years hence. Hollywood can't get along without you. If you're sure you can get along without Hollywood, roll back your sleeves, pitch in, and good luck to you.
**ALLO-ETTE ONCE-OVER**

In these one-piece foundations, you select the size which fits your hips correctly—and by means of the brassiere's adjustable back-fastening and adjustable shoulder straps, you adjust the upper section to fit individual requirements.

In Broadcloth, $5.00; in Satin, $7.50.

Separate ALLO-ETTE Brasiers (for slightly larger-than-average bosoms)—$1.60, $1.95 and $2.00. Send for free Style Booklet 2; Maiden Form Braisiers Co., Inc., N.Y.

**SONG POEMS WANTED**

TO BE SET TO MUSIC

Free Examination. Send Your Poems To J. CHAS. McNEIL

A. B. MASTER OF MUSIC

510 S. Alexander

Los Angeles, Calif.

**Song of an Actress**

Continued from page 51

**ADJUSTABLE to Fit to a Fraction of an Inch**

**DON'T BE EMBARRASSED by a Flat, undeveloped or sagging bust. Do as thousands of other women who take themselves in person. They have found how to bring out the feminine contours of their figures, whatever their bust fruits. Now you too can do the same—safely, easily and positively.**

**OUR OFFER—SEND NO MONEY**

Your flat bust, low in proportion, through the wearing of beautifully styled foundation garments, can be made to fit you perfectly. We have found that the reason for the uneasiness which comes to women who have had uncorrected busts is not because of the flatness of the bust. Their busts were simply not fitted to the woman, and could be fitted to her perfectly. The reason for the lack of correction was that the foundation garments were not made to fit the woman's figure properly, and were not made to fit her bust properly.

Our offer is this: We will send you a foundation garment, free of charge, that will fit you perfectly. You will be able to see the improvement in your bust, and you will be able to feel the improvement in your figure. You will be able to see and feel the improvement in your figure, and you will be able to see and feel the improvement in your bust.

**ADJUSTABLE to Fit to a Fraction of an Inch**

**ALLO-ETTE ONCE-OVER**

In these one-piece foundations, you select the size which fits your hips correctly—and by means of the brassiere’s adjustable back-fastening and adjustable shoulder straps, you adjust the upper section to fit individual requirements.

**SONG POEMS WANTED**

TO BE SET TO MUSIC

Free Examination. Send Your Poems To J. CHAS. McNEIL

A. B. MASTER OF MUSIC

510 S. Alexander

Los Angeles, Calif.

**DON'T BE EMBARRASSED by a Flat, undeveloped or sagging bust. Do as thousands of other women who take themselves in person. They have found how to bring out the feminine contours of their figures, whatever their bust fruits. Now you too can do the same—safely, easily and positively.**

**HIGHLY ENDORSED By Many Doctors**

Your flat bust, low in proportion, through the wearing of beautifully styled foundation garments, can be made to fit you perfectly. We have found that the reason for the uneasiness which comes to women who have had uncorrected busts is not because of the flatness of the bust. Their busts were simply not fitted to the woman, and could be fitted to her perfectly. The reason for the lack of correction was that the foundation garments were not made to fit the woman's figure properly, and were not made to fit her bust properly.

Our offer is this: We will send you a foundation garment, free of charge, that will fit you perfectly. You will be able to see the improvement in your bust, and you will be able to feel the improvement in your figure. You will be able to see and feel the improvement in your figure, and you will be able to see and feel the improvement in your bust.

**OUR OFFER—SEND NO MONEY**

Your flat bust, low in proportion, through the wearing of beautifully styled foundation garments, can be made to fit you perfectly. We have found that the reason for the uneasiness which comes to women who have had uncorrected busts is not because of the flatness of the bust. Their busts were simply not fitted to the woman, and could be fitted to her perfectly. The reason for the lack of correction was that the foundation garments were not made to fit the woman's figure properly, and were not made to fit her bust properly.

Our offer is this: We will send you a foundation garment, free of charge, that will fit you perfectly. You will be able to see the improvement in your bust, and you will be able to feel the improvement in your figure. You will be able to see and feel the improvement in your figure, and you will be able to see and feel the improvement in your bust.
Why Hollywood Women LOSE Their MEN!

BROKEN ROMANCES are the worst blight on Hollywood's reputation. Why can't the loveliest women in America hold their men? Learn from their unhappy experiences. Screen Guide tells the intimate truth!

Other Scoops in December Screen Guide:

Greta Garbo Exposed—Now she's no longer such a mystery!
How Bette Davis is facing the new crisis in her career.

Why Bing Crosby won't retire—no matter what "they say!"
Is Joan Crawford ready to try an escape from Hollywood?
Why Irene Dunne is Hollywood's most "interesting" woman.
How Joan Fontaine found her formula for happy marriage.

How "Blondie" gets along without "Dagwood" in private life.

Giant Portrait of Claudette Colbert in Full Color.

SPECIAL! Hollywood's own diet, designed for stars and now available to you only in Screen Guide! Lose a pound a day—and then follow simple instructions to avoid gaining them back. Created by Terry Hunt, served at "The Brown Derby," followed by the most important stars. It's yours!

Fool-Proof Four-Day DIET!

As my step-father was quite wealthy, entered into the idea so enthusiastically that I spent $2,000 on coats, dresses, hats of shoes. But in time I sold nearly everything to the other girls of the Group, most of the dresses for $3 apiece, or anything I happened to get.

Naively, I wondered what had happened to the boy, "He got married," was the one reply, "but not to me.

My ready sympathy went out to a life, artifically created life, starved of romance, only to be met with the astonishng disclosure: "I fell in love with twins, but it was rather confusing. Not that I didn’t tell them apart. But, somehow, I get my dates mixed.

With the unerring instinct of a Los Angeles realtor, I speculated as to whether the duel attachment had led to a further financial investment.

"Yes, it did," confirmed the twin-dealer. "With another girl of the Group, I bought a house for $30, so that we could eat away from the earthquake house for week-ends. It was really just a shack on a man’s Whitmore at Montecito, though not much to look at, it had a lot of atmosphere—fishy. In fact, it smelled so strongly of fish that we had to keep the doors and windows open day and night. Of course, keeping open house like that made it seem all the more Bohemian. We furnished it accordingly. For example, used rejection slips from editors as drink carriers. In its simple way, it was really lovely. The twins would come down to meals, and all enjoyed it immensely, until one of them nearly strangled on a bone and the other choked sympathetically.

Naturally, it was impossible to tell which—that is, which one had the bone. So my girl friend and I matched pennies to decide which twin we would pound on the back. Then we hit ‘TAILS,’ as we called him, so hard that we knocked him right out of doors, where he fell off the wharf. As he bobbed to the surface, blowing like a whale, he spluttered, 'S-sorry, but you soaked the wrong guy!'

Miss Gilmore grinned regrettently. Then, asked whether she had found Bohemia to be the land of romance, she gravely replied: "Romance is like gold—it’s where you find it. For my part, I did not find it in Bohemia. None of the boys in the Group interested me romantically. There, I was interested only in the work of the theater—acting, production, lighting, direction, and the like. We were always busy. They kept changing casts, and everybody got a chance. There was little friction or jealousy, though I did have one rather unpleasant experience. Another girl kept interrupting my scenes. One night when I was playing Winifred in Wiedekind’s The Awakening of Spring she walked into my best scene with the boy four minutes before her time and utterly ruined it. I was so upset that I decided to leave the company. After the performance I got into an old car for which I’d paid $20 and started out of town with no idea as to where I might be going. It was just a matter of driving blindly. After five in the morning I found myself in King City, two hundred miles from San Francisco, and out of gas. I’d just enough money to pay for a bed in a little hotel. By that time I was so tired that I didn’t wake up till late in the afternoon. There was no way of getting back for my performance that night, so I wired for gasoline and returned the next day. Missing a performance was the only result of that foolish escapade. My work meant everything to me then, just as it does now. But when Mr. Goldwyn brought me to Hollywood, I didn’t do any acting for two and a half years, although I was paid first $50, then $75, a week. I was taught French and Spanish and given dancing lessons, and I hated it all. I thought it silly. It may have been just my conceit, but I felt they were missing a good bet by not letting me go to work.

Of all things, Virginia Gilmore surely was not conceived, And, curiously enough, there seemed to be nothing of the Bohemian about her.

"You don’t have to be a Bohemian in Hollywood," was what she had to say to that. "Anyway, it’s not a matter of a girl’s going out every night. I’ve gone to a night club on the White Strip only once. To me, it just seemed terribly expensive. And it’s so much more fun to have a talk and a drink with a friend or two at home or in some other quiet place. In a night club it’s so noisy you can’t hear yourself. And the cost is ridiculous, there’s no sense in it. Hollywood Bohemians, from what little I’ve seen of them, have lots of money, but they let it run through their fingers. It is very valuable to you if you don’t have money, for then you won’t ever be sunk by it. Now, I’ve had all the advantages, so to speak, of a child of wealth. But, as I see it, the mere display of money, the sheer waste of it, is a terrific pretense. I still say it is much more interesting to sit in the peanut gallery at a concert, or down in the third row. There are many ways of taking your pleasures innocently. Morally, Bohemia—which often is just another word for license—is a matter of taste. There was nothing of that sort in the Group. Had there been. I think I might have accepted it, though it never would have interested me. Bohemia, as I know it, is adolescence without money. And I wouldn’t trade it, the brave spirit of it, for anything in the world."

S EENGLAND
Cute? Armita, who dances and sings in "Fiesta," Hal Roach musical, is teaching her parrot the film's songs, but Polly seems unhappy. Is it 'cause he can't dance like her, too?

The New "Doug and Mary" at Home

Continued from page 27

Mary Lee wasn't in the mood for pretty talk or attractive men right then, but she thought that the least she could do as a house guest was to be pleasant. So she dabbed on a little powder, and a little lip-stick, and a few minutes later was shaking hands with her future husband—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Nobody suspected it, least of all Mary Lee and Douglas, but Merle had definitely started something.

Just because Mary Lee was well-man-nered enough to be a pleasant house guest, even in the midst of her dumps (and I hope this will be a lesson to some rude people I know) she is now one of the happiest, and certainly one of the luckiest, of the young wives in Hollywood. That's the moral for the month.

In those delightful unconscious days when people could laugh without feeling guilty about it—only a few years ago, in fact, though it seems centuries—young Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was quite a gay and dashing young fellow. And decidedly the "catch" of the town. Son of the famous Douglas Fairbanks and Beth Sully Fairbanks Whiting, Douglas was tormented by tutors all the way from Pasadena to Paris and back again. "I wasn't a very keen student in those days," says Douglas with a grin. "I guess I was too intent on having fun."

As he grew older he thought no more of crossing the Atlantic than we would of crossing the street to the grocery store. In Hollywood he had a flag at making pictures, and a flog at marriage with Jean Crawford—who divorced him in 1934. In New York he was asked to join the very social Knickerbocker Greys. In London he helped form Criterion Films, Ltd., dashed around Mayfair in high-powere cars with the Duke of Kent, and rushed Gertrude Lawrence off her pretty little feet. Life was crowded with fun for Doug- las. That was before a jerk paperchange named Hitler got fancy ideas.

Douglas and Mary Lee were married a little church in Westwood, California, April 22, 1939. "Our friends didn't even know we were going together until we announced our engagement a week before the marriage," says Mary Lee, while Douglas adds, "I'll always be grateful to Merle for trotting out Mary Lee that rainy afternoon."

That little trip to the altar meant a lot to Douglas. That gay, carefree, dashing young playboy suddenly did a right-about-face and became a very happy and consid erate husband. He wanted a home, and I wanted a family. And that little trip to Paris, made by the Germans, also meant a lot to Douglas. He who had been a dist erested student suddenly discovered this couldn’t learn enough about current events, politics and economics. He entered into British War Relief with a big hear and an equally big pocketbook, and told he’s been so busy writing two of the large hospitals for the wounded in England. During the last presidential campaign he made speeches all over the country—good speeches, too, which he wrote himself. And he didn’t just talk about doing some thing about the war, like most movie stars—Douglas really got down to doing some thing. He is vice-president of The Com mittee to Defend America By Aiding it Allies, which is a job by itself, and in spring, as you know, the U. S. Govern ment sent him to South America on a go
neighbor tour — which was much more important than it sounded. Evidently he did a good job, because as soon as he completed it, the Corsican Brothers’ Edward Small, Uncle Sam has another mission for him. How that boy changed! We who knew him when he was tossing orchids and glamorous lids now suspected that there was a serious thought in his handsome head.

Shortly after their marriage the Fairbankses went house-hunting and stumbled on the lovely old rambling home once owned by Elissa Landi when she was a top movie star. The house is high on a hill in the Pacific Palisades and overlooks the azure blue of the ocean. It was love at first sight. Douglas signed the deed that made him a man of property (“It was a big bargain,” adds Mary Lee, the practical) and promptly named his new home Westridge. Out came the pipe organ which had been fitted when Miss Landi lived there (the Fairbankses presented it to a church) and in went the Fairbanks furniture. “We didn’t have to buy a thing,” Mary Lee says gleefully. “I had my” rugs from Virginia, and Douglas had his things from his London flat. We even used most of our rugs and draperies, though he had a lot to cut up and dyeing.”

“Mary Lee and I both come from a long line of furniture collectors,” Douglas adds. “And fortunately for us they collect old English and early American pieces—as that’s what we like, and what we wanted for our home.”

“I did my own decorating,” says Mary Lee proudly. “And I did most of it on my back in the hospital after Daphne was born. I had the painters and the curtain people bring in samples and colors. I’m not too pleased with the walls in the living room—but I told the painter I wanted a shade between beige and green, and I think he did very well, considering.”

The prettiest room in the house—but without even a splinter of Sheraton and Chippendale—is the very delightful nursery of Miss Daphne Fairbanks. Miss Daphne is a year and half old now, curly-headed and pretty as a picture. She has a cute little way of saying “No, No,” right before she touches anything she knows she shouldn’t. Daphne isn’t a family name. Mary Lee and Douglas picked it out of a name dictionary after the baby was born. They wanted their child’s initials to be D. F. (they had rather hoped for another Douglas) and Daphne, they decided, was the prettiest D to be found. Needless to say Douglas is mad about his little girl who says “No, No” right before she breaks her favorite cigarette box.

After a day of ducking his way through hundreds of men for Edward Small (“The Corsican Brothers”) is Dumas at his most thrilling Douglas comes home to a quiet, orderly, well-run home. After dinner they light a fire in his “Pub” and indulge in a spirited game of darts—the idea being to get Hitler “Corsican Brother” Douglas his played chess ever since he was a kid and is one of the best players in the country, so Mary Lee, the perfect wife, is now learning chess. The diet is set for them, the way, Mary Lee bought in Europe as a wedding present for Merle Oberon. But Douglas took one look at the beautiful, exquisite old ivory and said, “Oh, no! That’s not for Merle. That’s for me.” (And a fine way to do Merle, after she introduced him to his bride.)

The Ball and Fairbanks are Thursdays and Sundays. On Thursday the cook is away and Mary Lee has to prepare Douglas’ dinner. “Mary Lee is very Southern when she cooks,” says Douglas—and somehow I suspect that Mary Lee is much more pleased with her cooking than Douglas is. One of her favorite Thursday night dishes is a bean-
Corn-pork stew which is as plain as the nose on your face. Into a big pan she puts string beans, corn (on cob or off, to suit yourself) and a huge hunk of salt pork. She covers it all and cooks slowly for four or five hours. Then she puts potatoes around the top and cooks about forty-five minutes, until the potatoes are done. "And then Mary Lane," says Douglas. "Douglas loves the way I cook liver," she says, "I have a pot of boiling water. Then I'll stick the liver in the boiling water for one minute. This keeps the flavor in it. Then I try it in butter in a hot skillet."

If Douglas can't get heaven forbid, at least he's got a wife who knows her way around the kitchen.

On Sundays the Fairbankses have open house. Lulu is in charge of the swimming pool and you'll probably find a bona fide Princess on one side of you and the penniless granddaughter of Douglas' favorite coke vendor in Lone on the other. Guests change from Sunday to Sunday (David Niven used to be there every Sunday before he took a boat for England), but you can usually find Wing Commander Jimmy Adams, Allen Vincent, a boyhood friend of Doug's, Tom Geraghty, Douglas' friend and Douglas' pretty cousins, Lucille and Letitia Fairbanks. (Letitia and Huntington Hartford discovered each other this summer—and, as the saying goes, if Letitia marries Huntington he will become his ex-wife's cousin!)

One of the chief things you notice about the Fairbankses is the personal taste with which it is furnished, is the great number of family pictures all over the place. Douglas is a great one for family pictures. He loves them all around him. There are grandparents, and great-grandfathers, and great-aunts — but mostly there are the pictures of his house and his father. "That's Pete's favorite picture of the two of us," he tells you, pointing to a picture on the chess table, "it was taken when we were kids," he says. Then, starting called his famous father Pete after he became a young man. "I asked him one day," says Douglas, "what name he would have liked to have been called if he hadn't been called Douglas. And he said, 'Pete.' So I called him Pete ever since. And he called me J.R.'"

Now that Douglas has become a serious-minded young man Douglas isn't as great a tease and ribber as he was used to be in those casual pre-Hitler days. "Oh, I still bring the fellow around the house till he's a little guy from the studio occasionally," he admits with a grin, "when Mary Lee is having a formal glittery party, and he'll be somebody. This used to be Pete and Sylvia. But Mary Lee refuses to be ribbed. She just stuffs him with fried chicken and spoon bread." (Mary Lee not only cooks Southern herself, but usually employs cooks who cook Southern.)

"But I can always tease Mary Lee by playing golf. The house has several sliding panels and a secret staircase in it—and Mary Lee is positive we have an old ghost, and is frightened to death of death of the thing, though, that she is beginning to suspect that the ghost is only her bridgemoon."

The Fairbankses are married. The story is, I'm feeling, is going to last forever. They're such good balance for each other. Mary Lee is easy-going, good-natured, calm and practical. Douglas is high-strung, talkative, nervous and impatient. They both agree that there should be only one actor in the family—and that's Douglas. They both agree that Merle Oberon should be given some kind of a prize—but not a chess set—for bringing them together.

5 LETTERS: B-E-T-T-E-R than a dozen hangkies for opening

**Stuffy Nostrils**

due to colds

WHAT'S the use of evening so many handkerchiefs trying to blow mucus. Don't stop up nostrils! Mentholatum will do a much better job without blowing, without straining, without noise and fuss. Insert Mentholatum in your nostrils, and in a little while the congestion will clear and you will be able to breathe the more easily. Jars or tubes, 10c. For a generous free trial size write to the Mentholatum Company, 29 Hartian Building, Wilmington, Delaware.

WANTED—WOMEN—GIRLS

Addresses and mail our California for us. We Pay You 25 each and have everything newspapering Stamina. Easy and pleasant work. Write for Free List. Address: W.W. FAMOUS CO., Dept. 14, Lawyer's Building, Jersey City, N. J.

**Poem Writers! Lyric Writers!**

WE REVISE POEMS—SUPPLY THE MELODY and MAKE RECORDINGS. FOR IMMEDIATE CONSIDERATION send yours to

"MASTER MELODY MAKERS" D-10

**NEW! NO Value**

60Ct. Booklets of Pocket Radios DUPLICA TRANSIT CABINETS Dual Sets—Magazines—Magazine Orders

"HIDGENT RADIO WAlk Around SILENT TELEGRAMS!" Money back if not satisfied. Gen. Federation of Electronics, 152 W. 23rd St., New York, N. Y.

"HIDGENT RADIO CO. 36-12 Kearney, L. A.

**Atlas with a Grin**

Continued from page 34

AISL"
dresser drawer, but at least it saved him from vagrancy. Cheese and crackers, purchased whenever he managed to eke out a few cents, saved him from starvation.

Laird's position in the convertible every night was conducive to thinking long thoughts, to wit: Robert Morley was getting an enormous amount of attention for his work in "Oscar Wilde." Mr. Cregar had a hearty respect for Morley's genius, but why couldn't Hollywood have a rounding production of "Oscar Wilde," sans Mr. Morley? With someone like, say Laird Cregar, in the title role? A chap named Arthur Hutchinson thought so— to the tune of the necessary capital.

In half the time it would take to measure Laird for a new suit, all of Hollywood was talking about the astounding man who was bringing Oscar Wilde to life nightly at El Capitan Theatre. It was considered downright illiterate not to have seen the play at least once. Everybody at 20th Century-Fox saw it several times, then Mr. Cregar began to see everyone at 20th Century-Fox. As things stand now, he will go on seeing them regularly for, at least, the next seven years.

His first picture was "Hudson's Bay" in which he made other members of the cast look like Boy Scouts out on a weekend hike. By the way, he didn't have a stunt man double for him in those arduous lifting, hauling, bar-pulling, and fight sequences. That was Cregar doing the things that only Cregar can do. His next picture was "Blood and Sand" in which he was the fiery columnist. That finished, he went to work in the Jack Benny film, "Charley's Aunt."

Benny is said to have jubilated, at the beginning of the picture, that he didn't have to worry about Rochester stealing this one right out from under his nose— because Rochester wasn't in it.

The day the director gave Laird Cregar a gold-headed cane, and Cregar introduced one of the cleverest bits of business seen in Hollywood in many a day (the appreciative sliding of the cane through his hands after he met Charley's bogus aunt); Jack gave up. "I get rid of Rochester," he informed them to have moaned, "and they give me Carmichael—with a cane. Oh, fine!"

This job done, Laird took time out to have his appendix removed; the largest operation on record to date with the single exception of Lansing, Michigan, Oops—sorry. Currently, he is appearing in "Hot Spot" with Victor Mature, Carole Landis, and Betty Grable. In company like that, Cregar is at his best. His part is obviously—just ask anyone who read Steve Fisher's blood-curdling murder mystery, "I Wake Up Screaming," from which "Hot Spot" was made—the tops. He plays the psychopathic detective who very nearly hounds a man into the gas chamber. After having seen him as a French-Canadian replete with whiskers and accent, and as a Spanish Alexander Woollcott and as a Nineteenth Century father behind a grey mustache, and as a faw-tipped, narrow-eyed woozy, one is scarcely prepared for Laird Cregar, played straight.

One expects size, yes. But how could one know that his hair is a pleasant shade of reddish brown, absolutely straight, parted on the left. Who would expect his eyes to be faintly almond-shaped, more inescapable than Joan Crawford's, and a hazel brown of color. He is just twenty-five, or competition for Orson Welles as Boy Genius of Hollywood.

Mr. Cregar has some interesting ideas about the future. He wants to play Nero at the age of 21, when that violinist inherited the Holy Roman Empire. He wants to play Genghis Khan, the gigantic who cut a throat as casually as Fred Astaire cuts a rug. "The interesting thing about Khan," Cregar tells you, "is that he was one of the most brutal men who ever lived, but at the same time he was as tender as a woman with members of his own family. He adored and worshipped his own children. To top off this list, Laird wants to bring the person of Attila, The Hun, to the screen. Attila, you may remember, was nicknamed "The scourge of God." When Laird really turns in a characterization of any of the three hearties listed above, you may plan on some sleepless nights—or singularly hideous nightmares.

At that, he may solve the problem of double features, because you've got to admit that the Cregar boy is a double bill. He's the biggest thing to hit pictures since all four of the Marx Brothers, and he's eight times as handsome.

**"There's more to Helena Rubinstein's lipsticks than glorious color"**

Color of course! Smart, daring, challenging. But the scientist in Helena Rubinstein adds more to her lipstick—an ingredient as helpful to your lip-beauty as a cream is to your face! Its purpose is to keep lips as soft as velvet—to protect against drying, cracking—to help prolong their touchingly young appeal. Lipsticks, 1.00. Generous Debutick, .60.


For Limited Time Only. All three shades on a keyring! "KEYS TO BEAUTY" 1.00

At your favorite store or fill in coupon

---

Helena Rubinstein, Dept. SU 12-41
715 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Please send me Lipstick, 1.00 Debutick, .60
Apple Red Red Velvet Red Raspberry
Keys to Beauty, all three shades, 1.00
Please include samples of Helena Rubinstein's
flattering Powder? Dry or Oily Skin.

Name.
Street.
City State.

Check Money Order Cash C.O.D.

helena rubinstein

What's all the shooting for, Jean Parker? Getting in a little practice for your new comedy-mystery, "No Hands on the Clock"? We know you're one of Hollywood's best shots so whatever you're shooting of really doesn't matter when you look so cute.
A "perfectly balanced face" is how John Powers described Katharine Aldridge's features when he first saw her. And Mr. Powers should know, since his office is the home of America's most beautiful advertising models. And, of course, his is which is the home of beautiful women, lost no time in putting Kay in motion pictures.

Nelson Eddy, P.H.
Continued from page 31

subject of Nelson as a husband came up frequently, and was discussed by Nelson and his mother. Yes, Ann Franklin was in the picture even then.

In fact, Nelson almost ran away from her, to Europe, that summer. Almost, but not quite. That running-away business is not new, either, as we all know. But it usually ends up in the "almost" category, such as Nelson's did. Since time immemorial, men have feared the ultimate capture, and nature always prompts them to escape when they know they're gone, hook, line and sinker.

And Nelson Eddy was no exception to the rule. If you'll recall, that was the summer after Nelson's astounding success in "Naughty Marietta." That summer was undoubtedly the most important in his life. That was the summer when his fate (almost wrote gone), hung in the balance with the fans. For stories of his conquest, his arrogance, and his discourtesy to the press, were rampant. Stories which reached a peak about a year later, and stories which Nelson gracefully outdrove.

But that summer his patience was taxed pretty heavily. He became a screen idol overnight, after two years of obscurity in Hollywood, and this sudden swinging of the pendulum brought with it many problems. If he had immediately gone into another picture, the success would have been mine, and he believed he would have been surrounded by the tangible evidences of his profession, and things would have seemed less unreal. Instead of that, the studio naturally wished to be very careful in the selection of his next picture, and this left Nelson, the young man whose picture greeted you from every conceivable periodical, languishing impatiently at home.

He did go out dancing quite a bit with such charmers as Alice Faye, Virginia Bruce, Isabel Jewell, and others. But at that stage of his life, he was not seeking such pleasurable diversions. Rather he seemed to be seeking some direction to his emotional life.

And he found it, in the person of Ann Franklin, who even then enjoyed an enviable reputation as a sophisticated hostess and a soignée socialite. He was around thirty then, and the settling-down urge was upon him. Perhaps subconsciously, but nonetheless there. Nelson Eddy is very idealistic, and somewhat of a perfectionist, so he realized that finding a marriage partner was not going to be easy. And don't think for a minute that he exaggerated his own charms. Quite the contrary, despite all those tall tales about his being pursued by frantic females. (Seriously, those stories were actually played down in the press. Some of those women with fixations on Nelson were heart-breaking.)

Even if the thought of matrimony had not been in Nelson's mind at the time, his constant interviews on the subject would have made it a paramount subject. When he was asked about his ideal girl, as he invariably was, he invariably answered in a tactfully evasive manner, for he had not truly formulated his thoughts on the subject. But once, after the subject came up for a story, he said:

"What chance would I have of a happy marriage. I ask you? Here it is July, and my tour is already fully lined up. Five months of the year on the road, like a traveling salesman, which I am. One-night stands. It wears me out physically. I couldn't ask a woman to do that, and I certainly wouldn't want to be away from my wife for that long. SO?"

The only specific thing he had in mind regarding THE girl, was that she be a "live wire." He knew what he meant, but he had many ways of expressing it.

"You know, that certain something. I don't mean the kind that move around constantly, and nervously. But the kind that have that keen, understanding look in their eyes. Interested in everything. The kind that like people and things."

And that certainly describes Ann Eddy. And as for his fears about taking his wife on tour, anyone who has seen them leaving a theater ball together, will realize that the rigors of travelling leave as little mark on Ann as they do on Nelson. They always seem to have been having fun. And the onlooker further realizes that Nelson is a lucky man, a wife who has solved the problem of being a star's wife with exceptional cleverness. How she can remain by Nelson's side as they wend their way through the crowds to their car, and still seem so unpossessive as not to exist, is the nearest trick of the season. As Nelson signs autographs and returns greetings, Ann seems to melt into the background, but somehow they're cosily ensconced in their car and driving off, leaving smiling fans behind them.

Of course, this degree of perfect husband which we have bestowed on Nelson Eddy, requires many extras-curricular activities, to be so painlessly suggested by the proper wife, as to seem the husband's own idea. So Ann Eddy must also take a bow, for her possessive tact and social talent to a great degree.

We think this quality was what first attracted Nelson to her. Nelson, definitely in love, in a somewhat master of the house sort of thing. By that, we mean, he enjoys having his friends under his own roof, and appreciates a wife who can see the light of living gracefully and effortlessly. Which, of course, as all Hollywood knows, Ann Eddy can.

Her friendly gifts to Nelson at the time of their budding romance were evidence of the good taste she brings to the art of living. A housewarming on her tray, delivered by her butter. Armsful of fragrant flowers from her greenhouses, with the card marked for both Nelson and her father.

She would send Nelson witty telegrams at all odd hours. As Nelson leaned back at the piano, practicing with his companion, Ted Eyton, his eyes would constantly watch the winding drive to the front door, for the West End Union Jack, and he'd rush to the door himself to sign for the awaited message. And then his deep-throated laugh would ring out as he read Ann's latest salutary.

Nelson Eddy was thinking a lot of thinking about Ann Franklin that summer. He was very pleased that she and his mother got along so well, for Nelson's mother had long been known for her lifelong sacrifices for him, is very important factor in his life, and had there been any chance of coming between her and the women he loved, life would not be as serene as it is now for this fortunate lad.

It was about here that he began toying with the idea of going on a French trip to Europe, to perfect his French, and he even booked passage. The studio encouraged this, very cannily, by suggesting that he publish a book on the operatic "Naughty Marietta" in Paris. Certainly, such an opportunity comes to few. An operatic and cinematic success at thirty. Enrolled with charm, grace, health, artistic and financial success. And now the opportunity to receive the international acclaim that was矿iever before Nelson had been having none of it. For he decided to stick to the library, the quiet life, and of course, Ann Franklin. After that decision, it was many months before Nelson joined the ranks of the beneficiaries.

And now look at him. He has added additional success to that artistic and financial success. So, when next you see Nelson, in "The Chocolate Soldier," said to be his best film, you'll think of not only a fine singer, a swell actor, a dynamic personality—but a happy husband.
INSURES PARENTS, CHILDREN (Married or Unmarried) BROTHERS, SISTERS and GRANDPARENTS...Ages 1 to 65

Now, modern life insurance methods make it possible for all of your family, including in-laws, to be insured in one policy paying guaranteed benefits for death from any cause.

Instead of issuing five or six policies to include mother, father, sons and daughters, even grandparents, we now issue just one policy that insures them all...and at one low cost price of only $1 a month.

COMPUTED ON LEGAL RESERVE BASIS
To guarantee payment on each death that occurs in your insured family, we have figured this policy out on the strict legal reserve basis, complying with State government requirements in every respect. This is your assurance of Cash When You Need It Most. Claims are paid at once...without argument or delay. State records verify our fair and just settlements.

 Guarantee Reserve specializes in full family coverage, that's why we can offer you safe, guaranteed life insurance on your whole family at one low price of only $1 a month.

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION
To eliminate costly doctor fees, etc., we have eliminated Medical Examination. All people from age 1 to 65, in good health may be included in this new type Guarantee Reserve family policy. No membership fees, no examination fees, no policy fee...$1 a month pays for one policy that insures all.

RUSH—MAIL AT ONCE—DON'T DELAY
Guarantee Reserve LIFE INSURANCE CO.
GUARANTEE RESERVE BLDG., Dept., 75-M, Hammond, Ind.

Gentlemen: Without obligation, please send me at once complete information on how to get your Family Life Policy for FREE inspection.

Name.................................................................
Address............................................................
City.................................................................State.................................

NO AGENT WILL CALL
10-DAY FREE INSPECTION OFFER
SEND NO MONEY
WHISPER "I LOVE YOU" WITH Evening in Paris

Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Talcum, Single Loose Powder Vanity $1.50

Purse Flacon of Evening in Paris Perfume, Eau de Cologne and Talcum $1.50

Purse Flacon of Perfume, Face Powder and refreshing Eau de Cologne $2.50

Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne, Talcum $1.75

Triple Loose Powder Vanity Others $1.25 and $2.00

Evening in Paris Perfume, Eau de Cologne, Rouge, Lipstick and Talcum $2.95

Created by BOURJOIS

Evening in Paris Talcum and sparkling Toilet Water in $1.85

gift package...

Purse Flacon of Perfume, Eau de Cologne $1.80

Popular Evening in Paris Perfume $1.25

Evening in Paris Face Powder, Eau de Cologne $1.85

Evening in Paris Perfume, Sep-

arate atomizer. Delightful holiday package $1.75

Perfume and atomizer, Eau de Cologne, Talcum and Single Vanity $4.00
GREAT FAMILIES make great pictures!

from the days of "THE BIRTH OF A NATION" and "CIMARRON"... through "CAVALCADE" and "BEAU GESTE"... down to "THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD," "THE GRAPES OF WRATH" and "GONE WITH THE WIND"...

...and now to the screen comes the brave story of a family never conquered—not by armed men or hardship, hunger or hate—nor by the turbulent years that stole the greenness from their valley.

Twentieth Century-Fox presents Richard Llewellyn's

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY

with WALTER PIDGEON • MAUREEN O'HARA • DONALD CRISP

ANNA LEE • RODDY MCDOWALL

John Loder • Sara Allgood • Barry Fitzgerald • Patric Knowles

Produced by Directed by

DARRYL F. ZANUCK • JOHN FORD

Screen Play by Philip Dunne

Watch for CLAUDETTE COLBERT in "Remember the Day"
BUT HEADS WILL TURN...if your SMILE is Right!

There's magic in a lovely smile! Help yours to be sparkling—with Ipana and Massage.

Look about you, plain girl! The most popular girl isn't always the prettiest girl. It's true in the world of the stage and screen—it's true in your own small world.

Heads do turn—eyes do follow—hearts do respond—to even the plainest face if it flashes a winning, glamorous, sparkling smile.

Make your smile your beauty talisman. Keep it as enchanting as it should be. Help it to be a smile that wins for you the best that life has to give. But remember that, for a smile to keep its brightness and sparkle, gums must retain their healthy firmness.

"Pink Tooth Brush"—a warning!

If you ever see "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist right away. It may not mean serious trouble, but let him decide. He may say simply that your gums need more work...the natural exercise denied them by today's soft foods.

And like thousands of dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana is specially designed, not only to clean teeth brilliantly and thoroughly but, with massage, to help firm and strengthen your gums.

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. Notice its clean, refreshing taste. And that invigorating "tang" tells you circulation is increasing in your gums—helping them to better health. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today.

"A LOVELY SMILE IS MOST IMPORTANT TO BEAUTY!"

say beauty editors of 23 out of 24 leading magazines

Recently a poll was made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines. All but one of these experts said that a woman has no greater charm than a lovely, sparkling smile.

They went on to say that "Even a plain girl can be charming, if she has a lovely smile. But without one, the loveliest woman's beauty is dimmed and darkened."

Start Today with

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

A Product of Bristol-Myers

SCREENLAND
Tis the month before Christmas and all through the movie houses there are a lot of wonderful films to be seen.

This column is in the present and future tense. Since it is a Christmas issue, we will first talk about the present.

There is the Garbo picture. Of "Ninotchka" caliber—debonair and de-lovely.

It is called "Two-Faced Woman"—practically a double feature in itself.

And every single feature of Garbo is something to behold. Ask co-star Melvyn Douglas.

Comes too, "H. M. Pulham, Esq."—which so many have read. Hedy Lamarr and Robert Young step right from the pages as the saying goes.

"Panama Hattie", the famed Broadway trip-hammer of hilarity, gives us more Ann Sothern hospitality and Red Skelton's hornpipes of pandemonium.

Spencer Tracy, the matinee and evening idol, and Katherine Hepburn, who also is no idle idol, appear in the picture of the year.

Entitled "Woman of The Year".

And then also on this Yule season list, we're including "Babes on Broadway" which we deliver with all sorts of golden predictions of being something to dance in the streets about.

That is, the dancing in the streets will be done after you've seen the dancing in the theatre.

It's all to the merry, merry.

And at the same time let us wish you a happy, happy.

—Santa Leo

---

**EVERY STORY A FEATURE**

The Editor's Page .................................. Delight Evans 19
At Home with Victor Mature .......................... Elizabeth Wilson 20
"Kings Row." Complete Fictionization .............. Elizabeth B. Petersen 22
Make the Most of Every Day! Melvyn Douglas. Rilla Page Palmberg 24
Bride on a Budget, Brenda Joyce .................. John R. Franchey 26
Meet the Hottest New Hero: George Montgomery .... Liza 28
Advice to Working Mothers ........................ Jack Holland 30
Red Skelton, His Life and Love! .................... Ida Zeitlin 32
A Secretary Looks at a Star. Henry Fonda ......... Romaney 34
Those Hips That Hip-Notizel Carmen Miranda ....... Paul Karel 51
Your Guide to the Best Current Pictures .......... Delight Evans 52

**SPECIAL ART SECTION:**


**DEPARTMENTS:**

Hot from Hollywood .................................. 6
Honour Page ....................................... 8
Tagging the Talkies ............................... 10
Inside the Stars' Homes. Carole Landis .......... 12
Fans' Forum ....................................... 14
Screenland's Crossword Puzzle ..................... 16
Christmas Gift Quiz ................................ Courtenay Marvin 54
Here's Hollywood .................................. Weston East 56

Cover Portrait of BETTY GRABLE by Frank Powolny, 20th-Century-Fox
It's on the screen so

ROAR AMERICA!

"The Man Who Came to Dinner"

NOTHING COULD BE FUNNIER!

WARNER BROS: NEWEST HIT. With
JIMMY DURANTE • RICHARD TRAVIS
BILLY BURKE • REGINALD GARDINER
Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY
Screen Play by Julius J. & Philip G. Epstein

From the 2-year-run stage success by
GEO. S. KAUFMAN and MOSS HART
Produced by Sam H. Harris

Your theatre manager will
tell you the opening date...
that's your night to howl!
RONNIE REAGAN is ready and standing by. Just when his career and his personal life are rich with fulfillment, comes every indication that his services may be needed as a reserve member of the United States Cavalry. If he is called, the one hindrance may be the deficiency in his eyesight. Without his glasses, like Joan Bennett, Martha Scott and many others, Ronnie can’t see clearly, over five feet away from him. Ronnie’s adoring wife, Janey Wyman, isn’t saying a word. But there’s a hint something in her face, as she gaily around Hollywood these days. Little Maureen Elizabeth, the baby Reagan, is too young and healthy to realize the drama that’s going on around her.

HERE’s the true story on that fight between Lana Turner and Roger Pryor. When Loretta Young invited them for dinner at Ciro’s, they accepted with one condition. Lana must leave at ten to do a broadcast. So everyone was having a wonderful time. Sudden Lana looked at her watch. She had exactly twelve minutes before she’d go on the air. Breaking away from the scene floor, she rushed out of the place. Roger made their apologies and followed. Hollywood took it all in curiously. Right then and there it was decided the heat was on. Now you know how some rumors get started at Ciro’s.

IF IT’S true, it’s all being kept very secret. But a close friend of Garbo’s is supposed to have told the story. It’s said that the great Greta has sunk a huge sum into a Beverly Hills apartment house. The money is supposed to have been turned over to Gaylorl Hauser, who in turn is supposed to have turned it over to a friend. The idea being that the friend would purchase it in his name and the most famous landlady in America would remain a mystery.

VEN his buddies were pretty surprised when Franchot Tone married the eighteen-year-old Jean Wallace—who is just half Franchot’s age. Since his last serious operation Franchot has been lonely. No more night life for him, doctor’s orders. Undoubtedly he wanted someone to share that beautiful home he rented from Hedda Lamarr and furnished to perfection. Had he married one week sooner, Franchot would have taken his vows on the anniversary of his marriage to Joan Crawford. By the way, they say Franchot has the

Here are scenes from "Mr. Bug Goes To Town," Paramount’s new feature-length cartoon, produced by Max Fleischer. It is a radical departure from previous feature-length cartoons since it is neither fantasy nor fable, but a dramatic, modern story, it’s the tale of the fight for life today of a community of little people (called insects by humans) who live in a patch of earth right off Broadway, surrounded by the cement and steel world inhabited by the menace they fear most—the human race. The story is told from the insects’ viewpoint. The cartoon introduces such characters as Honey Bee, Bumble, and Happity, youngest mother-in-law in Hollywood. 'Tis rumored she’s exactly Franchot’s age!

THEY’re closing their ranch, Lucille Ball is taking an apartment in Hollywood. Desi Arnaz is going out on a long personal appearance tour. This is their story and they insist that nothing is the matter. Those who know them think differently. The reports are that Lucille and Desi have had many quarrels. Some of them have been in public. Intimates infer the cause is jealousy. Maybe that old one about absence making the heart grow fonder, still has some merit. We hope so. Lucille and Desi are nice people.

LUPE VELEZ admits that she’s making Marlene Dietrich burn. Lupe also admits that she doesn’t mind a bit. The reason? Lupe’s native charms have won her the attention of Erich Remarque, one of Marlene’s closest friends and most constant escorts. In all fairness to Marlene, it may be true but her face doesn’t show any great signs of suffering when she’s out with Jean Gabin. None of the parties concerned are exactly shrinking violets. So I guess we can all stick to our knitting.

DESPITE that square-cut diamond worn by Ann Sheridan’s third finger, left hand, there’s every indication that her romance with George Brent has lost some of its fervor. Ann is being seen out quite a bit, usually unescorted, in a large group of friends. They say that George’s isolation and hermit existence are beginning to tell on the fun-loving Sheridan. She enjoys parties and mixing with people. In the two years’ time they have been together, Ann and George have been out about a half dozen times. Only time and a little guy named cupid actually know what’s going to happen?

DESPITE those denials to the contrary, close friends of Neal Lang will tell you that his marriage to Martha Raye hasn’t quite lived up to his original expectations. Neal gave up a good job in the east to be near his bride. Those who are supposed to know, say he is very much in love with Martha. The rampageous Raye has certainly never been anything but herself around Neal, or anyone else. So everyone is wondering what happened after marriage to throw such a damper. In the meantime, they’re trying to work it out.

ONE of the nicest guys in all Hollywood is Bob Taylor. In “Johnny Eager,” Bob Sterling had a very difficult dramatic scene. Naturally he was nervous and worried. When it was over, Bob Taylor, standing on the sidelines, rushed into the scene and clasped Sterling’s hand. “That was great, Bob,” said the other Bob. “No one could have done it better.” Bob Sterling, one hundred and eighty pound lump o’ man, had such a lump in his throat he couldn’t even say thank you.

W E LIKE Bob Hope’s latest ambition. He wants to cross a carrier pigeon with a woodpecker. So it can knock on the door when it delivers a letter!

B ECAUSE hospitals know skin infections are so contagious, when Ann Sothern got makeup poisoning they put her in a tiny room in the isolation ward. It’s on the ground floor, way in the back of the building. Because there was no room for the many baskets of flowers, Ann sent them upstairs to the people in the wards. During her week in the hospital, Ann had daily visits from either Cesar Romero or Bob Sterling. The boys alternated, so’s “Maisy” wouldn’t have time to get lonesome.

(Plase turn to page 9)
THE GREATEST MUSICAL COMEDY EVER FILMED!

Imagine! The funniest guy on the screen, Bob Hope
— in Technicolor! Gorgeous dancing,
— in Technicolor! Victor Moore,
— in Technicolor! Irene Bordoni— all a hundred lovely
Star Zorina—in Technicolor! A million
Louisiana belles— in Technicolor! All
indescribable loveliness... all
yours, in the greatest musical
comedy ever filmed!

"LOUISIANA PURCHASE" IS COMING SOON. ASK YOUR LOCAL THEATRE MANAGER FOR THE DATE!

Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS • Screen Play by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields • Based on the Musical Comedy by Morrie Ryskind • From a Story by B. G. DeSylva

BOB HOPE
VERA ZORINA
VICTOR MOORE
WITH
IRENE BORDONI • DONA DRAKE
AND 100 LOUISIANA BELLES

Music and Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN

EVERYBODY DANCE! YOU CAN'T BRUSH ME OFF!
LOUISIANA PURCHASE! IT'S A LOVELY DAY TOMORROW!
WHAT CHANCE HAVE I WITH LOVE?
I'M LONELY AND YOU'RE LONELY!
FOOLS FALL IN LOVE

SCREENLAND
Saluting a brilliant new actor, Richard Whorf, whose arrestingly dramatic performance opposite Betty Field makes "Blues in the Night" a fascinating motion picture. Watch for those sensational Whorf-Field scenes which sear the screen!

It's our prediction that Warner Bros.' "Blues in the Night" will interest jitterbugs and adult moviegoers alike—for its exciting presentation of swing music, its emotional impact, its fine performances by the terrific screen newcomer, Richard Whorf, and Betty Field.

In the groove! Whorf as the pianist in a barnstorming swing band and fellow musicians are on their way to glory when he meets Betty, femme fatale who almost wrecks his life.
Hot from Hollywood
Continued from page 6

REMEmber when Paramount brought
A Carl Brisson to Hollywood? Remember
when the dimpled star denied he had a son
named Fred? Instead, he insisted Fred was
his brother. Today it’s all quite different.
Carl Brisson is very proud of his son
Fred and thrilled over his new daughter-in-law.
You know her as Rosalind Russell,
who was Hollywood’s perennial bachelor
girl. Carl has been having all his father’s
pictures run off in the projection room.
Roz wasn’t a part of Hollywood in those
days and has never seen what puppy-in-
law can do in the way of acting.

Robert Cummings and Mischa Auer
are said to be next in line, now that
Deanna Durbin is trying to get her release
from Universal. Cummings confides that
they are getting ten times the weekly salary
they pay him, when they loan him out.
Mischa says he never gets more than a bit
do, unless they loan him out. Wonder
what the poor people are doing?

Universal were so anxious to get a
renewal on Abbott and Costello’s contract, they allowed them to write it. At least
they were given every desired privilege.
The sensational comedy team will make
one outside picture a year. The studios are knocking themselves out, seeing
which one will get it.

Leave it to Lupe. She always puts on
a good show for the natives. When the
little Veliz goes to night clubs, she dis-
appears several times during the evening.
Each time when she returns, she has her
hair done in a completely new and differ-
ent fashion. So far she wears the same
costume without changing. But it won’t be
long now!

For a younger Jackie Cooper is carry-
ing man-sized burdens. His beloved uncle,
Norman Taurog, who directed and dis-
covered him in “Skippy,” has separated
from his wife. This makes Jackie very sad.
Now rumor has it that Charles Bigelow,
the stepfather who has been his idol, is sep-
arating from Jackie’s mother, who is still
quite ill. There’s still Bonita Granville, who
is devoted to Jackie. Here’s hoping it will
all work out.

(Continued on page 17)

Loveliness may soon be Yours!
Go on the
CAMAY “MILD-SOAP” DIET!

This lovely bride, Mrs. Robert G. Johnson of New Orleans, La., says: “The Camay ‘Mild-
Soap’ Diet is such an easy way to help bring out the loveliness of one’s complexion.”

Follow this way to a lovelier complex-
ion—based on skin specialists’
advise — praised by lovely brides!

“I’m so thrilled . . . being a Camay
bride! When people tell me that my
skin is lovely, I’m rewarded in full for
my persistent devotion to the Camay
‘Mild-Soap’ Diet. Many
nights I was so sleepy . . .
many mornings I was in
such a hurry, but never
once did I neglect to follow
the ‘Mild-Soap’ Diet rou-
tine faithfully.” So says
Mrs. Robert G. Johnson.

A little time . . . a little care . . . and you,
too, can be lovelier with the help of the
Camay “Mild-Soap” Diet. For no wom-
an’s skin can be truly beautiful if she
fails to cleanse it properly. Or if she uses
a beauty soap that isn’t mild enough.

Skin specialists themselves advise a
regular cleansing routine with a fine mild
soap. And Camay is more
than just mild . . . it’s actu-
al more milder than the 10
famous beauty soaps tested.
That’s why we say your
way to new loveliness is to
“Go on the Camay ‘Mild-
Soap’ Diet tonight!”

Go on the “MILD-SOAP” Diet tonight!

Work Camay’s milder lather over your skin, pay-
ing special attention to the nose, the base of
neatnails and chin. Rinse with warm water and
follow with thirty seconds of cold splashing.

Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are
free to function for natural beauty. In the morn-
ing—one more quick session with this mild
camay and your skin is ready for make-up.

Margaret Hayes is the lucky girl, above, who
get her Christmas shopping and wrapping
done early. She’s in “Louisiana Purchase.”
Tagging the Talkies

International Lady—United Artists
A fast-paced spy story in which George Brent, FBI agent, and Basil Rathbone of Scotland Yard, are friendly rivals in their efforts to get the goods on a spy through whom they hope to trap some saboteurs. Iona Massey is the spy whose beautiful singing radio voice is a code that tips off the enemy. Brent and Rathbone give smooth performances, and Miss Massey's portrayal of the alluring spy is effective. A good film with suspense, romance, humor.

All That Money Can Buy—RKO-Radio
Don't let the fact that this film has no big star names keep you from seeing it or you'll miss a fine film. It's an adaptation of Stephen Benet's "The Devil and Daniel Webster," the story of a man who sells his soul to the devil and broods when his time's up. Edward Arnold, as Webster, helps Judge James Craig redeem himself, Walter Huston as Scratch (the devil) and Craig give good portrayals. Jane Darwell, Anne Shirley are in cast.

The Man in Her Life—Columbia
Career vs. marriage and home life is the topic of this film. It relieves the struggles of a ballerina (Loretta Young) to achieve success, how her career conflicts with her private life, and of her love for Conrad Veidt, her instructor-husband. Dean Jagger, her second husband, and John Shepperd whom she loves, but who's killed. The mother-love angle will stir your emotions. Loretta plays the difficult role with feeling. Ballet scenes are beautifully done.

Buy Me That Town—Paramount
An excellent laugh-getting gangland comedy about a group of racketeers who buy up a bankrupt, unincorporated town and turn the jail into a hotel where refugees from the law can hide for $1000 per week. Lloyd Nolan’s the head man who makes civic improvements at the suggestion of Constance Moore, whom he loves. Barbara Jo Allen’s (Vera Vague) interpretation of a prim spinster alone is worth your time and money. Don’t miss it.

Down Mexico Way—Republic
Singing cowboy Gene Autry in another fine Western. In this one, Gene, Smiley Burnette and other citizens of Sage City are victims of swindlers posing as Hollywood film producers. Gene and his friends follow the crooks to Mexico where they’ve gone to work another fraud on a much larger scale on the town’s richest man, whose daughter they’ve promised to star, and expose them. Gene’s musical songs are interwoven with exciting chases and fights.
Never Give a Sucker an Even Break—Universal

If you can take W. C. Fields' brand of hoke in big doses, see this one. The fantastic story has to do with Fields' efforts to sell a script. As producer Franklin Pangborn reads the whacky script, the action resolves itself on the screen. Gloria Jean, as Fields' niece sings some classics so well they seem out of place in this film which abounds with slapstick. There's an auto chase that's crazier than any ever filmed.

Target for Tonight—Warner

This documentary film is a sensational depiction of an actual air raid on Germany by the Royal Air Force. It was produced in the skies over Germany and German-occupied territory and tells in detail how a raid is planned and executed. There are no professional actors, all parts being played by members of the R.A.F. It shows the preparations made before a raid. Has more thrills than flying films with romantic episodes and Hollywood stars.

The Three Mesquiteers (Tom Tyler, Bob Steele, Rufe Davis) promise a dying man to deliver $5000 to his long-lost mother. She mistakes Steele for her son; they learn that the $5000 is stolen money and that the mortgage and a gang are trying to get the mother's ranch for themselves, but leave it to the Mesquiteers to track down the outlaws and right things. This has more plot than most Westerns. Plenty of riding, shooting, fighting.
Here's one Glamor Girl who is sentimental about holidays. Celebrate New Year's Eve with Carole AUTRY in "DOWN MEXICO WAY".
After reading "What Carole Landis Demands of Men" in October Screenland, I find myself irritated, indignant and furious. Who is this girl who demands from life so much and gives so little in return? Is she some divine goddess or just a spoiled brat who would call her life and soul just to lead a life of luxury and splendor? And if she is just that why advertise it? This egotistical and selfish person with distorted views on life is a sad comparison to the decent, refined girls who consider it a pleasure to walk with their beaux instead of being lavished with costly insane attentions. Is she proud of the fact that she expects men to spoil her? That is something to brag about.

Just picture little Carole on a desert island for a few years without the company of the opposite sex. Then cast Carole back to society and you can bet your last dollar that this pretty little blonde won't be so choozy and exacting.

She frankly admits that her two marriages have been successful. I dare say that this type of girl can marry twenty times and still not know what true happiness is because she doesn't realize that the greatest joy of life is in making others happy and not in grabbing all you can for yourself.

ARTHUR STERN, Newark, N. J.

It is generally agreed that Bette Davis is one of the finest actresses on the screen. What has been overlooked is the fact that she is a very good-looking girl—or could be.

Is there an iron-clad rule that real actresses must be "unpretty"? It would seem so. The early Bette Davis had platinum-blonde hair, a shining figure, and a lovely face. Then she became an important actress. The hair was changed to its present nude-shect color and careless coiffure—and the mouth became a grotesque slash—and the eyes went wild. True, people overlooked her acting ability. That is, some people: the acting world, the movie critics, the press—but not Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

I think the change was entirely concerned with the story of a picture; men are definitely interested in beauty and sex appeal. Many men do not care for Bette Davis, Joan Crawford, or some of the other actresses who have sacrificed (needlessly) beauty for art. They do go to see Frischilla Lane and Joan Bennett, who brightly combine acting with attractive appearance.

It would be marvelous to see Bette Davis with a cupid's bow, softer color and lighter hair—"Districh" legs shown to better advantage. I'm sure the box office would hit a new high.

SARA HARVIN, Sumter, S. C.

I have read "Tyrone Power's New "Blitz Kiss" (how horrible) Technique," by Elizabeth Wilson, in one of your recent issues. Well, I too saw "Blood and Sand" and wrote and proclaimed Miss D. for her acting ability. That is, some people: the acting world, the movie critics, the press—but not Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

What was there to swoon about? Tyrone Power is a nice kid, doesn't even look his age, but (unless you're a high-school girl) he is NOT, as a great lover, primarily concerned with the parts like the young ne'er-do-well in "In Old Chicago."

Anthony Quinn could have played the role of the bullfighter, Juan, much better than Tyrone. Ty is too young, too bright-eyed—his eyes could never smolder. He seemed like a nice boy off on the wrong track. I sometimes think the movie producers and writers can't see the wood for the trees. To say that T. P. is the hottest thing in Hollywood is just wishful thinking. The way one high-school girl takes it in her stride is: "Robert Taylor and Tyrone Power are cute, but not as nice as Bob" (her Bob she meant.) S000—if I were a producer I wouldn't concentrate entirely upon the youngsters, they only go to the movies to hold hands anyway.

We like—I'm supposing that there are others like myself—to hear of the family life of the stars. We know they're not just gigolos or puppets that some normal person has to pull the strings for, and to play normal people. They're normal healthy people with the normal healthy desire for home and family. In "Swance River," the scene where Don Ameche hugged the little girl—he wasn't "acting," he WAS Stephen Foster, Acting like that turns back the clock and pulls up the blind so that you're looking into the life of someone who really lived. Yet in each picture Don Ameche is so different. I never confuse him with a previous part. Paul Muni may not be a hot star in Hollywood, but I'll never forget his Louis Pastor. Tears rolled down my face when a humble little old man, tired, worn, bewildered, and grateful, walked haltingly up to receive a little credit from the people whom he helped in spite of themselves. He WAS Louis Pastor.

JANE SMITH, Cincinnati, Ohio

I have just seen Screenland's last issue, with scenes from "Week-end in Havana." It irritates me greatly that all you North Americans know and think about Havana are: The rumba, daiquiris, maracas, etc. You are greatly mistaken. And you Americans are the ones who maintain this scenery in Havana, because the minute you place a foot in Cuba, all you want to do is dance the rumba, drink Bacardi, play the maracas, and so on. Those so-called typical places in Havana are opened exclusively for the Americans because they are the ones that pay for their subsistence. There are thousands of Cubans who have never danced the rumba, or played maracas, or drank a Bacardi.

M. N. SIERRA, Vedado, Havana, Cuba
A quick turn of your head . . . highlights sparkle like twinkling stars—the waning light of the moon lingers in the soft sheen of your hair—he looks closer . . . . Yes, few men can resist the lure of gloriously feminine hair. And it's so easy to have hair that's brighter, more entrancing when you use Nestle Colorinsinc. This magic-like rinse—created by Nestle—originators of permanent waving—rises radiant highlights into your hair—accents its color—makes it softer, silkier, easier to manage. Colorinsinc will not brush or rub off but it washes out easily with shampooing. Whether you're blonde, brunette, auburn or gray, there's a shade of Colorinsinc that will add a touch of glamour to the beauty of your hair. Choose the color for your own hair from the 14 flattering shades on the Nestle Chart at beauty counters. For a lovelier hair-do—use Nestle Shampoo before and Nestle Superstar after Coloring.

16

SCREENLAND'S
Crossword Puzzle
By Alma Talley

ACROSS

1. Star. "You'll Never Get Rich"
2. "Information Please" expert (also in "Kiss the Boys Goodbye")
3. Husband's drunken pal in the klyask
4. Mrs. Errol Flynn
5. To gate
6. Without cost
7. He's featured in "The Gay Falcon"
8. Paradise
9. Move
10. Golf term
11. Slippery fish
12. Likely
13. Alternative voices
14. Star of "Sunny"
15. Water from the skies
16. Of (French version)
17. Unit of work
18. Veteran movie comic, with glasses
19. Part of to be
20. Costar "Unfinished Business"
21. Killed
22. Jimmy Stewart's in it now
23. "Nine Lives—Not Enough" (Ronald Reagan)
24. Drunken critic in "The Feminine Touch"
25. Propeller for row boat
26. Famous film heroine ("A Doll's House")
27. To take a chance
28. He's featured in "The Bride Cane C.O.D."
29. Famous Mammy singer
30. The red-winged Marx brother
31. Inquire
32. Continent (abrev.)
33. Co-star, "Honky-Tonk"
34. Co-star, "The Chocolate Soldier"
35. Greek letter
36. Stall
37. She's Mrs. Joel McCrea
38. Small devil
39. His new one is "The Male Animal"
40. Father
41. She's Madame Gouges in "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break"
42. Famous Verdi opera
43. Star of "Sun Valley Serenade"
44. Leading man in a story
45. Silver
46. Finished
47. Winter vehicle

DOWN

1. Level
2. To anger (slang)
3. Co-star, "Night of January 16th"
4. To cease living
5. Bone (anatomy)
6. Silent
7. Automobile
8. Enclosed courtyard
9. Note of the scale
10. Stern of a vessel
11. Co-star, "Smolin Through"
12. Weird
13. Minus
14. Approached
15. Benison
16. This comes before and after the hen
17. To wander stealthily
18. Even (poetic)
19. He's featured in "Ara-Capades"
20. Star, "London Assurance"
21. She's Mrs. William Powell
22. Star, "Dive Bomber"
23. Onion-like vegetable
24. With force
25. Co-star, "The Shadow of the Thin Man"
26. Ever (contraction)
27. To clip
28. To propel with oars
29. Regular order (as troops)
30. Abate, slacken
31. Explanation
32. Popular term for one of the film companies
33. Mickey Rooney's most famous role
34. Male liqueur
35. Co-star, "Blood and Sand"
36. He has seven daughters
37. He's featured in "Suspicion"
38. Intimate conversation
39. One who inherits property
40. Paradise
41. Simple
42. Frudge inebriously
43. Co-star, "Sailor"
44. "All This . . . Heaven Too!"
45. Explanations of pleasure
46. "... Stayed For Breakfast"
47. "Chuck" in the Hal Roach comedy, "Niagara Falls"

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

L E A F T R E E M E A T A T T O D E A N N A
A N S H I E D E L M E R D E T G R E T C A R R I
A T T O D E A N N A R E A L L U R I D L E E S A L S E L E A D E L Y R E
"I haven't the vaguest idea who she was," said my hostess, "so I call her Ophelia. Ophelia and her pals gave me the notion of having the house done to set them off. We're not half through doing it yet—what's that's fun about a house, you keep on adding this and that!"

Gray-tinted walls and beige-and-brown carpeting set off the Chinese red and white of the furniture—white chairs and red sofa—the drapes repeating the Chinese red, as background for Chinese scenes. "I've ordered a fine exquisitie Chinese print for that space over the sofa. But right now my special raves are my new lamps." On end tables are delicate porcelain Chinese figures set in low silver boxes from which grow glossy-leaved plants. Each figure holds aloft a "parasol" of white silk bordered in red—the lampshades of the lamps. "When my decorator showed me the blue-prints of these, they were so perfect that I kissed them!" cried Carole, sinking down among the leopard-skin cushions on the red couch.

She wasn't there long. Donner, a huge Great Dane, came bounding in, found his mistress and tried to climb into her lap. "Mommy's baby!" cooed Carole, getting out from under several hundred pounds of dog. "Want to see me rise him?" She leaped on his back, not a bad trick when you're wearing a trailing hostess gown, but then not every girl has the beautiful underpinnings of a Lucille. Donner began to buck like a broncho, and Carole slipped off. "Wasn't that CUTE? He thinks he's in a rodeo! Now hole down, Mommy's busy."

After a maternal glance, Donner decided that Mommy was indeed busy and subsided. "I'm not superstitious except for one thing," she confided. "That's posing with my dogs. Sure as I live, they die or get sick or somebody steals them. It began when I was small. My sister and I were playing in the yard with my pet dog; she got mad at me, picked up a sprinkler belonging to the hose and threw it. It missed me and killed the dog. Just that morning, my mother had taken my picture with the dog. Not so long ago, three of the pups that have posed with me at the studio have had bad luck—Jinx was stolen, Rover was run over, and the little one died. So Donner's not having his picture taken unless he just happens to wander in by accident."

The Chinese decorative influence in the Landis home has not yet extended beyond the living room and hall. Carole's dining room is Swedish moderne, the blonde chairs upholstered in soft blue. Today it was gay with the balloons for the New Year's Eve party, one even hanging from the crystal chandelier. The table was spread with appetite-roding dishes, plates of hors-d'oeuvres, a china dish containing Kohl-Dumov, a covered one with Sye Salad, another String Beans Markey, and a smaller plate with Pickled Herring. Bright yellow grapefruits were set here and there stuck with toothpicks, each with its burden of sausage wrapped in bacon. A crystal punch-bowl filled with eggnog and a dish of every variety of cheese completed the spread.

"We have a Swedish cook," laughed Carole, "so I thought it would be fun to have lots of her specialties for this party. See—Swedish cook, Swedish dishes, Swedish dining room!"

New Year's Eve is an ideal time for Carole to give a party—it's her birthday! "Our family is great on celebrations, anyway," she said, peering into the bab-

(Continue to page 12)

**Inside the Stars' Home**

Lucille Ball won't be forgetting Santa Fe, New Mexico, for awhile. And Santa Fe won't be forgetting our Lucille. While down there on location, Lucille gathered up all the natives and broke them into a conga line. Then she hired one big Indian to show her around town. She tipped him fifty cents for his trouble and he willingly took it. When Desi Arnaz found out he almost got hysterical. Lucille's Indian guide was none other than the richest member of the colony. His properties and possessions were worth well over a million dollars. They're now calling her "Minnie Ha-Ha Ball."

**Hot from Hollywood**

**COMBINING** red and green for street and sports wear is the newest Hollywood rage. Linda Darnell has a lipstick red gingham tailored suit. All the accessories are field green.

**MAKE WAY** for the Varsoviana. No, it isn't a new breakfast food. It's a dance that Janet Gaynor and Adrian have introduced to Hollywood society. They brought it back from Mexico and predict it will sweep the country. Instead of partners facing each other, the lady stands in front of the gentleman, her back to him. The dance is performed in minuet fashion. It ain't hot, but it's fun!

Dorothy Lamour kiddin'? Her new dressing room has just been done over in the smallest style. The only picture in the place features a gorgeous frame. It's a photograph of "Muck," the chimpanzee recently signed to a seven-year contract by Paramount. The picture was especially posed for Dotty. "Muck" is carrying a lily in his hand!

**When** Ronnie Reagan wore a turtle neck sweater on the "Juke Girl" set. Annie Sheridan gave him a terrific ribbing. She insisted on knowing whether the Hays Office had given their official permission!!!

**Why Arthur Murray Dance Teachers Prefer Odoronio Cream**

When you teach dancing for a living, you can't take chances with daintiness! That's why the glamorous girls who teach dancing in Arthur Murray's famous Studios are so crazy about Odoronio Cream. They can dab it on and dance all day without fear of underarm odor or dampness!

Non-irritating, non-gritty, non-greasy—Odoronio Cream ends perspiration annoyance safely 1 to 3 days! Generous 10c, 39c, and 59c sizes, plus tax, at all cosmetic counters.

The Odoronio Co., Inc., New York.

**ENDS PERSPIRATION**

**ANNOYANCE 1 TO 3 DAYS**

Gives you more for your money.

Also liquid Odoronio—regular and instant.

![Odoronio Ad](https://via.placeholder.com/150)

**Inside the Stars' Home**

Continued from page 12

Lucille Ball won't be forgetting Santa Fe, New Mexico, for awhile. And Santa Fe won't be forgetting our Lucille. While down there on location, Lucille gathered up all the natives and broke them into a conga line. Then she hired one big Indian to show her around town. She tipped him fifty cents for his trouble and he willingly took it. When Desi Arnaz found out he almost got hysterical. Lucille's Indian guide was none other than the richest member of the colony. His properties and possessions were worth well over a million dollars. They're now calling her "Minnie Ha-Ha Ball."

You can't blame George Murphy too much for getting sore. Every studio in Hollywood wants him under contract. On every loanout he gets a swell break. On his own home lot he seems to rate only second leads, George is fighting mad, and his name ain't Murphy for nothing.

If it can be arranged, there's a plan afoot to remake "Phantom of the Opera." Charles Laughton is supposed to play the title role, but Danna Durkin (if she makes up with Universal) is the harassed girl, and—this time they may write in special parts for Abbott and Costello! Well, at least this version will be different.
"9-letter word meaning Social Suicide"

GOT you stumped, has it? Well, try again, Buttercup. It's a word you, in particular, ought to know about. Here we come with a little help...and do you need it.

Suppose you start with an "H". Now drop in an "A". Next, try an "L", as in "love"—and wouldn't you like a little of that!

There! You've made a start. At this point may we suggest an "I". You know, "I" as in "it"—which you haven't got or you wouldn't be sitting at home on a Saturday night doing crossword puzzles.

In the next space try a "T". We're getting places. Now an "O". That gives you H-A-L-I-T-O. Only three more letters and you'll have the answer.

In that next space slip in an "S"—could stand for "seductive" in your case but for one thing. But let's get on...

Put in another "I" as in "idea"—which you're going to get in just a second.

Now end it up with another "S' and Lady, you've got it.

Got what? The answer to your puzzle, and more important still, perhaps the answer to why your dates are so few...why boys don't stick around...why you're sort of "on the shelf."

It's halitosis (bad breath)—the 9-letter word for Social Suicide. Halitosis is the offense that no one overlooks and that anyone may commit at some time or other without realizing it.

Of course there's often something you can do about it...something you ought to do about it if you want others to like you.

To make your breath sweeter, more alluring, less likely to offend, use Listerine Antiseptic...every night and every morning, and before any date at which you want to appear at your best. Never...never!...omit this delightful precaution.

Why Listerine Does It

While sometimes systemic, the fermentation of tiny food particles on tooth, gum, and mouth surfaces is the major cause of halitosis (bad breath), according to some authorities, Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors that fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

Before any engagement let Listerine look after your breath
Dear Stirling Hayden:

When they say you are leaving Hollywood for good because you are bored, I believe it. Usually I would take such a report with a large portion of salt, but I am inclined to credit this because you are the one young man in the history of motion pictures who would walk out on Hollywood without so much as a backward glance. And I believe it about the boredom, too. Ordinarily a young actor who wins sudden fame with prospects of fortune is sitting on top of the world and shows it. Not you. I remember when you came up to my office to say hello on your first trip back East after your hit in "Virginia." You sprawled your six-feet-two over two chairs, displayed absolutely no enthusiasm whatsoever over your budding film career, and only showed a spark of excitement over a picture of Errol Flynn's boat that I happened to have on my desk, when you said: "I wonder if I'll ever afford one of those"—in short, the whole business of being on parade bored you stiff and you didn't care who knew it. Here was no ham, no exhibitionist—but a hard-bitten young realist who would rather be sailing a ship than posing for closeups. When you left you forgot your hat—a brand new hat obviously acquired as part of your movie-star equipment but just a big unnecessary nuisance like all the rest of it.

Then after being rumored as "up" for the big rôle of Robert Jordan in Hemingway's "For Whom The Bell Tolls," the part Gary Cooper is set to play; after being the target of romance rumors with Madeleine Carroll; after completing your second picture, "Bahama Passage"—you walked out of the studio. Leave of absence, to sail the boat the studio reportedly gave you to keep you contented; or for keeps—who knows? Not only the production heads of Paramount, who considered you their best bet since they discovered Cooper, but assorted thousands of starry-eyed femme fans who find it hard to face a Hayden-less screen on the long winter evenings, would like to know the answer. You aren't talking. You're letting everybody else talk about how you are joining the Navy, or signing up to drive an ambulance with the American Field Service. If one of these reports is true, then you will win more fans and influence more people than you ever did on the screen. The Stirling Hayden Legend—like it?

Delight Evans
Scoop! First pictures of "That Handsome Hunk of Man" in his new home—a garage! Much-maligned Mature has won over Hollywood by being honest.

"Get a load of the Muscle Man!" sneered the mugs. But his worst detractors always change their minds when they find out what a swell guy he really is.

By Elizabeth Wilson
THE first time I saw Victor Mature—it was at a party at the Whitney Stables in Santa Monica—I took one look at those velvet eyes, that raven hair, and that figure, which has been likened to a frappé glass, and said, "I don't believe it. No one can be that handsome." I noticed that the men at the party were moved to instant loathing the minute they saw him. "How did that conceited jerk get here?" and "Get a load of the Muscle Man" and "With a puss like that I'd kill myself" were some of the not so subdued sneers that were tossed around. But I'm telling you, before the last anchovy had disappeared and the last drop of wine had been drained from the horse troughs, Victor was "in." Everybody agreed that Vic Mature was a swell guy. Even two-fisted mugs like Big Boy Williams.

A few Saturdays after that I was in a group with Victor at the Hollywood track. We were in the very swank Turf Club, where the actors try to out-boast the producers and vice versa. "I just put a hundred on the nose of African Queen," bragged an actor famous for not paying his gambling debts. "Two hundred across the board, that's the only way to play them," boasted a producer well in the red. "Joe put ten (Please turn to page 64)
The new year was beginning, the new century too. Somehow that made it more important, the eighteen-hundreds ending, the nineteens just starting. And being away from home too, half the world away from home, brought the old aching loneliness back to Parris Mitchell. Not that he wanted to be back in Kings Row again. He didn't. Vienna was more to his liking, his work here, his life. What
Elizabeth B. Petersen

Best-selling book becomes big picture! Great cast headed by Ann Sheridan, Ronald Reagan, Robert Cummings, and Betty Field, supported by such splendid players as Charles Coburn, Claude Rains, Kaaren Verne, portrays the power and pathos of this dramatic story directed by Sam Wood for Warners.

Please turn to Page 20 for complete cast and credits.

would Grandmère say if she could see him now, about to become a full-fledged doctor, offered an important post in the new medical science of psychiatry when he graduated? Would she smile, that perky, quizzical little smile of hers, or would she only say "Parris," with that French accent she had never lost, that accent which had set her apart from the rest of Kings Row? But even without it, Madame Von Elm would have been different.

"When she passed, how much passed with her," Parris thought. "A whole way of life, the way of gentleness and honor and dignity. These things went with her and they may never come back to this world."

Cassie and Dr. Tower too, would they know how much he understood now, things he had never understood before? Cassie, how the thought of her quickened the sadness, the loneliness, and how it brought back the old excitement too, the happiness (Please turn to page 78).
"This is the most unpredictable household in the world. In the morning you never know whether Mel and Helen will be having dinner with the family or one or both of them be off on a plane to fill some last minute engagement. Mel may suddenly decide to attend a political banquet in Atlanta, Georgia, or get a hurried call to make a personal appearance in New York. While Helen may be on her way to San Francisco for a concert date or have a call to Washington, D.C. Or perhaps both of them, finding themselves free, are in their car, headed for their cottage at Carmel-by-the-Sea. When they are home it is never quiet like this. The minute Mel and Helen come in, things start happening."

Walter Pick, young bachelor cousin of Helen Gahagan, who acts as personal secretary for both Mr. Douglas and his wife, Miss Gahagan, was speaking. He was showing me through the Melvyn Douglas house, while we were waiting for Melvyn to come home from the studio. There was a restful, almost cloister-like stillness in the spacious living room. The blue-grey walls, (Please turn to page 63)
DO IT THE MELVYN DOUGLAS WAY!

That suave screen hero, Mr. Douglas, is not only a notorious ice-box raider but a swell cook. Believe it or not, goulash and upside-down pineapple cake are his specialities! When the Douglasses are "roughing it" at their unpretentious hideaway at Carmel-by-the-Sea (below right) they have no servants and Mel's the cook. Below, Mel and Helen in a musical moment.
HALF way through her speech explaining how come one Betty Leabo ought to be the next Girls' Vice-

president of the Mount Vernon Junior High School of Los Angeles, she first noticed him. He seemed to be staring at her and saying, "Mmmmmmmmmmm." "I was admiring your waist-line, Miss ... uh ... ," he said. "Mistake," she came back with that brand of humor so peculiar to adolescents. He smiled, bowed, turned on his heel. "Who's that?" she demanded of one of her chummites, as soon as the not-too-tall, dark, and handsome lad disappeared. "Oh, him!" was the retort admiring, "that's Owen Ward." All the way home that afternoon she couldn't get her mind off the boy. He had complimented her on her waistline and she had been a little flipp. Well, when you're going on fourteen you are more direct than you are at twenty, say. Next time she saw the president of the entire student body of the Mount Vernon Junior High School she smiled. As befits a man of high office, he smiled back, stopped to chat, and the two wound up late for their next class which was civics and not exactly their favorite. One thing led to another and before two weeks had passed they were playing tennis. A month and he was asking her how it would be if he came by to see her on Friday night when school was over for the week. She said it would be very lovely. She couldn't wait for him to show up. She had a lot of fudge made. And the dress she had on that night was something very special. She heard the bell ring and found her heart in her mouth. She donned her "Gosh-I'm-glad-to-see-you smile" and opened the door.

It was Owen all right. But he wasn't alone. He had brought a pal of his along. "I want you to meet my friend Bill," were his first words. "You'll like him. He's a regular fellow." Well, they munched candy, talked about what different bands were touring the country, took time off to perform surgical operations on every teacher in the Mount Vernon Junior High, and discussed the chances of U.C.L.A. to make the Rose Bowl come fall. After that Owen said maybe they'd better go. And they did, as nonchalantly as a couple of Dead End Kids, almost.

On the following Wednesday he met her in the hall at school and asked "How about dropping by on Friday again?" She told him, as nonchalantly as she could, "Sure. Why not? We can have a grand time, talking about football and such." He didn't get the veiled sting in her sentence. How could he have it come from such an innocent-looking face?

Anyhow, he showed up on Friday. You guessed it. He brought his pal, Bill, along. Once more the same routine. They ate her candy, exchanged a pleasantry or two, then lapsed into shop talk—football, the virtues of a speed graphic camera, the music of Guy Lombardo, U.C.L.A.'s chances during the fall. She didn't feel so pained when they left this time; she was getting used to it.

Five weekly dates and three days later she was doing her French homework when the telephone rang. "It's for you, Betty," her mother had said, "one of your cavaliers, I guess." And so it was. Only this time it was Bill. He wanted to know what she was doing on Friday night and if the answer was nothing why couldn't they do it together. She told him it sounded like a grand idea and what did he have in mind. "I kind of thought we might go out and find a little excitement," he said, just like Charles Boyer would tell it to one of his screen inamoratas.

When he showed up Friday (Please turn to page 74)
Brenda Joyce is a movie starlet, but she faces the same marriage problems as a million other American girls. Read how she is making her high-school romance last.
When he was seven he solemnly announced, "I'm gonna be a movie actress!" And now look at him—most coveted escort of Hollywood's glamorous stars, especially Ginger Rogers

By Liza

Way back in 1923, when George Montgomery was a kid of seven, he saw his first moving picture in a theater in Brady, Montana. It was a hard-riding, shoot-'em-up Western, with Harry Carey. George was very much impressed, and at dinner that night out at the ranch he solemnly announced to his twelve brothers and sisters, "I'm gonna be a movie actress." But as his announcement was badly timed—having been made simultaneously with the arrival of the pot roast and mashed potatoes—no one expressed the slightest interest.

But George didn't forget his ambition. Determination was one of his marked characteristics then, just as it is now. So several years later when he was in the third grade and the teacher asked the pupils what they wanted to be when they grew up, George said precisely, "When I grow up I want to be a movie actress." It may have been good manners, though I doubt it, and it may have been ignorance, which I suspect, but any-
When his parents refused to give him a railroad ticket to Hollywood, six-foot-two, 195-pound George borrowed a pick and shovel and went to work for the W.P.A. until he earned enough money to buy his own ticket—now he can write it, for he's 20th Century-Fox's white-haired boy.

Montgomery is one of those rare people to be found in Hollywood: a real cowboy, born on a ranch in Montana. From the time he was knee-high to a coyote he learned to ride, to rope, to round up cattle, and to sing "boots and saddle" songs. Now he gets big money for being himself in films.

Making love to Carole Landis in "Cadet Girl" (above) was one of George Montgomery's pleasant recent film assignments. Next, he will co-star with Ginger Rogers in "Roxie Hart" and is rumored to be her real-life romance as well. According to Ginger he's a divine dancer, the only trouble being he gets sleepy and wants to go home early—still a Montana cowboy at heart.

way, there wasn't one laugh from the third grade. However, the teacher took him aside later and quietly explained a little matter of gender to him. And to illustrate she gave him the role of George Washington in the third grade play. In the fourth grade play she gave him the role of Miles Standish. By that time George had discovered that he was not an actress, and the teacher had discovered that he was not an actor. I am certain no one was more surprised than she was when he appeared on the screen in "The Cowboy and the Blonde."

Well, the kid who wanted to grow up to be a movie actress has turned out very well indeed. He has become Hollywood's new hero. And there hasn't been such feminine excitement in Hollywood since Gary Cooper, another cowboy from Montana, rode in from the range. During the past few months handsome, six-foot-two, blue-eyed George Montgomery has become the coveted escort of the glamorous and the beautiful. The g. and the b. take one look at that 195 pounds of manly appeal (my, my,) and go right into a swoon. "Betty Grable can have George Raft," they say, "and Barbara Hutton is welcome to Cary Grant—but please, please, oh kind fate, won't you give us George Montgomery!"

George, a nice guy, finds this frank admiration considerably embarrassing. (But Darryl Zanuck doesn't. Over at Twentieth Century-Fox (Please turn to page 68)
Are YOU one of the many women trying to combine careerdom with the sublime job of motherhood? If you are, you'll find practical advice right here, from the movie star-mothers.

By

Jack Holland

In much of the fan mail that the stars receive, there is one question that crops up very often. It’s more than a question. It’s a plea for advice from worried mothers who want to give proper care to their children and yet have to work for a living. In their anxiety, for some reason or other, they look to the stars in Hollywood who are mothers themselves for help and guidance.

Often, such advice is difficult to give. The situations are different in many ways. It is true that the stars have governesses and nurses to care for their children while they are at work at the studios. But they, too, have to meet the same problems that confront every mother in America. They, too, realize that with all the governesses and nurses in the world, motherly devotion to their children cannot be nourished if they do not find ways to bring about the necessary intimacy and understanding.

I took this problem to several of our biggest stars, actresses who are noted for the wise manner in which they are bringing up their children. Stars who have met and realized the challenge (Please turn to page 66)
ARE YOU A "SIX O'CLOCK MOTHER?"

MOTHERS

Joan Bennett and her adorable daughters, below.

In the Powell swimming pool, above. Mrs. Dick with Ellen and Norman. Right and below, Mary Astor at home with her children.
THE Red Skeltons have a house in Beverly Hills. All the rugs are blue. In Edna’s room, the mirrors climb from floor to ceiling. There’s a fireplace and a tennis court and a swimming pool, a crystal chandelier in the living room and, in the garage, a big car.

They haven’t gone Hollywood. Edna was fifteen when she married Red, who was seventeen. Once in New York, having gone foodless for forty-eight hours, Red vowed: “Some day you’re going to have every little thing you ever wanted, and lots that you don’t.”

That day came after “Whistling in the Dark” brought him movie stardom and a long-term contract. He scoured the town for the chandelier of her dreams “with things hanging down.” The rugs are blue because blue’s her favorite color. The mirrors are to make up for the cracked two-by-fours she used to wrestle with, and there’s a place for shoes—not one but shoes. Even though it may be hot as hades, the fire goes every night, because she used to turn moon-eyed at thought of a fireplace. The pool and court came with the house, and they’re learning
to play tennis because the court’s there and they might as well use it. “What do you want with a car that big?” cooled their manager, who keeps Red on an allowance of fifty a week. “People make more than you, get along with smaller.”

“When you’ve gone hungry,” Red pointed out, “you eat too much at first. Those people got big cars out of their system. We’re getting ‘em out of ours.”

They’re reveling in the childhood neither had as children. Red buys himself the electric trains and putts-putts his mouth watered for at eight. His mother used to feed her flock on soup beans, with limas once a week as a treat. Now he hunches daily on pie and lima beans—both desserts to him. He has the big desk, just to sit behind, which he always wanted. There’s nothing in the drawers. But he leans back, puts his feet up, hums the Brahms’ lullaby—their good luck tune—and feels fine.

“I’ve got a very funny mother,” he’ll tell you. “She always said: be nice to people, even when they annoy you. You annoy them, too. That’s the first rule. The second is, don’t take life seriously because you never come out of it alive.”

Red’s a funny fellow too. He must have got it from his mother. He likes everybody. His approach to people is genial, guileless and disarming. While still a comparative stranger on the Metro lot, he was asked by a man how he liked his part. “Swell! If it goes over, I’ll have you promoted.—Nice guy. Who is he?” he asked his companion. “Louis B. Mayer.”

“Hi, there, old pitchman,” he yelled at another executive, smoking a stogie. “Three days with that weed and you’ll be in an iron lung.” One day he swung himself up on a stool at the lunch counter, and inquired of his neighbor what he did around the joint. “I’m only the janitor.”

“That makes a couple of us,” said Red. “I’m the hired help, too.”

He’s a clown and the son of a clown, and from the age of four his ambition has been to make people laugh. His father worked for the Hagenbeck & Wallace Circus, quit when he met a girl he loved in Vincennes, Indiana, married the girl and opened a grocery store. Red, christened Richard, the youngest of four boys, was born two months after his father’s death. Mrs. Skelton ran the store till it burned down, uninsured, then turned her hand to what she could find—scrubbing floors, running elevators, washing clothes. As the boys grew old enough, they helped. Red began selling newspapers at eight.

He was born to the platform. The ministry attracted him first. Draping a flag round his highchair, he’d climb to the seat and sermonize the folks. Then he saw his first show, his father’s blood spoke in his veins, and his course was set. Mrs. Skelton got all the boys in on passes. Red was four. He remembers that the picture was with Charlie Ray, that he walked home in a trance, and built his own theater out of boxes and rags, with old dolls as actors. Time passed, and he haunted the local playhouses, sneaking in under the arms of ushers, getting kicked out and sneaking back in again. Before long he was performing on street corners—Joe Jerk, the town cut-up—singing in black-face and selling trick cards manufactured by himself. His mother cut him his first wig out of a cast-off chinchilla coat.

“Hitchykoo” came to town and Red stood with his newspapers, doping his chances of getting in that night, when a man sauntered up, “What do you do with your money, kid?”

“Give it to my mother.”

“Is that a routine?” (Please turn to page 60)
A SECRETARY LOOKS at a STAR

By Romayne

WHEN I was young and tender and just starting to work in a moving picture studio, I had a hero. He was tall, dark and handsome and gentle and mild of manner. And he had the sweetest smile! I used to imagine him riding on that white horse even when the sun was shining brightest. I went to see each one of his pictures and he seemed to get closer to my doorstep. And at last I saw my hero. In the flesh. In a hospital. He emerged from the room, completely enveloped in vases, from which, fortunately, the flowers had been removed. Beside him, half his size, walked his uniformed chauffeur. His hands and arms were empty. The elevator appeared and my hero wrestled with the vases and opened the door. The chauffeur walked in—then my hero—then me. I said to me: "I'll NEVER be so close to my hero again"—and I smiled nervously. He didn't return my smile. On the next floor we picked up a doctors' convention and I was practically thrown under the arms of my hero. At each stop the vases came nearer my head and my hero farther from my dreams. By the time we hit bottom I didn't have any more hero. I never went to see any of his pictures after that. In the year that followed he became top-notch box office and the papers and magazines were filled with him. But I didn't see my hero. Not until the day he walked into my office.

He said with meekness: "Is it all right if I see Mr. Ruggles?" He had on makeup because he was working and he was rushing this visiting period in when he should have been having his lunch. I brought a pack of cigarettes into my boss' office and lent an ear to the conversation. H. F. was just finishing up on one picture and was to start ours the following Monday. He said he was really tired, but that he would forgo the few days' rest they had promised him, according to contract, because he didn't want us to be delayed. So, I gathered that he wasn't too technical nor was he temperamental.

On the next trip, when I brought a thermos of ice water for them both, my boss was saying: "That's swell, Hank; we'll work half a day without you—that'll give you a few hours off, anyway." (Please turn to page 70.)
TO YOU!
GOOD CHEER
IN
1942

Ann Rutherford
Season's Greetings from the THIN MAN AND FAMILY

Meet the Junior "Thin Man" (Dickie Hall) who spreads the Christmas spirit with "Papa" Bill Powell and "Mama" Myrna Loy in latest film of popular series, "The Shadow of the Thin Man." See the merry shopping spree
WILL THEY MAKE
THE SCREEN
Sizzle?
Mona Lisa charms of Michele Morgan make her first American movie, "Joan of Paris," a piquant screen occasion, with Paul Henreid playing her lover in RKO's melodrama of life in occupied France, and Laird Cregar in stalwart support.
Zorina!

Fabulous dancing star of "Louisiana Purchase" poses in her three favorite costumes, designed to dramatize her graceful beauty.
Facing page, Vera Zorina, soon to be seen as the lovely with Bob Hope in Paramount’s lavish new musical, wears, first: a collarless ermine wrap with full bishop sleeves over a smart black and white dinner gown designed by Monica. Second, suit of battleship and slate grey—three-quarter length jacket of soft battleship grey angora with inset design of slate grey wool and antique silver buttons, enhanced by burgundy red accessories.

For big scenes in her big new musical movie, Vera Zorina wears the dream-dress pictured above, of white tulle and net with enormous full skirt spectacularly embroidered in silver sequins, with daringly deep heartshaped decolletage outlined with the sequins, and a matching headdress with veil which floats right along with Zorina when she dances. Won’t you watch, with us, what may be the exciting début of a new star?
IS
PAULETTE GODDARD
Hollywood's Most Versatile ACTRESS?

Look at the Evidence!

SWEATER GIRL
(with John Wayne in Cecil B. DeMille's "Reap the Wild Wind")

SIREN

DRAMATIC ACTRESS
(with Ray Milland in the DeMille film)
SWEET YOUNG THING
BEST-DRESSED (AND UNDRESSED) WOMAN
The Answer is YES!
Jack Carson can't be "typed." After playing a long succession of bumptious roles which would have branded any other actor as a hopeless heel for the duration of his career, the movie public has picked him as a definite personality and, since "Blues in the Night," has been demanding pleasanter parts for Carson. You'll see, he'll get 'em!
Hi!

HERE WE ARE AGAIN
Once more Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland co-star in a musical movie, "Babes on Broadway," all about a troupe of bright youngsters trying to get a break on the stage.

You'll see Mickey in some of his pufting impersonations—see below, and facing page, with Ray McDonald and Richard Quine as his buddies.

"Babes on Broadway" has hilarious number called "The Convict's Return" in which Judy has a chance to indulge in some oldfashioned dramatics.
This is a most unusual picture of comedienne Lucille Ball, so chic and serious. But when you see her in her latest, "Look Who's Laughing," you'll find her as full of fun as usual, as she romps through scenes with Edgar Bergen and Fibber McGee & Molly of radio fame.
OH, THE PAYNE OF IT!

Femme fans have been sighing over handsome John for quite some time now, though his parts have been plain bad or indifferent; but now their patience is at last rewarded, for he has his first important rôle in “Remember The Day,” opposite Claudette Colbert.
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

Linda Darnell in “Rise and Shine”
ALTHOUGH Carmen Miranda is the most radiant reason in existence today for all our inter-American diplomats to take to unrestrained dancing in the streets, she is still a thoroughly bewildered and misunderstood Brazilian bombshell.

She is not one whit more American now than when she first came to this country. (Which is just as it should be.) The least of her confusion is her inability to speak English or to keep the gist of our jumbled conversations clear in her mind. She has never got the straight of the difference in our spelling and meaning of the words bread and bred, for instance. The consequence of this minor misunderstanding alone have led to very amusing and amazing results in a mixed drawing room. However, her colorful use of our words never fails to paint very vivid pictures!

Naturally it goes without saying that any experience of this now famous Carioca lass is unconditionally surrounded with the most intriguing and exciting atmosphere possible. Miss Miranda lends a stupendous color and charm to the most trifling occurrence. To be entertained in her comfortable California home as a member of the press seeking information about her is a very pleasant experience, and a very distinct privilege. Even about such things as talking for publication Miss Miranda is thoroughly Brazilian. Business, to her, is business, and should never be mixed with social pleasantries in the home, which graces, according to her, again, belong nowhere else but in the home.

So when, in deference to Amer- (Please turn to page 71)
SELECTED BY

Pick your pictures here and guarantee yourself good entertainment without loss of time and money

**"TWO-FACED WOMAN"**

ONE-WORD GUIDE: TERRIFIC

APPEAL: A shock to the reverent fans of the Great G. G., a treat to those who can take her or leave her—but a must!

PLOT: Can you imagine Greta Garbo in slapstick—doing a Mack Sennett fall, the rumble, a comedy drunk, toss ing off risqué remarks? Well, don't imagine it; see her do it in this all-out farce which grabs Garbo down off her dramatic pedestal and dumbs her down to a smart and raucy story about a nice girl who has to do a sophisticated sister act to win back her husband. Miss Garbo is first seen as an outdoors type who marries Melvyn Douglas after a quick courtship—and then finds herself a lonely bride when he goes back to New York and his job, and she prefers the great open spaces. When he fails to return she follows him to lure him back by impersonating her own twin, a gal as gay as she is wholesome.

ACTING: Garbo proves herself as good a sport as she is an actress by stunting all over the screen—she seems to enjoy her plunges in a one-piece bathing suit, her wicked rumble, her ardent scenes with Melvyn Douglas—more than she relished acting Camille. Whether her new coiffure, her wisecracks, her extreme nonchalance will please her old audiences is something to ponder—but strictly as a piece of showmanship her performance in "Two- Faced Woman" is sensational. Melvyn Douglas is a great help with his suave charm and humor.

**"YOU BELONG TO ME"**

ONE-WORD GUIDE: GAY

APPEAL: You'll find it frothy, fun, and utterly incredible—and you will also find Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda.

PLOT: Fortunately for the writer, he has Wesley Ruggles' amiable direction and Barbara Stanwyck's and Hank Fonda's personal charm to help his story over the hurdles—therefore, even though it is thoroughly unbelievable, it is always gay. So you may enjoy this account of the love-at-first-sight romance of a very rich and vacuous-minded young man and an efficient girl-doctor, their whirlwind marriage, and their efforts to make matrimony go despite her devotion to duty and his fierce jealousy of her men patients. Hilarious scenes when jealous husband takes a poke at handsome patient bag down all too soon in the sudden determination of hubby to go to work. Hilarity ends, you get a Message.

ACTING: Fonda and Stanwyck have no chance to repeat their "Lady Eve" triumph through lack of spontaneous material. Here, their fun must be forced—and even their heroic efforts are tiresome at times. Fonda, especially, is uncomfortably coy and boyish. Miss Stan wyck has looked prettier, but her sure technique and clean-cut charm never fail. In the cast, Edgar Buchanan and his dry, down-to-earth humor in the role of a philosophic gardener who gives the hero his best—in fact, his only ideas—is outstanding.

Columbia

**"HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY"**

ONE-WORD GUIDE: IMPRESSIVE

APPEAL: If you read and liked the book; if you appreciate John Ford's direction and excellent acting—see this fine film.

PLOT: Richard Llewellyn's best-selling novel of the Welsh miners and their problems has been screen-illustrated with its essence intact, though gaps in the narrative may puzzle and annoy those who haven't read the book. The important thing is that the spirit of the story has been preserved, with its penetration into the hearts and souls of the miners who manage to give their meager lives meaning—in particular the family with whose progress the story is most concerned. Told by the youngest member of that family, the boy Huw, the nobility of father and mother, the tragedy of the eldest son, the romance of the only daughter accent an engrossing record of simple men and women.

ACTING: It is the small boy, actor, Raddy McDowell, who stands out even in the flawless cast assembled by Director Ford. The little British refugee whom you remember from "Man Hunt!" has a shining sincerity which makes his every scene memorable—but particularly that scene in which he learns to walk again. Walter Pidgeon as the self-sacrificing minister is splendid while Donald Crisp and Sara Allgood will move you as the parents. Maureen O'Hara is lovely as the daughter of the house.
to the BEST CURRENT PICTURES

Delight Evans

"APPOINTMENT FOR LOVE"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: AMUSING

APPEAL: Ladies who swoon over Charles Boyer need not be reminded to attend, and there is Margaret Sullivan for him too, too.

PLOT: Complicated, as you can imagine with Margaret as a woman doctor determined not to let marriage interfere with her career—and she marries Charles Boyer! He’s a playwright who enjoys rehearsing his own love scenes, but when he becomes Mr. Sullivan he is ready to reform—except that the little woman insists upon separate apartments and being very, very modern about the marriage state. If you think the plot of “Appointment for Love” is rather reminiscent of “You Belong to Me,” the Stanwyck-Fonda picture, or vice versa, it’s no wonder; but you’ll be amused at the vastly different handling of the similar theme and the complete change of mood of the husband and wife characters.

ACTING: Mr. Boyer smoulders satisfactorily in a role which definitely wastes his fine acting talents, but he is too good a trooper ever to reveal how bored he must have been with such a butterfly assignment. When the rocy-romantic-marriage comedy cycle ends, and may be it be soon, the great Charles may be permitted to indulge in a dash of drama again, Miss Sullivan and her delicious voice are also satisfactory, as usual. Eugene Pallette, Rita Johnson and Ruth Terry round out a good cast.

Universal

"DUMBO"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: ENCHANTING

APPEAL: Oh, to everybody! The whole family will take the Adorable Elephant to their hearts, from Grandma to Junior. It’s Disney’s best.

PLOT: The stark brings a baby elephant to Mr. Jumbo of the circus and horrors, he has enormous ears which make him a laughing-stock. His lot is hard until befriended by a mouse roastabout, he learns to use his ears to fly and becomes the sensation of the circus. But that’s only the outline—and the Disney fantasy, the marvelous color, the magnificent humor which fill expression in the amazing scenes which show Dumbo’s pink-elephant visions after he has humbly implicated—sheer magic on the screen. Pathos, as well, when Dumbo and his Mother are reunited. If you think you can’t cry at a cartoon, even a Disney, you’ll learn different. “Dumbo” is as tender and touching as it is hilarious and heart-warming.

Walt Disney-RKO-Radio

"BLUES IN THE NIGHT"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: DARING

APPEAL: Not only to swing addicts but to anyone who wants unusual entertainment—and possesses a good, strong stomach.

PLOT: Something entirely different which sweeps you along with a lusty and honest group of barnstorming musicians with true integrity and boundless ambitions for their swing band, led by a strange and fascinating guy called Jigger Pine, an authentic pianist, augmented by a girl singer named Character, her philanderer-husband and “the boys.” They land in a dive dominated by a sinister crook and his discarded girl friend, and there’s drama in strong doses when Jigger falls for the girl, and leaves his band to follow her. Maulings, murder, and a tragic climax keep you breathless. I’m telling you it is tough but it is also terrific. Jitterbugs will go for the music; screen students will appreciate the script and direction; just fans will like the excitement.

ACTING: Best cast of the month lives up to the thrills of the story under Anatole Litvak’s dynamic direction. Richard Whorf, distinguished stage personality, makes his first screen appearance as Jigger Pine, and he’s an actor to watch for his smouldering intensity, fine technique. Betty Field, a sort of baby Mae West here, gives a superbly shocking performance as the cafe girl, Priscilla Lane, playing second fiddle, is always charming; but you’ll remember Lloyd Nolan as the most formidable menace of the season.

Warner Bros.
CHEERS to the House of Westmore for a new Hollywood Make-Up Kit. Alexis Smith, to be seen in "Steel Against the Sky," is pleased with a foundation cream, powder, dry rouge, lipstick, eyebrow pencil.

Mennen's new kit for the man in service takes care of him from his face to his feet.


Hinds contributes four manly products packaging of giving.

A versatile Early American Old Spice vanity box, with a good size mirror, pincushion and six aids for sweetness—a treasure.

Riotous richness in an Evening in Paris charm chest, holding powder, perfume, talcum, toilet water, lipstick, double vanity.

Golden smartness by Helena Rubinstein—burnished gold-tone vanity, fluted lipstick, joys, gay, Apple Blossom perfume.

Coty's "Stroller," red, saddle tan or black glazed leather, with removable section holding eight skin and makeup aids.

Three sizes in Hudnut's precious Gemey perfume, from $.55 up.

Elizabeth Arden's Blue Grass perfume in good luck box, and a sachet.

Houbigant's very new "allurement for a lady," sophisticated Chantilly.

"Miniatures," by Lenthéric—trio of Confetti, A. Bientot and Tweed.

Ave Maria, Duchess of York, and Katherine the Great, by Matchabelli.
Answers to those brain-teasers, "What to give!" The girls want all kinds of beauty and perfume. The boys, many in camp, ask for personal accessories, grooming aids and good eats. Follow these clues

By Courtenay Marvin

For That "Something Extra"

Lux Toilet Soap gets a gay Holiday dress. Tuck this ever-welcome trio in her Nylon stocking!

A little thriller under any tree—Pond's Beauty Box with five important Winter skin aids.

An irresistible collection of Irresistible's fragrant favorites, all sweetly boxed for your friends.

A lovely gift and a lovely girl, both straight from Hollywood! Ellen Drew, holding a Max Factor Hollywood Pan-Cake Make-Up Set, in color harmony for types, with five fine preparations therein.

For Bathing Beauties

All glitter and gold and good is this Wristley Gold Tassels set of cologne, bath powder and luxurious bath bubbles.

Old South Romance box in Plantation Garden Bouquet fragrance, with eau de Cologne, sachet, guest soap and talcum.

"Bath Beatitudes," by Rose Laird. Shown, is an essence, almost a perfume, and a love of a compressed bath powder.

Here is some fun—"pictures in motion" (they move) on Dorothy Gray's Daredevil set, powder, cologne, bubbling bath.

For Her Pretty Fingers

Dura-Gloss has put that wonder polish and other aids in dashing little manicure cases.

Glazo's "Globe Trotter" is a splendid companion for travel or home use, very compact.

Cutex puts its excellent aids in a handsome evening bag at wine or forest green crépe.

Revlon always does something original. Remove manicure aids and you have a duffel bag!
By Weston East

KATHARINE HEPBURN will never be known as a sweater girl! And Kat herself is the one who says so, in no uncertain terms. When she didn’t present a well-rounded-out figure in some of the clothes she wears in her new M-G-M picture, it was suggested that she do a little paddling here and there. Hepburn? The ceiling. She said people had seen her before and knew what to expect. Why, indeed? Up to date Kat hasn’t done so badly.

MARY BRIAN and Reggie Gardiner are in for laughs. But Mary wipes the smile right off her face when you mention the name of Craig Stevens. He’s the young actor you saw take a good socking from Errol Flynn in “Dive Bomber.” Warn Bros. feel that he has plenty to offer as are grooming him. Mary Brian agrees on hundred percent.

If you own one of those crash or trench cloth robes, hold on to it. Orson Welles had a pair of slacks made out of this. I liked them so well he ordered a coat made up to match. They look a little like sweater’s outfit. But they are so comfortable to wear around a broadcast station, all the other radio rogues are copying his style. Leave it to Orson to “crash through with something original.”

AUTOMOBILE salesmen couldn’t buy a John Carroll more if he were twice within twelve months’ time, the Cuby Cuby “gave man” bought and exchanged seven expensive cars. Finally, he settles on a Ford!

JOHN BARRYMORE’S illness isn’t to be taken lightly. Hollywood produce is worried. Brother Lionel has been seen a great deal of late in that high top hat that has never been refurbished since Elaine Barrie moved out. Most of the rooms are empty. And wouldn’t you know it—instead of buying comfortable chairs, John is having John Decker, the famous artist, do a mural for his living room wall! Get well soon, John. Hollywood misses its “great profile.”

HERE’S to nominating Bill Holden the most upset young actor in Hollywood. Usually, when they’re hit overnight, they forget they cut from small towns and indulged in the most simple things of life. Bill, who once sat in a Pasadena choir, has not forgotten the moment. Recently he sent new chum bowls to the boys who are now singers in the church. What’s more, Bill goes to visit whenever he gets the chance. Ni going, Bill. Don’t ever let ‘em change you.

WHEN Ray Milland returned from Mexico City, he went directly to studio bosses. According to Ray, the most important person is Conchita Citron, the only authentic lady fighter. If Conchita does come to Hollywood after throwing the bull she shall be terrific handling the wolves!
HOBBYWOOD
HOT OFF THE WIRES
THE LATEST NEWS
AND VIEWS
FLASHED FROM
THE FILM CENTER

GUESS where HedY Lamarr buys her
lipstick? At the five an‘ ten! HedY likes
the shades they sell there and she says it
goes on better, too. Personal note to La-
marr: The Westmores are going to get
two if you don’t watch out.

O UR favorite story of the month con-
cerns Errol Flynn’s Rhodesian lion
dogs. Born in this country, these lion-at-
cking pets have never actually come
face to face with the king of beasts. So
Errol decided to take them out to the lion
arm to get their reaction. When they
walked up to the cages, the dogs took one
look at Numa and went shrieking off in
the opposite direction. It’s all Errol’s fault
because he loves his pets so much, he’s
never even given them an unkind word.
Maybe Errol should start making faces!

“IT’S isn’t exactly a beauty tip. But Garbo
takes it in hand. Recently she
bought a dress from Irene at Bullocks
Wilshire. Just before her fitting, Garbo
skid for a plain rubber band. She wrapped
it around her hair, making a topknot on
her head. Definitely not photogenic—but
comfortable.

MONKEY BUSINESS” can be very
expensive. The “Tarzan” company
was shooting close to an old 1800 drug-
store set, left over from “Jonny Toot,”
Tarzan’s chimpanzees wandered into the
drugstore. Attracted to bottles of bright
colored liquid, they proceeded to sample
the contents. Thirty minutes later they
were rushed to the studio hospital, suffering
from dye poisoning. They were put
right in the very beds where actors are
administered first aid. No Garbo or Gable
ever received finer care. The company
waited for days before the chimp were
pronounced out of danger.

If there’s a “Visitors Welcome” sign
posted outside an M.G-M sound stage,
you can bet that Red Shelton is working
inside. Directors have learned that Red
is a hundred percent funnier when play-
ing to an audience. It’s a hangover from
those early days of struggle, when Red
used to knock himself out trying to please
the paying customers.

ROBERT STACK’S a very nice kid.
That’s why Hollywood thinks it’s too
bad that he seems to be working so hard
at dating the eligible bachelor girls. They
say Olivia de Havillard really looked for-
ward to a date with Bob. Then he took
her to a party at the Coconut Grove that
turned out to be one of those obvious pub-
licity and cameraman affairs. Olivia hasn’t
been out with him since. Here’s hoping
his new friendship with Lana Turner won’t
be spoiled.

IT S a standing gag with Jean Parker.
Every time she meets anyone in a cow-
boy costume, she kiddingly calls him Gene
Autrey. She even pulled it on Roy Rogers
and Tex Ritter, both cowboys in their own
right. Jean actually has never seen Autrey,
on or off the screen. Then she went to
a Hollywood party. Everyone was there
from Baby Sandy to Muzzie May Robson.
Jean was sitting on a diving board when a
cowboy came along. “I’ll bet you’re Gene
Autrey,” Parker kidded. “Why, yes, mam,
I am,” came the unexpected answer. Parker
went headlong into the pool!

IN “The Maltese Falcon” Humphrey Bo-
gart wears his first hair piece since he
took to beating babies and shooting helpless
widows. On the screen of course. The studio
likes it so much, they’ve decided to keep
the “topper” on Bogart for future char-
acterizations. Bogey says he feels like he’s
back again, playing juveniles!

GET ready to hear those separation
rumors about the Robert Taylors
again. The owner of their present house
has sold it out from under them. Altera-
tions on their new home still haven’t been
completed. So Barbara and Bob are forced
to move into a hotel. When Bob goes away
on that hunting trip, Hollywood gossips
will start smacking their lips. What price
fame, yes?

POOR Bob Cummings is still exhausted
from working in two pictures at one
time. On the “Kings Row” set, he had to
stop a scene. “I’m so sorry,” he apologized
to director Sam Wood, “but my leg fell
asleep.” Bob paced up and down. Finally,
he got back into the scene again. “Okay,”
he said. “My leg’s awake now.” “Indeed?”,
kidded Wood. “Won’t the rest of your
body be surprised!”

We saw it happen right before our very
eyes. For a scene in “Twin Beds” they
needed a cheese soufflé for George
Brett to eat before it cooled off and
shriveled. To rush one from the Brown
Derby was out of the question. What to do?
Mischia Aufer offered to make one
right there on the set. He did, too. They
iced it so the scene was shot with George
actually eating it right out of the oven.
George says he never tasted a better
soufflé. Mischia is asking two checks; his
own for his part in the picture, and an
extra one for playing the role of chef!

Left, Tyrone Power makes
love to Virginia Gilmore in
this scene from “Son of
Fury,” the film based on
Edison Marshall’s best-sell-
ing novel, “Benjamin Blake,”
in which Tyrone plays the
role of the young English-
man, Blake. Remember how
handsome Ty looked in those
short breeches and silk stock-
ings he wore in “Lloyd of
London” ? Well, he wears
them again in this picture.
THE case of Lew Ayres is amusing to everyone—but Lew. With each succeeding “Dr. Kildare” picture, Lew speaks more and more like Lionel Barrymore. Lew never knew it, because he never goes to see himself on the screen. A studio executive suggested that he find out for himself. Actually it’s unintentional imitation. Lew admires Lionel so much, he just sounds like him unconsciously. Lew doesn’t know what to do about it, because he intends remaining a friend of Barrymore’s for a long, long time.

AN ACADEMY Award for Robert Young? No one is more deserving and it’s predicted that Bob’s characterization in “H. M. Pulham, Esq.” is to put mildly, magnificent. As a pot-bellied, drooping moustached old codger of fifty, Bob gets applause from the crew after every take. He worked without a day off and suffered through a strep throat infection. All of which proves once a thoroughbred, always a thoroughbred.

DESPITE the pleas of playwright Moss Hart, Helen Broderick (Brod Crawford’s Maw) refused to go to New York and be starred in the new Hart play. When Moss argued (over the very expensive long distance phone) that it would be the greatest role of her career, Helen reported: “That’s where you’re wrong. I’m going to play the greatest role of any career right here in Hollywood. I’m going to be a grandmother,” Even Moss Hart agreed that he couldn’t top that one. Brod’s new picture is “North to the Klondike.”

RECENTLY the new Garbo picture was sneak-previewed in Long Beach. The next day the producer was seen walking across the lot. His face was set in a heavy scowl. His footsteps dragged. “How did the picture go over last night?” eagerly inquired Red Skelton. “I didn’t like it, answered the producer as he shook his head sadly. “But the audience loved it!” “Don’t you let them get away with it!” shouted Red. “Make it over!”

UNTIL she became important enough for interviews, Alexis Smith was never conscious of the fact that she is a tall girl. After the tenth interviewer had asked her if she had suffered untold agonies because of her height, Alexis cracked: “Honestly they’ve made me feel so tall, I’m going to apply to Gary Cooper and see if I can get the job of replacing Slim Talbot, his stand-in, who has gone back to being a cowboy!”

FRED MacMURRAY is counting his lucky stars—as well as thanking them. After searching for months, Mrs. MacMurray finally found an early American chandelier. The day it was hung, Fred came home early. Being the tall type, in walked smack into it and smashed it to bits. Luckily it just missed his eyes, But Fred’s only concern was for his wife’s dis appointment and loss. Yes, he’s that kind of a husband.

THE case of Robert Cummings is a strange one. When he isn’t working in two pictures at one time, his services are being demanded by every other studio besides his own. In comparison to his box-office value, it is said that Bob’s salary is an unusually small figure. It is also said that his studio gets many times the amount that pay him, when he is loaned out to competing studios. Bob is a peace-loving guy, Als a grateful one. But he isn’t very happy with his present set-up, so you can expect to see fireworks. But soon.

Why a beautiful girl who oon loll as gracefully as Maria Montez, above, has to paddle her own canoe is beyond us. Maria, the South American siren, has her first important role as the jungle princess in “South of Tahiti,” and will do an interpretation of the first ten dance—as it was danced 3000 years ago and as it still is being done in the islands today. In other words the “ten dance” is old stuff. However, its technique differs slightly from Sally Rand’s dance. Left, reading from top, James Cagney, George Tobias, and Dennis Morgan in uniform for their roles in "Captains of the Clouds," starring Cagney, and filmed with cooperation of the Royal Canadian Air Force and shows how Britain trains pilots for war service.

HENRY FONDA is a frustrated jitterbug. After practising many nights at home, thinking he was pretty good, he decided to go to the Palladium. “Get a load of grandpoppa,” cracked two young things, as they darted by. Henry is now concentrating on the walls.

ROMANCE blooms and how, for Ann Rutherford. Young Tom May, son of the department store owner, says it with orchid plants—instead of the flower alone. Result, Ann has built her own glass-house and now supplies all her friends who can’t afford the expensive corsages. An orchid to Tom May for being so original!
Above, a scene from "Twin Beds," the hilarious screen laugh hit adopted from the sensational stage success, co-starring George Brent and Joan Bennett as the husband and wife who are madly in love, but who don't quite trust each other. See—they even have twin bedside telephones to help them keep check on one another.

**HISTORY**

Happening: Celebrating his return from a long tour, Jerry Colonna cracked out with a novel dinner party. Big black moustaches, Colonna style, marked places for the guests. Bob Hope was especially tickled with his. Believe it or not, the ladies wore 'em, too!

**SEX**

Comes to Culver City! There's a plan afoot to remake those early Ramon Novarro South Sea Island pictures. All dressed up in a smile and a string of beads will be the not too sensitive Pat Dane and tall, dark and bewitching John Carroll. With these two tossing their toros, together with John's voice, M.G.M. has a box-office sensation. As if they didn't know!

**THE DAY AFTER**

Marlene Dietrich got front-page publicity on her fall with a baby. Shirley Temple did some quick thinking. When they called her into the scene, Shirley hobbled out of her dressing room. Her foot was bearing a fake bandage. In her arms she carried a baby doll. "I rushed so I tripped over a cable," Shirley explained while the set roared.

**GOOD NEWS!**

Shirley Temple comes out of "retirement" for "Kathleen." It's the story of a lonely, motherless child whose father is too busy to bother with her, and it brings Shirley back to the screen after a two years' absence, in the title rôle. Herbert Marshall plays the father and Lorraine Day is cast as Shirley's nurse.

**GARY COOPER**

Was absent from the Hollywood scene for several days. For the strangest reason, too. It seems Gary decided to take a sun bath. Two minutes prone in the sun, being Gary he fell asleep. When he awakened he found his ankle swollen five times its normal size. Yellow-jackets (just plain bees to some folk) proved they are no respecters of persons.

**THE**

Sound man on Wally Beery's set complained that some strange noise was disturbing the dialogue. The entire set was searched. Finally, they located the cause. It was Marjorie Main fast asleep in her portable dressing room. Marjorie was snoring!

**I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN**

Is a right nice theme song for Glenn Ford and Evelyn Ankers. We ain't sayin' who's got who, where, but these two together are really dreaming it up. Glenn was pricing building lots recently, overlooking the Pacific Ocean. For that honeymoon cottage by the sea, Glenn? We shall see.

**AMONG**

Other stipulations, Joan Blondell's contract with Republic allows her to select her own costume designer. So Walter Plunkett got the job, because Joan remembered his wonderful work for "Gone With the Wind." When they had their first fitting, Joan arrived an hour early—she was that eager. But right in the middle of it all, suddenly Joan collapsed in Walter's arms. She was rushed to the hospital with a bad case of flu. The fittings were finished on a dressmaker's model of Joan's figure. The show must go on. And did!

**WHEN**

The Wilshire Bowl presented yesterday's stars in the Silver Screen review, little did they know what a break they were giving the insurance companies. Our current glamor girls went to see such old-timers as Clara Kimball Young, Betty Blythe, Mae Murray, Betty Compson and many others. The next day annuities were taken out like mad. Every star who attended the review got a closeup of what could happen to her in the future, if she didn't save her money.
"I hear you sing," said the doctor. "I'll give you a dollar to come over to Lawrenceville tonight."

A friend with a rattletrap drove him over. He sang O Death, Where Is Thy Sting. He sang It is for the million things you gave me, pulling all the tremolo stops and dripping tears. "How'd you like a steady job?" asked the Doc.

"I average seven a week at Penney's," said the artist, turned business man.

"I'll give you ten."

Red burst in on his mother that night, exultant. "I'm in show business, mom." She shook her head. "You're a baby, son. You've got to go to school."

He talked her into letting him try it for the summer. In the fall he came back, wearing spats and a ninety-eight cent pair

Red Skelton, His Life and Love!

Continued from page 33

"Routine, pothin'? I gotta give it to her, we're poor."

"What do you do for fun?"

"Hang around the theater and sneak in when nobody's lookin'. Hey, there's a big show tonight, mister. Better go. Raymond Hitchcock in 'Hitchykoo.' Some day I'm gonna be a comic like him."

The stranger regarded him. "Would a buck take care of what you've got left there?"

"Sure, I guess so—"

"Well, take this to your mother and be at the theater by seven thirty. I'll get you in."

As good as his word, the man was waiting out front. Next time Red saw him, he was on the stage, acknowledging applause. "Hey, that's the guy just got me in here." His neighbor eyed him coldly.

"Sure! He's a friend o' mine, but I don't know his name—"

"His name's Raymond Hitchcock and shut up."

That was one show Red could hardly sit through. As the curtain fell, he made for the stage door. "There's that pest again," snarled the doorman. "Get him out—"

"Not this time you don't," chirped Red.

"I'm personally invited by the star an' how dya like it?"

Hitchcock showed him his first proscenium, his first dressing room, gave him his first lesson in stage positions, his first piece of professional advice. "If you really want to go on the stage, quit this town, or you'll wind up as the village hallwit."

To Red his words were as so many nuggets of gold, stored up and gloated over in the watches of the night. When the time came, he acted on them. He was spending the summer vacation of his twelfth year, knocking nails out of crates in J. C. Penney's basement. One day the manager appeared with a top-hatted stranger.

"Dr. R. E. Lewis. Red, runs a medicine show, wants to talk to you."

SCOOP! EXCLUSIVE PICTURES

Mrs. Red Skelton, left, records words of advice to hubby on their latest addition, a recording machine. Below, the outside of the new Sketons home looks like a nice quiet place, but Red's always thinking up ways to fix that—like composing his masterpiece without paper in typewriter and shewing his fingers, bottom.
of striped pants, School was no use to him or he to it. Sitting over his books, he dreamed of the "Ziegfeld Follies" and rapped drum routines out on his teeth. Now and then his eye caught a name on the page before him—George Washington, maybe—and through his bemused vision would float an image of the father of his country, turning flipflops.

In the spring Red blew. He spent two years with the Doc. Of his weekly ten, he sent five dollars to his mother. He began getting laughs. The first time it happened Doc pinned his ears back. A crack of Red's had gone unappreciated by the audience. Eyeing them glumly, he produced his first ad lib. "I tell 'em, I don't explain 'em." They howled, but Doc gave him hell. "If they didn't laugh, it wasn't funny. Never

RED SKELTON'S NEW HOME

Red Skelton at home—or at see, Red paddles his own canoe, right, in the foyer of his home. Preaching for his "Panama Hottie" role, no doubt. (Mrs. S. loves that.) Below, Red's invention (not patented) for reading the paper while mowing the lawn. Bottom, that's all the living room pieces they have—just like Red!

belittle your audience. Give them the respect due intelligent people, even if they do buy medicine at a dollar a bottle." That's another piece of advice Red never forgot.

One day John Lawrence's tent show came to town. "Gee, there's an actor, Doc," sighed the wistful Red. "Years a derby hat in summer and a checkered suit." Lawrence saw Red perform and offered him a job. "Doc," asked Red, "would you think I was ungrateful if I left you?"

"What did that rat offer you?"

"Eighteen.

"It'll boil down to twelve. But if I offer you twenty to stay—which I won't—don't take it. You're not progressing here."

Nowadays Red says: "Every time I get stale, I go into a room and not to myself do I talk, but I ask the old man what I'm doing that's wrong, and he usually tells me." The first time the studio gives him a month off, he's going to find the Doc's outfit and do a week's work for nothing.

He'd been with Lawrence five months when a minstrel show came to town. "No matinee today," sighed the boss. "The minute they walk down the street at 11:45, we're dead ducks. The mob follows 'em right to the theater."

Red followed the mob. He happened to sit behind a skinny guy who happened to be Clarence A. Stout, author of 0 Death. Where Is Thy Sting and manager of the show. Red had a swell time. Every gag they pulled, he'd pull the punch. The skinny guy turned round. "Look, let them do it."

"Think they're funny? I get more laughs in a minute than they get in an hour," (Red says he was conceited as hell till he met Edna).

"Yeah! Where do you get all these laughs?"

"Down the street at the Tent Show."

"I'll be around tonight."

"Do you good."

The skinny guy strolled up to him after the show. "Well, you didn't get as many laughs as you said—What do they give you here, coffee and cake?"

"But with molasses. Twenty a week."

"I'll give you fifteen."

"I'll take it."

A year and a half with the minstrel. One day he stood in front of a circus ad. "Gee, I'd love to be a lion-tamer."
"Who wouldn't?" his companion grunted. "They get five or six hundred a week." When Red stopped to put a dog or a cat, the creature stared. Red off the road. When he said hello to a horse, the horse nipped him. Goaded by the vision of five or six hundred, he now discovered, in himself a latent power over animals. He wrote to Hagenbeck & Wallace that his father had worked for them and that he was the last of his part.

"What walkarounds do you have?" they asked at the interview.

"What's a walkaround? You kidding me?"

"No, you're kidding us. A walkaround is a clown's routine, and you never played a circus in your life." "Oh, no, I can make people laugh and I want to be a lion-tamer."

They thought he had brass enough to be something so they gave him a show. His leisure was spent watching Clyde Beatty work. It looked wonderful till they hit South Bend. Beatty was breaking in a new tiger act. The day was hot, the tiger mean, and when Beatty dropped his pole long enough to reach for a whip, the tiger jumped him. In the nick of time, a lion-tamer at the back saved the day. Deciding he was no hero, Red walked out of the circus and into burlesque.

At seventeen he was making seventy-five a week. The take on the Pantages, a vaudeville house in Kansas City, caught his burlesque act and invited him. The first of a manager also introduced him to Edna Stillwell, an usher, trim, fifteen, blue-eyed. Her hair was what Red calls monsieur-brown, and her spirit was high. He thought he had a way with girls. She thought he was a freak, and brushed him off. But when a month later he returned for a second engagement, she sent him out of laughter at the of his jokes. That was enough for a comic.

"You're a nice kid. I had you all wrong when I was here before. Can I take you home?"

Distances in Kansas City are long. Red recalls gloomily that they rode for days on a streetcar. It wasn't that he liked Edna less, but he hated streetcars more, so they didn't meet again for weeks. Red was encequando a walkathon, and who should the first be but Edna? And what should the cashier do but enter the contest on a dare and win it.

The photos wanted pictures of her with the streetcars. But they were in in being instruments in the band of fate, they said: "Now let's take'em kissing."

"What had happened to Edna between streetcars is anyone's guess. For Red the kiss did it. He was knocked off his feet, he couldn't sleep, he couldn't think. Three months later, when he married, Edna's mother gave her consent, and Red falsified his age. Everyone said it wouldn't last, it's lasted now eleven years, and he still puts Edna next to God.

She went with him to St. Louis, where he was scheduled for another walkathon. "Tell me, Red, you're going to get more than seventy-five," she mused.

"Now don't start telling me how to run my business," snapped the dominant male.

"It's a long time since I had to moonlight in the cleaning. "He does a lot of falling around, you know, and the bill comes to so much a week."

This was more than the new-made husband could swallow. He had three suits to his name, and he dusted them off. "Look," he said, the way Billy Gilbert says it, "why don't you tell him about the food too?"

Came a tired voice from the desk. "I'll pay the cleaning. You can have dinner and breakfast at the counter with the other performers, and you can pick out what they owned. "Edna's mother," says her grateful son-in-law, "real, in like this and got ten back for two gold teeth."

He was the City, the comedians asked the talent scout, very busy with phones and buzzers. Red didn't like it. "Matter of opinion—"

"Make me laugh."

"I can't."

"So they tested him in a dramatic scene, which you know I'm no good at. Thanks," said the scout, "I'll let you know."

He earned ten dollars here and fifteen there, and they lived in a dump behind Madision Avenue. One night, when he was nipped, Edna said: "Know what I think? You never went far in school. That's a handicap when you talk to business people, and you should take night classes when you're not working."

"I'm a comedian."

"Even comedians have to talk sense sometimes."

Thereafter he spent his free evenings at night school. Edna went along so he wouldn't feel embarrassed. There were more and more kids over there, kids and less money. It reached the point where Red mooched along with eyes peeled for a nickel or a quarter to walk-a-long. For two days they didn't eat. Then they crowded his store of jokebooks to a second-hand shop. Red went in alone.

"One buck," said the man.

"They cost me seventy-five to a hundred—"

"One buck," said the man.

"You reported to Edna outside. "Take it, Red. When you're hungry, a buck's more important than jokes."

They spent it on spaghetti and meatballs at fifteen cent place. They took in a fifteen-cent show. They trolled down Broadway, and out of a music shop floated the strong and sweetIEDULFD, he of the luck tune. "Gonna get a job," grinned Red.

And, curiously, he did. From among the entrants at a Roxy Theatre audition, he was picked to play the Club Lido, Mont real, for three days. He stayed six weeks, then moved down the street to Loew's.

They liked his style, but found his material wanting. The producer, the one, made him an offer. "Dope out some new stuff, and I'll bill you into Loew's State as a headliner." He told Edna about it as they sat in the little restaurant and the corner after the show. She turned thoughtful. "Know what makes people laugh the most that happen in everyday life."

At the next table a man was dunking doughnuts, eyes darting sheepishly right and left before he made the dunking movement. "If I write something, will you try it?"

That was the germ of the riotous doughnut routine that wowed 'em at Loew's State. He wrote it all for Red ever since. For a while they hit the peaks—a radio date with Rudy Vallee, appointment as official master of ceremonies of the President's Birthday Ball, a broadcasting program of his own. Then the movies snagged him, which proved a mistake for Red. He was cast as the social director in "Having Wonderful Time." The mechanics of movie-making were new. He went around asking people what they thought. It was chiefly to the fact that Zasu Pitts is crazy about him, he was hired to join her vaudeville act in Chicago. He went over with public and critical success, among his admirers one Mickey Rooney.

Mickey attended this year's Birthday Ball. (Red is a fixture of the Birthday Balls. Washington wears him on his heart. In Washington, if you said: "Red stinks," they smacked you down). "I saw your show five times in Chicago," said Mickey. "You'll be on the comic." "I've been on the coast, brother. It's all yours."

"These things happen," said Mickey, the philosopher. "Be different next time."

He went home and talked the ears off Nick Schenck and Louis B. Mayer till in self-defense they sent him on the road to Laurel and Hardy. It was a mistake.

On the day he set for testing, Edna went with him.

"Got anything you can burlesque Hollywood with?"

"Why, yes," said Edna. Red stared. She sent him her sweetest smile. "Remember that one we did in Chicago, honey? The way different heroes did different things?"

He didn't remember, for the good reason that no bit existed. But he picked up the script. "It's short, it's so long ago, I'll have to brush up—"

They went into a jungle. She sketched his idea, and Red's training stood him in good stead. "Letting be, they whispered and sweated and prayed. The test proved an all-time classic. For weeks people greeted their friends on the Metro lot by asking whether they'd seen the Skel-"

Frank Borzage saw it and put him into "Flight Command." After "Whistling in the Dark," he is co-starred with Ann Sothern in "The Great Lie." He's going to "I'll Take Manila," and a new radio show of his. The studio's frantically hunting properties for him, and the press halls have the year's biggest news.

Meantime he and Edna are having a wonderful time. They've found themselves as boss and boss in one, and they love her. Lottie may make Red eat carrots and use the right fork. But there's nobody here, he yowls.

"You used to say, 'n' use it anyway. Be somebody here, it youl'forget.'"

When people drop in, he cooks them a tub of soup from an original recipe, and good. It was all right for Edna to make it. The living room is still minus furniture, so he hangs up sign reading DETOUR and CLOSED FOR REPAIRS. He's let Lottie make it. He answered it—that voice coming through out of nowhere sets his teeth on edge. As though he never smokes, he always carries a cigar. It used to make Red laugh, but if he finds like paying a buck, he pays a burn.

Though only one remains ungratified. He craves a tight-fitting overcoat with a fur collar like the kind John (There's-An- Actor Doc) Lawrence used to wear. "Edna says you don't report cheerfully, "But I'm getting one anyway—to be buried in."

62
Make the Most of Every Day!

Continued from page 24

of all the telephone didn't swell.

The patio is completely shut off from the outside world by a high hedge, abruptly at the back. Picturesque olive trees shade the far end of the turquoise swimming pool. A magnolia tree spreads its dark-green leaves over the porch. Gardenias and calla lilies hedge the foot path that circles the patio and winds back into the hills. White flowers, green foliage everywhere, except for the riot of color of wild flowers carpeting the hillside.

In the patio that the life of the Douglas family centers. Every room in the house, with the exception of the children's bedroom, which has its own veranda, opens into the patio. Two small tables drawn up to cushioned chairs, as well as lunch, is eaten here. At night it is a veritable fairyland. The long lit path, flanked by bamboo, and the flower-covered hill are all caught in the immense bamboo-framed mirror, hanging by buttressers from French doors leading into Miss Gaaghan's bedroom.

"Mel and Helen are the kind of people who like to share all the excitement and curiosity of the world and go on holiday and stay here, with the rest of the household," said Walter. "It makes no difference if it is in the middle of the night. As a matter of fact, for instance, Fat-pat-pat, you hear slipper feet coming down the hall. Not that they are frightened, Far from it. Something unusual and exciting is happening. "Who was it? Do you think we will have another?" Mel and Helen are the greatest people to talk things over with me. They are so interested in their lives.

Miss Gaaghan has been elected to the California Democratic National Committee, a telephone call from Washington is not unusual. As Mel is just as interested in the political as I am, he makes his up to tell him about it. He wouldn't forgive her if she didn't. If it is something she can discuss with her her, we soon hear a tone too gentle knock on our doors. While we talk it over we go into the kitchen for a midnight snack. Mel is a notorius ice-cream eater.

"He loves left-overs. Woe be to any cook who throws them out! Cold chicken and dumplings is one of his favorites. A slice of ham and a dish of stewed fruit is another. Mel will fix up a plate for Helen or any of the others, if allowed to. He likes to go back to Helen's room to eat."

That is easily understood, as Miss Gaaghan's room, done in soft blue, dusty pink and pale lemon, is probably the most charming room in the entire house. The bed, with its graceful curving ends, which is a French couch by day, the upright piano, upon which Tom is learning to play, the exquisite china that Miss Gaaghan practises in her early teens, the exquisite antique desk, the deep window seat, the low chairs and console table are all the feeling of home, sitting room, rather than a bedroom. This is the room that was turned over to Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, when she was a member of the Roosevelt home.

"This frail, little rosewood table often throws the entire household into an up-

roar," laughed Walter. "You see this row of buttons along the side? They operate like a telephone switchboard. I'd better explain that we have three separate telephone lines coming into this house. One is for the exclusive use of Mel's business. Studios, calls, agents, tailor, etc. The second is for the family, grocery orders, shops. The third telephone number is given out only to people who contact Helen for her Democratic Committee work. They all connect with each trunk line. It also connects with each room in the house. That is, provided the proper button is pushed at occassionally pushing the wrong button. Upon discovering what she has done, she takes a chance on one of the others. Usually it is the wrong one. Things start popping if Mel happens to be on a line that is cut off. He comes racing down to my office, which is under the porch at the end of the children's wing. By this time, Helen is out on the porch above calling, 'Wait! Can't you do something about this telephone?'

"To further add to the telephone lines, four-year-old Mary Helen and nine-year-old Peter have the habit of picking up a telephone number and calling them. When their father or mother have to be called from the vegetable garden below the hill, or brought over from the barn, the children get into lengthy conversations. It makes no difference to them whether the call comes from Hollywood or New York."

"Recently, Mrs. Helen called Peter from making phone calls of his own. The little rascal had copied numbers, which he picked at random, into a household directory, into a "small phone book," as he called it, of his own. We don't know just how long he had been holding intimate conversations with strangers. We discovered what he was up to, when one of his "friends" phoned. It was a rather delicate situation. Mel didn't want to disillusion or frighten the children, but he had to point out the danger involved in giving personal information to strangers.

"Imagine the confusion and person on the other side of the phone in Washington, D.C., the other day, when Helen calmly announced, 'I can't talk any longer. I think my phone is broken.'"

"Fire engines were scrambling up the steep road that winds up the hill. The house boy was racing through the hall shouting, 'Fire! Fire!' From the side porch we could see the flames leaping over the hill on the other side of the canyon. Mel ran down the steps and turned on the sprinkling system. The network of pipes spread over the four and a half acres of lawn and hills had always sent up a cascade of spray. Now, all that greeted us was a weak ineffectual drizzle. The fire hose attached to the water hydrant below the hill had almost shut off the precious water."

"Instead of the water, Helen and Mel stood there laughing. 'Anyway, it is a swell idea when it works,' said Mel. 'If the hill is going to burn, it is going to burn anyway."

"It didn't burn. The fire was extinguished on the other side of the canyon. But that is the queer thing. We never lose their heads. No matter what happens, they make the best of it. Mel is one person who only makes the best of everything of life."

"I certainly do my best to get the best out of life," smiled Mr. Douglas, who suddenly came through the door into the patio. Drawing up a chair he joined us on the terrace. 'To get the best out of life, each day should be an adventure, a risk."

"I know it has always been my approach to life. Live as well as you can. That doesn't mean that I reach for the best things in life. But it is to get the best out of one's state of life that each day brings. Make the most out of simple, every day living.

"I think it is a great mistake to strive too hard. I certainly didn't set out to carve a career for myself. In a general way I have always known what I wanted. One thing led to the other. Look at motion pictures. Pictures gave me a chance to settle down and have a home."

"Of course I know, there was a time when I never thought I would own a home like this. Here I have everything that I ever wanted. Naturally I enjoy it. There are not many who are in a position to say that they have the feeling of possession, that many have. Never have I said to myself, 'This is all mine. I must never let it give away from me.' It was never quite too.

"However, I never worry about such a time coming. I am not the kind of person who looks ahead. I'm not one to see far away five years. I like to be handier than me. I can't live by routine. Naturally, when I am working, I keep certain hours. But when I get home, I look at the pictures, I never know what I am going to do. At the moment, if I weren't working, I would take a picture for Carmel. And the children are there now. We love it."

"Our house, built on a smaller scale, is much like this one. Each room opens into the next, like a hotel, like a rooming house. Each room is served directly by piping from pale to deep marine, predominates in the color scheme, as it does here. Up there we also have bar, a drawing room, a music room. But where the comparison ends. In Carmel living is easy and simple. There are no formal dinners. Life up there is sharp contrast to our way of living down here.

"Instead of servants to do the work, we all pitch in and do it ourselves. Each one takes care of one of his own rooms, even Peter. Everyone has his own special job of general housework. I do the cooking. When the children are with us, that means three regale meals every day.

"Cooking, scrubbing, gardening," he went on. "I think and men and women, no matter what their age or position, should do a certain amount of work with their hands. It brings them closer to the simple, worthwhile things of life."

"After a long day without the camera or when I have become satiated with reading or conversation, I get a lust for cooking. It is then I go out to the kitchen and make, say, an upside-down pineapple crumb cake or crumb cake."

Only a few close friends of Melyn Douglas know his penchant for cooking."

In Hollywood, in California, in local activities, in formal dinners, and social obligations leave little time for him to indulge in cooking at home. Instead of it, which he does, he bows a dish towel around his middle and turns chef.

Walter, who had left soon after Mr. Douglas arrived, returned to deliver a telephone message. "Mel is a swell cook," he said. "But he can dirty more dishes instead of anyone in the world. I know because at home, I have been doing it!"

"And my wife complains that whenever she wants to talk to me or read something-special, she has to go down to the kitchen," continued Melyn. "On our last weekend we had a whole gang coming to supper. Helen insisted that I be on hand to help welcome them. So I started the
Hungarian goulash early in the afternoon. I browned the minced onions, added the paprika, salt and pepper. The cubed beef was slowly stirred in. When all was golden brown, I set the Dutch oven over a low flame.

The guests arrived earlier than expected. Finally, when free to dash into the kitchen, I found it filled with smoke. The meat was burned to a crisp. Opening the windows and doors, I hurried out the back way to the butcher. To this day Helen doesn't know why the dinner was late that night. But she does know that it's now impossible to keep me away from the kitchen when preparing some special dish.

"Neither Helen nor I has the time to get up to Carmel as often as we like. Our last real vacation there was shortly before we left for Washington to attend the presidential inauguration. An incident that happened while we were in Washington brought home the vast indifference between Hollywood and this other part of my life.

"The inauguration was impressive and inspiring. The discussions and exchange of ideas on world affairs were stimulating, Harold Ickes and his wife, Jane, were with Helen and me the afternoon a motion picture distributor offered to run my picture, 'This Thing Called Love.' As none of us had seen it, we accepted the invitation. The four of us sat down in the dingy little projection room. The contrast of seeing myself cavor about in this comedy, compared to the dignified, impressive functions I had been attending, was startling, to say the least. It was incongruous. I felt like clawing through a hole in the floor. Later, when Helen and I were alone, I found she felt the same as I did. 'Wasn't it awful!' she said.

"Then like husbands and wives do, we started talking it over. Both Harold and Jane liked the picture. It had made them laugh. It would make other people laugh. God knows all of us were getting enough of tragedy and suffering these days.

"Looking at it at a distance, it wasn't so bad. Making people laugh. Helping them forget this harried world, if only for a few minutes, so they could carry on with renewed courage was worth while. If that is my job it was up to me to do it."

And he does.
I bet my girl friend twenty-five dollars I could have a date with you. If you don't show up I'll kill you!' Well, after that Victor decided that a bodyguard might be right handy after all. When Victor returned to Hollywood a few months ago, after his New York triumphs, producers who two years ago looked down upon him at him coming out to get his name on their contracts. All this big to-do over Victor Mature was too much for the jealous-writer-liberal me, and I was the first to start calling him 'glimmer boy' and 'that beautiful hunk of man.'

"For a nice person you certainly manage to get around," I said to Victor over at the Twentieth Century-Fox studio, soon after his return. They were doing the swimming sequence in "Hot Spot" and Mr. Mature was having a wonderful time watching Betty Grable and Carole Landis cavorting around in bathing suits.

"Oh, I'm used to being snooty," said Victor, garroaging for a lock of his hair—he is definitely runner-up to Champion Charles MacArthur, America's number one lock-puller!" I got used to it when I was a child. I had a brother, older than I was, who was very delicate. My poor mother spent every waking moment codding him and trying to nurse him back to health. He died when he was eleven. After his funeral my mother looked at me and made a statement which has become a classic in our family. She said, 'Grow, you sonofagun, grow!' Except she didn't say sonofagun—she being a good church worker. No coddling and pampering for me. I became the terror of the neighborhood. But every Hallow'en my parents played a joke on the good people of Louisville. I was locked in my room for the entire day and night. Along about eight o'clock every Hallow'en night I could hear the doorbell ring, and the neighbor's come piling in. 'Your Victor broke my window pane. I know it was Victor. No one else would do it,' and 'Your Victor ruined my car window and Victor got garbage on my front porch. I want him punished,' I'm used to being maligned.'

More-sinned-against-than-sinning Victor was born in Louisville, Kentucky, January 29, 1916, of Austrian parents. Louisville, like most Southern cities, is extremely first-family-conscious, and foreigners have just about the same social standing as hell-weevils. Victor was a healthy little boy, with a wild mop of curly hair, and a rebellious nature—not particularly sensitive, perhaps, but just the same those early snubs made a deep impression.

"One of the little kids in school would invite me to a party," said Victor, "and my mother would scrub me up clean and give me a lecture on pretty manners. All the other mothers were invited to drop in and see their little darlings having fun, and one by one we'd be called away to be introduced to them. Boy, it used to burn me! I get mad when I think about it now. 'This is little David,' the mother of the kid who was giving the party would say, 'his father is president of the bank.' And all the mothers were gush and drool and admire little David. 'And this is little Henry,' she'd continue, 'his father is the president of General Securities.' And there'd be more gushing. Finally she'd get to me. 'And this,' she'd say with a sneer, 'is Victor Mature. His father is that foreigner who works over at the refrigerator Company.' The top shelf of my Dad's refrigerators could never be as chilly as the silence which followed my introduction, believe me.

"If I ever have any children I'm going to see to it that they don't have to take snubs from anybody. They're going to be able to sit in the corner and be as snooty as all get-out.'

As a matter of fact it was a snooty Louisville Society belle who made Victor decide to go to Hollywood. He asked her to dance with him at a ball one night and she slapped his face and called him the dirty son of a common foreigner. 'That slap in the puss did it,' said Victor. "I swore then I'd get out of town and never come back until the name Mature was so important that those society snobs would eat dirt.'

Victor spent six lean years in Hollywood before he got the nod from the producers. But he was never one to whine. Not with that cheerful disposition. When he found out that good looking actors were a dime a dozen in Hollywood he took a bus out to Pasadena, where he convinced Gilmer Brown that he should have a fellowship entitling him to free tuition in the Playhouse Drama School. By that time Victor, who only had $41 when he left Louisville in a huff, was down to exactly eleven cents. His mother and father were spending the summer in Michigan, and Victor was supposed to join them there. Dreadfully in need of a little cash Victor composed what he considered a very subtle wire: "Dear Dad, I find myself sidetracked in Hollywood with only eleven cents in my pocket, Love, Victor." And early the next day he received the following answer: "Dear Victor, Mother very disappointed you are not coming. Forty-four years ago I came to this country and had five cents in my pocket and could not speak a word of English. You have six cents more than I had and you can speak English, Love, Dad." May it be said to Victor's credit that never again did he try to scrounge a loan from his father, or anyone else. He has always lived on what he made, and when he made nothing, he lived on nothing.

When he enrolled at the Pasadena Playhouse he slept backstage in a piano box. When he was routed out, he snatched enough tarpaulin and boards from the theater property department to build himself a tent in Mr. Brown's back yard. Across the yard from him, in the back seat of a broken-down car, lived Laird...
Advice to Working Mothers

Continued from page 30

to every mother—proper discipline and sensible devotion.

Mary Astor is one mother in Hollywood who has done her best to avoid

Cregar—another young actor who has come up

the hard way. Victor lived on a budget

and has always been one to budget to

get (46 cents a day—which he picked up

doing odd jobs when he wasn't needed at

the theater. His big break came two years

ago when Producer Hal Roach saw him

in the famous production of "To Quito

Back" and signed him up on a long-term

contract—at a very small salary.

The year before he got his break

Vic found himself one day with a

six months' notice on a poor job in

New York. He got married

and signed on with a theater

and

then

he

was

lost

to

from

a

any-

the

a

letter

to

-8-

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the

the
I was over at Joan's a few Christmases ago. Norman had just brought in some friends, and the time they were having! Yet there were no indications about him. He was as normal a young man, and just as lively and natural.

"Neither Dick nor I ever make any social engagements on Sunday," Joan continued, "which will take us away from spending most of this day with the children. They play an important part in our scheme of things, and I never forget about it. We never permit them to feel neglected or unimportant.

"And there's good advice for any mother—children should not be allowed to get lonely. It's the duty of every parent to protect her child against this lonely feeling.

"Don't you feel being a movie star and having a large income makes a great deal of difference in her relations with her children?" I asked Joan.

"No, I don't think it makes any difference. It would be pretty much the same if I worked in an office instead of a studio. The important thing to do is to treat each child as an individual. Get each one alone for a time during the day, and really get close, share his or her problems, joys, and sorrows. You have to use psychology when you talk to children. That's saying, 'Go out and play,' it only takes a few minutes to organize the play for them. It's a simple thing to get children into some building work, or something of the kind that will keep them occupied for hours.

"Of course, Dick is a big help to me with the children. When he is building anything, he usually makes Norman feel that he is helping. He sends him on little errands, to get a hammer, anything to make him feel important to the job being done.

"The best advice I can give is to remind mothers that children are very sensitive. Their feelings must never be brushed aside. They must be made to feel they are wanted, that they are loved. And I know how much parents forget this item. I have seen many neglected children who aren't sure just what they mean to anybody. It's a pitiful sight.

"Joan Bennett is another successful movie mother and an equally busy and successful career woman. No, I haven't heard with the results of her upbringing of her two daughters, Diana, aged twelve, and Melinda, aged six. Joan realizes the importance of setting aside a certain time out of each day for privacy with her girls.

"Diana is attending a private school that takes her away from home during the school week. And what a full week-end it is for us then! As for Melinda, she stays at home. When I'm on a picture, I have breakfast with Melinda and she comes to lunch with me at the studio at least one day a week.

"With both girls, I have always supervised their diets, their education, and their discipline, since they are children and are good at making meals for me. They have been very hearty about it. I believe that such entertainment is not only necessary relaxation, but it is part of their education and part of their need for vital interests.

No matter how occupied Joan is, she delights in taking time out to talk about her daughters. "In the main, I have no nonsense with them. I make sure that a portion of their allowance goes into their Sunday-School box. The rest they can do with as they please. While they are government with their money, they are taught that instead of spending it for candy and useless things, they should save it. Moreover, I have tried to show them the possibilities of the world and the importance of the people.

When I was considering sending Diana to private school, I found that one of them didn't have any cooking children, and that older mothers wanted their children taught cooking, too, put in a full domestic science course. So even though Joan believes in a private school, she has always one thing in mind—what the child can learn. She approves of other contacts. It is the idea of giving her daughter for any station in life is to work out means to let her children learn by being with others.

"As for advice—" Joan looked thoughtfully. To ensure the idea, I have made a deal with Diana. For every dollar she saved, I agreed to double the amount. Before Christmas Diana had saved five dollars, and I am adding my ten.

"But there is more to raising a child than this," Joan hastily added. "If there was one thing mention, that they should know how to cook and sew, that they should know what to skate and skate, to be all-around experts at some of the work that station in life they occupy. When I was considering sending Diana to private school, I found that one of them didn't have any cooking children, and I thought that other mothers wanted their children taught cooking, too, put in a full domestic science course. So, even though Joan believes in a private school, she has always one thing in mind—what the child can learn. She approves of other contacts. It is the idea of giving her daughter for any station in life is to work out means to let her children learn by being with others.

"As for advice—" Joan looked thoughtfully. To ensure the idea, I have made a deal with Diana. For every dollar she saved, I agreed to double the amount. Before Christmas Diana had saved five dollars, and I am adding my ten.

"But there is more to raising a child than this," Joan hastily added. "If there was one thing mention, that they should know how to cook and sew, that they should know what to skate and skate, to be all-around experts at some of the work that station in life they occupy. When I was considering sending Diana to private school, I found that one of them didn't have any cooking children, and I thought that other mothers wanted their children taught cooking, too, put in a full domestic science course. So, even though Joan believes in a private school, she has always one thing in mind—what the child can learn. She approves of other contacts. It is the idea of giving her daughter for any station in life is to work out means to let her children learn by being with others.

"As for advice—" Joan looked thoughtfully. To ensure the idea, I have made a deal with Diana. For every dollar she saved, I agreed to double the amount. Before Christmas Diana had saved five dollars, and I am adding my ten.

"But there is more to raising a child than this," Joan hastily added. "If there was one thing mention, that they should know how to cook and sew, that they should know what to skate and skate, to be all-around experts at some of the work that station in life they occupy. When I was considering sending Diana to private school, I found that one of them didn't have any cooking children, and I thought that other mothers wanted their children taught cooking, too, put in a full domestic science course. So, even though Joan believes in a private school, she has always one thing in mind—what the child can learn. She approves of other contacts. It is the idea of giving her daughter for any station in life is to work out means to let her children learn by being with others.
Meet the Hottest New Hero: George Montgomery
Contended from page 29

studio, where he is under contract, bigger and better roles are scheduled for Hollywood's new hero, and to that extent it's decidedly not a ladies' man. Not yet, anyway. (Remember what happened to Gary Cooper!) He'd rather go fishing any time than take a glance at a Cossack.

"They keep writing in magazines and newspapers that I am always at Ciro's," he complains indignantly. "Actually I don't like clubs much. I still love fishing and it's mostly through friends in the city and New York and Chicago that I have met people."

"And don't forget Cohna," I prompted.

"I saw the pictures that were taken of you two.

"I didn't have a date with Cohna. I was standing in for Palmer Beaudette," George said with a smile. "For some reason or other they didn't want to have their picture taken together."

George insists that he likes to go to bed at nine o'clock. "I get up every morning around six-thirty—that's the prettiest part of the day. Maybe it's the Montana time but I think the night was made for sleeping and the day for living. On horseback in the hills in the early morning—that's the way."

George also insists that in all his twenty-five years he has never been in love. But there are those of us who might question this fact. George gets a very strange flush when you mention the name of Ginger Rogers. Ever since the night he met Ginger at a dinner party at her agent's house he has been going with her constantly. When Ginger and her mother invited him to visit them at their ranch in Oregon he accepted with alacrity, and with a little blushing he'll tell you about the wonderful times they had together, riding, fishing, and cooking their meals. Ginger, it seems, is a mile and a half ahead of all the other fillies. For the moment, anyway.

When he was in Chicago recently, after his personal appearance with Louella Parsons in Dixon, Illinois, he beat all their bets for a Sunday afternoon away for Marshall Field's stock. "I've got to buy a present for Ginger," he told the pressmen when answering them. "I wonder what she'd like?"

The p.a. relayed suggestions, perfume, handkerchiefs, a bag, but George, as always, had a mind of his own. He finally decided on a ranch bell with a cow horn on the end.

George is one of those rare people found in Hollywood—a bona fide cowboy. He was born and reared on a ranch in Montana. From the time he was knee-high to a coyote he learned to ride, to rope, to round up cattle, and to sing "boots and saddle" songs. He attended the Great Falls High School, where he shone on the athletic fields and in the gymnasium as a baseball, football, track, and boxing star. During his first semester at the University he received a letter from a brother who was working in Los Angeles as an engraver and who came to tell him, "You can study art," the letter read, "and we can do a little boxing at Jeffries Barn." That sounded pretty good to George, so when he went home that Christmas he asked his parents to give him a railroad ticket to Hollywood. They refused. Defiantly George borrowed a pick and shovel and went to work for the Virginia. When he had made enough to pay for a ticket he dropped the pick and shovel, grabbed his bag, and took the first train south. He had never traveled there before," he said. "I didn't know you could buy a round-trip ticket."

By the time he reached Hollywood his engineer brother was not so flush, so they moved into a single room and started hocking watches and clothes. His first job in Hollywood was at Metro where he did stunt riding for the German star, "Conquest." He received $35 a day—which was wonderful, except that he only got a few days work and brother knew a fellow who worked at the Budnicki Restaurant on the Sunset Strip, so through him George got a job painting murals for $10 a week.

After six weeks of this he got a job at Tony's Silver Slipper out in the Valley as bartender. At this job he made $18 a week with tips. As long as it was a beer place George was safe, but when they got a liquor license and turned it into a cocktail lounge he had plenty of worries. George never drinks anything except milk, of which he drinks quantities, so a Manhattan and a Tequila Sunrise were as big a mystery to him as a problem in calculus. "The customers are usually a little heavy-handed," says George. "I guess it was because I always gave them plenty."

With his brother to push him, George then decided that his hobby was film-making and he made the rounds of the studios. At Republic he did one of the "Lone Ranger" pictures, but as he rode at breakneck speed and had a girl on the front it didn't mean much to furthering his career. After he got $75 a week for that, and was able to get his horse and overcoat out of hock. After this came more stunt riding, and then more of nothing. Finally in disgust George said to hell with Hollywood and went back to Montana and his rodeos.

In May of 1939 George made his second trip to Hollywood. This time he came down to see his brother, who had landed an engineering job down in South America and left the boat. They were having their farewell supper in a little place on Vine Street, when an agent by the name of Benny Medford tapped George on the shoulder. "Say, big fellow, you ought to be in pictures. I'd like to handle you if you don't mind." George explained to him that he didn't think much of movies, but was willing to hide out for three weeks and give Hollywood a chance to forget him. Hollywood did. Completely. Benny then had him change his name from George Montgomery to George Cobina, to George Montgomery, and took him on a Cook's Tour of the casting offices. To the executives Benny would say, "I signed this guy, now you think I was nuts!"

Twentieth Century answered in the negative by signing him on a long-term contract and getting a dramatic teacher for him. He played small parts in five pictures, and became a star in "The Cowboy and the Blonde." It was after the release of this picture that George was so glamorous and the beautiful began their romantic dance. Then he has starred in "Riders of the Purple Sage," "Last of the Duanes," and "Little Girl" with Carole Landis. When "Roxie Hart" goes into production soon it's a cinch that George will be playing opposite Miss Ginger Rogers.

For his first savings George bought a 1400-acre ranch up in the Montana wheat fields. With his second savings he bought a small house in Hollywood, near the studio and invited his mother and father and Montana farmers, to come down to California and live with him. With his third savings he plans to buy a horse.

George's ambition is to retire from pictures while he is still young, and settle down on a cattle ranch someplace in the Northwest. He wants to live in a cabin made of logs, and not too many miles away from a stream where he can catch seven and eight pound trout. "I don't like small castles," he says, "but then a log cabin isn't exactly a castle, now is it?"

George's hobby is art. Ever since he was a little boy in school he has sketched and crayons—some of his artistic efforts have won prizes at Montana county fairs. He used to draw pictures on the shades in his father's room. "If I can't pull them down at night his brothers and sisters would run outside so they could see what George had drawn. He is working in oils now, for the first time, and very excited about it.

Being the strong, silent type George is very difficult to talk to when you first meet him. But get him on the subject of fishing, riding, or drawing, and you can warm him up in no time. He has a pleasant manner and mannered movements. He likes to tell about his first test at Republic: "After seven takes I read my six lines perfectly." He is slow-spoken and easy-going—but can get very excited at the corn, and not allowed to carry out his own plans. He eats a hearty lunch and dinner, always accompanied by that glass of milk, but doesn't go much for fast foods. He does not believe in dieting, but firmly believes in plenty of exercise.

Among his friends are Misses Turner, Ruth- erford, Wright, Vanderbilt and Rogers he is a divine dancer—the only trouble being that he gets sleepy and wants to go home before the dance gets going. He drives a very snappy sport car with the top down, and pretends not to notice when the girls go "Yoo Hoo" at him. He hasn't the roving eye.

Ever since George Montgomery was a kid in school his hobby has been art. Now that he's working in oils, his studio friends are his favorite subjects. The two above ore likenesses of co-workers Cesar Romero and Linda Darnell.
For Christmas giving—in gay Holiday packings

Since Carole knows nothing about food except how to insert it between her fascinating lips, her cook provided these recipes:

SYE SALAD
1 cup diced Holland Herring
1 cup cold potatoes—boiled with skins on
2 cups beets
1 teaspoon grated onion

As herring is salty, no salt is required and add pepper and allspice to taste. Cover with vinegar (Heinz). Let stand about four or five hours before serving.

KOHLM DomAR
1 lb. ground beef
1 ½ cups rice, not too well cooked

Inside the Stars’ Homes

Continued from page 17

bling Kohl Domar. “This year Mothers’ Day came on my mother’s birthday and my sister’s wedding day, so we had three celebrations at once!”

At the stroke of midnight, New Year’s Eve, Carole turns out the lights and they all make their New Year’s wishes. Sure to come true if wished while the clock is striking! After that, each one writes down his New Year’s resolutions. (“It’s great fun through the year to remind your friends when they break them!”) Then as the New Year dawns, Carole receives her birthday gifts.
Little grated onion
Salt and pepper to taste
Add 1 egg and moisten with milk so the mixture is wet enough for the rice to absorb it.
Place a large head of cabbage. Break the leaves apart, keeping them whole. Drop in boiling water for 5 minutes. Remove and drain.
Put 1 tablespoon or more of meat mixture in leaf, closing tightly with toothpick. Place in kettle and cover with 1 large size tomato. Let simmer for 2 hours and serve.

PICKLED HERRING
Skin and bone herring, cut in inch pieces. Slice dry onion and place in earthen dish or glass dish a layer of herring and a layer of onion. Add whole allspice and pepper corn and mix together over. If you add a few mustard seeds this will keep in a glass jar in refrigerator for some time.

STRING BEANS MARKEY is a dish invented by Gene Markey and consists of string beans cooked in milk; then, sprinkled with Italian cheese, they are baked in the oven until crust forms on top.
Carole's cook makes a cheese stuffing for celery by creaming a piece of butter with (Blue Moon) Roquefort cheese. An American and olive spread is made by combining two parts of the cheese with one part stuffed olives. She puts a square of this on the whole over bread circles spread with this mixture, and sets smoked salmon on rye bread circles. Anchovies are trimmed with strips of pimento. Her Egg Diable are beautiful as well as tempting.

EGGS DIABLE
Boil eggs 20 minutes. Remove from fire, and let cold water run over them until they are cold. Shell them and cut in half the long way. Put the yolks into a bowl; wash the whites in cold water and put on a dry napkin. To the yolks add dry mustard (Guiden's), pimentos, Lea and Perrins sauce, soft butter, mayonnaise (Hellman's), salt and pepper to taste, then put through strainer and make a paste that's not too soft. Put this paste in a regular chef's pastry bag and pipe it in the shape of large roseate tops with split anchovy filet, capers or a ball or two of caviar and narrow green sticks made of green pepper. The result is quite beautiful.
Dessert at Carole's party will be a special cheese cake.

CHEESE CAKE
2 tablespoons Knox Gelatin
1 cup cold water
1 cup sugar
5 three-ounce packages (or 1 lb.) cream cheese (Kraft)
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
4 egg yolks
4 egg whites (beaten)
2 tablespoons flour
Grated rind of a lemon
1 teaspoon vanilla (Burnett's)

Soak gelatin five minutes in cold water. Put milk, sugar and egg yolks in sauce pan and heat, without getting gasy, until mixture coats back of spoon. Stir often. Remove from heat. Add soaked gelatin, cream cheese and flavorings. Blend. Pour into a shallow pan. Let stand until it is firm enough to cut the eggs out of a mold. Cut in squares. Top with reserved crumb mixture. Place in refrigerator until chilled and firm. Serves 8 or 10.

Carole's guests enjoy playing games, so tables will be set up in the den for gin rummy and backgammon, current favorites. Kissing games are very eagerly sought in the Landis home, as what guest wouldn't enjoy them? They spin the bottle—wherever it stops, the spinner must kiss the nearest lady or lad.
The Pose and Guess game will certainly be played. A group of players strikes a pose and prints quotations from famous people, or as an enactment of the name of a picture, and the rest guess it. Washington Crossing the Delaware, for example, or Hot Spot, Carole's current picture. If you were reproducing Hot Spot, you might pretend to be ironing and burn yourself with the iron, or you might be jitter-bugging on a crowded floor, or whathaveyou.

Quotations is another form of amuse-
ment highly favored. Here guests are divided into two sides, with captains. Each side writes quotations and lays them on a table; one side selects a quotation from those of the other side and a stop watch is held while one member enacts it and the rest of his side guesses. The side guessing the most quotations in the least time gains.

"Henry Wilcoxon brought the first contingent of the young R.A.F. men who are now over here to one of our parties," someone confessed, "and inspired us to go slow on account of the boys, who had never played the game. The boys guessed everything almost as soon as it started! Nothing slow about these boys!"

New Year, to Carole, means singing sentimental songs, so they'll gather around the piano and let go with Auld Lang Syne and so on, before midnight on his birthday and on holidays," sighed the young star, "Isn't it marvelous?"

The whole troop called him 'Hank' on sight. I found out some enough but he had a sense of humor that is plenty good. He paused to say to the wardrobe girl and Barbara Stanwyck's hairdresser: "Thanks, the blow-dry. ..." the beautiful lady was grinning at the words. The "beautiful" flowers were "borrowed" from a trash can preserved with a plate, bottle, bundled in an old cuspidor, and then in a striking place in a Fonda's dressing room suite.

In the scenes where Barbara as Dr. Helen Hunt is examining him after his fall, she is unhinging his coat, straightening his head, talking to the attending doctor and asking what sounds he was making. In the film, the whole medical terms. Hank would lie quietly on the table, agoniized in pain, and then at the climactic moment he'd look up at her and say, "At the rate you're going..." And she said: "Just you WAIT!" Later in the picture, in the department store scenes where Hank had to wait on people, he talks to his glasses perfectly, sell a tie, wrap it up, hand it back to the customer, look for his wife, and be nonchalant, all at the same time. Barbara's starring by giving hints to the director as to how he could make life more miserable for a struggling good actor. Hank proved he could take it and this scene is a masterpiece of Fonda's confection and art.

He is, more than often, compared to that unforgettable favorite of silent days, Charles Langdon. His habit of a wry smile, his unassuming, unbeatable manner of working that is in- vested with complete sincerity. In "You Belong to Me," his latest picture, he impersonates a millionaire who marries a lady doctor. He at once becomes wild and, crazy with jealousy over all her men pa-
tients, H. F. admits he might be terrible to be married to such a guy, and hoped somebody would shoot him if he ever should show such tendencies.

I hope wonder what will be fun-
ier and do just as neatly each succeeding scene. He broke up the crew time after time with his expressions and antics, and he takes direction with such ease as he hard to believe.

I'm sure it will not distract from the picture's attraction to the fact that he seldom looks into the mirror nor does he have a favorite side of his face to put before the camera, as is the case with some movie idols. He proves the little orange if his hair is rumpled. He talks about his children often and you know that they are a dear close part of his life. And about Frances, his wife, the new washing machine and the new garbage control system out near his house. Even in these moments, he can make a heart flutter.

We were all looking forward with great eagerness to the holiday of the Fourth of July. My boss said that H. F. should have a "good rest." On July fifth, Mr. Fonda reported that he had spent the night of the third and the day of the fourth at the hospital with his eldest daughter who had been taken suddenly ill. Just like any other good father he told the what-abouts of the boy. You say that like any other very good father he was deeply concerned. But as is expected of the Hank Fonda brand of humor, he described an operation he had had three months ago as "a tough one."

He was so lucid in his descriptions he had us all wondering what we might do to get an invitation to an operation. He also told us that our friends, Bob Mitchell, who sells Virginia hams and bacon as a sideline, when Bob is busy selling his friend's barbecue, his cook something familiar: "Take it easy, Bob, I'll do it." And the gentleman is standing-in for himself.

He brings his script to the set each day
Those Hips That Hip-notize!

Continued from page 51

—an holder that has seen its better days. But it is of sentimental value to him because it was given by one of his former directors. Only the other day he bandaged another loose part with some adhesive tape that is generally used to hold up camera slates.

My boss gave a party for the crew and said, "Ask Hank—maybe he'll drop around for a few minutes and say hello to the boys." Mr. Fonda dropped in to say hello and had such a good time that he stayed full time and went home when the rest of the boys went home.

As I am closing this story I have just been notified that Mr. Fonda called me while I was out to lunch. So I returned the call. He said that he was on location in a small town and that a picture had been previewed last night, at a local theater. As is our custom, we do not notify the stars, but try to have a full audience of fresh minds. They tell us how our picture goes over. The picture that had been shown was Fonda’s last one—"You Belong to Me." He said that a crowd of people who had seen the picture came down on location to tell him how much they liked it.

"What did you do?" I asked.

"I was so excited I could hardly work! I was thrilled!" Funny that he should have called at this moment. But maybe not so funny, either, because it lets me tell you the value of human interest.

He certainly must know with what acclaim the public is meeting each of his pictures. He must know he’s a favorite with Ma and the girls as well as with the man in the family. Even if he never went to see any of his own pictures, and he forgot all about the autograph books that are handed him, he can still see it in the papers. But you’d never know you were beside a celebrity, when you’re around that man. As steady as your cousin from Omaha. Why, I don’t think he even realized I had a hero!

Sugar Plum and Gingerbread

new nail shades by CUTEX

Sugar and spice and everything nice—that’s what glamour girls are made of! And that’s why they adore these spicy new Cutex colors. Sugar Plum—dark enchantment for the (sweet) siren in peplum or tunic! Gingerbread—gay and young with jerkin or jumper! See every Cutex shade—from Sheer Natural for "simpler sophistication": to Black Red for darkest chic! Only 10c (plus tax) in U.S.

For that "Professional Look"—and Longer Wear USE 2 COATS

SCREENLAND
with a helpless gesture, "I don't know why it is for many things—for almost everything! I don't know, until only just a little while ago, why it is so much to laugh at when I say, 'Good night, how are you?' I should say, because it is dark, 'Good evening, how are you?'; for all other things, I don't know either how can in America water be 'soft' water and 'hard' water? Her eyes widened in baffled amazement. "That we don't have in Brazil!"

Because it's a thoroughly ingrained, old Brazilian custom, visitors in the home always meet the entire family; thus, every member of it physically able to present himself. Miss Miranda had had her family ready and lined-up in the entrance hall and that formality had been delightfully excused. We clicked off one charming mother, one equally charming sister (who threatens to have a definite spot of her own in pictures before long) one brother-in-law, and two guests living with the family during their stay in this country.

Before Carmen had finished conducting me on a tour of that floor of her home we found ourselves presented with a cafézinho (a small, demi-tasse-size cup of strong coffee) to be carried about with us and sipped during our conversation. It's another old Brazilian custom!

"How Americans they drink coffee," Carmen said, "it's not like in Brazil. I don't learn to like it yet. I don't like to talk interview and I don't understand when they say "What-do-you-do-in-your-spare-time?" Then coquetishly, with a bright sparkle in her eyes she added, "and everything of that I can't tell—always isn't it right?"

We had by this time been comfortably settled in a small, beautifully appointed sitting room overlooking a lush California garden. There was a profusion of fresh-cut yellow roses on a low table, and copies of the most recent American magazines. She had decided to talk about the things that were puzzling her here in the United States.

"Either, I don't understand," she went on quickly, with great energy, "how Americans read so much magazines! How can they do it? I mean, not, how can they do it in this country?" She indicated the pile of periodicals. "I can't read English. I look only at the pictures. Most of everything I don't understand tell me what means 'flap jacks'? And why is so funny these Kentucky Cornell?" She looked deeply concerned on the question of the planation sadly, I fear. "They have there, too, in Kentucky, billy blites, no? Then, when you have deeper concern she implored, "and can you please tell me what kind of beans is 'jolly beans'?"

Carmen was trying very seriously to get all these facts straightened out in her mind. She leaned a little closer and very confidentially she added, "You know, exactly, I don't understand yet what is a Yankee. And even I saw 'Goose With The Wind' two times! Is that only a name? And always I try to read the papers I see 'political boss'. It's like a gangster, no?"

I told her I didn't know why in the world I'm trying to understand everything that I don't understand never feel afraid of anything," she explained. "I think, I'm so afraid of everything. Sometimes for a long time I don't know it. I don't know on the set what everything is a face. So many people I don't know what they do. And maybe the director says, 'You left here and walked over there.' Explaining to me what next to do. And then, instead, when I do it, I laughed here and walked over there. And then everybody thinks it's very funny. I understand the mistake only when I know what is left. Then I remember her. Our language means in English left, the left hand. It sounds just the same, too. And, again, I am once more all mixed up!"

"I felt, as an agent to resign me from one contract I can't do. For him, he understands that I mean resi- sign. I find my self signed when I can't do it." This United States it's hard to get all straight!

"Like now, I just heard, 'Thank you, bees.' What means this? How can this be possible?" Carmen asked. By way of explanation, she placed her expressive hands on her more expressive hips and laboriously explained. "I tried as best I could to obliges. Carmen finally caught on and said brightly with a giggle, "Oh, eu compreendo, I understand, show you?" she pouted charmingly.

"Like this," she made motions with her hands along a horizontal line to indicate consecutive bumps or heaps. "This, it means, a heap, this to me nodded. "And like this," she motioned now with both hands to indicate two beautifully curved vertical lines. "This, it means heaps, two heaps!" Carmen picked her hands on her own hips so I'd recognize the differentiation. She seemed immensely pleased with this she demanded in sparkling eagerness.

I had to admit that she was absolutely correct. And then I went on to try to put before her the idea of heap especially right there. I wanted to assure Miss Miranda that the subtle insinuations of the very hips we were then talking about were not at all surprising for her great success in this country, and as a purely personal observation I wanted to put in a very lusty and lusty cheer for the smooth finesse after one had had a million dollars worth of personality, mostly with her eyes —and hips!

I was about to make another observation as great was that I was able to answer questions of my own during this interview when we were interrupted by a servant who kept popping into the room to re-phrase.

The pure, white, delicate Haviland cups were filled once more and as soon as we were once more seated I turned before any other talk could spring up. Carmen looked amused and incredulous for a moment and then said, "So you want to know how I look like without a turban? But in this country no one ever sees me like that!"

I countered with the observation that that was not probably the very reason she was so much fascinated interest was attached to the fact and why it would be doubly fascinating for me to report, for the first time, on this interesting phenomenon.

She hesitated for a long moment and then with a great smile said, "Well, for the moment, I don't want to see a yellow turban, that revealed only a smooth diamond of her tresses, slowly back from her forehead and then with a quick, but tender and soft, shining cascade of jet black hair far down below her shoulders. It was a startling transformation, and she could see much from the same alone. "So now," she giggled, "do you think I look like Hedy Lamarr?"

I was goggled-eyed with surprise at the complete change in her. She bubbled right along with the conversation. "In one scene in 'Week-end in Havana' I will, maybe..."
'Let my hair down!' she winked. "I have just cut this much off," she measured three or four inches with her fingers, "to make room inside the turban. I am very sad to cut it, so is my mother. We like woman's hair an unbroken length in my country. But we are surprised in this country to see, too, many women with long hair. We see them in many be-e-e-een shops with the head in a hot dry machine and with ice cold Coca-Cola in their hand. It is a true picture of America, no?"

"I don't know how Americans can like so much everything so cold. Water it's always ice water, and milk too it's cold, and ice cream, and even soda (in Brazil, any carbonated drink.) And why in this country do they call a 'smack' a kiss, and also it means just so different to 'smack' somebody? That I don't understand. It doesn't seem right. I don't know, too, what meat is 'mincemeat,' and what it is a 'corn belt?'"

She stopped abruptly and looked at me plainly puzzled. Then, suddenly, she changed completely, winked knowingly, and added, "But I know how to understand what is strawberry shortcake. I know that. And I know, too, Virginia baked ham. I learn it from seeing big color pictures. Here I learn everything from pictures in the magazines. But I have just say a silly thing.

I am looking at a magazine and to somebody at the studio I say, 'Who is this John Barleycorn?' She giggled. "It's funny when they tell me, but in Brazil we don't use names like that of a person."

"In this country I don't yet drive my automobile like at home, but, there, I have American cars, too. Here the police have too much laws I don't know and they say, 'what is that fire, sister?' Then I pay fifteen dollars, and I don't know why it is!"

"And I don't understand yet how in this country sometimes a party it's to talk only most of business. In Brazil it is never like that. It happened to me when I arrive in New York. I met such charming people there. These were tao entusiasmos (so enthusiastic) and tao seguros de se mesmo (so sure of themselves)."

Carmen went on to explain that soon after this party she found her likeness plastered all over New York billboards advertising, of all things, an American brand of beer. (She doesn't use alcohol in any form.) She found that the while she thought she was making polite tea chatter at this charming gathering with the same charming people, she had somehow unwittingly given a local brewery unrestricted leave to use her name and figure to exploit their brew. It was all very bewildering.

"Another time," she added, "came to an apartment in New York sex turbans from the best couturier in the city, I know it is not right! I don't know what to do. I had them at that salon, and it is not like in Brazil. In English I could say only 'more, more,' to mean to see more style. Everyone is so muito eduardo (very polite) there. They send many people to see what I want, I make so much of a mistake and I can't understand. Then the note comes to my apartment with the turbans to say with our compliments for Miss Miranda. They even know who I am, and they find out where I live. I don't understand! I want to pay the bill, they say, 'no, for Miss Miranda!" Carmen shook her puzzled head and shrugged her shoulders. "In Brazil this could never happen!"

"You know," she went on, "I was almost tempted to shout, "Good! I was almost tempted to shout, "Good!"
night—alone; she almost keeled over.

"What do you call a friend?" she asked, as casually as she could.

"Oh, Ward! He's a card!" Bill said.

"Yes, sirree, a card."

She went on with Bill. She agreed with him seven or eight times during the course of the evening, whenever he entered her mind, as a matter of fact.

They went to a dance with Bill. She agreed with him seven or eight times during the course of the evening, whenever he entered her mind, as a matter of fact.

That evening Bill was no last-minute dater like Ward. The very next day he called her to put in a bid for Sunday night. She accepted. When he showed up once more within sight of Ward, he and Bill winked with surprise.

"What on earth was happening to her? Was she losing her charms?" Before she retired that evening she remembered her waistline. The same as before, she noted with relief. She went to bed a little disturbed.

The following Monday she happened upon a dancer in the middle of the reluctant romantic. She was cleaning out her desk after school when she heard one of the boys say: "Did you hear about the bet Ward has made with Bill Price?"

"No, what bet?"

"Bill bet him five bucks that he couldn't stay away from that Leabo girl for a month. It's a cinch bet. Ward's got will power.

"So he had will power, did he?" Maybe she did, too, though weeks later. Ward met her and asked about Friday night. She was wonderfully sweet to him.

"I'd love to see you, Owen. Where have you been keeping yourself?"

"Busy studying," he said. "You know how it is around this time of year."

"I certainly do," she said.

Well, Owen Ward dropped by the Leabo manse the next night and pounded for fifteen minutes. There wasn't a soul at home. Betty had seen that he pounded his fist up trying, and went on home. When he ran into her on Monday and got a casual "Hi, there, Owen," he got the hint, especially when she passed by with the star athlete of the school and seemed to be enjoying it.

Owen Ward's five-dollar bet almost finished the romance. For three years Betty Leabo had been her wonderful will power and put him out of her mind. They went on to the same high school. Occasionally she would catch a glimpse of him in the corridor or in her chemistry class. For a year or two she saw a good deal of Bill. He was a wonderful dancer and a splendid horseman. She almost felt as if she was his own. She saw other boys beside Bill. Sixteen going on seventeen and she was the belle of the Los Angeles High School. The Leabo telephone used to begin ringing like mad from the moment she got home from school.

High school was something in the nature of a personal triumph for Betty Leabo. Girls' President for the entire school, presiding over the entire Student Council, was the natural and Quill, and heaven knows what all else, she found herself regretting over one fine May morning that in exactly fifteen days graduation would be upon her. She was deep in this nostalgic mood when she ran into Owen Ward in the hall. He was looking awfully handsome, she noticed, as he lounged against the wall and blinked at her. She knew without figuring, how long it had been—three years, three months and nine days since their last date.

The day before graduation she met Owen as she was waiting for the bus. He asked if he could drive her home. She told him she was waiting for her mother, "I don't think she'd mind," he said. She climbed in. The way home that afternoon Owen Ward asked her if he could take her out after the graduation exercises. She accepted just as if nothing had happened.

The graduation exercises were wonderful and weepy. And woeful, too. She was glad the day was over. It only called her attention to ourdoor and she knew her charm were upon her. Regardless, as a top ranking member of her class, she made a little speech. She doesn't remember the title. All she remembers about the title was that it was pretty sappy, although Owen didn't think so.

Afterwards they went to the Coconut Grove, she in her white formal and Owen in his dinner jacket. She never noticed that he looked extra special in the get-up. They danced and she observed that he was very light on his feet, lighter even than Bill who had been her partner for the last few years. Three numbers were all she could stand. After that she suggested that they leave. Owen didn't even ask why. And she loved him for it.

She was ill in bed for three weeks. She was a pretty sick girl. What did her as much good as the sick was the messages from Owen that her mother used to relay to her. After the second week she was well enough to receive callers. He came. He didn't talk; music; dance bands. Not even football.

Came fall and came college. He went off to U.C.L.A., of course. She enrolled at the University of California, majoring in English. At Los Angeles High she had sort of concentrated on speech, concentrated so much—almost as if she had won a scholarship at U.C.S.

She tried the University of Southern California for a semester and then gave it up. And where did she go from there? To U.C.L.A., of course, as you have guessed, gentle reader. She transferred to U.C.L.A. because Owen Ward. She missed him, and what was college without a boy? She took to U.C.L.A. right from the start and vice versa, especially the Beautiful girls. There she organized a Betty Leabo for Practical—Anybody." So she went out with Owen Ward, of course. But she went out with the other lads, too. It was when she had been there since June came to learn that Owen didn't have her popularity one bit. It irked her a little.

That summer she saw Owen Ward but not immediately. He had liked her. He'd come every week or so before he left, just like a princess. He was always explaining how "busy" he was.

The fall rolled around she decided that as a Sophomore she would show some "wonderful good sense" and concentrate on Owen Ward exclusively.

That year was a memorable one for both of them. It was sort of a campus Mardi Gras, with classes as rather incidental. Being in love seemed to help in their school work. Owen was majoring in business administration, and she, turning her back on speech, was majoring in sociology. He would take her to every social event sponsored by the U.C.L.A. Students' Union, and she would have him over to all the affairs given by the Delta Gammis. She wrote in her diary and without really mean in her diary under the date of December 11, 1939, "life is but a dream." The line is not exactly original. But it is fairly expressive. She made the entry one night when Owen had presented her with his fraternity pin.

The Ward-Leabo romance became an all-campus secret. As president of his fraternity he was having a brotherhood of the modicum of interest. Besides that, he had a certain capacity for leadership which made fellows gravitate around him. Fel-loes and girls, they were all very, very, very firm that he was to have her.

They had their tiffs. Their bitter quarrels, too. The first time Betty handed him back his fraternity pin and shut the door behind her to cry until six o'clock the next morning. She'd hurry home after classes and wait for his call. Only there were times when she felt really terrible about it. Owen up and tell her she was sorry. Always the gentleman, Owen would let on he didn't know what she was talking about. At least, that's what he said. The love was running too smooth a style. She knew a sure-fire remedy for that. All of a sudden she would accept a whole string of dates from campus big operators. She picked the boys who would make Owen the maddest, magnificent clothes-horses, boyish-fl ✔
mother was obliged to work distressed her.
Before she was through with college ever, she figured in an episode that
banged her life. To begin with, it was
really accidental. Secondly, it had no im-
portance in itself. All you can say is that
happened.
What happened was this: she was noti-
ced one day that she had been picked as
the cutest Delta Gamma on the campus
and therefore would represent her lodge in
campus fashion show. She looked as
smart as the Duchess of Windsor in the
silked suits she wore, especially a navy
blue number with one-inch pencilled
stripes. Her picture landed in the paper
and the paper on top of the desk of one of
the publicists over at Universal. He was
testing up promotional ideas for a De-
ma Durbin picture: "Three Smart Girls." Why not, he wondered, invite three smart
J.C.LA. girls over to the studio for much.
One of the three smart girls was our
Betty. She arrived on schedule, was com-
dimented, shown around, and wished God-
speed. One of the Universal boys asked her
if she wouldn't like to do three weeks on
a picture. She preferred putting in three
weeks on her exams which were coming up.
School over, she went to Kansas City to
spend with her mother for the summer. Three
days of loafing and she became restless. It
might have been that she was missing
Denny. It was probably her wonderful
agent's fault. Anyhow, she went out one day
and got herself a job modeling for one of
the big department stores. She did it off
and on right through Labor Day. After
that her mother went back to her job as
house mother and Betty returned to Cali-
fornia to become a career girl.
Owen met her at the station. They had
 corresponded all summer, but letters are a
poor substitute for personal appearances.
She told him she had come back to lick
the town. "You will, honey," he said.
There is no point in going all through
it all over again, how she combed the tele-
phone directory for names of photographers who'd work for advertisers, how
she stormed their offices, how they were
intrigued by her freshness and jorte-de-
ivre, and how by springtime she managed
to get a foothold in a profession which is
tougher than tough to crack without any
help. She would come home nights after
posing in bathing suits, standing beside
high-priced motor cars, and wait for
Owen's call. They were together as often
as his studies would permit. They were
never happier.
She was cutting great swaths in the
business when a Miss Frances Baillie, who
turned out to be an agent, looked her up
and told her she had movie possibilities.
Miss Baillie asked if she could represent
her. "Why, of course," Betty said. What
was there to lose?
The story of how Miss Baillie took her
to Twentieth Century-Fox, introduced her
to the dramatic coach, Tom Moore, and
had her opinion of the Leabo's picture
possibilities enthusiastically endorsed is
more or less old hat by now. Mr. Moore
no.
Mr. Moore
gave her some tips on make-up, smoothed
the rough spots, and then brought her to
Lew Schreiber, the casting director. Mr.
Schreiber agreed that she certainly rated
a screen test, and wouldn't she come back
to be interviewed again?
How she didn't show up because she had
a modeling assignment from a photogra-
pher—she never put too much stock in her
chances of crashing the movies—how Tom
Moore was a little peeved but forgave her
and how she finally took the test and
passed it with flying colors is a Cinderella
story by now. The thing we are interested
in is this:

---

See Joan Bennett in "TWIN BEDS" an Edward Small Production

"It's easy to prove
Royal Crown Cola
tastes best"

Joan Bennett

Read how Joan found her favorite . . .

"I'M NOT GUESSING one bit when I tell you
Royal Crown Cola's my year-round favorite,"
says Joan Bennett. "I made a taste-test, tried
leading cols in plain paper cups. Very defi-
nitely one stood out above the others. It's tops
to my taste," I announced.

"YOU'VE PICKED THE CERTIFIED FAVORITE,"
they told me. "of more than fifty stars—winner
in 5 out of 6 group taste-tests—Royal Crown
Cola!" From now on my favorite 'quick up' is
a frosty bottle of Royal Crown Cola! (Not 1
but 2 full glasses in every bottle—only 5.)

TAKE TIME OUT FOR A "QUICK-UP" WITH

ROYAL CROWN COLA
Best by Taste-Test

COPYRIGHT 1941, NEI CORP.
NOW CHANGE FROM OLD FASHIONED ROUGE!

Go modern with the completely different HAMPDEN'S rouge. This wonderful color comes in five shades to which use blends off to nothing — gives a soft, warm color, even in tone like nature's blush. It's the rouge plus!

ROUGE-STICK

Hampden

25¢ in Drug and Dept.
stores also 50¢ & 10¢ sizes

Over 5 million sold

WANTED—WOMEN—GIRLS

Apply and Mail your Catalogs for, We Pay You 25% Each

Annie's Carding, Carding, Printing, Embroidery
Raleigh Premium Co., Dept. 38, Lawyer's Building, Raleigh, N. C.

MUSIC COMPOSED TO POEMS

Send poem for consideration. Rhyming pamphlet free. Phonograph electrical transcriptions made, 17.50 from your word and music manuscript. Any subject considered. Love, Home, Sacred, Swine.

KEENAN'S MUSIC SERVICE
Box 2140, Dept. SC
Bridgeport, Conn.

WHY WEAR DIAMONDS

When diamond-dusted Brenda was noticed by Alston, Skyline Slim were on effective. Inexpensive, high-quality, cut glass, full of FIRE, true diamonds, handcut. The来看看 the Diamond Cuts Catalogue FREE. Sent whenever you want it. Callaham FREE. 1456 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ZIRCON CO.
Don't 29 Wheeling, W. Va.

Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they tire and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Frequent or painful passages withsmarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, mental sleep.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisoning matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause vague backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of sleep and easy fatigue, pellagra under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Donn'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 Donn's Pills.

“What about a college boy named Owen Ward (just finishing his junior year) and a movie actress who was no longer Betty Lebo but Brenda Joyce?"

She became a star overnight. Her début in "The Raids Came" did it. Owen had just begun his senior year when the picture was released, but in a general way, multi and shunting in behalf of a new name, Brenda Joyce. If the studio was surprised and delighted at the comet they had signed up, the bright, new star was delighted and dazzed.

A star, she discovered in short order, has certain ways to keep public. On and off the screen she is supposed to deport herself with glamour and color. If life isn't at her elbow ready to help her find glamour and color, with it, the agnostic publicity department, is, Romance can be created very beautifully with a typewriter. Another, and better way, is with a camera. The idea is for the lady star to appear in public with a male star, preferably from the same studio, and for a photographer to show up, accidentally. Naturally, he snaps the scene, it gets printed in 500 newspapers along with mention of the lady's next picture, and the studio is hard put to it.

It was inevitable that the publicity boys should inquire what was what with the lady's heart and whom she would like as a wealthy, lovely, wife-type? There was Cesar Romero. Ty Power, Don Ameche, of course; out of the gentlemen are happily married to John Payne. There was, come to think of it, George Sanders. And George Montgomery, or. . .

Miss Joyce said the boys were awfully nice and thankful just as she was. She had a boy friend named Owen Ward.

"Who does he?" they chorused.

"He's in college."

The boys didn't double take.

Well, the news broke and in its wake there was general consternation. The cyns., of course, were eloquent. One of the columnists, luckily that the romance was already on its last legs. Another paragraph gave the romance three months. It was no reflection on either of the personalities involved. It was just proof that Hollywood does things to human hearts. The romance didn't fold up. Far from it.

Every now and then Owen Ward and his Brenda would make a sort of a public appearance. The cameramen fairly bombarded them. It made good copy, this romance. It was the Cinderella-story of the year, a charming story in reverse. The lady from the cinema was in love with a college boy.

Pictures were pictures and stories were stories but most of all, going to the two deep inside of them, everyone wondered but none knew. The chemistry of fame is very strange. And very subtle. It has a corroding effect. It is that, that is more powerful than prussic acid.

There is no point in saying that the path of true love didn't grow easy like the Alton. Didn't. For one thing, there was always Owen, the white knight who didn't want to hold her to anything that had been agreed upon before the party of the second part had become a fact. On the other hand there was Brenda, herself, who would wonder, every now and then, whether this was only an intermezzo or the real thing. There was no way of knowing, she would tell herself, because Owen was the only boy friend she ever had. Besides there was always the obligation to her career. Would a marriage in the near future cause her stock to plummet down? In other words, how would the boxoffice take it? Will they hold that established star it was one thing. But she was only a beginner.

A few months passed. There would be times when she saw little of Owen. A picture in production meant an almost-total curtailment of her social activities.

These social lulls brought on the usual speculation. "The Ward-Joyce romance has flown out the window," a gentleman observed in his column. A lady had doped out: "Owen Ward and Brenda Joyce decided to call it quits."

Back on the campus of the U.C. At Owen Ward read the comments and tackled his books with all his might. Graduation wasn't very far away. Something must be going on earth—must be allowed to stand in his way. Meanwhile, he cut down on his call to the Joyce manse now preceded over by Brenda's mother. He felt right, he felt, to think it over and make her own choice.

They met at least once a week and it would be the only time again. He graduated in June. The two made it an all-out celebration. That night he told her. She planned out for it that he was a qualified accountant, he'd be sure to get himself a job. It didn't matter what the job paid to begin. The future was all he was interested in. He looked over at her when he said it. And she blushed.

One night in August he called her up all excited. He had landed a job, with Price-Waterhouse, famous accountants. He'd got a wonderful salary to start,” he told her.

"How wonderful!” she exclaimed.

"Why don't you ask me how much?"

"How much?"

Two hundred a month.

In October she received an invitation to go on a personal appearance tour with Lou- eila Parsons. A half dozen others were going along, Ilona Massey, Sabin, Mike Franklin, Annie, and of course, Robert Stack. She talked it over with Owen that very night. “Sure,” he said. "Why don't you make the trip?"

She accepted. They weren't as far East as Tucson before she began to miss Owen Ward. They hadn't reached St. Louis before she discovered an antidote for her loneliness. It came in the form of two beautiful, beautiful buns with a just for life. They were Bill Orr and Bob Stack.

"Bill and Bob are naturals when it comes to gloom-dispelling. Especially when the patient is blonde, pretty, and unmated."

They had read that she and Owen had parted, they promptly entered the sweeps. On that first visit, they made her see just how crazy. They both showed her attention. They made her laugh. They got all the giggles on her face.

"You've got to get out of your shell, honey,” they used to tell her. After a month she was convinced that the boys were right. She plunged into the Mardi Gras—strictly for laughs.

Meanwhile, the national columns began to flood with sensational "scops. Brenda Joyce and Bill Orr were two. Some. Bill Orr, paced by Robert Stack, had stolen Owen Ward's girl. Owen Ward, meanwhile, read the Los Angeles papers and tried to laugh. But that made it difficult was the fact that the letters from Brenda had dwindled down to nothing. At the end of seven weeks the party returned to Los Angeles, Owen didn't meet her at the station. But they did meet that night. It was in the form of a celebration more for Bill Orr than anything else.

That night Owen Ward proposed to her.

"Let's not decide anything right now, Owen," she said.

"All right,” Ward said.

The two boys were hale and hearty over. Still agog from her long tour with its romantic excitement, she found herself being rushed not only by Bill Orr but by Bob Stack, who behaved as if he was the biggest handicapper who had put Bill Orr way out from front. It was hectic but wonderful.
IF YOU WERE MARRIED TO HEDY LAMARR . . .

THAT'S every man's day-dream. But what sort of wife would this living synonym for glamour really make? Screen Guide visits Hedy Lamarr at home, to show you in an exciting photo-story Hedy as she might appear to her husband. See these intimate pictures—then decide whether you'd still like to marry Hedy Lamarr, if you were a man.

OTHER BIG FEATURES IN JANUARY SCREEN GUIDE


Deanna Durbin: The girl who was afraid to grow up.

Cooper Gets Hep with Stanwyck: See what Barbara does to Gary in the sizzling comedy, "Ball of Fire."

Loretta Young knows how to be a lady in Hollywood.

Must Mothers Give Up Glamour? Veronica Lake is the living, lovely proof to that Hollywood question.

Abbott and Costello: Why you can't call 'em corny!

Hedda Hopper's Cafe Society catches stars off-guard.


CANDID COLOR PORTRAITS of Jane Wyman, Loretta Young and Deanna Durbin (great two-page photo) in January Screen Guide—plus news, reviews, beauty hints and the latest authentic Hollywood fashions.

JANUARY ISSUE
Now on Sale
at ALL NEWSSTANDS

This bubble-blowing and gadabout was a novelty. She was writing a letter the morning after a date with young Orr when the telephone rang. It was Owen. "Look," he said, "I've stayed home from work today for a special reason. I'd like to see you this afternoon. It's very important."

"Of course, Owen," she found herself saying, "I'll be there, but there could ever be—"

That afternoon Owen Ward, the once-upon-a-time president of the student body of the Mount Vernon Junior High School, made one poorly worded, but about as good an answer to his proposal of three weeks back. It was pointless to let the thing drag on any longer. He couldn't offer her a house with a swimming pool. He couldn't offer her social position. He couldn't offer her prestige. But he could, and did, offer her himself, not as he was but as he would be, God willing.

She didn't say anything for a while. She was still up there riding on a cloud.

"The answer is yes or no, Brenda," he said gently but firmly.

"The answer is yes," she said suddenly. "It's the only hour there could ever be. I'm certain of it now more than ever.

That night she had a date with Robert Stack. It had been arranged a couple of days previously, but Owen felt she ought to keep it. And she did.

The announcement appeared in the papers the next afternoon and everyone became interested. The marriage that the cynics were sure would never take place was happening. Not one of these Las Vegas elopements either! It was going to be a church wedding, the kind every girl dreams about.

On January 18, Owen Ward and Brenda Joyce marched down the aisle of the St. Alphonsus Church in Westwood Village. The chapel wasn't jammed with curious stragglers. There were the thirty invited guests and that's all. One of them was Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, wife of the boss of the studio, who looked like a faraway princess in her gown of organdy appliquéd, a creation of Travis Banton, head T.C.-F. designer. She wore a white hat with blue ribbons which were tied in a bow under the chin. Appliquéd on the skirt of the dress in huge letters were the words Betty and Owen. A dove held the end of the ribbons spelling out the names.

"In Hollywood yet!" a cynical reporter covering the event was heard to say.

"Yes, in Hollywood! And here's the last word on the subject by the bride on whom the sun is still shining:

"I had known Owen for almost ten years, but strangely enough there was still an awful lot to learn about him. Courtship and marriage are a little different. In the one, human beings show themselves as they would like to be; in the other, as they really are.

"I was amazed at the amount of give and take that go into marriage, the necessity for losing a consciousness of the individual and to think in terms of the common good. I don't want to pretend that it was always easy especially in the beginning. Often it was a case of thinking 'No' but saying 'Yes.'"

If you're like Brenda Joyce, you are certain that the man you've married is passing wonderful and totally flawless. Thank God, you eventually come to believe, you were wrong. The man is bound to have a few minor ailments, almost sure to have a habit for doing things that annoy you every now and then. But you come to regard all this as a challenge. It's part of the adventure. And a precious part.

Naturally, there will be those who want to know about economics. How is it done, this living with a cinoma lady on an accountant's salary? With mirrors?

"Not exactly. To begin with, my husband's salary pays for the house and all living expenses. My clothes, naturally, I buy for myself. They are part of the job, not part of marriage. Under this set-up, there is little dashing about to Cro's. We will be doing more of that when Price Waterhouse, my husband's firm, sees fit to promote him. In the meanwhile, he loves his job and isn't complaining.

"My life, of course, has undergone some alterations. When I was a bachelor girl, I came and went as I pleased. I went out at the jangle of a telephone. All that, need I say, is gone. And I don't miss it.

"I think I go to bed a little earlier than I used to. Especially after work. Dinner over, we read for a while, listen to the radio, and call it a night.

"I try to cook the meals. I'm doing better every day. I'm told. There is a maid who is relief cook. She also cleans. That is all we have by way of servant problems.

"On Sundays I go to a movie with Owen. We come to look forward to it.

"I think it's a big mistake to let a husband think that yours is the important job. As I see it, I must remain Betty Leabo to him at all costs. Brenda Joyce is for the studio.

"Divorces, I think, come about because people refuse to try hard enough. We had our occasional tempests in teapots. But we are very fortunate. Neither being temperamental, neither says anything that is hard for the other to forget when the debate is over. Does Owen make all the gestures at forgiveness? No. I think I make my share, just as I make my share of causes for complaint. The important thing is that each of us regards the other as a sensitive, sensible human being and tries to act accordingly.

"Do I sound very dull and un-star-like? If I do, I hope I'm not a total disillusionment. But this is the way I am as Betty Leabo. The other is Brenda Joyce, whom I don't know nearly so well!"
that was never altogether happiness, the ecstasy, the despair. All that was beautiful, all that was exciting passed with her, his lost Cassandra.

No, there was nothing to bring him back to Kings Row now. Even Drake didn't need him that he had. Randy, Drake McHugh and Randy Monaghan, what a combination that was to set tongues wagging! Union Street and the railroad tracks seemed the richest boy in town and the poorest girl.

Strange that it was on the day Parris was leaving that Drake and Randy had gone into that small, stuffy, musty, antipathetic cream, designed to promote eyelash length-

---THE IT--MAIL THIS "NO RISK" COUPON NOW---

ETHEL BELLAMY, Inc.
608 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicaco-10 Ill.

Special FREE eyelash brush. I enclose $1.00 (C.O.D. $1.10). If not entirely satisfied I'll return the jar for full refund.

Name

Address

City

State


SOURCES

Scalps and crusts are often mistaken for ECZEMA. PIXACOL has brought results to psoriasis suf-

ferers when everything else failed. A liquid, it is applied externally, dries quickly, is non-oil-

ny convenient to use. You can try a regular $1 bottle of Pixacol without spending a cent. For

FREE details.

PIXACOL Co., Dept. 3-B, Box 3832, Cleveland, Ohio

SONGWRITERS

Original songs and song poems wanted. NO CHARGE FOR RETURNING Service. Free Examination. 

HOLLYWOOD RECORDING STUDIO

Dept. 24, Box 87 Pivia 8la.

LOS ANGELES

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—and You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Larin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juices into your system every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just de-

cay in the bowels. Then gas builds up your stom-

ach and cause constipation. You feel sour, sick and the world looks jumpy.

Take a gentle, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "smart." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely.

Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills, 10¢ and 25¢.
ing glimpses of Cassie and feeling always
that she was running away from him and
that other mystery of her mother too, still
nuzzling even now that she was dead.

Then one evening Parris went back to
the Tower house after dinner because he
had forgotten his notebook after his lesson.
There was a light in the study and he
thought Dr. Tower was still there, but
when he opened the door he saw it was
Cassie.

"Father's gone to St. Louis," she told
him. "He'll be back next Tuesday."

Parris felt his heart beginning to race
as he looked at her, her slim, silk stock-
inged legs crossed over the low, tufted
arm rest of the sofa. She was the only
girl in town who wore silk stockings.
Maybe that was her father's way of mak-
ing things up to her. She was lovely, so
breath-taking with that amazingly white
skin of hers, the curve of her mouth the
more vivid against it.

"I guess I'll hurry on," he said.

"Why?" Her green eyes looked at him
slyly. "Do you have to go?" Then as he
hesitated she patted the place beside her
in the sofa. "Let's talk. Tell me what you
do all the time."

"Why did your father take you out of
school?" Parris blurted out the question
unthinkingly. "Was it . . ."

"If you want to know, you'd better ask
him."

"The words came fast, violently.

"I kept remembering you," Parris said
quietly as if he had not noticed her con-
sernation at all. "How you'd trot along
the road with me home from school. You
were such a baby, and that's the way I
thought of you most of the time. Then
sometimes I'd remember that you were
-growing up too. Why, you were sixteen:
now, eighteen! Then I'd wonder what you
were doing, right then at the moment.
Were you sewing or studying your lessons,
were you crying or were you laughing,
maybe? Could you be laughing when I was
thinking so hard about you and feeling
so terrible?"

"Children can be so silly!" The words
seemed to be torn from her. Then quickly,
contrarily, "No, I don't mean that, Parris.
You were always the nicest. But talk about
something else, will you?"

It had begun to storm. Parris remem-
bered how the rain sounded against the
window, how the thunder came from a long
distance away. It did something to her.
She looked frightened again and she moved
closer to him. So close that he felt her
warmth against him. A painful excitement

"For Orchid Freshness tomorrow,
try my Beauty Nightcap"

ILONA MASSEY, STARRING IN EDWARD SMALL'S "INTERNATIONAL LADY"

says Ilona Massey:

"When cameras roll close, my skin has to be super-
smooth. So nightly, I have a Beauty Nightcap. And
the 'magic' in this Nightcap is Woodbury Cold Cream.
My complexion says, 'There's no cream like it!'"

Every night Ilona cleanses with Woodbury, for its
special beauty oils help relieve the dryness that
may lead to tiny lines.

Then, removing this cream, she applies a fresh film,
for all-night softening. An exclusive ingredient
purifies Woodbury constantly, faithfully, so it's
cream she can trust.

"Try it nightly," says Ilona, "to have a complexion
that every man adores."

WOODBURY COLD CREAM

Beauty Nightcap of the Stars

Try Ilona's beauty secret. Get Woodbury
Cold Cream today. Large jars are 50c to
$1.25. Introductory sizes are 10c to 25c.
Do George Montgomery and Ginger Rogers love each other? Will they ever marry?

A thousand conflicting rumors about their love affair and marriage are swirling, confounding those who belong to the Silver Screen, and no one knows what to believe. People who have been close to Cassie, the star of Montgomery's latest picture, say that he cares for her more than any other woman he has ever met. Others claim that Montgomery is just using her for publicity purposes.

But Cassie herself is still unsure. She has always been a cautious person, and she doesn't want to make a mistake that she will later regret. However, she can't help but feel that something special is happening between her and Montgomery. She has never felt this way about anyone else, and she wonders if it's possible that he could be the one she's been searching for all her life.

Cassie is a complex woman, with a past shrouded in mystery. She was born in a small village in England, where she lived until she was six years old. Her father was a famous writer, and his work took the family all over the world. Cassie grew up with a love for adventure and a passion for discovery. When she was a young girl, she dreamed of becoming a famous actress, and she worked hard to make that dream a reality.

Cassie's first break came when she was cast in a minor role in a Hollywood film. From there, she went on to star in several major productions, and her career took off. But despite her success, Cassie still feels an emptiness inside. She knows that she has everything she could ever want, but something is missing. She's not sure what it is, but she knows that she can't stop searching until she finds it.

For now, Cassie is content to live in the moment and enjoy the things she loves. She has a deep love for music, and she spends most of her free time practicing her voice and playing the piano. She also loves to read, and she has a collection of books on every subject under the sun. But no matter how much she enjoys these things, Cassie always feels a sense of longing that she can't quite explain.

She knows that Montgomery is different from any other man she has ever met. He has a way of making her feel safe and secure, even when she's facing the most difficult challenges. She trusts him implicitly, and she knows that he will always be there for her, no matter what.

But Cassie also knows that they can't stay together forever. Life is too unpredictable, and there are always going to be unexpected obstacles that they'll have to overcome. Still, she's grateful for the time they've had together, and she hopes that they can make the most of it while they still can.

Cassie's journey continues, and she knows that she will always be searching for something more. But for now, she's content to enjoy the love and support that Montgomery offers her, and she knows that she will always be grateful for the time they've shared together.
I don't know," Randy's eyes clouded.
"He's better. I think he's better. I've tried — but now you're home—"

Suddenly the tears came that she had been holding back for months. Then she shook her head resolutely, "Come in." She held open the door and blinked back her tears. "Look," she called gaily up the stairs.
"Look who's here, Drake!"

Parris stopped in the doorway of the bedroom, forcing his smile as he saw Drake shrink back against his fellows.

He moved his lips, but no words came as Parris walked over to the bed and took his hands. Then he bent his head and turned his face to the wall, and Parris sat down on the edge of the bed and took his hands. He had come a long way, but there was a much longer road ahead.

It was the next day Parris received the note from Mrs. Gordon, telling him of her husband's death and asking him to come to see her. There was an urgency about the letter which sent Parris there at once, for she had told him she wanted to see him professionally about Louise.

"Is Louise ill?" Parris asked after the first awkward greeting. Then as she nodded, "Do you wish me to see her?"

"I'm afraid your mind is affected, Dr. Mitchell." Mrs. Gordon looked at him tensely. "First let me explain a little. She hated her father. Why, I could not look at a suddenly exalted expression. "Dr. Gordon was a saint."

She groped for her handshake and dabbed at her eyes before she went on. "You may remember some time ago Louise had a most unfortunate attachment for one of the most undesirable boys in this town. After he met with his accident, Louise had a terrible scene with Dr. Gordon. Then, a little later we heard a strange report that he had actually married her."

"A Miss Monaghan," Parris said quietly, "who has taken marvelous care of him, Mrs. Gordon."

"Really?" She looked at him coldly. "It seems remarkable, doesn't it? But from that day on Louise refused to leave her room. She wouldn't speak to anyone. I passed away. Now I have to tell you a terrible thing. When—when my dear husband was lying here, in this room. Louise came downstairs. I followed her after a few minutes and found her standing over her dead father and cursing him."

"I am desperate, I cannot bear that my daughter should be insane or that she should so defame the memory of a great man. There's no doctor here who understands these things. No one can turn to. Can you help me with, to keep her quiet? Come, I'll take you to her."

Parris's heart sank when he saw Louise. Her face was drawn and her hair hung disheveled over the robe covering her cramped nightgown and her eyes blazed as she ordered her mother to leave the room.

"I'm not crazy," Parris she said then. "She thinks I am. But I'm not."

"I know, Louise," Parris said.

"Have you seen Drake?" she demanded. Then as he nodded, "My father cut his legs off, Parris, I was there, I knew all about the things and the executions. I went after him, but I was too late. They had carried Drake away somewhere. A man was cleaning up the depot where. Suddenly I'm there. "I'm not crazy," Parris said."

"You must find out about it. Maybe that man who helped would know. I don't believe it was necessary. My father did it because of me. I want you to see all the evidence! I want everybody to know! I want to destroy his memory!"

YOU MAY ALWAYS BE CONSTIPATED UNLESS

You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely every day into your intestines to help digest fatty foods and guard against constipation. So USE COMMON SENSE. Drink more water, eat fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure gentle yet thorough bowel movements but ALSO stir up liver bile secretion to help digest fatty foods.

Olive Tablets, being purely natural, are wonderful! Used successfully over 20 years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile, today Olive Tablets are justly FIRST choice of thousands of grateful users. Test their goodness TO-NIGHT! 15c, 30c, 66c. All drugstores.

SONG POEM

Words and Music by

RICHARD BROTHERS, 26 Wood St., Chicago, Illinois


WRITERS

 Guaranted Jewelery
 Solid sterling silver Birthstone Ring: $1.00. Many other shapes available. For men or women. Send No Money. Order and pay.

ROSEBUSH PERFUME CO., BOX 20, WOODSBORO, MARYLAND.

Don't miss the THRILLING FICTIONALIZATION of "BEDTIME STORY" (based on the Columbia film of the same name)

Complete with dialogue and illustrations from the actual movie co-starring Loretta Young and Fredric March!

It's one of the big features in the big January issue of

Screenday

10c Silver Screen 10c

Ask for a copy at your newsstand today!

Screenday
“But your father is dead, Louise,” Parris tried to keep his voice calm. “Have you thought of the terrible harm you would do to Drake? You used to love him. To be crippled is terrible enough, but to find out that you are the cause is too much.”

“She married him!” The words came so venomously they made Parris’s skin crawl. “Parris, will you help me?”

There was silence for a while. "I'm afraid," he said. The girl was sane, he knew that, but in her hysteria she might do irreparable harm to all that he and Randy were so laboriously trying to build. He must keep her quiet.

“We mustn’t say anything about this to anyone, for a while at least. We’ll keep it as a secret until we’re safe. I’ll come to talk to you about it whenever you are. If I’m to help you, you must put yourself entirely in my hands. Will you do that, Louise?”

“Maybe.” She looked at him doubtfully and a crafty look came into her eyes. “Maybe for a little while,” she said.

There were two patients now and Parris felt he couldn’t help either without hurting the other. But Drake must come first. Yet as the days passed and he saw Louise’s condition, he held his tongue. He was afraid that she would really become insane if she could not rid herself of the hatred bottled in her heart.

But he could not save her the day he passed the old Von Els house. It had been sold while he was in Vienna and he had not realized before how it would hurt, knowing it was occupied by that house, in those grounds; childhood, Grandmere, Cassie. Memories pushed their way beside him as he walked over the meadow down to the pond where he used to meet Cassie. It was then he saw her, her head tilted in the old remembered way, her pale blue gown almost the same as the one she had worn that last day of all, sitting there as she had sat so often, with the sunlight drifting through the wil- low oak, the beauty of her height back.

“Cassie!” the name came involuntarily and the girl turned. It was then he saw her eyes were gray.

“Don’t go away,” she said in a soft Elting voice as he turned embarrassed. “You’re Parris Mitchell come to see your old home, aren’t you? We’ve been expecting you.”

And so, to the head of the experiment station here.” She smiled. “Why did you call me Cassie? Do I look like a girl you know?”

“Cassie,” he was still shaken by the resemblance. “A little girl I used to play with. We used to go swimming here. We were just babies, but I think we knew we were in love.”

“You mean—?” Her eyes sparkled and her rushing laugh came. “Oh, you naughty child!”

It was good to hear her laugh like that, good to see someone so calm, so happy, so normal after the ordeal of being Louise.

“Was it a long time ago,” Parris said. Suddenly he knew he could talk to this girl, that she would understand. “She died.”

The laughter drained out of her eyes and they looked the way Cassie's did, the times she was tender. And then he knew she might understand. There was the same wondering childishlike quality, the pretty gestures, the same loveliness. Only now the fear was gone and the shadow. And then back to him in the way he loved her best.

“You must feel that this is a little your home again, isn’t it, if you will,” he said. Somehow she gave him the strength he needed when he saw her after that; she made the house seem his home again. They were the happy times when he went there for dinner, sitting at the table with her and her father. The house became his world, his open sunlit world after the darkness of those other worlds he lived in with Louise and Drake.

But Drake was changing. There was something about the boy, something which had come to Parris which transferred itself to Drake. He no longer shrank from Parris any more than he shrank from Randy. He seemed holding on to his plans for the new development now.

"Not bad for a girl and old cripple piled up in bed, is it?" Drake said the day he showed up. "And he’s laughing and his laugh came almost in the old way.

"We’re all going to be nasty, rich people, I can see that," Parris chuckled. "It’s making me feel old. I don’t know what you ought to do when you open the new tract? You ought to save a couple of lots for fancy people and move into a new house. You’d like that, wouldn’t you, Randy?"

"Like it?" Randy’s eyes shone. "It’s what I’ve hoped for more than anything."

"No." Drake’s voice seemed altered through the room. He looked lost again, frightened. "Promise me, Randy, that I’ll never have to talk to you about this any more."

The happiness fled from her face as she promised. It was always this way with Drake; every time they thought they had made some progress, they mad to show Drake had not changed at all.

"I’ve tried to get him to move," Randy said afterwards as she made coffee for Parris. "I tried to have him see the trains and hear them. Sometimes he has nightmares. He wakes up screaming.

"We’ll think of a way," Parris said. "I still believe we’ve won half of a very tildich fight. Of course, your marrying him did more than anything. That was fine of you."

"I didn’t marry Drake out of pity," Randy said quietly. "I never loved anyone else. And that day I saw him at the station. He simply went to a place in my heart that had been waiting for him. Drake so tall and laughing, going about with his head up! Then after the accident I knew I had to ask myself a question and answer it. I had loved Drake wholly, I had given him everything with gladness. How about that?" She paused. "I think I fairly deserve to be afraid that I might love Drake less, that something I couldn’t help, something physical would turn me away from him."

There was talk of another Drake which had been living and and I knew it applied to me too. An episode of youth and fun had closed and with it had gone the purest happiness. I don’t know that I didn’t love him less, only differently, with an overwhelming new, calm feeling that so completely took the place of the old excitement that it would last forever."

She smiled through her tears and Parris took her hands. This you’re understanding, Randy," he said. "And wonderfully good."

 Somehow then he found courage to tell her of Louise and the things she threatened to do. For a moment he saw Randy’s face that she knew too, that she had always known, just as he had himself.

"Can we keep her quiet?" Randy asked tensely.

"We can. We must!" Parris told her. But afterwards he wondered if he could, that day when he went to talk to Mrs. Trenchard and heard her decision to put the girl in an asylum. Her dead husband’s memory was more important to her than her daughter, she knew. But Louise was not insane. The knowledge burned deep in Parris’s conscience, for the only way he could prove it was by blasting all the chances for Drake’s future. It was then he went to Elise as he always did now when he was troubled and when he had told her the whole story, the gentle troubled eyes met his in that candid way of hers.

"Parris!" Her voice came hesitantly. "Am I not your best friend? Do you not protect me too much? Suppose he was just a patient, suppose they both were, he and Louise, would you—" She didn’t finish. "Suppose the weren’t people that you loved?"

A deeper feeling than he had ever felt for her stirred in his heart as he realized the truth of what she said. "We’ve been friends for a long time, you and I, will you?" he said. "Right here. For a little while?"

And when she promised he walked quickly away, down to the rail road tracks to talk to Drake.

"I won’t let you!" Randy cried when he told her what he was going to do. "Parris! You can’t do it!"

"I’m not your friend now, I’m your doctor," he said. "As if I’d taken you into an operating room and I had the scalpel in my hand which would make you or destroy you."

But he couldn’t look at her anguished eyes as he faced Drake.

"You’re not a coward," he said, and even though he managed to keep his voice flat and unemotional, he couldn’t help the tears that were beginning to roll down his rigid face. "I guess we’ll have to face the facts and me, whether I’m a doctor and whether you’re a man. You know the kind of man I mean, Drake. There is a piece of poetry Drake. I swear to you honestly. From words. Out of the night that covers me black as the pit from pole to pole, I thank whatever gods may be for my unquenchable fire. I am the Dangerous of change. My head is bloody but unbowed,” He stopped for a moment, overcome by the thought, the whole thing started to look at Drake. "I don’t know if I can take it," Drake said.

"Give it to me." Drake looked steadily at him.

"Dr. Gordon cut off your legs." Parris didn’t try to ease the shock of what he was saying. "I don’t think it was necessary."

But here was the first time he had heard a special incentive because of Louise. He wanted to destroy you, the Drake McHugh you were. He wanted to see you turn into the wretched creature we had been physically, an object of contempt the crawled instead of walked, that hid, snivel ing. "That’s all there is, Drake. Now I’ll turn your head to that wall and damn you—"

He stopped. He couldn’t go on. And then closed over everything up by Randy’s sohs. Then there came the other sound, hysterical at first, then changing into the laugh, half jeering, half bravo, of the old Drake.

"That’s a hot one." Drake’s eyes me theirs unflinchingly. "Where did Gordo think I lived? In my legs? Did he think that I would have my scalp shaved, like McHugh?" Spec that poetry again, Parris, I never was a good at poetry." He held out his arms and Randy ran into his embrace while the room filled with the words as with the old hope and the old courage.

"What was it you wanted, honey? Dr. asked them. And how close you—"

"To build a house? Sure. We’ll move it in broad daylight. And we’ll invite the folks in too. For Pete’s sake, let’s give party for ourselves, for the old Drake."

The darkness had ended. Parris carried their happiness with him as he walked through Kings Row and for the first time he saw the Drake McHugh Tower house and look it and know all the bitterness was gone from his memory forever. They swept him up in the breeze. Cassie was ended and the peace which was Elise beginning.
Cesar Romero, Gary Cooper, Mrs. William Goetz, and Annabella and Tyrone Power snapped as they appeared at an 'informal barn dance—a scene typical of the hundreds of intimate candid camera shots that appear in SILVER SCREEN.

NEWS....

Silver Screen ALWAYS GETS

THE REAL INSIDE STORY!

To get the inside story—to find out what movie stars really are like—read SILVER SCREEN!

SILVER SCREEN gives you all the facts—and gets them straight! No "puff" stories. . . . No ballyhoo! Every story is factual and informative.

Even the reviews are frank and honest!

In every issue SILVER SCREEN brings you 150 great pictures—candid camera shots of the stars off the screen—pictures you see in no other screen magazines!

You'll like SILVER SCREEN. It's light and easy to read, brilliantly illustrated. And reliable! Don't miss a single issue. You can have SILVER SCREEN sent to your home for the next 12 months for only $1. (It would cost $1.20 on the newsstands.)

To make sure you get every issue of SILVER SCREEN, clip and mail this coupon today.

The New and Smarter

Silver Screen
Chesterfield... every bit of material used, is put there to give you just what you want in a cigarette... from the Right Combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos to top-notch manufacturing methods.

It's CHESTERFIELD... first for a Milder and decidedly Better Taste... first for Cooler Smoking...and right you are because everything in Chesterfield... every bit of material used, is put there to give you just what you want in a cigarette... from the Right Combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos to top-notch manufacturing methods.

MAKE CHESTERFIELD YOUR SMOKING PLEASURE OF THE YEAR

They Satisfy
The Smart Screen Magazine

FEBRUARY

Lana Turner

INTIMATE PAGES from LANA TURNER’S DIARY!

HOCKER! “SHANGHAI GESTURE” Novelized from Film with GENE TIERNEY, VICTOR MATURE
To make 1942 your greatest entertainment year!

20th Century-Fox is now producing these grand, new pictures you'll soon be seeing in your favorite theatre!

ASK YOUR LOCAL THEATRE MANAGER WHEN HE'LL SHOW THEM!

TYRONE POWER
in
SON OF FURY
The Story of Benjamin Blake
with
GENE TIERNEY
Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK

BETTY GRABLE
VICTOR MATURE
JACK OAKIE
in
SONG OF THE ISLANDS
in TECHNICOLOR

GINGER ROGERS
in
ROXIE HART
with
ADOLPHE MENJOU
GEORGE MONTGOMERY

JEAN GABIN
IDA LUPINO
in
MOONLIGHT
with
CLAUDE RAINS

Rita
HAYWORTH
in
MY GAL SAL
in TECHNICOLOR

JOHN
PAYNE • O'HARA • SCOTT
in
TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI
in TECHNICOLOR

NOW! STIRRING THE HEART OF THE NATION!
HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY
Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK • Directed by JOHN FORD
Smile, Plain Girl, Smile...

Eyes Applaud, Hearts follow a Sparkling Smile!

Make your smile your beauty talisman. Help keep it bright and sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

HAVEN'T YOU noticed that it isn't always the prettiest girl who is the best-liked, the most popular?

Heads turn and hearts surrender to the girl who smiles! Not a timid, half-hearted smile—but a real smile—generous and gay. A smile that says, "Look, I'm in love with life!"

So wake up, plain girl—wake up and smile! You can steal the show if your smile is right. You can be a star in your own small world—you can win compliments—you can win love and romance.

But your smile must be right. It must flash freely and unafraid, lighting your face with beauty. And remember, for a smile to keep its sparkle, gums must retain their healthy firmness.

So if you ever notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist! He may tell you your gums are tender because soft foods have robbed them of exercise. And like thousands of dentists, he may suggest Ipana and massage.

Take his advice! For Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans and brightens your teeth but, with massage, it is designed to help the health of your gums as well.

For a Lovelier Smile—
Ipana and Massage

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissue—helping gums to new firmness.

Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling.

Start today with Ipana and MASSAGE

A Product of Bristol-Myers

Screenland
You're cruel, Johnnie. You're almost 100% bad. But whatever you are, darling, you're my man!

They're dynamite in

JOHNNY EAGER

The flaming drama of a high-born beauty who blindly loved the most icy-hearted Big Shot gangland ever knew.

A MERVYN LeROY Production with

EDWARD ARNOLD

VAN HELFlin · ROBERT STERLING · PATRICIA DANE

GLEnDA FARrell · HENRY O'NEALL · DIANA LEWIS

Screen Play by John Lee Mahin and James Edward Grant

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE · Directed by MERVYN LeROY

Produced by JOHN W. CONSIDINE, Jr.
The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DEIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

MARTON MARSE, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

February, 1942
Vol. XLIV, No. 4

EVERY STORY A FEATURE

The Editor's Page

Delight Evans 19

Intimate Pages from Lina Turner's Diary 20

Barbara Stanwyck (Strip)-Teases Gary Cooper!...Elizabeth Wilson 22

"The Shanghai Gesture." Complete Fictionization

Elizabeth B. Petersen 24

The Private Life of Dr. Kildare. (Otherwise Low Ayres) . S. R. Moak 28

Home Town Girl Makes Good! Kay Harris 30

Mrs. Marshall Gives the Lowdown on "Bart."...Lila 32

Rhapsody In Blonde, Alexis Smith...John R. Franchey 34

Colleen In Clover, Maureen O'Hara...Ida Zeitlin 51

Your Guide to the Best Current Pictures...Delight Evans 52

SPECIAL ART SECTION:


DEPARTMENTS:

Hot from Hollywood 6

Inside the Stars' Homes. Phyllis Brooks 8

Fans' Forum 10

Honor Page 14

Beauty Gets Down to Business...Courtney Martin 16

Yours for Loneliness 58

Here's Hollywood...Weston East 66

Tagging the Talkies 68

SCREENLAND's Crossword Puzzle 70

Cover Portrait of LANA TURNER by Eric Carpenter, M.G.M.

V. G. Helmuthtr, President
Paul C. Hunter, Vice-President and Publisher
D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc., Executive and Editorial Offices, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. Advertising Offices: 45 West 45th St., New York; 45th North Michigan Avenue, Chicago; 427 W. Fifth St., Los Angeles, Calif. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention, but SCREENLAND assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yearly subscription $1.00 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; $1.50 in Canada; foreign $2.00. Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue, Be sure to give both the old and new address. Entered as second-class matter November 20, 1928, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois. Copyright 1942 by Screenland Magazine, Inc. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.

SCREENLAND

LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Begins the nineteen hundred and forty-second Annun Domini and the third year of this column.

May our foes wither like the chilled leaves. May Decency find, with renewed vigor, the mislaid path plotted in the year one.

So wisheth the philosopher Leo, Coeur de Lion.

Each of us, in his own way, has his job to do, and ours is to entertain, to divert, to interest, to serve.

We offer the best that the screen can provide. With each year the movies come to fuller flower. In addition to technique they have mastered pace and the tempo of the times.

When you see—and you will see—Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn in "Woman of the Year", note this blending of action, merriment and modernity.

It's the snappiest yarn that has come to the studio editor in many moons.

Spence plays a hail-fellow sports writer named Sam. Kate plays a highbrow political columnist named Tess.

Tess gets pretty stilly about sports and one day Sam takes her to the ball game where she asks some pretty cute questions, to the disgust of the press box.

It's either war or love twist Sam and Tess. All's fair in both.

But, baby, what comedy comes out of the mixing of the two worlds—the people and the tall brow. That party where those who came over in the Mayflower rub elbows with the boys who are more on the cauliflower side.

"Woman of the Year" is the Picture of the Year.

—Leo

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures
CAN YOUR HANDS PASS THE KISS TEST?

MAKE THIS TEST—Brush your lips across the back of your hand. Does skin feel rough, and uninviting? Now use extra quick-drying Cashmere Bouquet Lotion. Notice how smooth hands become.

HERE'S WHY—Cashmere Bouquet Lotion removes dead skin and surface scales instantly, and so leaves your hands soft and alluring.

“PLUSH luxury!” you think, when you hear of a society beauty paying dollars for salon hand-treatments. But, with Cashmere Bouquet Lotion you can do it for yourself, many times a day, at about a penny a time. It’s speedy, too, this Cashmere Bouquet Lotion treatment, for it works "quick as a kiss."

So after every dishwashing you can give your hands that kiss appeal. Because Cashmere Bouquet Lotion dries in ten seconds. No smearly, gooey stickiness. But blessed smoothness. And of course this lovely lotion imparts to your hands the beguiling perfumes of Cashmere Bouquet—the 'fragrance men love'.

In generous 10s and larger sizes at all drug and toilet goods counters.

Cashmere Bouquet LOTION
Another member of Cashmere Bouquet—the Royal Family of beauty preparations.

HOT from Hollywood

Is it because there aren't enough Dorothy Lamour's to go around that Eddie Brocken is turning up his nose at the maneuvers by Dotty and Bill Holden in this scene from the musical, "The Fleet's In?" Remember when Clara Bow played the role Dotty now has?

WAYNE MORRIS not only likes the navy, he's making plans to have it for a lasting career. There's a great deal of difference between the salary of a naval officer and that of a Hollywood movie star. So Pat Stewart has gone to work in a dress shop. When she and Wayne marry in the future, if he will need any help then she'll be qualified to give it.

JIMMY STEWART'S age makes him eligible for dismissal from the army. However, this can only come about if Jimmy himself makes the application. It's a regulation rule. Having struggled valiantly to get into the army, it wouldn't help the morale any for Jimmy to ask to get out again. That's probably why he's waiting until March, when his original year of service completes the obligation he sincerely felt when he joined.

YOU should get a load of those glasses Mickey Rooney has to wear between pictures. They're the no-rim style and make M-G-M's pride and joy look just as serious as a bookworm. The other day Mickey saw Ann Sothern walking across the lot. "Say, Ann," he called, "would you go out with me?" As he was saying it he grinned and kept shaking his head in a negative manner—knowing only too well what answer he'd get from Ann. But she loves him just the same.

MARTHA SCOTT'S baby is due the latter part of February. Believe it or not, Martha doesn't have to buy one tithe of anything for the expected one. She's such a great favorite with the wardrobe women on her various pictures, they all go together and handmade her enough things to last for two years. Martha's inimitable husband, the popular Carl Alspach, kiddingly refers to the expected one as "Happy Jack."

AROUND the M-G-M lot they're saying that Joan Crawford has some ambitious plans for the future. They don't incline an operatic career. And she isn't going to do a play. They say Joan wants to become a producer right there on her own lot where she first got her big break. I this is what Joan wants, rest assured it will come to pass. The one and only Crawford has a way of realizing her ambitions.莫 power to her!

ED BUCHANAN, who plays a malpractising dentist in "Texas," is actually an excellent Pasadena dentist by trade. During the scenes where he's supposed to play lost his gorgeous perfect good teeth. He had a good chance to observe the Holder "crockery." He saw that Bill really didn't need some dental work done. So he solicits the business. Between pictures Bill dashes back and forth to Pasadena and fills in time with new fillings.
MADE FOR EACH OTHER!

MADELEINE CARROLL · STIRLING HAYDEN
TOSSED BY THE TIDES OF LOVE...

IN "BAHAMA PASSAGE"

IN TECHNICOLOR!

with FLORA ROBSON · LEO G. CARROLL
MARY ANDERSON · CECIL KELLAWAY

Produced and Directed by EDWARD H. GRIFFITH
Screen Play by Virginia Van Upp Based on a story by Nelson Hayes A Paramount Picture

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING
GIRLS!
DON'T GIVE UP
IF YOU'VE GOT A
POOR COMPLEXION

Here's grand way that has helped improve
complexions of thousands of women

- If you're blue and discouraged because of your complexion; if you think you're doomed to go through life with an unattractive skin—this may be the most important message you've ever read.

Thousands of women who felt just as you do have been thrilled beyond words to see the noticeable improvement Noxzema has made in their complexions.

Why it does so much
One important reason for Noxzema's benefits is this: Noxzema is not just a cosmetic cream. It's a soothing, medicated cream that not only quickly helps soften and smooth rough, dry skin—but also aids in healing externally-caused skin blemishes! And it has a mildly astringent action, too.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER. For a limited time you can get a generous 25c jar of Noxzema for only 19c at any drug or cosmetic counter. Give Noxzema a chance to help your complexion. Get a jar today and use it as a night cream and protective powder base. See what it does for your skin!

NOT so long ago, when Phyllis Brooks was five, she heard about St. Valentine. Being in love at the time with a young gentleman of nine, she bought a box of valentine materials, acquired a bottle of library paste, and spent hours with scissors and stickum and little red hearts. She stuck her silver-gilt curls to her hot little face, smeared the nursery table and walls, and finally came up with a finger-printed masterpiece laboriously addressed to the object of her affections.

"He didn't send me anything," she remembered, laughing. "It was a case of unrequited love. I suffered over it for several days. I should have used it to it, I suppose. My love life began at the age of two-and-a-half when I fell for a boy called Reginald, who must have been about ten. I used to chase him all over the park, hoping for attention, my nurse in mad pursuit, Reginald running for his life. I wonder whatever became of that Reginald? You can see that my early romantic experiences were anything but happy?"

Let me warn you, though, that if you are thinking of cooking up a little something to offer Hollywood's moonlight blonde for Valentine's Day, that today Phyllis is one of our six most sought-after glamour girls, and you'll need plenty of imagination if your valentine is to impress her.

Missives from Cupid in 1941 arriving at the Brooks doorstep included a raft of gardenias to float in a shallow bowl, water-lilies—blue, pink and white—more than breath-taking in their waxy beauty, a tray of pink camellias, a box of candy with a piece of jewelry inside, and the coral necklace and earrings she was wearing today. These were from the "mystery man."

"The most wonderful valentine I ever had was from a Frenchman who is now in a concentration camp," confided Phyllis, in her funny little husky voice. "It was a gorgeous sterling silver bowl—oh, huge!—containing an orchid plant with twenty-five blooming orchids actually growing on it. I was so thrilled I almost died. I was just eighteen!"

So think hard, if you want to top that! Phyllis isn't an orchid fan, however. She likes mixed flowers.

"Do I sound too unromantic?" she won'd (Please turn to page 59)
There never was a better reason for "going to the movies"... 'cause there never was a better movie to go to!

The most laughed-at play of our day—with this wonderful Warner Bros. cast (including the play's celebrated star) to make it even greater as a picture!
**Safe New Way in Feminine Hygiene**

Gives Continuous Action for Hours

- It is every wife's right to know certain facts.
- Her greatest happiness, her physical and mental well-being may be at stake. She cannot go by what others tell; she must know.
- Otherwise in feminine hygiene, she may resort to temporary expedients—solutions of acids, which can burn, scar and desensitize delicate tissue.

Today thousands of informed women have turned to Zontors—the safe, new way in feminine hygiene. These dainty, snow-white suppositories kill germs instantly at contact. Deodorize—not by temporarily masking—but by destroying odors. Spread greaseless, protective coating to cleanse antiseptically and give continuous medication for hours.

Yet! Zontors are safe for delicate tissues. Powerful — yet non-poisonous, non-caustic. Even help promote gentle healing. No apparatus; nothing to mix. At all druggists.

**EASY WAY...**

**Tints Hair**

to BROWN BEAUTY

The remarkable CARDE discovery.

*Tint Hair* Coloring Shampoo, washes out dirt, leaves dark, brown, and safely gives hair a real smooth BROWN TINT that fully gives with life and luster. Doesn't set up or fade in, burns, all color hair anymore longer. *Tint Hair Coloring Cakes work gradual...* each shampoo leaves your hair brownish, bolder, softer, easier to manage. No dried locks. Won't hurt permanent. Full cake box (5 for $1.00.)

*TINTZ* comes in Jet Black, light, medium and dark brown, Tints, and Blonds. Order today! State shade wanted.

**SEND NO MONEY**

Just pay postman plus postage cost to us for your positive assurance of satisfaction in 7 days or your money back. (We Pay Postage if returned within 30 days.)

*TINTZ COMPANY, Dept. 15-B-207 N. MICHIGAN, CHICAGO CANADIAN OFFICE: 15-15-22 COLLEGE STREET, TORONTO*

**FIRST PRIZE LETTER**

$10.00

I have seen two pictures this week, each of them placing a strong emphasis upon religious values. I intend recommending both pictures not only to the people of my church, but particularly to folk who do not attend church.

However, I would like to note the distinction between the type and type of pictures.

*"One Foot in Heaven,"* in which Frederic March does such a splendid piece of work, was well portrayed. It followed the book very accurately, and was an excellent presentation of the up and downs of a minister's life—as well as that of his long-suffering wife! Unfortunately, it is not the type of picture that will appeal to the average theater-goer and, while I sincerely hope I am wrong, I am afraid we will not have the chance it should to get its story across.

But the other picture—well, if "Sergeant York" doesn't gross a million dollars and win the coveted "Oscar" for its producer and director—I shall not only be surprised, but disappointed. It has everything: technical perfection, splendid acting, human interest, pathos, humor—and REALITY. Never has a character and a story so "come alive" on the screen before. But the real joy of the picture—if such a constantly remarkable portrayal can be said to have a single high-point—was, in my estimation, Sergeant York's remark to his Captain as they reenacted the scene of the capture: "I killed only that I might live!" How symbolic this is of all who have sacrificed themselves and others in the interest of human betterment and advancement.

This is a day of tremendous challenge and strain, a day when faith is needed; "Sergeant York" will go a long way in pointing the way to that faith for millions.

**SECOND PRIZE LETTER**

$5.00

There is no actress who can equal Bette Davis. Twice winner of the Academy Award, she justifies the faith that the American public bestows on her to give her best in whatever role she portrays.

She uses no tricks in creating her characters. Here is a true talent for acting, a talent that can touch every heart in the theater. This is the true test for any actor or actress. There is a naturalness about her acting that commands deep admiration. She is that character and not Bette Davis enacting a role.

**YOU AWARD THE "OSCARS" WE AWARD THE DOLLARS**

Now that the time for handing out Academy Awards is drawing near, Screenland readers have been writing letters to this Forum and naming their candidates. When the real winners are made known, it will be fun to see how their choices compare with those announced by the Academy. You, too, may play at this game. You may not be able to attend Academy Award dinners or vote on the matter of who really gets an "Oscar," but what's to stop you from naming your choice for "best performance" or "best picture?"

Nothing—absolutely nothing! And doing it in the Forum is even more fun because you're not limited to singing praises—you can give out deserving raspberries, too. And, you know, Screenland also makes Awards. Not "Oscars," to be sure, but Dollars—good American Dollars—$10.00, $5.00, and five awards of $5.00 each for the best letters published.

Please address your letters to Screenland's Fans' Forum, 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

It is evident that thought and study have gone into all of her work. Her technique is well-nigh flawless. Her characters lack affectation. But all show vigor. They are real. Who can forget the *Julie of the South*? Or the *Judith Trohman* of *Dark Victory?* Or the *Lea Broche of "The Letter"? Or any of the immemorial characters that have looked down on us from the scree with the emotional personality and forceful dynamic charm of Bette Davis! Her acting is indeed material for future Academy Awards, and it's a two to one chance that her role in "The Little Foxes" will net her another gold statuette. But it is probably one hundred to one that this letter even wins an honorable mention, much less a prize!

MISS MELBA BAERH, Eau Claire, Wis.

**FIVE PRIZE LETTERS**

$1.00 EACH

I never scream at mice, cry at wedding or go loony at football games, but S-Q-U-E-A-L-E-D (and loud) when I ran smack into Joel McCreary at J. C. Penny...
‘I love him because he don’t know how to kiss—

the jerk!”

Samuel Goldwyn, master producer, scores again with a picture both heart-warming and uproariously funny—the story of a sedate professor who knew all about dead languages and nothing about live ladies until a night club gal crashed his bachelor quarters and rhumbed right into his heart.

Samuel Goldwyn presents

GARY COOPER • BARBARA STANWYCK

in

Ball of Fire

Directed by HOWARD HAWKS

Released through RKO Radio Pictures Inc.

Screen Play by CHARLES BRACKETT and BILLY WILDER

Hear Gene Krupa with his drums and his famous orchestra
store in Santa Monica recently. Up until then I was not particularly a Joel McCrea fan. But from here out I am. Why?

First: Because when he saw how embarrassed I was he smiled politely and passed on, leading by the hand his cute little son, for whom he had just bought a pair of tennis shoes.

SECOND: Because he was democratic enough and sensible enough to buy his kid shoes at Penny's when he could have afforded some with gold laces from "Ye Very Exclusive Shoppe."

THIRD: Because he was dressed in real life in that easy, countryish way he appears in so many pictures—big, white hat and soft shirt open at the throat.

FOURTH: Because he took time out to be a real daddy and pat to his kid. Joel McCrea himself, not a governess, was leading that youngster by the hand.

If Hollywood had fewer hot lovers; pretty boys and sweet papas, and more real homespun daddies like Joel McCrea, we mothers wouldn't worry so much about the pictures our own offsprings soak up at the neighborhood theaters.

MRS. BONNIE L. ADAMS, Santa Monica, Calif.

Now comes the time of year when one and all try to proclaim their series of "Ten Bests," usually based on artistic merit or box-office success. This is well and good, since movies are a huge industry which must succeed financially in order to survive.

However, I think that besides box-office popularity and appeal, the people and forces behind picture entertainment provide other human values that are difficult to group in serial numbers.

There is the eternal groping of the human mind, finding new expression in "Fantasia" and "Citizen Kane." There is the courage of risking careers for motherhood, by stars like Jane Wyman, Veronica Lake and Alice Faye; there is humanitarian helpfulness by performers never too busy to work for War Relief and other uncounted, unknown charities; there is the innate sympathy and unselfishness that gives welcome to refugee talent, and there is the grand tolerance of racial kindred that stands ready to give credit to a Hattie McDaniel or a "Rochester."

No, you can't list all the "Ten Bests" in Hollywood, but perhaps it is this mass of unclassified human values that makes movies the everyday entertainment for Mr. Everyman in his many moods and desires.

MRS. B. B. JACKSON, Ludlow, Ky.

Well, blow me down! Hand me those binoculars, mates, so I can take a better look at that fascinating new actor. Joseph Cotten. He's even handsomer and more incredibly brilliant in "Lydia" than he was in "Citizen Kane." People as good looking as Joe never can act, but shiver me timbers if Joe isn't acting perfection personified! Whatever said you have to go down south to pick cotton? I'm picking Cotten right here and now for an Academy Award. If he doesn't start collecting Awards like a magnet drawing pins, I'll be greatly disappointed. So I'm raving, huh? Nope, when it comes to discussing my favorite actor, Joe Cotten, I'm too enthusiastic to rave. I just gibe!

JEAN SHEPARD, Oakland, Calif.

Who wants "historical accuracy" in the movies? Perhaps Mr. Ben Wacker (first prize November Screenland) who writes American History in San Antonio may, but not the majority of moviegoers. We go to the movies to be entertained, not instructed, so we enjoy their stories. What would have happened to "Suez" if Count de Lesseps (Henry Stephenson) had arrived grey-haired with wife and seven-
teen children isn't John Gielgud's "The Prime Minister" a much nicer sort of chap than the one in Macaulay's history? And "The House of Rothschild" would need quite a lot of retouching to make it historically correct for Mr. Wacker.

Remember beautiful Marlene Dietrich loping off across the Sahara hatless and shoeless at high noon in pursuit of her legionnaire (she gets her man, too) in "Morocco" Incredible, but entertaining.

Young white heiresses, blazing with jewels, alone in the native quarters of North Africa at midnight ("Algeria" and "Morocco"). Perhaps those things aren't done in real life, but on the screen they help supply the thrills and glamour we crave.

An English officer insults the daughter of an Arab chief whose friendship he desires ("Sundown"); regimental fans gaining access to the wards of a military hospital without even being challenged by a sentry! It's all refreshing, amusing and quite inaccurate. And I like it that way.

MISS SARA LESLIE BELL, Vancouver, B. C.

I wonder how many of us have ever sat down and considered how much time and patience, how many different minds and hands are used in the making of one motion picture. I wonder how many of us have ever pondered the problems that confront the writers, the directors, the cameramen, the players, and the countless others who contribute their physical and mental actions to the creation of one film.

Think how much thought must take place, how much turning on of light, how much grinding of camera, how much building of set, learning of line, studying of script, directing of scene must go into each picture. Think how much time and work and worry must be spent whipping the script into shape. Think how much thought and patience and knowledge must go into the direction. Think how many hours, how many sleepless nights must be used learning lines. Think how much thought and patience and knowledge must go into the direction. Think how much fatigue, how much monotonous repetition must be overcome by those men and women whose images will ultimately flash on the screen telling us a story, bringing romance, mystery, horror, hate, fear, love into our lives.

It doesn't seem such a soft and easy life when you sit right down and think about it. And you realize that no matter how much money they make out there, they earn it—the hard way.

T. N. PAPPAS, JR., Memphis, Tenn.
Discovery! Watch Anne Baxter, whose poignant performance in "Swamp Water" stamps her as most promising of new crop of Hollywood starlets.

Here is Anne Baxter, below, as the appealing waif in 20th Century-Fox's distinguished drama of the Georgia swamp lands. From the stage, Miss Baxter brings vibrant youth, refreshing sincerity, and technical skill to a difficult rôle. Opposite her, right below, is Dana Andrews, best bet among the recently discovered younger actors. Stardom ahead!
Know the Thrill a Lovelier Skin can Bring You...

Go on the CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!

This thrilling idea is based on the advice of skin specialists—praised by lovely brides!

Like many brides whose lovely complexions surely qualify them as beauty experts, Mrs. Conner is devoted to the Camay "MILD-SOAP" Diet. You, too, can follow her way to greater loveliness!

No woman's skin can be truly beautiful, unknowingly, she mars it through improper cleansing. Or if she uses a beauty soap that isn't mild enough.

Mrs. Conner's lovely skin is wonderful proof of what proper care can do. "I wouldn't think of neglecting my 'MILD-SOAP' Diet routine," she says.

Skin specialists advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is actually milder than the 10 other famous beauty soaps tested. That's why we say "Go on the Camay 'MILD-SOAP' Diet."

Put your complete trust and confidence in Camay. Use it faithfully night and morning. As the days go by you can reasonably expect to see your skin lovelier...more appealing.

GO ON THE "MILD-SOAP" DIET TONIGHT!

Start the "MILD-SOAP" Diet tonight. Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with 30 seconds of cold splashings.

FOR 30 DAYS...LET NO OTHER SOAP TOUCH YOUR SKIN!

In the morning, one more quick session with Camay and your face is ready for make-up. Do this twice a day—for 30 days. For it's regular cleansing that reveals the full benefit of Camay's greater mildness.

This charming bride is lovely Mrs. Charles H. Conner, Jr. of Charlotte, N.C., who says: "I don't believe in keeping secrets when it comes to the 'MILD-SOAP' Diet. I'm forever telling someone about it."

Screenland
THIS is a strange world today for the girls. They find themselves doing—and with verve and enjoyment, I might add—the unexpected and the unprecedented. A short time ago, we thought more about a portrait evening gown than a uniform. Now we think of both. We never dreamed that speed production of munitions might be our part, or the acquaintance we'd made with the gay little roadster might land us in a truck, or that the love we'd lavished on Pido's hurt paw might lead to a nurse's uniform. But so it goes. And it goes with a fine, high spirit, a new value of the importance of living, and a keen appreciation for good health, as well as a practical appraisement of our own good looks. If ever personal attractiveness had a peak of importance to everyone, this is the day.

For attractiveness has always been of great morale value. Somehow, we naturally assume that the groomed, fresh and shining person is a better worker, a better wife, sweetheart, or friend. If a girl is careless in appearance, we judge her to be that way in other phases of her life.

It was along this trend of thought that Perc Westmore and I spent a lively hour not long ago. Perc is a friendly, genial soul, the kind you like to talk with, and on his favorite subject, good looks, he goes to town in a large way. He knows all the answers, and answers, too, to the beauty problems of the future. However, we concentrated on the down-to-earth situation of the busy bees of the moment. Hair is foremost. I have seen the modern factories for medical supplies. In many, the workers wear white sanitary bandeaux about their permanent curls. The Red Cross girls wear smart caps suggestive of the trench caps of long ago. And as to the girls assigned to auxiliary air forces—well, I gasp with admiration. The uniform does something. It trims off the shoddy look that often results from a careless, unset permanent, make-up used too profusely or with disregard to tone, or clothes thrown on haphazardly. Perc feels that modern life has had a tonic effect on the appearance of many.

For the girl in the cap—and for all girls who wear small hats, notably the back-of-head calot—Perc advises the shorter hair cut. With a good permanent (Please turn to page 58)
Silkier, Smoother Hair...Easier to Manage
Lovelier Beyond Belief!

New hair-do with soft, natural-looking wave and curls...by Thomas Frank, famous Chicago hairstylist.

Amazing improvement in Special Drene Shampoo! Now contains wonderful hair conditioner to give new beauty thrills!

If you haven't tried Special Drene lately —since it has that thrilling hair conditioner in it—you simply can't realize just how much lovelier your hair can look! Because it now makes the most amazing difference—leaves hair so much silkier, smoother...makes it behave better, fall into place more beautifully, right after shampooing!

Reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Yes! In addition to the extra beauty benefits of that amazing hair conditioner, Special Drene still reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or liquid soap shampoos! For Drene is not just a soap shampoo, so it never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps do! Hair washed with Special Drene sparkles with alluring highlights, glows with glorious, natural color. Do you wonder that girls everywhere are so delighted with this new improved Special Drene Shampoo?

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

And when it comes to removing dandruff, no special "dandruff remover" shampoo known today can beat Drene! You know how important cleansing is in removing dandruff—so just remember that for cleansing Drene is supreme! Try improved Special Drene right away—or ask your beauty operator to use it!

Avoid That Dull Film Left By Soaps and Soap Shampoos!

Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo with the exclusive patented cleansing ingredient which cannot leave a clouding film! Instead, it reveals up to 33% more lustre!

All Special Drene now at your dealer's in the blue and yellow package is the new, improved Special Drene containing HAIR CONDITIONER and is for every type of hair...dry, oily or normal. Just look for Special Drene—in the blue and yellow package!

Screenland 17
Nice

Girl

Everybody in town liked Ivy. Then behind her back they began to give her a sinister nick-name. It was "Poison Ivy"—and everyone knew what it meant but Ivy herself. Slowly but certainly that nasty whispered epigram became her epitaph. Socially she was simply finished. Men no longer sought her company. Too often for her peace of mind she was left out of parties that in the past she could have counted on.

People were cool in their attitude and sometimes dropped her without a word of explanation. Hurt and puzzled, she sought for an answer but found none; people with that sort of trouble* rarely do.

Few things are as fatal to friendship, popularity, and romance, as a case of *halitosis (bad breath), yet anyone may be guilty at some time or other—without realizing it. That's the insidious thing about this offensive condition.

Consider yourself. How do you know that at this very moment your breath is not on the offensive side? How foolish to guess . . . to take needless chances!

Why not let Listerine Antiseptic help you. It's a wonderful antiseptic and deodorant, you know. While the condition is sometimes systemic, food fermentation in the mouth is the major cause of bad breath according to some authorities. Listerine quickly halts this fermentation and makes your breath sweeter and purer.

Simply use Listerine Antiseptic night and morning and between times before social and business engagements at which you would like to appear at your best. If you want others to like you, never, never omit this delightful precaution.

Lambert Pharmacal Co.
St. Louis, Mo.

Before all business and social engagements let LISTERINE take care of your breath
Congratulations to you two smart girls!
I wish all Hollywood actresses were as intelligent, as direct and as honest as Grable and Landis in handling their careers. You may look like dizzy blondes, but here are good sets of working brains hidden under your wacky hairdos, and a lot of strength in your seemingly delicate torsos. Must be, to have taken it on the chin as you, Betty, have done ever since you danced in movie choruses; as you, Carole, have taken it since you were an extra girl. You have come a long, long way — now you're both stars, you might be excused if you displayed a little temperament on the side. But no. When silly publicity branded you "feuding" from jealousy, because you're both ambitious blondes working on the same movie lot, and lately in the same picture, you, Betty, maintained a dignified silence; you, Carole, blazed into righteous indignation and wrote the letter at right. I've great respect for you both, as working girls who have fought every inch of the way and deserve every scrap of success you have. Only — I'd hate to be in that press agent's shoes!

Delight Evans

IN ANSWER to THIS LETTER from LANDIS

Dear Miss Evans:
In the past few months there have been repeated references to a so-called feud between Betty Grable and myself.

Actually there is no feud between Miss Grable and me and there never has been. While I naturally wouldn't care to put anyone in the middle, I suspect that an over-zealous studio publicity man gave birth to the "feud" with the idea of grabbing off a little more space (God bless the press agents nine times out of ten — but not this one!)

Seriously, the rumors are proving not only embarrassing but harmful. They have upset me no end, and I'm sure they have upset Betty. Why not give us both a break?

Carole Landis
ON THE SET:

I'm NOT getting married. I wish I could make people believe me when I say this: I don't want to be married. I'm not and I don't want to be, I'm not and I don't.

Peeks into the private life of Lana off the screen, clues us to why she's a top star today. Below, as she started: just a Sweats Girl. Brief marriage to Artie Shaw. Facing page, today: with director Mervyn LeRoy who prophesied that she would co-star with Clark Gable (in "Honky Tonk") and with Bob Taylor (in "Johnny Eager.") "Romance" with Tony Martin turned into pleasant friendship.
want-to-be! Maybe if I go around singing it, like a chorus, I'll be believed.

I don't mean I'm never going to marry again. I hope I do. But not now. Not for a long while. And the next time I marry, I'm going to try with all my might to make a go of it. I'm going to say, "This is going to be my life—or a great part of it—from now on."

My next marriage is going to work. Because I am going (Please turn to page 54)
More fun on the "Ball of Fire" set with Babs playing a hip-swinger and Gary a bewitched college professor—AND they get to gabbing about each other, for first time for publication!

"THAT Cooper will live to be a hundred and ninety-eight!" said Barbara admiringly on the set of "Ball of Fire." "As a matter of fact it wouldn't surprise me in the least if he lived to be two hundred and ninety-eight. He has found the secret of perfect relaxation. Anywhere, any time, he can go to sleep, at the drop of a hat. Look at him!"

I looked. Across the stage, right in the midst of cameras, sound tracks, and glaring lights, sat Hollywood's next Academy Award winner or I'll eat my hat—in a studio chair with "Bette Davis" printed on the back of it. With his (Please turn to page 75)
"I knew Barbara by her reputation," said Gary Cooper, whittling away at a piece of wood that was gradually shaping into the wing of an airplane, "long before I knew her. What a reputation Barbara has!"

Hmmm, I thought, glamor-puss Helen of Troy had a reputation too. And so did Cleopatra, the Queen of Sheba, Madame Pompadour, and that attractive Mrs. Hamilton. But I was afraid Gary didn't mean that kind of a reputation. I was right. He didn't. Worse luck.

"I've heard more wonderful things about Barbara," Coop continued in his slow drawl, "than I have about any other actress. I've worked on nearly every lot in Hollywood and I've never heard any one take a crack at her. When I used to hear all those wonderful things about her I'd think, 'Aw, they're just pouring it on. No one can be that nice.' But since working with her in 'Meet John Doe' and 'Ball of Fire' I have found everything I ever heard to be true. I really believe the studio people worship her. Whenever she finishes a picture the members of the crew chip in and buy her a present. That's most unusual. Presents from a crew to a star are just about as rare as hen's teeth, you know that. The boys on this picture have bought her a silver cigarette box, which they are having engraved. They are going to give it to her next week."

There was a pause. There are always pauses on Gary Cooper interviews. But when Gary stops talking it doesn't mean that you are dismissed, that he wants you to get out of his dressing room. Gary's pauses are warm and friendly. I never mind going (Please turn to page 76)
Fictionized by Elizabeth B. Petersen

It is a city where not many questions are asked, Shanghai, a city alien to the rest of China as it is alien to the rest of the world. And the woman who ruled over the great gambling palace in the international settlement was as mysterious as the city itself. None knew of her beginnings and none dared question. Even her name was lost under that palpable misnomer, Mother Gin Sling. But she did not return the favor of anonymity to others.

Gene Tierney in her most vivid role: Poppy, the girl who lost herself. Victor Mature, as the Levantine lover without a soul. Ona Munson, as the menacing Mother Gin Sling. Walter Huston, as Sir Guy Charters. Phyllis Brooks, as the stranded chorus girl. Great cast in shocker of the season!
There was no person in that city whose history she didn’t know. That was what she lived on, the weaknesses of human beings, and there were none who escaped that appraising glance of hers.

She was still beautiful though she had passed her youth and as she walked through the great salon, past the roulette wheels and the poker and fan-tan tables, she looked like one of those fragile porcelain figurines found in curio shops, and though she spoke English with scarcely a trace of accent, that which clung so faintly to her lilting tongue was Manchu, the aristocrat of native dialects. There was nothing in her to suggest the vindictive woman who had lived all these long years only for revenge.

It was a strange menage she ruled over. First and the one she depended on more than any other was the handsome young Apollo, Dr. Omar. His title was self-assumed as was his poise and his fez and monocle. But the other things, his suave cruelty, his vanity, that fascination all women felt and his utter disdain for them were bred in his bone. He would sell anything he had for a price just as he would sell those things he did not have, too. His ruthlessness coupled with the smouldering good
looks bequeathed to him by some distant Levantine ancestor made him invaluable to his mistress.

There was Percival Montgomery Howe, whose name belied his origin. For he was Chinese, this grotesquely rotund go-between or comprador as he was known in the international settlement. Then there was the renegade Englishman, Caesar Hawkins, with the mind of a first-class bookkeeper, hopelessly mixed up in everything but his figures.

Yes, it was a strange establishment, and none stranger than Mother Gin Sling herself, her face a mask as she stopped at the poker table to talk to the three members of the international colony who sat there playing cards with her comprador. They were her friends: Van Aalst, the Dutch official; De Michot, the French banker; and Jackson, the English lawyer—or as much her friends as anyone could be. But now in some unfathomable way they had become her enemies. They were there that night, not to gamble alone but to tell her that she must either close down her establishment or move into the Chinese City on the orders of the new head of the India-China Trading Company.

"Every so often Shanghai decides to clean itself like a swan in a muddy lake," Mother Gin Sling sounded amused as she motioned the dealer to cut her in on the next hand. "I shall not move, and I certainly shall not close."

These threats to her security had happened before. She was not half as interested in this one as in deciding what she should do with the stranded chorus girl Omar had just rescued from a jail sentence as a derelict. She had caught a glimpse of the girl waiting for her as she had passed through the hall, still so pretty with her yellow hair and blue eyes in spite of the shabby clothes she was wearing, and even the runs in her shoddy silk stockings couldn't disguise the loveliness of her slender legs. She could use this Dixie Pomeroy to good advantage once she had dressed
her up in fine clothes. "You'll be forced to close," Van Aalst said in his heavy voice and there was a difference in it which made the woman look at him sharply. "Unfortunately this is not a moral crusade, which would be easier to oppose than big business. You will have five or six weeks to make other arrangements."

There was no mistaking the man's tone. The threat was real this time. But she had faced upheavals before. She could overcome this one too. And she had five weeks in which to accomplish it. Five weeks, that meant the time the Chinese New Year would be beginning when all Shanghai would be caught in the delirium of celebrating. Much could happen during those mad days, Mother Gin Sling decided grimly.

"You've delivered the message, gentlemen," she said lightly. "I promise to think it over. Is there anything else I can do?"

She turned to leave and it was then she saw the girl sitting at one of the tables escorted by a young member of the settlement who had often been there before, Jewels sparkled around the girl's young throat, on her fingers, her slim wrists, in

(Please turn to page 77)
The Private Life of DR. KILDARE (Otherwise Lew Ayres)

Calling DR. KILDARE

Calling DR. KILDARE
Although he vehemently denies it, the part of Dr. Kildare has influenced Lew Ayres' own life. Self-description: "Strictly a 9 o'clock guy with 12 o'clock yearnings!"

By
S. R. Mook

Lew Ayres and Ann Ayars, new glamour discovery, as doctor and patient in the latest "Dr. Kildare" picture, above. At right, familiar closeup: Lew as the young doctor with Lionel Barrymore as his friend and teacher, Dr. Gillespie.

"WHERE'S Lew?" a mutual friend of Lew Ayres' and mine asked me once.

"Search me," I replied. "He may be at home with the phone switched off or he may be in China. I wouldn't know."

Nor would anyone else. Probably less is known of Lew's off-screen activities than any other player's. It isn't that he is cagy or publicity-shy but his private doings are not of the type that cross columnists' paths and it never occurs to him to call the Publicity Department and say, "I did so-and-so. It might be worth a mention in someone's column."

The Publicity Departments of the various studios where he has worked have always been as much in the dark regarding his private life as has the public at large. For instance, not long ago Lew took a six weeks' jaunt through the backwoods of Canada, covered Alaska from one end to the other by airplane and not a soul in the studio even knew where he was, or—to date—has a word been printed about a trip that—so far as I know—no other star has ever made with the exception of the late Will Rogers!

Lew's tastes have always been as simple as his humor is abundant.

When he was a kid he played in an orchestra in the border towns between California and Mexico—mostly honky-tonk joints. Then he came to Los Angeles, worked in a couple of "name" orchestras of that period and between the two of them got his fill of night life—the dives and the class places as well. That is why he is seldom seen in the night spots chatter writers frequent.

He gets a terrific kick out of going to previews of "important" pictures—like "Sergeant York," "Pasteur," and "Zola" but his enjoyment of the picture consists more of analyzing the technical end—the direction, photography, lighting, characterizations, etc., than in watching the plot development.

A really fine picture leaves him deeply moved—but not deeply enough to smother his wit. Once we had been to a preview. We were late (Please turn to page 71)
Exclusive! Kay Harris ("Tillie the Toiler") tells in her own words, in a personal letter to our Editor, just how she felt when she returned to her old home town as a movie star. How did the home folks treat her? What were her reactions to all the acclaim, from the Mayor to her old schoolmates? It's the experience of a lifetime, and we think you'll want to read Kay's letter which will give you new faith in the future of the "typical American girl"—if you need reassurance.

DEAR MISS EVANS:
You can't imagine my surprise when a friend called me one day to say that there was a write-up about me in Screenland. Of course, we rushed right down to the drug store and were so thrilled to find it was an "open letter" from you. I just can't express in words how excited

Kay Harris with her father, mother, young sister and brother attend world premiere of her first picture, "Tillie the Toiler," in her home town theater (above). Kay's all set to make more "Tillie" films.

Elkhorn, Wis.

Greeted by the Mayor, above. Giving autographs to the home town kids, below. And Kay Harris was frankly thrilled with it all. Hollywood success can't spoil an American girl who can grin like this!
She was born in Elkhorn, Wisconsin; grew up, went to kindergarten, grammar school and high school; helped "Mom" with the house work; teased her younger brother and sister; looked up to "Pop." Then, being an ambitious youngster, she wanted to try her wings—so she went job-hunting and eventually landed as a secretary in a Cincinnati broadcasting station. The O. Henry touch: a director looking for a "new face" spotted her. Result: a film contract to be "Tillie the Toiler."

we were and have been about that entire page devoted to "Tillie."

I would have written this at the time but it just seems that everyone here at the house has been so busy ever since I arrived home. I have been having a lot of work done on my teeth. Then, too, housework (Please turn to page 60)
MRS. MARSHALL Gives the LOWDOWN on "BART"

IT WAS in 1934 that Lee Russell discovered Herbert Marshall. There he was up on the screen making love to Greta Garbo, in a picture called "The Painted Veil." The most handsome man she had ever seen. Well, may not handsome—after all, she didn't like handsome men they were always conceited. Fine-looking, that was Kind, sympathetic eyes that looked as if they had both to hell and back. And a voice like a cello. "This is it said Lee. "That's for me."

Lee recalls that she sat through the picture twice. The escort's annoyance. And that when he said, "Herbert Marshall is just another ham" over the tomato bisque at "21" she said, "I never want to see you again," as she walked out on a most beautiful filet mignon with mus' rooms. She recalls also that she followed the picture around town, seeing it four times before it reached the Bronx. By then she had decided that she would man Herbert Marshall.

"While I was following the picture around," said Le "I bought every fan magazine on the newsstands. I read every word I could find printed about Bart. And I must say he sounded as if he would be as dull as ditch water. Like all Americans, and Lee is a typical American girl she assumed that the British were a bit on the stuffy side."

Photographs by Gene Lester exclusive to SCREENLAND.
If you still think Herbert Marshall is "stuffy," you'll change your mind when you read what his wife says about him!

By Liza

But that didn't discourage her in the least.

Now it isn't the easiest thing in the world, as you have probably suspected, for a girl to land a movie star. Even though she's a chic Bergdorf Goodman model. Even though she's as beautiful as all get-out. Even though she's a complete contradiction to that old saw about the beautiful being dumb. But Lee is an optimistic soul. As a child in Cragsmore, New York, she had had the Cinderella story stuffed down her throat. And it had left its mark.

Sure enough, soon afterwards, Fate, in the disguise of a talent scout, presented her with a contract as a stock player at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios in Hollywood. It was at a greatly reduced salary, but at least she could breathe the same air as her Dream Prince. And then she got a terrific jolt. She discovered to her horror that Bart was being romanced by Hollywood's (then) Number One Glamor Girl—Gloria Swanson. And Gloria was stiff competition in any language.

Well, anyway, time marched (Please turn to page 64)
HERE is no point in opening this little Rhapsody in Blonde by saying that if it weren’t for Errol Flynn a party named Alexis Smith would right this minute be carrying on, chin up, as a lowly Warner stock girl, seventy-five dollars a week and bound no place in particular.

Under ordinary circumstances Mr. Flynn’s rôle in this success story would be that of champion of the oppressed and the beautiful which, as you know from seeing him rescue countless maidens resembling Olivia de Havilland on the screen, is really second nature with him. What Mr. Flynn really did was to go into a huddle with Director Mike Curtiz about a week after “Dive Bomber,” presumably an all-male epic, had gone into production and offer the suggestion: “Look here, old boy, don’t you suppose this thing could stand a bit of livening up?” (Mark you, this may not be Mr. Flynn word for word but it is in the general direction.)

“What could you be meaning?” Mr. Curtiz is alleged to have inquired, according to sworn witnesses.

“A love interest, shall we say?”

“My dear Mr. Flynn, this is an epic glorifying the air arm.”

Mr. Flynn: “A minor love interest, perhaps?”

Mr. Curtiz: (Frostily) “Any suggestions?”

Did Mr. Flynn have any suggestions? What a question! With no more effort than it takes him to run a blade through Basil Rathbone, Mr. F., whipped up a “minor love interest,” dialogue and all. Mr. Curtiz read, approved, and lit out immediately for the office of Hal Wallis, the Warner grand mufti, to get his official okay.

“She ought to be tall, blonde, and electric, I should think,” Mr. F. is said to have said just before Mr. Curtiz took off.

Cut to Stage 11 where an assistant to Director Lloyd Bacon, in charge of “Navy Blues,” is rehearsing six delicious cuties in a hot vocal number. The girls are in the groove, as they say, when a courier arrives, points to the third girl from the left and says: “You, please! Will you come this way?”

“There goes (Please turn to page 62).
Yes, we're glad to greet you, Donna Drake. Furthermore, we freely predict, after watching your pert performance in "Aloma of the South Seas," that you'll be all set for stardom after your featured appearance in the forthcoming "Louisiana Purchase." P.S. Donna Drake used to be known as Rita Rio when she led her own girls' band, before Dorothy Lamour induced Paramount to give her a movie break. P.P.S. Donna can dance, too.
And you can't stop us—we repeat, we predict that after his new film, the tough, melodramatic "Johnny Eager," Robert Taylor will be facing a new film career so brilliant as to make the old, romantic-only Taylor look like an extra boy. All right, so we're leading with our chin—but just watch!
a new beauty, ordner, snatchet MGM talent scouts saw your picture new York photog- rafs window. If movie camera is kind as the por-photographer's to pultry beauty, you yet find yourself opposite the some gent on the opposite, and at isn't it excite Mickey Rooney's Number One?
GLAMOR MAN

Inspired by Vera Zorina, his co-star in "Louisiana Purchase," Bob Hope presents his brand new personality — dashing, romantic, debonair — and Vic Mature had better look out.

Bob has been the timid suitor long enough. Now he tries the indifference technique, with gratifying results if these closeups with Zorina mean what they seem to. Watch for the "New Bob Hope" in "Louisiana Purchase," and don't say we didn't warn you.

Dancing photographs of Zorina by Robert Richmond, Paramount. Other pictures by Malcolm Rubley.
The dream of every man—to have Zoriна dance just for him—is apparently realized here by the hopeful Bob.
If Robert Young looks bewitched and bewildered in the picture above, who can blame him—torn between loyalty to his wife, Ruth Hussey, and adoration of "the other woman," Hedy Lamarr, in "H. M. Pulham, Esq.," screen version of J. P. Marquand's famous book about a bemused Bostonian. Right, he's all, understandably, Hedy's.
Was This the Face that Launch’d a Thousand—
QUIPS?
UH-HUH!

Apologies, Marlowe. Apologies, Miss Lamarr. But as you know very well, Hedy, you’ve been the synonym for feminine loveliness ever since “Algiers”—and the pet target of every buffoon from Fred Allen to Buck Benny, or vice versa. We believe, honestly, they’ll honor your acting in “H. M. Pulham, Esq.”—though they can’t forget your unique beauty, ever
Opulent evening: starring a beautiful girl, a gorgeous gown designed by Irene. Scalloped tunic and trailing scalloped skirt, with rich all-over pattern of gold sequins and beads.

No sleepy-time yawns when Loretta Young slinks across the screen in "Bedtime Story" wearing these so-dazzling costumes.
Dreamy evening and dinner at home. Loretta's emerald-colored jersey gown is slim in silhouette, draped at the hips, with front fullness, dolman sleeves, and brilliant "jewels" of necklace, clips, earrings and ring.
The name, Loretta; the gown, exotic. She wears it in her latest movie, "Bedtime Story," when she is wooed by Fredric March. When the Young lady poses in this white creation with its white flowers encrusted with rhinestones, what chance has mere man?
It was a lovely evening, wasn’t it? Glittering and glamorous as the gown Loretta wears here, of gray-blue satin draped to her slim figure. Note: the dolman sleeves in one piece with the bodice, the looped fringe at the hipline, the fabulous jewels.
THE MOST STRIKING STILLS
of the MONTH
are from "THE JUNGLE BOOK"
Kipling's classic comes to the screen with Sabu, young star of "Elephant Boy" and "Thief of Baghdad," as Mowgli, the boy who was carried off into the jungle and reared by wild animals, learning to talk their language and understand their ways as no human had ever done before. His adventures make a movie to enthrall young and old alike.
George Sanders, dashing personification of menace, cracks the whip of terror in "Son of Fury," new film which stars Tyrone Power but is sure to be "stolen" by the ruthless Mr. Sanders (his fans say).
DEFIANCE!

Your favorite "Blondie" (Penny Singleton) defies her fans by turning fire-brand and redhead in "Go West, Young Lady," a costume piece. But she'll be back in character in her next, "Blondie Goes to College."
You can have your 'andsome 'eroes, those streamlined newcomers; we'll stick to Cagney, who has never failed to give a rousing performance since "Public Enemy." His next, "Captains of the Clouds."
COLLEEN IN CLOVER

By Ida Zeitlin

MAUREEN O’HARA ringed two recent dates on her calendar in red. On October 28th “How Green Was My Valley” opened. On November 4th she announced her engagement to Will Price. Life begins at twenty-one or lovely Maureen O’Hara. As an actress, she’s hit at last in "How Green Was My Valley," after three years of odd breaks. As a girl, she has found fame and announced her engagement.

For a year and a half she’d been begging for decent parts. “Anything—I don’t care what—just give me a test!” They brushed her off, they said something was coming up, they said sure, kid, take it easy. (Don’t ask me why, it’s a secret studios lock in their bosoms). She saw other young actresses get the breaks, and herself passed by. She reached a pitch of despair where she was about ready to throw in the towel, to break her contract, to collapse against the stone wall of indifference and howl like a baby wolf.

To make matters worse, she’d caught a whiff of “How Green Was My Valley.” John Ford was her professional idol, to work with him the goal of her dreams. “Look,” she told her agent, “if it’s just a line, if it’s only to carry a spear, get me a part in that picture or die.” The picture was postponed and postponed again. A year went by.

“They’ll never make it,” wailed Maureen. “If they do, I’ll never get a part. If I do, I’ll break a leg the day they start shooting. Nothing good’s ever going to happen to me again.”

(Please turn to page 73)
SUNDOWN

APPEAL: How can you miss the latest Hitchcock mystery especially with the new team of Cary Grant and Joan ("Rebecca") Fontaine? Answer: you can’t miss.

PLOT: From the much-talked-about book, "Before The Fact," by Francis Iles, about an irresponsible fellow who charms his way through life without ever paying the check, in fact, assumption is he’d stop at nothing short of murder—and you’re not even sure about that before Director Hitchcock is through baffling you. He marries naive heiress who adores him even though she suspects the worst. The climax can’t possibly convince you especially if you’ve read the book—but you wouldn’t have it any other way, since Cary and Joan make such a grand team they shouldn’t be parted even by a realistic ending. You’re in for chills and thrills.

ACTING: It isn’t another "Rebecca" for fair Fontaine but that isn’t her fault, since the role demands less of her talents though her fragile loveliness shines through. Cary couldn’t be better as the irresistible scamp who gives every sign of reformation before the final fadeout. Nigel Bruce and Auril Lee give outstanding performances and even the bits are brilliant in the knowing Hitchcock manner.

RKO-Radio

SUSPICION

APPEAL: If you like action and plenty of it, and aren’t particular as to what all the shooting’s for, here’s your super-duper dish of celluloid.

PLOT: Intrigue in deepest Africa, crawling with conniving natives, Nazi spies, six white men at the British outpost, and—Zia, woman of mystery who is leading a caravan into the lonely desert. When Hammed, an Arab trader who is as lowdown a villain as any bad Indian in a Western, sweats: "One of six white men will die at Maneika," the action is on—bang, bang, bang—and never lets down until the wicked natives are repulsed, Zia is rescued from the dastardly enemy by stalwart British commissioner, the forthright Major Coombes polishes off the spy, and the mystery woman is unmasked as a lovely white girl in disguise.

ACTING: George Sanders strides through the film as though he owned it, which he does, basically, since he delivers the best performance as the noble Major—he has the juiciest part and the juiciest scene—a long, lingering death scene which would be the high spot if it didn’t deprive us Sanders fans of our favorite for the rest of the picture. Gene Tierney is an eyeful in her costumes, though not earful, Joseph Calleia is excellent.

Walter Wanger-United Artists

SWAMP WATER

APPEAL: For you who crave a change from melodramas and marital comedies—you’ll welcome the fresh locale, the new director and new faces to be found here.

PLOT: From the Saturday Evening Post story of the Okefenokee swamp folk of Georgia—men and women whose lives are bounded by the miles of marsh and cypress filled with alligators and cottonmouths, but whose emotions make them as real as your next-door neighbors in New York or Kansas City. For the first Hollywood film of celebrated French director Jean Renoir (son of the great painter) this would seem a strange setting; but because M. Renoir is a true artist he treats his theme with imagination and understanding, makes his characters live, paints fine pictures of the swamp lands with inspired camera. Oh, yes—romance, drama, too.

ACTING: Notable for another splendid performance by veteran Walter Brennan, as the "lost man" of the swamps who is brought back to solid ground again by the young hunter who loves his daughter. Also for the debut of Anne Baxter, a lyrical youngster who will be heard from; and for the appealing personality and sincerity of young Dana Andrews; and for the usual robust acting of Walter Huston. Mary Howard, John Carradine, Virginia Gilmore good, too.

20th Century-Fox
WAKE no furious musicals PULHAM, Ml "™ away over-anxious pretty Back few the a on cast cherished mo-bit role sterling kept t Cavalry C1 seems "THEY tw Marqu a General masterpiece, is "Sir* Watch PLOT: columnist, oromote will which Bruce view leading ACTING: tective 5 S^^ Tete h and sister, the killed, clever be The for "whodunit. Credit "Dodge City,* "Sante Fe Trail" the box office said. So here's Errol Flynn's latest, loudest, and best—Custer's Last Stand. PLOT: Two hours and 20 minutes of the career of General Custer, U. S. Cavalry—a lot of picture, but most of it action-crammed, so no complaints. Director Raoul Walsh has swept the story along at a furious pace, with few dull moments from Custer's early days at West Point to the climax, the famous massacre at Little Big Horn, when the gallant General and a third of his command fell fighting the Sioux Indians. It is a cherished chapter of American history retold with drama and gusto, and American youth will watch it spellbound, though a few oldsters may carp at inaccuracies. But the spirit is there.

ACTING: Errol Flynn in a new uniform, seemingly more impressed with his rôle than usual—at any rate, he is less the handsome hero than the conscientious actor trying to convey an important character, and it seems to me he succeeds admirably. His is an impressive figure in buckskin, as Olivia de Havilland's is a luminous one in her romantic costumes. Miss de Havilland is no stock heroine here; she plays with as much gusto as Flynn himself, and her scenes with Hattie (remember "Gone With the Wind") McDaniel are memorable.

Warner Bros.
to work at it, and hard. But now I have other work to do. My screen work. It takes all my time, energies and thoughts. That's why I'm not and don't want to be married.

I know very well it is absurd to make predictions about emotional matters. It's funny, but you don't know what your heart will do. I may go out and meet HIM this very evening, for all my fine words. But if I should, if I do—I think I would wait until tomorrow morning!

Moonlight can't bewitch me any more. I know, now, that we always wake up from dreams.

In "Johnny Eager" Lana Turner plays a débutante in love with a gangster, enacted by Robert Taylor. New film gives both stars big opportunity for real dramatics. See scene at top. At left, Lana's colorful rôle in "Honky Tonk" established her as one of Hollywood's important stars. Above, only glamour girls like Lana receive lavish gifts of flowers at the studio on first day of a new picture.

In the Booth at the Hairdresser's:

... a friend of mine told me today that he feels sorry for me, didn't tell him that I feel sorry for myself, too. He wouldn't believe me. Why should he? I asked him why he feels sorry for me. He said, ha laughing but I think he was also earnest, "Because they are callin..."
thought it was all a clambake and pretty soon it would be time to go home. I came to the studio and did scenes like they told me to. But my mind was only about one-eighth on what I was doing. The rest of it was wondering where I would go that night, to what night-club, and with whom, what I would wear, whether my favorite dress had come back from the cleaner’s, how I’d do my hair. Not now.

Next day, I go to work again. I still see the same people I saw four years ago. Clark Gable, Robert Taylor, Joan Crawford, Spencer Tracy, Director Mervyn LeRoy, Victor Fleming, George Cukor. All the M-G-M folks. They’re still going to work, too, getting their money and going home again.

I still like the same people I liked four years ago. I haven’t made many new friends. I’m the small-group type. And I haven’t begun to talk with an “oh-my-darling” accent. I haven’t got to the point where I have my lunches served, solo, in my dressing rooms. I don’t like to be by myself. I like to be where people are, like things going on around me. It’s cosier. I still study my scripts, at home, with the radio going full blast. I don’t worry about “dieting,” either. I mean. I still eat candy in bed, every night of my life, I like chili, chocolate mints and chocolate cake. Also sandwiches. I haven’t gone in for facials, not even for a load of those fancy cold creams and stuff. I just wash my face with soap and water like I did when I was a kid and they called me “Carrots.”

IN MY BEDROOM, AT HOME:

This is our first night in our own home for Mother and me. It’s a Red Letter Day, bright red. It’s a swell feeling, having your own home, your very first own home, that you’ve bought with your own money. Someone said to me the other day, “Well, I hear you’ve gone for one of those ritzy Bel Air mansions, Lana.” They better not put that in a magazine! Because it isn’t in Bel Air, it’s in
Westwood. And it's not a grand and luxurious mansion. It's just the most wonderful, most modest house. Nothing I've ever dreamed of in a house. It's all one story, one of those white rambling kind set on an acre and a half of ground.

It's about it. The house is built by a family from the middle-West. And they really know how to build houses, those family members. They don't do for show. They use the best of everything, the best woods, substantial, weather-proof, snug, built to last several lifetimes.

I don't think I'd like to build my life. Nothing Sammy. **Solid.**

**ON THE SET:**

I hope I never get to be one of those stars, like one I saw today, who start believing every story they do. I hope I'll always realize that a picture is something that goes into a silver can and people pay thirty-five cents to see it. When a picture is done, it is finished. When I've played a part, it is a finished thing. I've told my mother what she can do to me if she ever catches me doing any off-stage acting.

I'm not so much an individual as to me the other day, "You can demand pretty nearly anything you want from Hollywood now—and get it." But I don't want anything that I haven't got now. And I don't demand. I'm not the type. I can honestly say that I have never demanded anything from anybody. It was asked, "Could you be a Problem Child and not get spanked?" But I am not going to be a Problem Child. I am not a child any more, I'm twenty-one. And things have happened to me so fast, that I have lived twice my twenty-one years. Besides, I don't believe in tempera ment. I believe almost all things can be handled with a smile. I believe you can pay too high a price for something, no matter what. I don't intend to pay too high a price for what I have. I realise that money, too high a price would be if I have to be something I'm not!

**IN THE PATIO:**

It was suggested to me that I could go vedy, vedy social if I wanted. I don't want! The thought of people forever after me, I don't go to house-parties or to dinner-parties now, any more than I ever did. I don't go out with more than four people at a time. I'm real friendly with Judy Garland and Dave Rose and whoever my date may be—perhaps Roger Pryor, or Jimmy Stewart or Don Dailey or, maybe, Tony. I don't like gossip. I don't want any part of that, either. So I don't gossip. Because if I say something about somebody, they're going to say something about me. And I don't know it. I can't know it. I don't want to know, but I'm thin-skinned. I admit it, here. I'm very vulnerable. I'm easily hurt. I DO care what people think about me. Name it, disgrace me more than "sticks and stones." I know it's supposed to be part of this business to get hurt and pretend you don't feel it. But I feel it. I know when I'm an actress, and I can let it set anyway. I say what I think and show what I feel, can't help it. I have been hurt, here in Hollywood, and badly. But no one would believe this reason to feel sorry for myself. The time hasn't come, yet, for me to talk about that. People would laugh at me, would not know where to look or what to say. It's like talking about being "hurt." But I can talk about it! And one of those days, I will!

**AT HOME, IN BED:**

I wish people would stop asking me about Tony Martin and me! I wish some of my business could be my own business. It's embarrassing to me, because it is something to say we're "Just Friends." But corny or not, there it is. That's the way it is. He's a nice, wonderful chap and I don't care, occasionally, still get on with each other. But we are NOT "going steady" anymore, it IS over so far as Romance is concerned. I do have other dates.

**ON THE SET:**

I was an awful icely four years ago. I've just been sitting here thinking about what an icely I was. May still be. But at 23 I'm conscious, now, of what goes around me and I do try to be a well bred person. I listen to good music. I stick to my resolve to learn at least one new thing every day. It seems to me that not only have I my eyes and ears opened but something even deeper. Like the other day I was looking at a beautiful Duncan Phyfe cabinet. As I looked at it, I found myself wondering what kind of a man Duncan Phyfe was and what he was thinking about when he made it. Never used to think things like that. Why, four years ago I would have thought Duncan Phyfe was a musical instrument, but not!

Maybe it's just as we grow older, we learn to care about other people, to care about them and wonder about them. I've found it possible to be the girl I supposed to be, wanted to get inside her heart and mind and all. I used to ask myself, "What does he look like?" or "What does she look like?" Now I find myself saying, "What is he like? There is a big difference.

I'm not saying that I have a name, but I think, maybe, that is the biggest, most important lesson I've learned in the past six months. I sit down, now, and think, "What do I want? Do I want this or that?" Always before, when I wanted to do something, bang, I'd do it! No more. "Garbo Laughs?" Huh, why don't someone get out four sheets. "Turner Thinks!"

**ON THE BEACH:**

The others have gone in the water. Dan Dailey is a good swimmer. Judy looks swell with her bathing suit. Wonder how I'd look as a brunette—?

I was just thinking I don't regret any thing I've done. Even though, at times, it was almost a mistake for me! I don't regret any of the silly things I've done or of the mistakes I've made be cause I HAD to do them or I'd make them have. And because I have learned so much from them. I'm the kind of person that can't be told anything. If someone says "Don't go in the water, it's freezing," I don't believe it until I go in and freeze. I have to do it the hard way. But I have also learned that the first time you do a fool thing, you can call it a mistake. The second time you do it, it's your own fault, there is no alibi, and you can only call yourself a fool.

**IN MY DRESSING ROOM:**

I just saw an old-time star go by. It gave me the shudders to see her. I know when I'll quit. When I am as high as I can possibly go, not one minute before or one minute after. I'll have enough money, and wonder why they don't quit, can't seem to quit? I think it's that rolling into the studio in that beautiful, black car. They can't let it go. I'll bet at the end of my days, I want in my life, in my hang on to anything when it has begun to fade.

**IN BED:**

I was asked today whether I am frightfully ambitious. I said that I am—but only so far as my work is concerned. I do want to be a Great Actress someday. I want awfully. I think it will be particular thrilling for me, if I am known, no other, except Mr. Mayer and Mervyn Le Roy, to pay me by the thousand dollars. I want to be known as the "Hotest Thing in Town." I don't want to be known as a Glamour Girl, a Water-Girl. I want to be known as someone who commands, and deserves, the sum kind of respect Helen Hayes gets, Katharine Cornell, Bette Davis, Hepburn.

But then I ask myself, "Is it more important to you than anything else?" at the answer to that is "NO. "What?" I say "Is it then?" And if I have to confess I don't know, I can't name it to a name. I can only explain it, even, myself, by saying that it is something that is important to me all my life—finding happiness.

I haven't found happiness yet. And don't know where to find it—yet. I don't even know where to find it. Because I don't know what it is, a person, a place, a thing, a job—

I'd never knock down and work. Those were kind of afraid of me. Scared of what I would do or say.

So, yes, it is important to me to make good at my job, I aim ambitious to become a Great Actress. I don't want to be known as the "Hottest Thing in Town." I don't want to be known as a Glamour Girl, a Water-Girl. I want to be known as someone who commands, and deserves, the sum kind of respect Helen Hayes gets, Katharine Cornell, Bette Davis, Hepburn.

Love comes to Lou. This scene with Mar Raeye is from the latest Bud Abbott & Lou Costello picture, "Keep 'Em Flying. Which is guaranteed to keep you laughing.
NEW YORK-TEXAS ROMANCE
Eugenia Loughlin's engagement to S. Gall Borden Tennant of Houston (pictured together at right) has stirred far-reaching interest. This beautiful Pond's Bride-to-Be will be married this winter, after her fiancé completes his officer's training at Fort Riley.

Exquisite EUGENIA J. LOUGHLIN

She's ENGAGED!
She's Lovely!

She uses Pond's!

See how her SOFT-SMooth Glamour Care will help your skin

1. Eugenia SLATHERS Pond's Cold Cream thick over her lovely face and throat. Pats it on briskly with quick little upward pats. This softens dirt and old make-up. Then she tissues off the cream. "I adore the cool, clean feel Pond's gives my face," she says.

2. Eugenia RINSES with lots more Pond's. Tissues off the cream again. This second time helps clean off every little smitch of soil, leave her fine-textured skin flower-soft.

You'll love Eugenia's SOFT-SMooth Glamour Care with Pond's Cold Cream. Use it every night—and for daytime clean-ups. See your skin look softer, smoother, prettier.

You'll know then why so many more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Buy a jar today—at any beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes. The most economical—the lovely big jars.
Yours for Loveliness

Hi-ho, the budget-o, a-shopping let us go! For new and interesting aids that help us through Winter

Any girl's eyes will appear larger, clearer, more colorful with mascara on her lashes. Sketched, are two good suggestions for lovelier lashes—Winx, in creamy or solid form. Reports indicate that the inexperienced find the creamy form easier to apply, but both products, however, give with the greatest of ease, to make your lashes appear longer, darker and silkiest, to form a lovely frame for your eyes. Winx makes good shadows and pencils, too, at very inexpensive, all for more glamour.

To bring you up-to-date on Cutex news, we've already made a shopping note for you opposite. For new, smart shades, both variations on the dark red theme, see Sugar Plum, a sweet, dark plum, and Gingerbread, a tempting spice. For those of more conservative taste, Sheer Nature's gives a warm life to fingertips without extreme color. And don't forget Overcoat—not your own, but Cutex. A strong, transparent finish to hasten drying time, to protect polish. Typists, please copy!

Let something sweet come into your life—The Val de Fleurs bath beauties opposite! Lovely to look at and lovely to use are the talcum, catt de Cologne and bubbling bath, the latter in a glass globe, decorated with bubbles. The three will give you a sense of luxurious body grooming, and I don't have to remind any girl of the benefit of a bubble bath after a "problem" day. Bubble away your cares and end up with a soft, sweet, scented skin, feeling fine. The products are by Hunt Club Co., Ltd.

The skin foundation season is here in earnest, and a generally sensible program seems to be: a cream by day for protection, a cake form by night for Hollywood glamor, Miner gives you both. A new foundation cream contains lanolin, helpful in protecting against roughness and chapping, and an excellent base for make-up. Then there's Patti-Pac in cake form, a form used extensively by stars, from which you can "make" a lovely complexion. Both smooth over imperfections, last for hours.

Pompadours, bangs and side sweeps are beautiful when perfectly groomed into place. When they are not, alas! In Winter, often the best-behaving hair becomes uncontrollable, fly-away and wiry. There is a new preparation, Brilcomb, a non-greasy hairdressing, very helpful in the home set and for daily use in keeping hair in place, soft and shining. It seems to keep every hair in place. You can also have it used in your beauty salon. It's very new, so if you can't find it, I'll tell you where.

With blizzards about to swoop down on us, Hampden's Demonstrators Special for coldskin comes up this time to save faces. The cream has passed some rigorous tests for efficacy and gentleness. Cosmetic demonstrators, who sometimes will remove make-up thirty times a day, have found Hampden's new baby their answer. It is a silky cream, rich textured, and goes on and off quickly. A splendid cold-weather type, and basified priced from a 10 cent size up to a 50 cent. C. M.
The Victorian influence in her Howard Greer gown—a delicate white chiffon with drapery tying at the waistline that can be worn instead as a shawl—was carried out also in the little curls at the back of her modern coiffure.

"The first time I heard of 'moonlight blondes' was while I was doing 'Panama Hattie,'" she told me. "My hair was red for that play, so I couldn't do anything about it. Then for 'The Shanghai Gesture' they insisted that I be blonde—but a brassy blonde. Now that we've finished that picture, I've changed to moonlight. Know how it's done? With bluing! Funny part of it is that a moonlight blonde is merely ash-blonde, and that's my natural color!"

Phyllis took her studio apartment chiefly because it's such a grand place for entertaining. Her plans for a valentine party include a dinner for four, followed by a party for twenty to thirty.

"I can't seat more than six for a sit-down dinner," she explained, "but I can throw three rooms into one big living room and take care of five times that number..."

Some inhaling goes with smoking... but worry about throat irritation need not go with inhaling. Change now to Philip Morris—for pleasure without penalties. Why, wait?
VALENTINE DINNER
Jellied Tomato Juice with Sour Cream
Stuffed Veal Roll
Spinach Ring with Battered Beets
Vanilla Charlotte with Strawberry Sauce
Coffee

To Opal, alas, her recipes are more to be treasured than fine gold. That jellied tomato juice with sour cream is a specialty that she will serve with on her death bed, it's a pretty dish, too, and so suited to February 14th. What a pity!

STUFFED VEAL ROLL
3 lbs. veal roast with pocket
1/2 lb. ground ham
Lift the veal meat near the ham and stuff in this dressing before roasting:
3 tablespoons butter
1/4 cup onion
2 cups cooked crumbles
1/2 teaspoon salt and pepper
1/4 cup chopped parsley
2 teaspoons sage
1/2 cup minced oil
Mix together, moisten and stuff veal.

Opal's vanilla charlotte is luscious. Her strawberry sauce is made with fresh berries or strawberry preserves.

VANILLA CHARLOTTE
1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1/4 cup cold water
1/2 cups scalded milk (not boiled)
2 eggs
3 tablespoons sugar
1/4 teaspoon salt
Sponge cake ( stale)
1 cup whipped cream
3 tablespoons powdered sugar
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
Add milk gradually to yolks of eggs, slightly beaten, and mixed with sugar and salt. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens. Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of water. Add to hot custard and stir until dissolved. Cool slightly and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites, then the whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk mixed with powdered sugar and vanilla. Line round paper cases with strips of sponge cake, using muffin rings to keep cases in shape. Fill with the mixture and chill. Remove from cases and garnish tops with four narrow strips of cake, radiating from center, and top center with a strawberry, pouring the sauce around.

Angel Charlotte is another dessert of Opal's for which Phyllis guests go in a big way. This dessert will be on hand for the buffet served later in the evening, when there will be sliced turkey with cranberry jelly hearts, canapes with the heart motif, Opal's light sandwich rolls, and delicate lettuce salads. The hot dishes will be provided by turkey and mushrooms with creamed spinach.

ANGEL CHARLOTTE
1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1/4 cup cold water
1/4 cup hot water
1/4 cup sugar
1/4 teaspoon salt
2 cups evaporated milk (whipped)
12 marshmallows (cut fine)
2 tablespoons chocolate sauce or candied cherries, chopped
1/4 lb. blanched chopped almonds
1/4 teaspoon Burnett's Vanilla
6 rolled-up refrigerator doughs
Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of water. Add hot water and stir until dissolved. Add sugar and salt. Cool, and when mixture is thick, fold in whipped milk. Fold in macaroons, marshmallows, cherries, almonds and vanilla. Turn into mold that has been rinsed in cold water and chill. When firm, unmold and serve with angel cake.

TURKEY AND MUSHROOMS WITH CREAMED SPINACH
2 cups well-seasoned cream sauce
8 oz. can button mushrooms
1 tablespoon finely diced onion
2 lbs. spinach
Sliced roast turkey
Cut off roots of spinach and wash leaves thoroughly; cook leaves uncovered in water which clings to them; add salt. Drain and chop fine. Blend with 1 cup of cream sauce. Put 1/2 cup cream sauce in bottom of a shallow baking dish. Poach turkey slices in remaining sauce. Sauté mushrooms, drained from liquid, in butter with diced onion. Reserve a few mushrooms for garnish, and spread remainder over cream sauce in baking dish. Add spinach and place turkey slices on top. Garnish with remaining mushrooms and bake in moderate oven (350°) for 15 minutes.

"Opal is the world's best cook," Phyllis informed me. "She has another grand vegetable—corn ring with carrots—that is superb. But her favorite is fried eggplant!"

Phyllis' guests will be asked to bring their baby pictures with them. These will be collected, numbered, and hung on the walls. Grace and I will put together with tiny catalogues containing the numbers, beside which each guest will write down his guess as to the baby's name.

"You'd be surprised how hard it is to fit a baby picture to its grown-up owner," remarked my hostess.

The moonlight blonde has a recording outing on which party is recorded. She keeps a record of every gala occasion and her guests by now know it and usually prepare for the occasion.

"I shall use my dart game that night, too," she planned, "but to make it different and a little gay we'll have balloons in every guest's hand. We'll let the taffy candy and the tins of Indian pipe. If you burst a balloon, you win a prize."

When Phyllis first came to Hollywood, she had a big house in West Los Angeles Valley with her mother and two other men who had bought the house for her. After the "Panama Hattie" New York stage interlude, the young actress decided she'd like the freedom of a studio apartment. Her mother thought an apart ment of her own would mean less responsibility than a house and a big staff, so now every hand reaches for each other.

"I liked this place the minute I saw it," said Phyllis. "I love space, and it's so hard to get it in a convenient little apartment. It's just right for my way, kitchen and baths remain always the same here; the studio room can be changed from one to two or three rooms with my flexible partitions of screens, and so on."

Today, the dining room, with its glamorous looking glass table and satin-striped chairs from the former breakfast room, is divided from the bar with a set of hand-painted bookcases and some rose-patterned screens. The bar, of bakelite and brass with built-in refrigerator and scarlet leather stools, is enclosed partly by the curving couch and more rosy screens.

"I had a lovely large bedroom-sitting room over here," said Phyllis, "and took such things from it as I could use her. I chose this turquoise and deep red color scheme, combining the turquoise and pastel things from the house with the deep red and love seat.

"The twin lamps—two metal black-mo mas in Valentine costume holding up the shades—came from an old doge's palace in Venice. For my bedroom they had net shades, but I changed them to plain ones for this party."

There were two paper-mâché chairs to match the tilt-top table of French Regency style, but some old chintz covered these when a party and now there is one. The fatality didn't dim Phyllis' enthusiasm for entertainment. She helps conduct "Parties Unlimited" when some elderly service men are entertained each week by Phyllis and other Hollywood girls.

"Maybe I should dream up a St. Valentine's Day party for them," she was murmuring, as I left.

Home Town Girl Makes Good!
Continued from page 31
always enters into the picture so along with a million other things, it seems that I haven't had much time to myself, and when I've had a chance to talk to these people I know for twenty-two years would treat me like something from Mars but thank goodness everything is just the same as it was before, sometimes people get the impression that anyone who has a chance to be on the screen, is someone strange and wonderful and I am far from being that. In fact, my faults are so many and I've tried so long to correct them that I've come to the conclusion that I'm a hopeless case. This week has been a most busy and exciting one. We had a premiere showing of 'Tillie the Toiler' and the whole country turned out, I've never seen so many flowers or had so many pictures taken in my life. Yesterday the living room looked just like a funeral parlor so we decided to make small bouquets and distribute them around town, and what fun we had.

I have had to make personal appearances at every show and even though I haven't seen more than two or three people at a time, it has been a nervous wreck. It's miserable when one isn't accustomed to such procedure. To day we had a matinee for the girls and I drank three glasses of water in my few words, I suggested that they all write me a letter, telling what part of the picture they liked best. What a thrill that day, I would have their autographs. They have started to come in already and are they ever cute! Something to show my grandchildren, anyway!

From the way things look, I'll have to go back to Hollywood very soon and I really kind of hate to think of it—unless they will put me right to work. This business of the World, it doesn't seem to fit me at all. Then, too, the country at this time of the year is perfectly beautiful, especially the trees. That is one thing I really missed in California.

I was in hopes to get to Cincinnati to see Aunt Marsha before I returned. I really should as she was the first (and only) who I saw to that I met Mr. Sparks, the producer. She certainly is a wondereul person. I certainly hope that this letter reaches you as I want you to remember I appreciate your interest in my work. Thank you again.

Sincerely yours,

F. Harris
How one Tragic Mistake can add Years to your Face!

One Sure Way to Avoid This Mistake!

WHENEVER I see a woman who is the innocent victim of an unflattering shade of face powder, I think: “What a pity! She’s adding tragic years to her face, making herself look older than she is—and so needlessly!”

Your face powder should improve your appearance. It should flatter you, make you look younger and lovelier. If the powder you use doesn’t do these things it is not a true cosmetic!

The whole secret is finding the exactly right shade of powder for you—the shade that gives your skin new glamor. And now you can! Yes, now you can find your most flattering shade of face powder—without guesswork.

How to find your Lucky Shade

Here’s how: Send today for the 9 thrilling new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them all, one after another, right on your own skin. Keep looking in your mirror—it will tell you when you’ve found your Lucky Shade!

You see, my powder is different because it’s made differently! It’s made a new way—the first really new way in generations. It’s blown and re-blown by TWIN HURRICANES until it’s softer and finer by far than any ordinary face powder. And it goes on a new smoother way that makes it cling hour after hour. Yes, Lady Esther Face Powder clings and flatters you for 4 long hours or more!

Send for all 9 shades

Find your most flattering shade of Lady Esther Face Powder. Just mail the coupon below for the 9 new shades and try them all. You’ll know your Lucky Shade—it makes your skin look younger, lovelier!

Lady Esther FACE POWDER

LADY ESTHER, 7163 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Send me your 9 new shades of face powder, also a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing.

NAME ____________________________

ADDRESS ____________________________

CITY __________________ STATE ______

If you live in Canada, wire Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.
Rhapsody in Blonde

Continued from page 34

Penticton, explains, something called — "Please course, Hollywood, there- electric"

A body of tone, and even tric," Mr. C. explains, half to himself.

"I think she's exactly what we need." Mr. Wallis does some swift mental app- praising while observing these nod's. "All we have to do, Miss Smith, is to have to change your name," he says affably.

"I like it—just as it is," the lady comes back as if she were talking to, say, Mickey Rooney.

Mr. Wallis coughs. There is something about the way she makes her little speech that gives you the word. "Maybe you're right. Good luck—Miss Smith."

"Thank you, Mr. Wallis." Exit an electric blonde followed by a high-voltage director.

You know, of course, what happened after that. The lady was tested, handed the role of the cafe society charmer, and was buried under so many good notices that the studio clapped her in a test lead in an underdog comedy called 'The Smiling Ghost,' noted the brilliant sparks she generated, and promptly made her the centerpiece of "Steel Against the Sky," her next.

What makes Errol Flynn merely an ac- cessory to the fact is that in the case of Alexis Smith those twin bawds, Fame and Fortune, were in the bag right from the very start. The Smiths are English gentry, even though they never bothered to change Smith to Smythe, as is considered very chic in some British circles. They hail from a sleepy town in British Columbia known as Penticton, which Alexander Smith, moved by glowing descriptions of the California weather, quit when his blonde moppe was five.

Alexis' first career was launched when she was six as a baby ballerina. By the time she was nine she was going great guns as a ballet dancer. At ten she won a prize for a demonstration of toe work that had even the great Pavlova moonstruck with awe. At thirteen she was good enough to be noticed by the great ballet dancer, Adolphe Bolm, who took her on as a pupil, gave her a spot in the ballet sequence from Carmen, and predicted big things for her. At thirteen, by the way, she did some fancy figuring and concluded that a career as a ballerina was pretty futile. You worked like sixty to become famous and come thirty and you were washed up.

She didn't quit studying. Not our Alexis. She simply started looking around for an- other career, continuing, in the interim, to dazzle Mr. Bolm and such ballet patrons as saw her work. The inspiration for her next career came from catching a pianist named Vladimir Horowitz in the throes of a Beethoven sonata. She had been dabbling around with the piano for a couple of years, but her heart hadn't been in it. Overnight, practically, she became a fairly good pianist. In a few weeks there was a demand for her to give a recital. And then, and then... she moved to New York when she was through with school, so she could become a recitalist.

It took her six months to discover that the recital was a dream that were you prac- ticed and you practiced. Even when a thing was note-perfect you kept on prac- ticing. The pay-off was a little soubref she read in the Musical Courier wherein the late Ignace Paderewski confessed that he practiced eight hours daily. She didn't quit. She practiced and played. And, of course, she did. As a matter of fact, she was coming along fine when one of her chummies at Hollywood High cozened her into entering the state declaration contest — "just for laughs." She entered and won first prize by doing a very dramatic bit from "Elizabeth the Queen." Naturally this predicted its effect on her. So that when she entered Los Angeles City College, a two-year stint, she put her three careers—dancing, piano-playing, and singing—in abeyance while she proceeded to take a fling at the Drama.

She enrolled at Los Angeles City College for the express purpose of learning what acting was all about. If City College was a little long—very long—on Drama. You can tell at a glance by walking down the halls and observing the amount of her performance. Helen Hayes and Katherine Cornell gliding down the hall. One thing more: with the dramatic geniuses at City College, the student who is more interested in the matters and who gives a fig for Darryl Zamuck. (They should live so long.)

Her very first brush with the drama almost disillusioned our Alexis. At the first session of the school Workshop, the direc- tor pointed to her sitting demurely in the front row, and said, "Would you mind standing up, Miss Smith?" She bounded up the stairs like a startled gazelle. The director took one look at her. "How tall are you?" he wanted to know.

"Five feet eight."

"And five feet nine and one-half in high heels, the difference being a trifle.

It took a couple of hours to find a lead- ing man for her. He wasn't especially handsome. Or talented, for that matter. But he was a nice fellow, a capable fellow, the director explained to the class. Only in comedies and funny papers was a gentleman shorter than his true love. And auditing the Workshop.

She determined to get over her self- consciousness at being tall. In fact, all of a sudden she began coming to Workshop sporting her new hairdo which made her five feet eleven. And the very picture of nonchalance.

That first year she spent acquiring poise. And the disciplines of the theater. The second year paid dividends. She was cast as Karen Andre in "The Night of January 16th," a very important part indeed in the season's most important pleaser. She did a fine job, judging from the applause. What was more important to her was what was the direc- tor thinking of her performance. He had hardly said a word. "Oh, well," she thought, "he'll tear my performance apart in class tomorrow."

She was on her way to class the next day when she was handed a note from the office. She opened it. "Please call Mr. Bianco care of the talent department at Don A. Andy," the note read. "We don't remember what the director said about your performance. She tried to pay attention, but Mr. Bianco's message kept flashing across her mind. "When you are through over she called him, made an appointment."

She made it for two days hence: she didn't want to seem anxious. Anyhow, the hour rolled around in due course and she
met Mr. Biano. He said "How do you do?" and took her downstairs to meet Mr. Trilling, boss of the casting department. A mob was waiting to see Mr. Trilling, so Mr. Biano recommended a chair and some patience, and she went away. Mr. Trilling was quite busy. So busy that our Alexis became fidgety. Movie career or no movie career she had a class at three o'clock. And she had left her watch behind. She started to ask the man to the left of her what time it was, changed her mind, and asked the man on her right.

It was a matter of a twist of the wrist but it didn't stop there. The stranger wanted to know if she was interested in pictures. She told him she didn't know. The stranger allowed as how maybe she'd do all right. At which precise moment the secretary motioned to her. She could go in now.

Mr. Trilling took one look and said: "Generally speaking you're all right, but heavens, you're a tall girl! However, if anything comes up—" It was the brush-off, the most elementary b.o. in the whole catalogue.

She returned to school congratulating herself every inch of the way; she hadn't told a soul about the message. Lucky thing she hadn't. Those devotees of the Theater, capital T, would certainly have made life unpleasant for her.

It took a single week-end to bring her down to earth again. She would have put the movies out of her mind completely if it weren't for a call she received on the following Monday. It was from some very clever gentleman who mentioned that he thought she ought to be in pictures and he was the one—she hung up on him.

Three days later she got another call. This time the caller began his spiel by announcing he was from the Victor Orsatti Agency and when could she come down to talk things over? The office wanted to represent her. Who was he? The man who had met her in Mr. Trilling's reception room. Did she remember?

From here you could write the story yourself. She called on Victor Orsatti, he looked her over, decided she rated a screen test, and told her he'd start with Warner's.

"But they don't want me—I'm too tall."

Mr. Orsatti smiled, smiled very confidently you might say. Anyhow at the end of a month after she had received a little coaching, she was tested, as predicted. And put back on the shelf within a week. At seventy-five berries, as you already know.

For six months they had her playing weird little bits, sexy-looking secretaries, torrid temptresses, exotic, slithering sirens who looked dangerous and said nothing, and an African Conga dancer in an Emil Coleman short.

By the time she was picked as a member of the Navy Blues Sextette, with promises of "bushe^{h}s of publicity" (a lot of good it will do the Mles. Craig Chapman, Alfie Carroll, Getman, Diggins, and James) she had become quite a little philosopher: at the rate she was going she figured she should be doing "other women" in B pictures in three to five years and a leading role in, say, ten years. And then Errol Flynn (God bless him) went and had that inspiration for lining up "Dive Bomber."

Which is where we came in. But not where we're going, not until you get a glimpse of the electric Alexis in action.

Clara, Alexis Smith, is a long-legged, hill-and-dale item, with a voice that is soft, sultry, and obviously modulated. There's a dreamy look to her eyes which makes you think of faraway princesses, although it so happens that she is a "hopeless extrovert," to quote her.

She looks like the waltz and yet she's mad about jive. She'd jitterbug before breakfast if Mickey Rooney were around—vanishing cream is not greasy—not gritty—and not sticky.

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.

2. See which one prevents perspiration odor better. You are confident you'll find FRESH #2 will give you a feeling of complete under-arm security.

3. See how gentle FRESH #2 is—how pleasant to use. This easy-spread

Use FRESH #2 and stay fresher!

PUT FRESH #2 under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then...

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.

2. See which one prevents perspiration odor better. You are confident you'll find FRESH #2 will give you a feeling of complete under-arm security.

3. See how gentle FRESH #2 is—how pleasant to use. This easy-spread

Make your own test at our expense. Once you make this under-arm test, we're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration check. Just print your name and address on postcard and mail to FRESH, Dept. SU-2, Louisville, Ky. We'll send you a trial-size jar of FRESH #2, postpaid.

Compilation of FRESH #2 is FRESH #1. FRESH #1 deodorizes, but does not stop perspiration in a tube instead of a jar. Popular with men, too.
Mickey Rooney with ten more inches of altitude, that is.

Her moods vary. In the space of an hour she goes from genteel, gentle, hilarious, intense, and whimsical. "It’s my British background," she says, twirling herself.

She’s had a mild romance but nothing "earthshaking," she confesses. She admires actors—to look at, but not as romancers. Gabin and Garfield are a couple she speaks of glowingly—as actors, mind you. She hasn’t the slightest notion of getting married while President Roosevelt is in office, which, according to some nasty Republicans, may be a pretty long time.

Men, by the by, baffles her. They baffle her because she baffles them with the un-debatable fact that she’s intelligent. Some Hollywood men say it isn’t right, "beauty and brains yet." Miss Smith tells them she’d rather be brainy than glamorous, "if I am."

Gusty as a west wind, she churns around like loony all day and then comes home at night to sit on the floor and relax. She thinks funny is the world’s greatest blessing, right now, especially. She comes home from dates and raids the ice-box, right down to some stalks of celery.

Has she ever swooned away? Don’t be ridiculous, Alexis is a big girl, don’t you remember?

Picnics with the right party along she simply adores. Sleeping late of a morning is her one obsession. She sleeps until they hit her on the head, even though the alarm clock booms like Big Ben.

Weddings she doesn’t like to watch. Prodigies give her a pain best left unidentified. She is ready to deed over to Carole Lombard, or anyone else, all her fishing right; the finny little beasties leave her cold.

She once slapped a man who had been a little fresh and she isn’t sorry. Naturally, she isn’t afraid of the dark. Bald-headed men fascinate her. She doesn’t yearn to own a long, black limousine such as Marlene Dietrich’s. What does she love most of all?

"Life!" she tells you with a yippee.

One thing bothers her extremely: girls don’t like her at first blush and she can’t imagine why, although later they come around.

We can, Miss Smith. They’re just jealous, that’s all. And who could blame them?

Mrs. Marshall Gives the Lowdown on "Bart"

Continued from page 33

The Happy Medium!

In Laxatives, too, there’s a HAPPY MEDIUM!

EX-LAX is
— not too strong!
—not too mild!
—it’s just right!

What kind of laxative do you take? One that’s so strong it weakens and upsets you? Or one that’s so mild it fails to give you real relief?

Then, switch to Ex-Lax—the Happy Medium laxative! Ex-Lax is effective, any laxative you’d want to take. But it’s gentle, too! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable movement that brings blessed relief.

Like all effective medicines, Ex-Lax should be taken only according to the directions on the label. It tastes like fine chocolate and it’s good for every member of the family... Only 10c or 25c at any drug store.

When you have a Cold—

If the doctor prescribes a laxative when you have a cold—take Ex-Lax! It’s thoroughly effective, yet so gentle it won’t weaken or upset you.

EX-LAX
The Chocolated Laxative

ACID INDigestion

Th emakers of Ex-Lax invite you to try JESTS—the wonderful new anacid tablets that taste like minis! Give fast, longer relief from distress due to excess stomach acid. Contain no bicar-
bonate of soda.

10c A ROLL—2 for 25c

JESTS

Song Poem Writers

Wed. today for free booklets out-
limiting poetry sharing place.
ALLCO MUSIC, Dept. 10
7608 Reading, Cincinnati, O.
games, and the ones they can’t go to they listen to over the radio. I am a good American, but I just can’t stand football. Anyway, I think it’s wrong for a wife to drag along all the time, so I always send Bart and John away to their precious games with my blessing. When I first met Bart and he would say to me, ’I won’t be able to see you this week-end, Lee. John and I are going up north to a football game,’ I would be so jealous that I couldn’t see straight. I was certain that football was just another name for a blonde. But I know better now.

“Though he is so American about a lot of things, he is very British about his meals. He likes the continental lunch which lasts from one and a half hours to two and a half—when he’s not working, of course. He likes to have lunch in a restaurant, with agreeable people to talk to, mostly about world conditions. He’d rather starve than have lunch in a cafeteria, or a drugstore. Once in New York he went into a drugstore to have lunch. First he noticed the men sitting there at the counter with their hats on; and then he noticed a group of women sitting on stools, and the contours where the ladies met the stools must have been pretty frightening. I’ve never been able to drag him to the counter of a drugstore since—not even for a Coca-Cola.

“At six o’clock in the afternoon he likes to have his pals drop by home for a drink and a lot of conversation. Ronald Colman, Rod LaRocque, John McClain, Roland Young, and Reggie Gardner belong to the steady group. Bart likes to do his own bartending. Dinner is at eight—he’d like it later but can’t get it, the servant problem being what it is—and after dinner he likes to play gin rummy. He is crazy about the radio and goes from one program to another. His favorite orchestra right at present seems to be Duke Ellington’s, and his favorite song, ’I’ve Got It Bad and That Ain’t Good.’

“His favorite foods? Irish stew and brown Betty. His pet aversion is squid on toast. He’s always certain he is going to send it sliding across the table onto someone’s lap. Like all good Englishmen he has a great fondness for roast beef—but he likes it cut razor-thin. He never fasses around the kitchen, though he does like to make the mint sauce when we have a lamb roast. It’s the conventional mint sauce, but he makes it better than anyone else. But what he does make, that’s really divine, is a dressing for cracked crab. He takes a cup of mayonnaise, a teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce—one and a half teaspoons of lemon juice, and three-fourths of a teaspoon of horseradish. He puts all the ingredients into a bowl and mixes them together until they are well blended. Then he adds salt and pepper and paprika to taste. It’s really delicious. He loves to have everyone go into ecstasies over it and compliment him to the skies.”

Bart (it was his mother who first nicknamed that) thinks his wife dresses well, but just the same he took it upon himself to buy her a suit for a surprise present last Easter. He and Roland Young went shopping at Saks, and the salesgirls there are still laughing about it. Strangely enough, Lee really liked the suit, so Bart is more convinced than ever that he is a man of excellent taste. His hobby is collecting original sketches by contemporary cartoonists. He’s quite a cartoonist himself, though a thoroughly frustrated one. He has sent innumerable sketches off to the New Yorker and other magazines, under assumed names, but they always come back to him.

“He’s crazy about Rosalind Russell,” said Lee in conclusion, “and he doesn’t mind women swearing. Not that there’s any connection between those two sentences!”

SAYS LANA TURNER

(HONEY SKIN TYPE)

LANA TURNER NOW STARRING IN "JOHNNY EAGER" AN M-G-M PICTURE

"I found a Glamour Secret"

AS TOLD TO LOUELLA PARSONS, famous Movieland Commentator

“To get anywhere in Hollywood, you must dramatize your type. Well, not until I tried Woodbury Color Controlled Powder did I find my ‘Skin Twin’. The new Rachel shade works miracles for me!”

It’s true, Lana! Hollywood directors have classified all beauty into 5 skin types. Now Woodbury’s Color Control process makes the dream of an ideal powder shade for each type come true!

You’ve never seen such exactness, such evenness of color!

Get your shade of new, finer, longer-clinging Woodbury Color Controlled Powder today. Only 30c.

$1.00. (Introductory sizes 25c, 10c.)

In every dramatic box a chart shows you your type, your shade.

Find new glamour, new romance!

WOODBURY

Color Controlled Powder

FREE 6 NEW GLAMOUR SHADES & CHART
Paste this on every postcard, We’ll send you, fast, all 6 shades of Woodbury Color Controlled Powder. And a helpful little color chart so you can find your type. Address: John H. Woodbury, Inc., 9122 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada: John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.)

Name:
Street:
City:
State:

SCREENLAND

65
"You're In the Army Now"—if not you'll wish you were when you see Jane Wyman, above, Marquie lie Chapman, right, and Lorraine Getman, far right, in comedy of that name.

TREAT 'em rough and make 'em like it is certainly the right method for Hedy Lamarr. When the King Vidors invited Charlie Chaplin to a preview, they brought along Hedy to complete the foursome. All evening long Hedy kept up a bantering conversation. When Charlie waxed eloquent, Hedy always topped him. So what happened? So Charlie says that Hedy is one of the most fascinating women in captivity. He's telling us!

IT'S no state secret that some of our glamor boys wear toupees, to add to their attraction on the screen. Charles Boyer is one of them. When it was announced that his next picture would be opposite Veronica Lake, a Hollywood wisecracker exclaimed: "Wonder if Charles is going to wear his hairpiece over one eye!"

HERE'S a unique fashion tip that comes direct from Lana Turner. For evening wear the tempestuous Turner tops her ensemble with a "Begonia P-c'-ic." She picks the flowers right out of her own garden. By working the stems through a skin-tight skull cap, it makes a most unusual headdress. Sometimes Lana alternates with violets or bachelor buttons. On her it's becoming.

WHERE there's life there's Bob Hope —thank goodness! A group of actors were panning a certain English gentleman who lives in mortal terror of returning abroad and fighting for his country. Fred MacMurray happened by and asked whom they were discussing. Before anyone could answer, Bob Hope needled: "Oh, just a bundle of nerves for Britain!"

Here's Hollywood

News and Views Flashed from The Film Front

By Weston East

A tender love scene from "Heliotope Harry," gripping screen drama, in which Brian Donlevy and Miriam Hopkins, elusive jewel thieves, pledge they will go straight in the future.

RIOUS romance rumor that Director Irving Rapper and Betty Field are a torrid twosome, is just so much Hollywood hooey. Actually, those two have never been introduced. Rapper, who is scheduled to direct Norma Shearer in "The Gay Sisters," is married to his art. As far as Betty is concerned, those who know report that she is having a "Field" day with playwright Elmer Rice. So wonder Dan Cupid is threatening to go on suspension!

HOLLYWOOD is asking: Will Priscilla Lane end up at the altar with Victorville publisher, John Barry? Ever since she got a break in Frank Capra's "Arsenic and Old Lace," Priscilla has shown signs of becoming career-conscious. Then there have been those meetings with Ray Heintzendorf, who coached Pat's songs for "Blues in the Night." They get together at the "Blue Evening," an isolated little restaurant not far from Warner Bros. Studio. They sit and talk for hours. However, it's still Barry's ring that sparkles brightly on the little Lane's third finger, left hand. Time will tell all.

THE combination of Astaire and Crosby working together is creating miracles on the Paramount lot. Fred, who used to worry himself sick, has now taken on the Crosby indifference. And Bing, who used to do everything in one take, now does a scene several times before he is satisfied that it's his best. By the way, in this picture Bing does a take-off of Fred doing a dance, and Fred gives his impersonation of Bing crooning a song. In other words, never a dull moment.
HE doesn’t say much, but Jimmy Cagney has fallen hard for his new adopted son, James Cagney, Jr. When Mrs. Cagney went to the beauty parlor recently, she left big Jimmy in charge of little Jimmy. When she returned home the house was very still. All the lights out. She tiptoed into the nursery. Right in the bed next to his son, tough old Cagney had curled up and gone sound asleep! As that moment Mrs. Cagney would have paid any sum for a candid camera.

KEEP an eagle eye peeled for Van Heflin. Katie Hepburn’s former leading man in the stage version of “Philadelphia Story”) really distinguishes himself in Johnny Eager.” His acting in Bob Taylor’s feathered scene was so exciting, after the preview L. B. Mayer walked down to the set to tell Van he was terrific. Not a bad compliment for an actor who was once fired by RKO for being incompetent.

CONNIE BENNETT is seeing to it that our boys in the army camps have a good shave. She’s organized a committee to help finance the purchase of shaving equipment for those in training. If Gilbert Roland starts patronizing his neighborhood barber, you know the reason!

T’S an awfully good rumor but there doesn’t seem to be any eye witness. All of which means that Hollywood is wondering if Gene Tiernay really did take a poke at Director von Sternberg. According to the gossip, Gene wanted the way von grabbed hold of her and shoved her around while giving direction for “The Shanghai Gesture.” When it went from bad to worse she is supposed to have let him have it. True or false, von Sternberg knows the value of sensational publicity.

WHEN the boys in the steam room at Dave Chasen’s restaurant caught the preview of “They Died With Their Boots On,” they ganged up on Errol Flynn. A wire sent to him where he was vacationing in New York, read as follows: “Congratulations. Just saw your picture. You’ve never been braver!”

JEAN GABIN was as nervous as the proverbial bride, the day the famous French star began his first American movie. Marlene Dietrich was on hand to cheer him up and coach him in his lines. Acting and speaking English at the same time is the hardest job Gabin has ever tackled. His last name, by the way, is pronounced Ga-ban.

THEIR GOOD TASTE IS HOLLYWOOD’S GOOD LUCK

Academy Award winner Hal Mohr, cameraman, and Ace Director Tim Whelan, of “Twin Beds,” an Edward Small Production, are tops in Hollywood because of the good taste and quality of their work.

Good taste and quality—that’s Pepsi-Cola every time! That’s why all Hollywood, from stars to extras, prefers Pepsi-Cola. They like, too, its grand flavor and big generous size. Enjoy 12 full ounces today...for a nickel.

Purity...in the big, big bottle—thats Pepsi-Cola!

Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N.Y. Bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast.

SCREENLAND
The Chocolate Soldier—M-G-M
This is a combination of Mel
comedy, "The Guardsman," and S
opera, "The Chocolate Soldier," principal characters are musical co
stars, played by Nelson Eddy and Stevens, Met opera star making
screen debut. In order to test his
fidelity, Karl disguises himself as a
sian, creating amusing situations.
in fine voice; Rice, a worthy success.
Jeanette MacDonald. Light-hearted.

South of Tahiti—Universal
If you can stand another South
Island film for the sake of seeing a
virile souls as Brian Donlevy, A
Devine and Broderick Crawford wear
sarongs, see this. It's a wacky story as
three adventurers who are marooned
an island and, though it may not h
been intended as such, a burlesque
former South Sea films. Bright dialog
the trio's clowning, and newcomer M
Montez are all the picture has to o

Design for Scandal—M-G-M
A sophisticated comedy-romance ab
a lady jurist (Rosalind Russell) who
almost involved in a scandal by a me
cameraman (Walter Pidgeon) so is
be removed from the bench and his b
(Edward Arnold) will escape pay
heavy alimony. Instead, he falls in l
with her and matters become compli-
c—and hilarious. Roz, Walter, good. If o
Kibbee's role (also a jurist) hadn't b
so brief, he might have stolen the pi

New York Town—Paramount
This Cinderella story shows the les
glamorous side of life in a big city. The
simple and charming way in which th
tale is told will please you. Fred Mac
Murray plays a carefree sidewalk pho
tographer who snaps passesby for a liv
ing. He befriends Mary Martin, who is
down to her last pair of silk stockings
and after talking her into marrying
wealthy Robert Preston, wakes up to th
fact that he's in love with his herself

Shadow of the Thin Man—M-G-M
Mr. and Mrs. Nick Charles, you'll be
glad to note, are as gay and as giddy as
ever despite the fact that Nick, Iris, is
growing up apace, even to the point
where he makes his old man drink milk
while he watches (although trust Nick to
sneak a Martini). Duddy solves a quite
ingenious murder with no mean help
from Mommy. Sam Levene adds much to
merriest and handsomest Stella Adler
(from the stage) a whole lot to the
mystery. A "must" for Nick Charles' fans.

Swing to
Popularity!

For Daintiness
Use Odorono Cream
- Whether the music is sweet or
swing, Arthur Murray's sophisticat-
ed dancers must always be "sweet"
in a close-up! So it's real news for
you that these charming girls who
dance miles a day choose Odorono
Cream to guard against "foul"
underarm odor and dampness.

Non-irritating, non-greasy, non-
gritty, Odorono Cream ends per-
spiration annoyance—for 1 to 3
days! Swing to daintiness the
Arthur Murray way . . . with
Odorono! 10¢, 39¢, 59¢ sizes (plus
tax).
The Odorono Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

I FULL OZ. JAR—
ONLY 39¢ (Plus Tax)

ENDS PERSPIRATION
ANNOYANCE FOR 1 TO 3 DAYS
GIVES YOU MORE
FOR YOUR MONEY
- ALSO LIQUID ODORONO—
REGULAR AND INSTANT

Maya Tooage keeps
that bandbox freshness
lesson after lesson!
Tarzan's Secret Treasure—M-G-M

Tarsan's back! Eee-ow-hoo!

And about time—It's almost three years since we last heard his yell. In this jungle adventure Tarsan's son is rescued from savages by explorers whose greed for gold angers Tarsan (Johnny Weissmuller), causing the conflict that leads to many thrilling rescues: Tarsan's underwater swimming to save Jane (Maureen O'Sullivan) and Boy (John Sheffield); the elephants coming to his aid. Swell make-believe.

Sierra Sue—Republic Pictures

This lacks the action usually present in Westerns starring Gene Autry, but it has more singing (by Gene), more comedy (by Smiley Burnette), and more romance (with Fay McKenzie) and, as a whole, it's good entertainment. Gene portrays an agricultural inspector whose orders to chemically spray grazing areas infected with poison devil weed, are opposed by an honest but bungling rancher—but trust Gene to get the job done.

Week-End in Havana—20th Century-Fox

The week-end is brought about by a shipwreck. Salesgirl Alice Faye, cheated of her trip, won't sign a waiver until she's had fun at the S.S. line's expense, so John Payne takes her to Havana by plane. They meet Cesar Romero, jealous Carmen Miranda. From there on—not a dull moment! Alice dances, sings charmingly; Carmen's songs, with those sly gestures, will delight you; Payne, good; Romero, fine. Gay, tuneful. You'll enjoy it.

Joan Blondell, starring in Republic's "Lady for a Night," with Ray Middleton. It's easy to have lovely soft hands, with Jergens Lotion.

Men ARE that way— they love Soft HANDS

says Joan Blondell

(Lovely Hollywood Star)

Thrilling Hands for You—easy with this almost-professional Hand Care

Why ever have unromantic, rough, chapped hands? Regular care with Jergens Lotion helps prevent them. Many doctors help harsh, coarse skin to heavenly smoothness with a certain 2 ingredients—both in this famous Jergens Lotion. No sticky feeling! Jergens is by far the favorite Lotion!

FREE! . . . PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

Mail this Coupon NOW
(Paste on a penny postcard, if you wish)
The Andrew Jergens Company, Box 3934, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada: Perth, Ont.)
I want to have those soft hands Joan Blondell advises. Please send purse-size bottle of Jergens Lotion—free.

Name. __________________________
Street. ________________________
City. _________________________
State. ________________________

Screenland 69
The Private Life of Dr. Kildare

Continued from page 29

eating there and decided to dine after the noon. We went into a restaurant and Lew was raving over everything connected with the film. The restaurant was crowded but finally, in the midst of his eulogies, a flushed, perspiring waitress came up to take our order.

“What’s good tonight?” Lew asked, not really caring.

“Mister,” replied the waitress, “we been so busy I don’t know if we got roast beef or elephant hide.”

“Listen to that,” Lew admonished me in mock seriousness. “No interest in her work—no enthusiasm. He turned to the girl with a perfectly straight face and said, “My girl, never lose interest in your work. You should make it your business to find out what you have and if it should happen to be elephant hide you should tell your customer. We have the best elephant hide in town and you might ever sink your teeth in.”

The girl turned on her heel and walked away. “Now what have I said?” Lew asked.

A few seconds later she returned. “It turns out its liver and onions,” she announced rapturously, “and it’s probably the best you ever tasted!”

Lew was in ecstasies the rest of the evening.

He is a faddist and extremist. When I first knew him his interest was centered only in astronomy and organ music. Also, to an extent, in composing.

“When I get rich,” he observed once, “I’m going to buy the top of that mountain over there and build me a big house with a $10,000 built-in pipe organ and a small observatory on the roof.”

The years passed and Lew passed with them—through two marriages and divorces, to emerge triumphantly with the top of a mountain and a small but thoroughly livable house. His telescopes are laid away in moth balls not even lavender and old lace and in lieu of the $10,000 built-in organ he has a small portable electric organ with which he makes the nights hideous for his guests. But he is not showing off for it any more. He comes up unexpectedly many an evening and finds him playing it—and his own compositions—for his own enjoyment.

Along with astronomy there was bridge and horseback riding. The horseback riding was forgotten in the joys of tennis and ping-pong which were in turn succeeded by bowling. Today, however, his sole exercise consists of long walks (which he never misses) and an occasional dip in his pool.

“I found,” he told me by way of explanation, “that all those things we used to do—riding and bowling and bridge and organ music—were subconsciously done for the sake of exercise. Well, now, I walk three to five miles over these mountains, get the same amount of exercise and I can concentrate on thinking.”

“What do you think about?” I interjected.

Lew grinned. “It’s hard to tell exactly, but all of a sudden it seemed to me I was sitting nowhere with the stars. They were interesting but there were so many things lost to hand I needed to know about.”

“All at once I realized how many hundreds of thousands of books have been written and how few I had read. So I started reading—anything that came to hand. I saw an insatiable curiosity about life and how. On these walks I think over what I have read and try to understand it and apply it to the world today. It’s like pondering Life as a gigantic jigsaw puzzle.

Eyes RIGHT!

For love and romance

Eyes are always right—for love, for romance, for social or business appointment—when you use Winx.

Winx brings out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes—enlivens your whole appearance—gives you a new, fascinating loveliness.

Try Winx and see for yourself what a marvelous difference it makes. Just a touch of Winx Mascara (either solid or creamy form) to your lashes and instantly they appear darker, longer, more luxuriant. Winx Eyebrow Pencil adds form and character to your eyebrows. And finally, to accentuate the color and depth of your eyes, add a subtle touch of Winx Eye Shadow. This completes the picture of a "lovelier, more vivacious you.”

Insist on Winx for finer quality. Winx is water-resistant and easily applied without fuss or bother. Available in all popular harmonizing shades. For lovely eyes get Winx today. At your favorite drug, department or 10¢ stores.
EYE-GENE

There's no feeling—no feeling that I know—
Like the one a man gets when his home is his own,
For when a man lives in a place as Lew does—alone,
It is the same as a man living in a shell.

He has no need to reach for anything.
If he wants a book, he simply reaches out for it,
And the world is his library. His books are his friends,
And his friends are his books. He has no need to ask
For anything that he does not need to have,
For he lives in a place where he can have everything.

He has no need to reach for anything.
If he wants a book, he simply reaches out for it,
And the world is his library. His books are his friends,
And his friends are his books. He has no need to ask
For anything that he does not need to have,
For he lives in a place where he can have everything.

He has no need to reach for anything.
If he wants a book, he simply reaches out for it,
And the world is his library. His books are his friends,
And his friends are his books. He has no need to ask
For anything that he does not need to have,
For he lives in a place where he can have everything.

He has no need to reach for anything.
If he wants a book, he simply reaches out for it,
And the world is his library. His books are his friends,
And his friends are his books. He has no need to ask
For anything that he does not need to have,
For he lives in a place where he can have everything.

He has no need to reach for anything.
If he wants a book, he simply reaches out for it,
And the world is his library. His books are his friends,
And his friends are his books. He has no need to ask
For anything that he does not need to have,
For he lives in a place where he can have everything.
Possibly Lew is resigned to playing Kildare without protest but I am not resigned to watching him continue it without protest. Here is one of Hollywood's finest actors continuing year after year in a part, however well he may play it, that permits of no characterization. His talent is being wasted!

The telephone interrupted my musings. I heard him saying, "Oh, I'm sorry. I forgot about the time. I'll be with you in a few minutes."

Where was he going? To meet Kay Harris or some of the other girls he takes out? To look for more roads? To plan another trip? Business conference? Your guess is as good as mine—and none of us will ever know. The Private Life of Dr. Kildare is very private, indeed.

**Colleen in Clover**

Continued from page 51

Let's point no morals. The agent stuck to his job and finally phoned her that Ford had sent for a print of "The Hunchback." She spent the day telling herself she wouldn't hope. Next day Ford sent for her, gave her tea and talked about Ireland. Maureen loves Ireland, but consigned it to the bottom of the sea that afternoon. Just before she left, he asked whether she could talk with a Welsh accent. She answered him prettily—in a Welsh accent. He said goodbye, thanks for coming. No sooner had she dragged her dejected feet into the house than the phone rang. It was her agent yipping, "You've got it. He wants you for *Angharad, Without a Test." After hugging the cook, the secretary and the part-time maid, Maureen started with *A* and called everybody she knew, straight through her phone book. Correction. She started with *F* (for Will Price)

The career, currently climaxd by her lovely *Angharad*, began in Ireland when she was seven, second child of a well-to-do Dublin businessman. "Fatser" the kids called her, if you can believe it. Also Mary Ann. "Mary Ann, your hair is hay, your skin's like an elephant's hide." She took it philosophically. The mirror told her she was large, plump and heavy-boned. Anyway, with five plain-spoken brothers and sisters you can't afford to be over-sensitive, though she did sometimes confide in the Lord that she didn't mind being ugly while little, if He'd let her grow up pretty.

At school she learned to dance, sing and recite, and was soon in demand for church bazaars and such. At ten she played Robin Hood in the Christmas pantomime, and made up her mind to be an actress. At twelve she was doing radio work. Without much liking the idea, her father offered no active opposition. In the final analysis, whether his Mawsheen did was all right with him. Her mother approved. Her grandfather, having for sixty-odd years frowned on the stage as the devil's stamping ground, did a right-about-face and braved wind and weather to see her every performance. "That's my grandchild," he would brag to any stranger who would listen.

"That so?" commented one. "Fine pair of legs." Grandfather all but suffocated with pride.

The Abbey Theatre in Dublin is a world-famous institution. Any connection with it hallows you to professional eyes. To become a student, you must pass a series of stiff exams. Being so-and-so's daughter won't help. If you're still in the running after a couple of years of apprenticeship, you may get a bit part and eventually replace a member of the regular company who leaves. Members who leave are looked upon as renegades.

**WHAT A DAY!** Words with mother over that perfume you charged...late to your first class...and now this! Actually, you're afraid to think of tonight! That blonde tigress had a gleam in her eye last time...what if she stalks your "Mr. Big" in earnest? Can you charm that prom boy out of him?...feeling the way you do?

Well, calm yourself! There's little excuse for letting trying days of the month ruin a sunny disposition!

**Say goodbye to glooms!** Look around you...other girls *always* seem to be carefree and gay, regardless of days circled on their calendars.

But do you know why? *Most* of them choose Kotex sanitary napkins!

For one thing, when you're comfortable, your troubles take a nosedive! And Kotex is more comfortable.

For Kotex is made in soft folds that are naturally less bulky...more comfortable...made to stay soft while wearing! A lot different from pads that only "feel" soft at first touch.

And with Kotex you can snap your fingers at worry. Because Kotex has flat, pressed ends to prevent embarrassing, telltale bulges...to keep your secret safe. And a new moisture-resistant "safety shield" for extra protection.

After all, *millions* can't be wrong...and Kotex is more popular than all other brands of pads put together! The best proof that Kotex stays soft!

**Be confident...comfortable...carefree — with Kotex!**

---

**A Girl's Private Life** is fully explained in the booklet, "As One Girl To Another". Tips on what to do and not to do on "difficult days" Mail your name and address to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. S2, Chicago, Ill., and get a copy FREE!
“This month the pain gives in...not!”

TURN the tables on “regular” pain! Make the pain give in, while you carry on in active comfort. It’s easy to do, as Midol has proved to millions of women!

Midol is offered for this one purpose—to relieve the needless functional pain of menstruation. Use it conveniently: Midol contains no opiates. One ingredient is widely prescribed for headache and muscular suffering. Another exclusive ingredient decreases relief by reducing spasmic pain peculiar to the time. Among thousands of women recently interviewed, more reported using Midol for functional periodic pain than all other preparations combined, and 96% of these Midol users said they found it effective.

If you have no organic disorder calling for special medical or surgical treatment, Midol should give you comfort. Try it! All drugstores—large size, only 40¢; small size, 20¢.

Midol
Believes Functional Periodic Pain

Men, Women Over 40
Don’t Be Weak, Old
Feel Peppy, New, Years Younger

Take Oestrex. Contains general tonics, stimulants often needed after 40—by bodies lacking iron, calcium, phosphorus, vitamin B. A 75-year-old doctor writes: “It did so much for patients. I took it myself. Results fine.” Speaks to four doctors, Oestrex Tone 5 Liquid costs only 25¢. Start feeling pepnier and younger this very day. For sale at all good drug stores everywhere.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—Without Calomel —And You’ll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin’ to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bloodstream each day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gases blow up your stom-

itch. You get constipated. You feel sour, bloated and the world looks pink.

It takes a little older Carter’s Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel “up and up.” Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter’s Little Liver Pills, 10¢ and 25¢.

At fourteen Maureen was accepted as a student. At sixteen she was playing bits. At seventeen she was cast in her first lead, and quit.

She had no intention of quitting. A lead with The Abbey marked the dazzling goal of her ambitions. She’d never looked beyond it. But she went to her first dance, and at her first dance met Keaton Rimmag. He said bowdway, she said bowdyay, they shook hands and parted. That was the first and last she ever saw of him. But he went by the idea London and told his movie producer he’d seen a young goddess with red hair and hazel eyes—because Fatser was no longer Fatser, the Lord having been good and listened to her prayers and then some.

A letter, addressed to her at The Abbey, asked for some pictures, which she sent. What could it be for? A couple urgent letters followed, suggesting that she come right down for a test. She felt that was overdoing it. But a valued old friend—an actress and the wife of the manager of The Abbey—talked her into going, on the principle that if you pass any door held open, you may live to regret it. She’d been doing so only a few days. The Abbey, distinctly an- noved, agreed to put off the play till she got back.

BIP invited her and offered her a seven-year-contract. She wired her father and sighed with relief when he wired back, “Come right home,” taking the onus of her decision. She made him hold to her duty to do exactly what she wanted to do. Meantime a member of the fast-working tribe of agents had tracked her down. “Do you like London?” she said. “I’m going home tomorrow night.”

“Do me a personal favor. There’s one person I want you to meet before you go.”

He steered her to an office and opened a door, Sensation. Charles Laughton and Erich Pommer. They seemed to think she wasn’t bad. That after some talk Pommer handed her a script. “We’d like you to read the part now.”

“No! How on earth can I give an intelligent reading when I don’t know the damn thing about it. If you like, I’ll take it home and come back and read it.”

Not that she meant to be cocky. Trained to Abbey, she was perfectly prepared following out the reasonable procedure. The gentlemen made their goodbyes polite, and she went back to her bed. Next day Laughton dropped by himself, to see the BIP test, and decided he’d been crazy ever to consider the girl. They’d dined her with doo-re-wah, and on the way back seen her seventeen-year-old body into gold lame. Knowing it was all wrong, Maureen had been too timid to protest. What did it mat- ter anyway, she was going back.

But her face, as he’d seen it, continued to haunt Laughton till he got mad and told Pommer to go see the test. The director. Pommer laughed and said he meant him. “No,” said Maureen. “It’s too late. You mustn’t waste my time on that drivell. I hate the test and I hate the girl, and I don’t want to be there.” “There’s no test,” they told her next morning. Evening meeting next morning was moody and silent. Till Pommer turned on his friend. “Is it her fault if they made her up like a gargoyl? It’s not her fault.”

So The Abbey washed its hands of her in disgust, and she made “Jamaica Inn” with Laughton. Word got around, that a fellow was being paid quite well for playing the lead, which so touched the kind hearts of the cast that they all vowed to help her. After the first day’s rushes, they decided to come down for the première and, like most play- ers seeing themselves for the first time, Maureen said: “It’s terrible a thing to admit,” she ad- mits, “but there was one shot, in a beaver bonnet and little curls, where I thought I looked pretty. Don’t hold it against me.”

Don’t hold it against her.

Back to Dublin, but not for long. One Saturday night came a phone call. “Be in London Monday morning, ready to sail for America Wednesday”—and that was it. Reason: An urgent call to test you for a picture with Charles Laughton.

The next few days were bedlam. Packing all her things finally to the wisps tribe exer-

oy her mother who was going along—the only condition her father made. Dashing from office to office in London, getting visas and passports and persuading many people saying do this, do that, Maureen in a daze doing it, a single thought clear in her head, she was going to Hollywood. Only a movie montage could bring up a plaster.

A whirling montage in which a boy ap- peared, pleading with her to marry him any day, he left. Exposition with whom she’d gone out in London. He kept saying, you’ve got to marry me, if you marry me, I can stand your going away, if not—never going to get to marry me. Maureen. Why did she it still can’t explain. She liked him, she felt sorry for him, she was too tried to fight, she was caught in a kind of grip where the people told her to do.

On Tuesday afternoon she stood in a registry office and was married to him. On Wednesday Maureen was shot with dismay to what she’d done and went out the story on her mother’s shoulder. Mrs. O’Hara tried to suppress her own con- 

sciousness, and she’d long had always been a romanticist about mar- riage—the one man, orange blossoms, bridal veils, a heaven. She’d tried to comfort her daughter, “We’ll have it annulled,” Which brought a fresh flood of tears. “But I never wanted to mar- rite, I hate it. It’s all wrong.”

As a member of Laughton’s party, she was feated in New York. She and her friend were in room. They’d been having read stories, she looked for at least one executive to meet the train with at least a bouquet of flowers. They were met by a boy from the publicity depart- ment—without flowers, whisked to a hotel and told to appear at the studio at three. Didn’t know where she’d go, but the studio was. She called a taxi, was deposited at the gate, and could get no farther. She’d for- gotten the name of the man she’d been told to find and didn’t want to show up. “But I tell you they’re waiting for me inside.”

The cop grey weary. “Loose, lady, you ain’t got no excuses please, Who’s waiting? All I’m askin’ the name an’ I’ll give him a ring.”

Fan Berman happened to come by, res- cued her and took her to Dieterle, who shook a dubious head, decided she was pretty tall, measured her against the door- post, and turned her over to a hairdresser with injunctions to leave her hair as it was, just brush it up, “I know exactly what to do,” said the hairdresser firmly.

She went in to Dieterle, who thought she was too tall, of the hairdresser who knew her business. She wondered if hairdressers ever boxed players’ ears. “My hair’s terrible curling. Does he? Would you please wind it loose, else it’ll fuzz.” The girl wound it tight, and pre- sented Dieterle with a lasagne.

“Take her back,” he stormed. “Stick her under the shower.”

“There goes the part,” thought Maureen. As soon as they tested her she went into bed, too tired to care. Next morning they told her it was just a hair test, she’d been cast as Esmeralda in “The Hunch- back.”

If her professional life was arid be- tween “The Hunchback” and “Valley,” her personal life wasn’t. She met Will Price, a young stage director brought up from the
Hollywood's Most Exciting Magazine

EXCITING! Hollywood's most exciting news is a new movie magazine "STARDOM"—different from any you've ever seen! Every kind of feature you like is in— from engrossing, intimate revelations by and about stars, to fine fiction versions of fascinating new films. Candid photos and color portraits brighten its pages. Spend an evening with "STARDOM"—it's a new world full of gay surprises!

STARDOM—OUT JAN. 14

ACTS

Truths about famous people, how they live, what they think: See why Heddy Lamarr's elusive appeal attracts en. Learn what love does to Dorothy Lamour. Read the "case history" of Clark Gable's private life!

ITION

Like light, lively stories? Here's "Ball of Fire," by the writers of the screenplay starring Barbara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper. And "Love at Work," suggested and inspired by an Sheridan!

OTOS

Luscious, lovely—these color portraits of so-gorgeous Gene Tierney and pulse-racing Paulette Goddard! And don't miss the candid tips by an ace photographer, who tells how every girl can be a picture of charm!

NOW! Ask your newsdealer to reserve your copy! Don't be too late; don't depend on luck. Be the first to see STARDOM when it appears this month!

Barbara Stanwyck (Strip) Teases Gary Cooper!

Barbara Talks About Gary

Continued from page 22

Barbara Stanwyck (Strip) Teases Gary Cooper!

Barbara Talks About Gary

Continued from page 22

long legs stretched out in front of him. Cooper was sleeping the beautiful sleep of the blessed. What an easy conscience he must have, I thought. And not a worry in the world.

"Once more," called Director Howard Hawks. And once more, Gene Krupa and his boys tore into a hot jive number called "Drum Boogie." Once more the hundreds of dress extras applauded enthusiastically from night-club tables. Our Mr. Cooper didn't even twitch an eyelash.

"I've always heard that Gary could sleep on a set," I said to Barbara. "His sleeping is almost as famous as his whistling. But I never knew before that he was this good." "Oh, this is nothing," said Barbara. "You should have seen him in the Los Angeles ice-house where we did those scenes for 'Meet John Doe.' It was twenty degrees below freezing and everybody was running around blowing on their fingers, stamping their feet, and trying to find an extra blanket—but not Cooper. He just sat down in a corner, without even a blanket around him, and went fast to sleep. After quailing and chattering for three days in that ice-house I had to go to the hospital to be defrosted. But Cooper never felt better. "But just because he knows how to relax—which is something I wish I knew—don't get the idea that Cooper is lazy. I got that

with by Selznick as technical adviser on one With the Wind" now in dialogue. They fell in love. Long before it happened, the machinery for annul ment of her marriage that was no marriage at all had been set in motion. Communication was difficult because of the war. Not until late summer was the last legal tie broken. Reno. Scheduled to play opposite Ty in "On the Fiddle," Maureen was to leave Reno on a Tuesday. On Saturday she was rushed to the hospital for an appendicit operation. Twelve months earlier, the same part would have been a calam ity. Now it mattered less. Twentieth Century-Fox had bought part of her contract on her assurance that she's lined up for "Stories of Bishop" with John Payne and for "Gentleman from West Point" with Vic Mature. That year she was doing the begging, not the shoe's on the other foot.

After writing her parents for their bless ing and consulting her pseudo-godfathers, Sander and Laughton, she and Will decided to announce their engagement at a party for a group of their closest friends who include Anna Lee and her director-husband, Robert Stevenson, Gene Tierney, Olivia de Havilland, Arutha O'Driscoll. They plan to marries early next spring.

Meanme Maureen lives in a rented flat just outside Beverly with Florence called (Honey) O'Neill, her secretar companion, acquired when Mrs. O'Hara. Honey's duties include marketing, cleaning out the pantry and doing the dirty work on the phone.

Now that Maureen's engagement has been announced, the wolves have scattered. "They first met, she's had time for no other life," Will. "She's not a party girl, pre sense good food cooked at home and eaten peace by candle- and firefight. She don't smoke or drink. June 5th was the last time she saw Giro's. A night club is a place where smoke gets into her eyes and people bump her on the dance floor. She and Will would rather dance to the radio or play gin runny (she's beaten him once). They're both music-lovers and when they go out, it's to symphonies or the movies. They have private concerts at home, Maureen singing and accompanying herself on one finger.

For an actress, she boasts some curious accomplishments—can tailor a suit, take shorthand (Perman) at a hundred and twenty words a minute, made all her own lingerie when girls wore lingerie and still trims her own hats. To the nuns whose school she attended, there was no such thing as a child who couldn't sew. From the age of nine you made one of your summer dresses and though it looked like the wrath of God, you wore it.

She loves to swim and ride, but doesn't ride because of a bad spill. The sight of a horse breaks her heart, since she mounted her first at the age of two, and she scorns herself for a coward, but still doesn't ride. She paints and reads poetry for pleasure, and her favorite book of all time is Kenneth Grahame's "Wind in the Willows." She chatters like a magpie, hates to travel, adores bargains and considers that day well spent which sees her pay fifty dollars for something they tell her is worth seven hundred, though she knows it isn't. Her favorite occupation is pure laziness, classified under the head of daydreaming. She spends long lovely hours sitting in a chair and regarding the ceiling. Rests her soul, she says. As a youngster her pet dream revolved about the day when all the newspapers acclaimed her the world's greatest actress, at which point she would bow gracefully and say, "I've had my dream. Her current dreams have to do with wedding bells and veils and orange blossoms and forever and ever after Mrs. Will Price.

SCREENLAND
idea once. I had met him casually at several parties, but I didn't really know Coop when we started work last year on 'Meet John Doe,' which was my first picture with him. All that first day of the set he sat around as if he were in a dream. During the rehearsals I noticed that he wasn't sure of his lines, held sort of furtive around, and I expect him to come to his rescue. 'There is a guy,' I said to myself on the way home that night, 'who doesn't care. He's famous. And he's no doubt just a great actor that he doesn't give a damn.' That shows how dumb I am.

"Next morning I found out about Gary Cooper. All the time I was sharing those rehearsals when he appeared so lazy and disinterested he was figuring out bits of business—something with a string, or a straw, or a match. He never lets you know what this bit of business is going to be at rehearsals—it always comes as a complete surprise when the camera is set. As soon as I see Coop pulling out that piece of string I say to myself, 'Uh-huh, there goes my scene.' Coop lazy! He's just about the smartest guy in town!"

Barbara was called on the set to do a close-up, and I leaned against a water cooler and watched. She is one of my most favorite people. Whenever you are around Barbara you have a feeling that a good time is inevitable. Originally, Barbara was supposed to be a strip-teaser in a burlesque show who thôngor-joins the cast of Professor Cooper by tossing a fragile bit of wearing apparel in his lap. But the Hays Office (those kill-joys) took a look at the script and said no, emphasizing to now Barbara swings her hips and her verses in Gene Krupa's nightclub. (Don't tell the Hays Office but there is a lot of the Stanwyck motif she has going on.)

While they were re-loading the camera we made for the scant comfort of her dressing room. Barbara, however, is not one to run around the room between scenes, like a lot of stars, as if she were afraid someone might speak to her. 'I'm always afraid someone might,' says Barbara, "so I stick around." "The only fault Coop has on a set," she continued on the subject of Massa Cooper, "is that he is never on time, and the on-time one is constantly am always ahead of time. In fact, some people who have seen me wandering around a studio in the early morning have made a little extra money on the side—swiping off the stages. By nine o'clock I've made up, have my lines down pat, and am ready to go. I never try to work myself into a good fury, but it was no use. As soon as he wandered on the set, smiled that of his, and said, 'Good morning, Barbara,' I just melted. You can't be angry with Coop. It's no use trying. And he really isn't being inconsiderate; he's just a plain thinker. He being Coop. It's typical of his slow Western manner. He never does anything in a hurry."

"I think he is most completely happy when he is out riding with those cowboys up in Idaho and Rocky are on one of their hunting trips. Now that the duck season is going full tilt they are making Bob and me go duck-shooting with them as soon as the picture is finished. Bob is crazy to go. He and Coop speak the same language. But I loathe duck-shoot- ing."

"Coop is simply insane over his little daughter, Maria. She is four years old, has Coop's blue eyes, and is as husky as a baby bear. She has a six-month-old Boxer dog, and the two of them together are a riot. Maria is just as crazy about the outdoors as Coop is, and he takes her hunting and riding with him all the time. By the time she's in her teens she will be the best shot and the best rider in the country. Coop tries not to show how proud he is, but you can't be around him very long that he doesn't pull out those pictures."

"Coop has a good sense of humor. He has been taking an awful Jim from me on this picture, I've really been kidding him terribly. But he's a grand guy, really all in all a great actor. For instance, he was down on his knees proposing to me for a scene the other day and when he got up his knees cracked. 'Brother,' I said, 'you've got to play Lou Gehrig and run around those bases.' A lot of actors I know would be pretty annoyed, but Coop wasn't. He laughed right out loud."

"It was time for Barbara to rehearse a love scene with Professor Cooper. While she was running over her lines I made my way across the set to the stage door. Gary noticed, was awake. Furthermore, he was chatting with his stand-in, Slim Talbot, and tying knots in a rope that Slim had swung over his arm, cowboy-fashion—"Poor Barbara," I said, "there goes her love scene." If he can steal scenes with string, think what he can do with a rope.

Gary Talks About Barbara

Continued from page 23

into the great silences with Gary. He's the kind of a guy who likes to take his time even with words. While he whistled, looked around, Mr. Cooper may be one of those guys who never has anything to say. "There's nothing snobby about his dressing room. On his make-up table there were no clutter of papers, the lines for his next scene, a half-unlaced dressing gown or body of a plane. Deftly he slipped th" into a groove, and beamed.

"This is for Maria," he said, "I prom ised to bring her home a plane tonight. She's a smart kid, pardon my fatherly pride. She's only four, but she knows mor about planes than I do. And planes are too large, don't you?' More whistling."

"Here's your tea, Mr. Cooper," said on of the boys on the set, placing a steaming cup in Gary's hand. I glanced out the door and saw that the entire "Ball of Fire" company had knocked off for four o'clock tea. "I take on this," Gary insisted rather pithically and added, "Remember to think because I'm bored." I told him that I could do without tea, but that I could certainly do with a little more Stanwyck."

"Sure, that's easy." Gary took two sips of tea, made a face, and pushed it aside. "Barbara is the best liked person I've ever met anywhere. He's to me. His thoughtfulness, believe me, is strictly on the level. She's not the kind who makes flash. You know, and I know, a lot of actresses are pretentious. She's more倾向en. For the effect; Or the public; Barbara's thoughtfulness is the twenty-four hours-a-day, every-day-in-the-year kind."

"It would be silly to try to tell all the nice things I've seen Barbara do on the picture. Yesterday, for example, she was trying on shoes that had been sent her from Saks. She was sitting right in the set and the two girls working on the shoes are good friends. They set commented how beautiful the shoes were, and said that she wouldn't know how to wear shoes that cost so much. Barbara said, 'I heard shrieking coming from Barbara's dressing room, rushed in, in expecting at least an ax murder but it was only an argument with a half dozen of Saks' very best showgirls."

"My favorite story about Barbara has to do with the 'Meet John Doe' set over

SCREENLAND
Warner Brothers. One of the wardrobe women there brought a dress down to the set that Barbara was to wear in the next scene. An executive, who was feeling his importance, noticed that a button was missing— or a pleat was out of order—or something. Anyway, it held up production, and the guy started giving the poor woman hell. He was shouting, and she was crying— and Barbara walked in. Why get so excited, everybody makes mistakes," said Barbara. "By the way, how long have you been here, Molly?" The woman sobbed that she had been there fourteen years, 'Fourteen years! That's a long time,' said Barbara. "And how long have you been here?" she inquired of the perspiring executive. "Five months," he snapped. 'Well!' said Barbara, I've never heard such a significant 'well.' Barbara's a darn good actress. Everybody knows that. I thought she was swell in 'Union Pacific.' Didn't you? She should have had an Academy Award for 'Stella Dallas.' She'll get one yet. She has a lot of enthusiasm for her work, and I've never seen any actress work as hard, and with as few complaints. What I like about her is that she's so darned human—when Barbara gets mad she gets good and mad. I'll never forget the scores we did out in the icehouse for 'John Doe.' The colder she got, the madder she got. I didn't blame her. It was twenty below and they made her wear a sheer nightgown. She stood it as long as she could, and then she blew up. It was magnificent. "Being quiet, I've discovered, annoys her almost as much as being cold. Barbara likes a gay set. She likes to kid and have fun. Quiet seems to depress her. I think 'Ball of Fire' got her down the first few days. Howard Hawks works very quietly, and so does Greg Toland, and everybody was whispering and tiptoeing around. On the third day Barbara said, "What's all this about, Coop? Is somebody dead? I'm going to burst out in a yell any minute now!" I told her to go right ahead, "Barbara's not nearly as hard-boiled as she pretends to be, and she doesn't fool me. At heart she's a real softie. She and Taylor are supposed to go duck-shooting with Rocky and me as soon as we finish this picture. But I bet you any she will find some excuse not to go. I told her she didn't have to worry about killing any ducks. She can't even hit the side of a barn," Gary got up to try out his plane. It flew from door to candy bar quite neatly. "I think she's .." he said, admiring his handiwork. "Wonder if I've got time to start another one." "Just for fun," I said, "give me one good criticism of Barbara before I go. There must be something about her that makes you shudder." Gary gave me that slow Sergeant York grin. "Yes," he drawled, "she embarrasses me when we are out dancing. Barbara is a beautiful dancer. And I never saw anyone get as much fun out of dancing as she does. She can do the rumba and the conga, and jive, and swing and boogie-woogie, all those complicated dances. And no matter how many men there are at the table when the orchestra at a night-club starts playing one of those hot jitterbug numbers she grabs hold of me and starts shaking it. I'm a hell of a dancer, he said, making a good Waltz. People stare and it's embarrassing. When I beg her to sit down she just says that she will have me cutting a rug before the winter's over." "Ready, Coop," the assistant director called from the doorway. Gary stopped his whistling, told me goodbye, and went out on the set to do a stunt for Mr. Goldwyn, the lobes of her small ears, far too many jewels for a girl as young and evidently well-born as she was. But though the astute eyes saw that this girl was not the kind who usually came to this place, they recognized too the restlessness which clung to her like an aura, the smoldering intensity of her smoky gray-green eyes, staring at Dr. Omar as he leaned nonchalantly against the bar, staring as feminine eyes always stared at the young Levantine, with her full mouth looking like a pomegranate ripe for the plucking. Then the girl turned back to her escort. "Please, don't call me Victoria," she pouted. Strange the way she had thought of herself as Poppy from the first moment she came into this place, strange how she felt she belonged here. How incredibly naive that school in Switzerland seemed, how naive all her life seemed, so silly and sheltered and unexciting here in this place which caught so at her imagination. "The other places were like kindergarten compared to this. It smells so incredibly evil. I didn't think such a place could exist, and yet it has a ghastly familiarity like a half-remembered dream. Anything could happen here, any moment!" "It's happening right now," her escort grinned. "Wow, here comes the War Lord of the Chinese underworld straight for us. She is, I am reliably informed, the Devil's chief assistant in charge of the Shanghai sector. Do you want to meet her, Victoria?" The girl had no alternative, for Mother Gin Sling was already at the table. "This is my place," she said. "I hope you'll find in

"The Shanghai Gesture"

Continued from page 27

HOW TO TELL TWINS APART
or Pepsodent to the Rescue

1. Twins are confusing enough. But when one of them deliberately tries to fool a fellow... well... I was all at sea...

2. I'd have popped the question to Joan weeks ago if I'd known she wasn't that mischievous twin of hers who never let me quite sure. Then, one night...

3....I was listening to Bob Hope on the radio...

PEPSODENT POWDER MAKES TEETH TWICE AS BRIGHT!

4. So Joan and I decided to turn the tables on her twin sister, Joan switched to Pepsodent Powder. Her twin kept right on using her old brand.

PEPSODENT TOOTH POWDER CAN MAKE TEETH TWICE AS BRIGHT AS THE AVERAGE OF ALL OTHER LEADING BRANDS.

5. It worked like a charm! One quick glance told me Joan knew such a thing was in the air. I'd bet it was Pepsodent now... but... I can tell Joan every time... she's the one with my solitaire on her finger!

6. Independent laboratory tests proved this fact. No other tooth powder can give Pepsodent's high luster, because only Pepsodent contains Composite Metaphosphate, the remarkable patented polishing ingredient.

Double your chances by making your teeth Twice as Bright. Get Pepsodent Tooth Powder today.

SCREENLAND 77
"Oh!" The girl's mouth set itself in a stubborn line. "Some water from the Hudson River.

"To remind you of your home?"

"No. The girl looked away. "To make me forget it. For good."

"You can forget that nonsense." The older woman smiled inscrutably. "From now on I have work for you."

She rose then and walked into the salon.

The evening was really beginning now. All the tables were crowded and over at the far end of the room she saw Omar and the girl, Poppy, still fascinated by the new game. But even the excitement of the play couldn't equal the excitement that held her as she smiled up at the handsome young Levantine. That was good, Mother Gin Sling decided grimly, that was very good. She couldn't have managed this beginning better if she had planned it from the first. And there were five weeks until the Chinese New Year. Anything could happen in that time. Anything at all. She saw Omar glancing at her then and her eyelashes flickered almost imperceptibly but the man understood.

"Careful," he turned to the girl again.

"You'll break the bank."

"Aren't you proud of me?" Poppy demanded as she stuffed the chips in her bag, laughing as she deposited the overflow in his pockets. "Am I not a good pupil?"

"Either that or it's beginner's luck." He smiled.

"This is the beginning and the end."

Poppy sounded so sure of herself. "I'm not going to play any more. Otherwise I'd be here for good."

"What's wrong with that?" Omar asked, and there was promise in his eyes just as there was in his voice. "Do you know a better way to spend your life?"

Again there was that feeling, almost of fear, as the girl looked at him. "There's one thing you don't know about me," she said evenly. "I can stop whenever I want to. Let's get out for a ride. I need fresh air. Gracious!" The excitement came back in her voice again. "I didn't know I had won so much"

But she couldn't stop. She came back night after night and always there was the twin madness waiting for her, the roulette wheel and Omar's eyes and his voice and his hands making her thrill to his touch. She hadn't won since that first night, but losing had made her even more a slave than winning had. She had lost so much, all that money her father had given her, and she didn't dare risk his questioning to go to him for more. It seemed so important, that money, her father's annoyance so frightening. If she risked just a little more she would regain everything. She was trembling as she placed the last of her money on the black.

"Ah, love!" Omar smiled down at her hazily. "Could you and I with fate conspire, to make this sorry scheme of things entire, would we not shatter it to bits..."

Poppy turned to him, laughing a little shakily. She had the odd feeling of being caught in a gigantic kaleidoscope in which the chips and the wheel and the red and black squares and Omar's voice breaking in condensation, as he recited from that other Omar's verses whirled around her.

"Speaking of bits," she said tensely as the wheel turned, "I've just bet ten thousand of your local shekels."

"Boy," Omar beckoned to a servant, ignoring the frantic undercurrent in her voice. "A bottle of champagne, Larson 21, and something to Miss Smith's bill."

"Red!" the croupier called as the wheel stopped. But Omar gave no indication that he noticed the girl's distress as he waited for the champagne. He poured her a glass when it came and watched as she drank it down greedily. It had not taken her long to

. . . Returns from forbidden land to tell of strange experiences.

DO WE HAVE TO DIE?

A strange man in Los Angeles, known as "The Voice of Two Worlds," reveals the story of a remarkable system that often leads to almost unbelievable improvement in power of mind, achievement of brilliant business and professional success and new happiness. Many report improvement in health. Others tell of increased bodily strength, magnetic personality, courage and poise.

The man, a well-known explorer and geographer, tells how he found these strange methods in far-off and mysterious Tibet, often called the land of miracles by the few travelers permitted to visit it. He discloses how he learned rare wisdom and long-hidden practices, closely guarded for three thousand years by the sages, which enabled many to perform amazing feats. He maintains that man, instead of being limited by a one-man-power mind, has within him the mind-power of a thousand men or more as well as the energy-power of the universe which can be used in his daily affairs. He states that this sleeping giant of mind-power, when awakened, can make man capable of surprising accomplishments, from the prolonging of youth, to success in many fields.

To that eternal question, "Do we have to die?" his answer is astounding.

He maintains that man, instead of being limited by a one-man-power mind, has within him the mind-power of a thousand men or more as well as the energy-power of the universe which can be used in his daily affairs. He states that this sleeping giant of mind-power, when awakened, can make man capable of surprising accomplishments, from the prolonging of youth, to success in many fields.

The author states the time has come for this long-hidden system to be disclosed to the Western world, and offers to send his amazing 9,000-word treatise—which reveals many startling results—to sincere readers of this publication, free of cost or obligation. For your free copy, address the Institute of Mentalphysics, 213 South Hobart Blvd., Dept. IS3E, Los Angeles, Calif. Readers are urged to write promptly, as only a limited number of the free treatises have been printed.
Here's your chance to try MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP at our expense! Use this wonder beautifier as complete make-up or powder base. Gives you a smooth complexion, exquisitely free from shine.

Go on easily, hides blemishes and stays on for hours! $0.4, 25¢ and 10¢ more by women than any other brand!

Mail coupon & 3c stamp today!

Peach \nMACHETE \nBrown \nROSE \nAddress

NEW! MINER'S LIQUID FOUNDATION with LANOLIN

A tinted cream make-up base. Softens, glazamrizes and protects the skin . . .

39¢ & 10¢

GUARANTEED JEWELRY

Baby and brilliant marcasite; FOR 10¢ each or 4 for 30¢, send name, address, and price of each. 30 day cash return or exchange. 1 year satisfaction or money back.

SEND ONLY $1.00 per pair. Postage prepaid.

.some store ready to listen. Instructions for use in boxes. Styles, sizes, and colors, as in picture. Cover receipt with stamps, pay postage, and mail. Payment by check or money order. No COD.

GUARANTEED TO WORK OR MONEY BACK!

NEW! 200 MIDGET RADIO CO., Box 22, Woodboro, Maryland.

SONG POEM WRITERS

Send us your original poem, for a sum of $5.00, for our thin and each 2,000 lines, and 50¢ each 250 words. No returns. ROSEBURG PERFUME CO., Box 22, Woodboro, Maryland.

PSORIASIS

Scales and crusts are often mistaken for DENGUE. PICAOK's has brought results to psoriasis sufferers when everything else failed. It is applied externally. Quick results, if convenient. You can try a regular 41 bottle of PICAOK without spending a cent. Write for FREE DETAILS.

PICAOK CO., Dept. S-4, Box 3535, Cleveland, Ohio

WHAT CAUSES EPILEPSY?

A booklet containing the opinions of famous doctors on this interesting subject will be sent FREE, while they last, to any reader writing to the Educational Division, 535 Fifth Ave., Dept. SU-2, New York, N. Y.

know the courage champagne would bring, but now she needed another glass before she could stop her voice from trembling.

"That was the last of the Mohicans," she said then.

"Now is the time to go after it." Omar dropped his air of lazy indifference. His voice was urgent, full of the need that had been hidden under her. She opened her empty bag and showed it to him. "What about that rope of beads around your neck, my plucked bird of Paradise?"

"I couldn't do that," she shuddered. "My father gave it to me."

"What do you care?" Omar grinned. "Buy it back from me. I've won. Your hand is bound to change."

"You mean to get worse!" Poppy's voice rose. "Omar!--the day you win I'll never win." Suddenly she caught her breath, "Why, I wonder, can I get a good price for it?"

"My dear Miss Smith," Omar laughed as he pretended outrage. "Your question in-sults the house. We buy and sell everything in the most honorable manner." He lifted his fingers to her throat, pressing them against it lightly as he unloosened the clasp of her necklace. "You're a beauti-ful woman, Poppy." How well he knew the strength of her resolve when the right moment came.

"This spark is artificial, You don't need it."

Her ring, her bracelets, the little clusters of jewels from her ears followed the bracelet, but still she came back night after night, and Mother Gin Sling smiled as she saw her, her eyes already glowing now as they had become in the beginning but glit-tering, avid, desperate, as she turned from watching the wheel to seek Omar. He was not with her so much now. More and more his eyes followed Dixie, so pretty and pert now in the clothes that had been bought for her, paying for them by playing the game Mother Gin Sling had ordered Dixie to play, yet feeling her charm too, even as she played it.

It was then Poppy knew it wasn't only her money she had lost or her pretty glit-tering babbles. It was more than that, so much more that it sickened her to think of it and yet she couldn't do anything about it. She had always been so sure of her-self, so proud, but now her sureness was gone and her pride too as she stumbled over to Omar sitting at one of Dixie's tables.

"Were you paying for the drinks?"

Poppy demanded coldly after Dixie had taken one look at her burning eyes and sauntered away again with her doll.

Omar shrugged, and now there was no tenderness in his eyes or his smile either.

"I can say with pride that I've never paid for anything in my life."

"And do you think you can keep up that enviable record?" Poppy demanded. Suddenly her voice broke as she appealed to him. "You know how hard it is to make me jealous, are you, Omar?"

She felt so frightened, so desperate. She needed him so much now; his reassurance, his casual tenderness, his love, what it meant or didn't mean. All that money she had lost, all that money she owed so that inscrutable, smiling young woman who had owned the place. Over fifty thousand dol-lars already, haunted her through sleepless nights. But if Omar would only be the way he had been before, if she could get herself together and win that back somehow and be free again and maybe even happy, the way she used to be. She gulped down a glass of water. She saw no use in evening, no hope even to make her feel worse.

"Now don't make a scene," Omar said as she tried to put her arms around him. Poppy pushed them away so quickly, so easily, the beginning, running away, and then how quickly it became they who pursued and who fell to their knees begging. "How can you be jealous of a little chorus girl who doesn't even own the clothes on her back?"

"Don't play with me," Poppy said des-perately, "I won't stand for it. I've watched you both for an hour."

"No wonder you lose," he shrugged in-differenty. "Why don't you watch your game? His lightness went then as she leaped forward, as she clung to him. He was digging through his sleeve. He shook her off impatiently and his voice became almost a snarl, "I know your nails are sharp but is that the time and place to show your affection?"

"I told you not to play with me!" Poppy cried. Suddenly she picked up her glass and flung it at him. "I'm sick of it."

And Mother Gin Sling watched them for a while before she turned and went into her office, that secret smile on her lips. Everything was coming out right. "Everyting," she de-cided as she sent for Hawkins and the com-prador.

"Sit down," she said as the men came in. Then turning to Hawkins, "I want you to send out some invitations for our New Year's dinner. Formal."

"Very good." Hawkins bowed. "White tie chow."

Then as if started by a sudden thought, "You're not going to close on New Year's Eve, are you?"

"It is the last chapter of my life," Mother Gin Sling smiled enigmatically.

"To begin with, to give the occasion some-tone, Lady Blessington."

"I will not be an empty table," she said, and the empty table was quiet. "They will come. All of them. See to the invitations at once."

She disregarded the comprador as she opened the box and took out what could have been a table for a doll's house and a box of small images which could have been the dolls which would have inhabited the table around the table. But the comprador was shocked out of his sleepy indifference as he saw what those dolls really were, miniature replicas of the guests she was inviting to her dinner.

"You're plotting your revenge like an engineer," he said, frowning at the image of himself that she had set up to come even closer. "But these blue prints could have been more flattering."

"You'll only be left." She took the doll from him and put it beside the one representing herself. Then she picked up the one that was Sir Guy and for once the man didn't ask any questions, only stood quietly with eyes wide with hatred. "He'll sit there opposite me."

Then she turned as one of the men from her cashier's office came in.

"She wants fifty and more," he said.

"Give it to her." Mother Gin Sling voice rose impatiently. "I told you to give Miss Smith anything she wants. No limit whatever."

She picked up the small doll that was Poppy as the man left the room.

"And she'll sit there," she said, placing his back at the table. Then she laughed, looking into the doll's wide, empty eyes and the sound of the plunger her breaking was like the sound of bone and flesh being crushed. Then quickly she rose and walked into the room.
Poppy had left the roulette table again and was sitting at the bar alone. There was hardly any trace left of that pretty girl who had come there first those short weeks ago.

"Bring me some brandy and sulphur for a change to chase away the spirits," she ordered the bar man. She was sodden, so drunk off the bums of the bar that he stared and caught wildly at the man's arm.

"Where's Omar, the tent-maker?" she demanded.

"Where's that Persian poet?"

"He's gone," Mother Gin Sling took a quick step toward her. "You're in China and you're white."

Then she smiled and her mouth twisted ironically. "It'll be good to see you like this. You bring discredit to your race."

"Don't preach to me!" Poppy faced her defiantly. "Let my race be the one to show you where you've gone wrong? That I'm not used enough to know what to say?"

"I haven't lost enough tonight! Don't touch me," she shouted as the other woman came closer.

"Take away your hands! Don't paw me!"

The older woman beconomed to a couple of Chinese boys. "Throw her out."
The order came almost lightly, as if it were just any drunken delirium she was raging herself of. And even through her stupor Poppy sensed it as she struggled defiantly between the two boys holding her.

"If you don't buy this outfit," she screamed. "To buy everything that's in it. All that counts in here is money. But this is the last time you'll see me, you Mongoloid!"

The boys laughed as they forced her through the door and a gleam of triumph lighted Mother Gin Sling's eyes. The victory had been too easy. She would have almost enjoyed a more difficult one, the suspense of waiting to see if she would win.

"Ah yes! she thought triumphantly, as the Mongolian cat was almost finished with her mouse.

All that was left now was the final pource, she decided as she closed the door on her face.

The shock almost sobered Poppy. Almost but not quite. From somewhere deep within in her she felt a nagging sense of shame but it didn't last long. Nothing lasted long these days but that fever within her, that fever of Omar and the lesser one that seized her when she stood before the roulette table apart, as if it was whirling motion had hypnotized her.

Omar . . . the thought of him crushed her as she hurried to his hotel. When had he come? She wondered. Where had he gone? ... was that little blonde tramp with him? There was more humiliation then, the thought of him, and her, standing there, her superior smile as he told her the doctor was not in. But Poppy knew better as she ran up the stairs to his room, beseeching him through the closed door. Then the door opened and he stood there frowning at the scene she was making.

"What does the poet say now?" she demanded, and her words and her face became only that open wound as she looked at him and saw him smile in that old, tantalizing way.

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart," Omar quoted. "Tis woman's whole existence."

"You're changing poets in midstream," Poppy said.

"Why not?" His smile held steadfast to his contemptuous lips. "I'll change whatever I like and whenever it pleases me."

In that moment the love was gone and only the hate remained. For a moment she hesitated, feeling the bulk of the small revolver in her hand as she held it tenderly in her palms. Then she wouldn't use it yet. There was still time.

She couldn't stay away, either from Omar, Gin Sling's place or from Ming. And it was only the morning that her father sent word he wished to see her at breakfast that she was drawn suddenly back to reality. How much would he see, how much would he notice, that father who had so little time for her lately? With feigned excitement she lit a make-up compelling herself to hold steady as she went down to him.

"Sit down, my sonner," Sir Guy Charteris said and lifted his eyes, suddenly anxious, showed he had seen the change in her. "Has there ever been any doubt in your mind that I love you better than anything in the world?"

And then as she shook her head, not trusting herself to speak, he went on gravely. "We haven't been very close since you came to Shanghai and it's my fault. But you all I have and I've spent a great deal of my life in trying to protect you from anything that could possibly hurt you. Now I love you but better than the girl..."

The girl felt as if she were suffocating. Not to see Omar tonight, not to try her luck just this once to write a poem or book that those debts that had become an eternal nightmare.

"I won't go!" She faced him defiantly, trembling fingers, she closed her voice her tenderness even in the new sharp note that had crept into it. "I don't like saying this but you've overdrawn your bank. You'll have to pay that last night a man sold me this."

He rushed into his pocket and pulled out her necklace.

"I paid his price without asking any questions. I don't know what you've been doing

---

**GROVERS**

GROVER'S 464, Fourth Ave., Dept. 662, New York.

Send free samples, Grover's Mange Medicine and new Shampoo, 1 envelope 5c to cover postage.

Address:

---

**BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR...and Look 10 Years Younger**

*Now at home, you can quickly and easily remove all traces of gray to 난 campo-appearing hair—from lightest to darkest black. Browntop and a small brush does it—your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women, this harmless device is guaranteed harmless. No skill, teeth needed, effective color in cleverly revised Lush Lotion. Loses its self-saturating color. Does wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application lasts till face or body. Order now for $1.00. 1 Bottle, 2 Bottles, 3 Bottles, 7 Bottles, 10 Bottles. Return your joyful startled. Get BROWNATONE today.*

---

**SCHNEE FAMILY**

637-9, Market St., San Francisco, Calif.

**SHAMPOO, it's the SI New thing was sealed included.**

---

**Sunglases $2.95 up by MAIL! 16 DAYS TRIAL! SEND NO MONEY!**

Good Looks! We GUARANTEE SATISFACTION or Your MONEY BACK. We also repair Broken Glasses.

Write today for Free Illustrated Catalog.


---

**ALMOST LIKE A MIRACLE**

Almost瑰 who's woman of society, steps, streets, offices, and home says about FacSet, the new cream for the face. FacSet can be bought with the firm beauty it will give to your face and pocket. 

A unique formula, that removes double chin and heavy face and gives a delicate, comfortable behavior during sleep or leisure hours. 

Not sold by stores—Ch laneous only direct. Send check or 

To, or pay postman 1.23 plus postage. (Pain dep.)

FacSet Co., Dept. B, Indianapolis, Ind., N. Cent. 

---

**SINGHITORS**

Original design and song poems wanted. NO CHARGE FOR MELODIES. Marketing Services: Free Examination. HOLLYWOOD RECORDING STUDIOS.

L.A. 3163-B, Los Angeles.

---

**Asthma Agony**

Don't rely on smokes, sprays and injections if you suffer from terrible recurring asthma, goring, wheezing spells of Asthma. Thousands of sufferers have used Snelast and found the dose of Mendaco usually palliates Asthma spasms and soothes thick constraining muscles, relieves breathing and more restful sleep. Get Mendaco in tasteless tablets from your druggist. Money back guarantee unless fully satisfied.
with your money or your time but I always had an instinct against bringing you here and I'll be in your company no further. In a little while we'll talk this over and probably laugh about it.

He clasped the necklace around her neck and looking deep into her eyes as if he were trying to read her heart. But it was hidden from him and his growing anxiety deepened and the tears filled his eyes. The first premature firecracker celebrating the coming New Year exploded as her plane soared away and again heفرض.52

"From this point onward, I gathered that we were dispossessing the next day, the woman his associates had warned him against. Even now there was no connection between them, the Chinese woman and the necklace and his daughter? Maybe, he decided, he'd better accept that idea a little later.

The other guests had already come to Mother Gin Sling's when he arrived the next evening, all of them uncomfortable and barely managing to conceal their surprise at finding the others there. Only Mother Gin Sling remained wholly composed and went into the room, remarking to them that she had been at Mother Gin Sling's starting at him and his face whitened as he saw Omar take his place beside her and recognized in him the man who had come to him with Poppy's necklace. So there had been a connection, then. He felt almost sick in his relief that Poppy was safely in Singapore.

The last of the appetizers were brought in Mother Gin Sling looked up brightly. "I have also not ignored an appetizer for my male guests," she smiled. After serving drew aside the heavy curtains and flung open the window. Outside of it were hung a row of cages and in each of them she had huddled a pretty, almost naked, "We're going to auction off the girls to the junksmen," she laughed. "Once in a while they have to replenish their flower business. Shanghai has to live up to its name."

"My people were Manchus," Mother Gin Sling said, and all of the proud spirit of race clung to her voice. "I left my home in the north, dreamt huddled faintly from below, she smiled. "You understand, of course, this is staged purely for tourists. Shanghai has to live up to its name."

"The lady business has been laughed hysterically from above, she smiled. "If you're here, of course, you've been in China before?"

"Yes, but mostly in the north." She studied her as if she were trying to find a clue to her personality, aware of the aristocratic accent which clung to her words. "You know, you're quite an expert on that.

"My people were Manchus," Mother Gin Sling said and all of the pride of race clung to her voice. "I left my home in the north, dreamt huddled faintly from below, she smiled. "You understand, of course, this is staged purely for tourists. Shanghai has to live up to its name."

"The lady business has been laughed hysterically from above, she smiled. "If you're here, of course, you've been in China before?"

"Yes, but mostly in the north." She studied her as if she were trying to find a clue to her personality, aware of the aristocratic accent which clung to her words. "You know, you're quite an expert on that.

"My people were Manchus," Mother Gin Sling said and all of the pride of race clung to her voice. "I left my home in the north, dreamt huddled faintly from below, she smiled. "You understand, of course, this is staged purely for tourists. Shanghai has to live up to its name."

"The lady business has been laughed hysterically from above, she smiled. "If you're here, of course, you've been in China before?"

"Yes, but mostly in the north." She studied her as if she were trying to find a clue to her personality, aware of the aristocratic accent which clung to her words. "You know, you're quite an expert on that.

"My people were Manchus," Mother Gin Sling said and all of the pride of race clung to her voice. "I left my home in the north, dreamt huddled faintly from below, she smiled. "You understand, of course, this is staged purely for tourists. Shanghai has to live up to its name."

"The lady business has been laughed hysterically from above, she smiled. "If you're here, of course, you've been in China before?"

"Yes, but mostly in the north." She studied her as if she were trying to find a clue to her personality, aware of the aristocratic accent which clung to her words. "You know, you're quite an expert on that.

"My people were Manchus," Mother Gin Sling said and all of the pride of race clung to her voice. "I left my home in the north, dreamt huddled faintly from below, she smiled. "You understand, of course, this is staged purely for tourists. Shanghai has to live up to its name."

"The lady business has been laughed hysterically from above, she smiled. "If you're here, of course, you've been in China before?"

"Yes, but mostly in the north." She studied her as if she were trying to find a clue to her personality, aware of the aristocratic accent which clung to her words. "You know, you're quite an expert on that.

"My people were Manchus," Mother Gin Sling said and all of the pride of race clung to her voice. "I left my home in the north, dreamt huddled faintly from below, she smiled. "You understand, of course, this is staged purely for tourists. Shanghai has to live up to its name."

"The lady business has been laughed hysterically from above, she smiled. "If you're here, of course, you've been in China before?"

"Yes, but mostly in the north." She studied her as if she were trying to find a clue to her personality, aware of the aristocratic accent which clung to her words. "You know, you're quite an expert on that.
"Here's all you do to take a Lux Soap facial," says this famous screen star. "First pat Lux Soap's lather lightly in.

Then rinse with warm water—follow with a dash of cool—and pat your face gently with a soft towel to dry.

Now touch your skin. See how softly smooth it feels—how fresh it looks! This facial's a wonderful beauty care. Try it!"
Mary’s lashes now appear long, dark, and lovely—with a few simple brush-strokes of harmless MAYBELLINE MASCARA (solid or cream form—both are tear-proof and non-smarting).

Mary’s eyebrows now have expression and character, thanks to the smooth-marking MAYBELLINE EYE-BROW PENCIL.

For a subtle touch of added charm, Mary blends a bit of creamy MAYBELLINE EYE SHADOW on her lids—her eyes appear sparkling and colorful!

Mary HAD A LITTLE (INFERIORITY COMPLEX)

It followed her EVERYWHERE she went.
Boys looked PAST her—not AT her.
GIRLS liked her—because she was NO competition!
She was dainty and sweet.
Her nose was ALWAYS carefully powdered,
And she used just the RIGHT shade of lipstick,
But the KINDEST thing you could say
About her EYES was that they were—well,
Just a—WASHOUT!
One day Mary read a MAYBELLINE advertisement,
Just as you are doing, and
LOOK at Mary NOW!

MORAL: Many a girl has beaten her rival by an EYELASH!

Mary’s lashes now appear long, dark, and lovely—with a few simple brush-strokes of harmless MAYBELLINE MASCARA (solid or cream form—both are tear-proof and non-smarting).

Mary’s eyebrows now have expression and character, thanks to the smooth-marking MAYBELLINE EYE-BROW PENCIL.

For a subtle touch of added charm, Mary blends a bit of creamy MAYBELLINE EYE SHADOW on her lids—her eyes appear sparkling and colorful!

Mary HAD A LITTLE (INFERIORITY COMPLEX)

It followed her EVERYWHERE she went.
Boys looked PAST her—not AT her.
GIRLS liked her—because she was NO competition!
She was dainty and sweet.
Her nose was ALWAYS carefully powdered,
And she used just the RIGHT shade of lipstick,
But the KINDEST thing you could say
About her EYES was that they were—well,
Just a—WASHOUT!
One day Mary read a MAYBELLINE advertisement,
Just as you are doing, and
LOOK at Mary NOW!

MORAL: Many a girl has beaten her rival by an EYELASH!

Mary’s lashes now appear long, dark, and lovely—with a few simple brush-strokes of harmless MAYBELLINE MASCARA (solid or cream form—both are tear-proof and non-smarting).

Mary’s eyebrows now have expression and character, thanks to the smooth-marking MAYBELLINE EYE-BROW PENCIL.

For a subtle touch of added charm, Mary blends a bit of creamy MAYBELLINE EYE SHADOW on her lids—her eyes appear sparkling and colorful!

Mary HAD A LITTLE (INFERIORITY COMPLEX)

It followed her EVERYWHERE she went.
Boys looked PAST her—not AT her.
GIRLS liked her—because she was NO competition!
She was dainty and sweet.
Her nose was ALWAYS carefully powdered,
And she used just the RIGHT shade of lipstick,
But the KINDEST thing you could say
About her EYES was that they were—well,
Just a—WASHOUT!
One day Mary read a MAYBELLINE advertisement,
Just as you are doing, and
LOOK at Mary NOW!

MORAL: Many a girl has beaten her rival by an EYELASH!

Mary’s lashes now appear long, dark, and lovely—with a few simple brush-strokes of harmless MAYBELLINE MASCARA (solid or cream form—both are tear-proof and non-smarting).

Mary’s eyebrows now have expression and character, thanks to the smooth-marking MAYBELLINE EYE-BROW PENCIL.

For a subtle touch of added charm, Mary blends a bit of creamy MAYBELLINE EYE SHADOW on her lids—her eyes appear sparkling and colorful!

Mary HAD A LITTLE (INFERIORITY COMPLEX)

It followed her EVERYWHERE she went.
Boys looked PAST her—not AT her.
GIRLS liked her—because she was NO competition!
She was dainty and sweet.
Her nose was ALWAYS carefully powdered,
And she used just the RIGHT shade of lipstick,
But the KINDEST thing you could say
About her EYES was that they were—well,
Just a—WASHOUT!
One day Mary read a MAYBELLINE advertisement,
Just as you are doing, and
LOOK at Mary NOW!

MORAL: Many a girl has beaten her rival by an EYELASH!

Mary’s lashes now appear long, dark, and lovely—with a few simple brush-strokes of harmless MAYBELLINE MASCARA (solid or cream form—both are tear-proof and non-smarting).

Mary’s eyebrows now have expression and character, thanks to the smooth-marking MAYBELLINE EYE-BROW PENCIL.

For a subtle touch of added charm, Mary blends a bit of creamy MAYBELLINE EYE SHADOW on her lids—her eyes appear sparkling and colorful!

Mary HAD A LITTLE (INFERIORITY COMPLEX)

It followed her EVERYWHERE she went.
Boys looked PAST her—not AT her.
GIRLS liked her—because she was NO competition!
She was dainty and sweet.
Her nose was ALWAYS carefully powdered,
And she used just the RIGHT shade of lipstick,
But the KINDEST thing you could say
About her EYES was that they were—well,
Just a—WASHOUT!
One day Mary read a MAYBELLINE advertisement,
Just as you are doing, and
LOOK at Mary NOW!

MORAL: Many a girl has beaten her rival by an EYELASH!

Mary’s lashes now appear long, dark, and lovely—with a few simple brush-strokes of harmless MAYBELLINE MASCARA (solid or cream form—both are tear-proof and non-smarting).

Mary’s eyebrows now have expression and character, thanks to the smooth-marking MAYBELLINE EYE-BROW PENCIL.

For a subtle touch of added charm, Mary blends a bit of creamy MAYBELLINE EYE SHADOW on her lids—her eyes appear sparkling and colorful!

Mary HAD A LITTLE (INFERIORITY COMPLEX)

It followed her EVERYWHERE she went.
Boys looked PAST her—not AT her.
GIRLS liked her—because she was NO competition!
She was dainty and sweet.
Her nose was ALWAYS carefully powdered,
And she used just the RIGHT shade of lipstick,
But the KINDEST thing you could say
About her EYES was that they were—well,
Just a—WASHOUT!
One day Mary read a MAYBELLINE advertisement,
Just as you are doing, and
LOOK at Mary NOW!

MORAL: Many a girl has beaten her rival by an EYELASH!

Mary’s lashes now appear long, dark, and lovely—with a few simple brush-strokes of harmless MAYBELLINE MASCARA (solid or cream form—both are tear-proof and non-smarting).

Mary’s eyebrows now have expression and character, thanks to the smooth-marking MAYBELLINE EYE-BROW PENCIL.

For a subtle touch of added charm, Mary blends a bit of creamy MAYBELLINE EYE SHADOW on her lids—her eyes appear sparkling and colorful!

Mary HAD A LITTLE (INFERIORITY COMPLEX)

It followed her EVERYWHERE she went.
Boys looked PAST her—not AT her.
GIRLS liked her—because she was NO competition!
She was dainty and sweet.
Her nose was ALWAYS carefully powdered,
And she used just the RIGHT shade of lipstick,
But the KINDEST thing you could say
About her EYES was that they were—well,
Just a—WASHOUT!
One day Mary read a MAYBELLINE advertisement,
Just as you are doing, and
LOOK at Mary NOW!

MORAL: Many a girl has beaten her rival by an EYELASH!

Mary’s lashes now appear long, dark, and lovely—with a few simple brush-strokes of harmless MAYBELLINE MASCARA (solid or cream form—both are tear-proof and non-smarting).

Mary’s eyebrows now have expression and character, thanks to the smooth-marking MAYBELLINE EYE-BROW PENCIL.

For a subtle touch of added charm, Mary blends a bit of creamy MAYBELLINE EYE SHADOW on her lids—her eyes appear sparkling and colorful!

Mary HAD A LITTLE (INFERIORITY COMPLEX)

It followed her EVERYWHERE she went.
Boys looked PAST her—not AT her.
GIRLS liked her—because she was NO competition!
She was dainty and sweet.
Her nose was ALWAYS carefully powdered,
And she used just the RIGHT shade of lipstick,
But the KINDEST thing you could say
About her EYES was that they were—well,
Just a—WASHOUT!
One day Mary read a MAYBELLINE advertisement,
Just as you are doing, and
LOOK at Mary NOW!

MORAL: Many a girl has beaten her rival by an EYELASH!

Mary’s lashes now appear long, dark, and lovely—with a few simple brush-strokes of harmless MAYBELLINE MASCARA (solid or cream form—both are tear-proof and non-smarting).

Mary’s eyebrows now have expression and character, thanks to the smooth-marking MAYBELLINE EYE-BROW PENCIL.

For a subtle touch of added charm, Mary blends a bit of creamy MAYBELLINE EYE SHADOW on her lids—her eyes appear sparkling and colorful!

Mary HAD A LITTLE (INFERIORITY COMPLEX)

It followed her EVERYWHERE she went.
Boys looked PAST her—not AT her.
GIRLS liked her—because she was NO competition!
She was dainty and sweet.
Her nose was ALWAYS carefully powdered,
And she used just the RIGHT shade of lipstick,
But the KINDEST thing you could say
About her EYES was that they were—well,
Just a—WASHOUT!
One day Mary read a MAYBELLINE advertisement,
Just as you are doing, and
LOOK at Mary NOW!

MORAL: Many a girl has beaten her rival by an EYELASH!

Mary’s lashes now appear long, dark, and lovely—with a few simple brush-strokes of harmless MAYBELLINE MASCARA (solid or cream form—both are tear-proof and non-smarting).

Mary’s eyebrows now have expression and character, thanks to the smooth-marking MAYBELLINE EYE-BROW PENCIL.

For a subtle touch of added charm, Mary blends a bit of creamy MAYBELLINE EYE SHADOW on her lids—her eyes appear sparkling and colorful!

Mary HAD A LITTLE (INFERIORITY COMPLEX)

It followed her EVERYWHERE she went.
Boys looked PAST her—not AT her.
GIRLS liked her—because she was NO competition!
She was dainty and sweet.
Her nose was ALWAYS carefully powdered,
And she used just the RIGHT shade of lipstick,
But the KINDEST thing you could say
About her EYES was that they were—well,
Just a—WASHOUT!
One day Mary read a MAYBELLINE advertisement,
Just as you are doing, and
LOOK at Mary NOW!

MORAL: Many a girl has beaten her rival by an EYELASH!
Fictionization of "Song of the Islands"

Starring Betty Grable, Jack Oakie, Victor Mature

Gene Tierney's Honeymoon Home! Scoop Photos
IT'S THE LOW-DOWN STORY OF A HIGH CLASS GAL!

Ginger

ROGERS

as

ROXIE HART

The gal who could do no wrong
(but, brother, she tried!)

ADOLPHE MENJOU • GEORGE MONTGOMERY
LYNNE OVERMAN • NIGEL BRUCE • PHIL SILVERS
SARA ALLGOOD • WILLIAM FRAWLEY • SPRING BYINGTON • TED NORTH • HELENE REYNOLDS

Directed by William Wellman
Produced and Written for the screen by Nunnally Johnson • Based upon the Play "Chicago" written by Maurine Watkins and produced by Sam H. Harris
A 20th Century-Fox Picture

YOU'VE GOT A DATE WITH YOUR FAVORITE STAR ... AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE SOON!

Learn to say "I Love You" The South Sea Way!

BETTY GRABLE • VICTOR MATURE • JACK OAKIE

SONG OF THE ISLANDS

IN TECHNICOLOR

Stop! Look! Listen! It's Coming!
Brighten your teeth and help give your smile a flashing sparkle—with Ipana and massage.

YOU THINK beauty is all-important? Well—look around you, plain girl! Just look at those who are wearing solitaires...getting bridal showers...being married!

Are they all beautiful? No, indeed! But they all know how to smile! Theirs are not timid smiles, self-conscious and shy—but big, warm, heart-winning smiles that say: "I'm glad to be alive!"

So smile, plain girl, smile! You can steal your own show if your smile is right. You can win what you want of life. For heads turn and hearts surrender to the girl with the winning smile.

"Pink Tooth Brush"—A warning Signal

If you want bright, sparkling teeth that you are proud to show, remember this: Gums must retain their healthy firmness.

So if there's ever the slightest tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, make a date to see your dentist at once! His verdict may simply be that your gums are spongy, tender—robbed of exercise by today's creamy foods. And, like thousands of other modern dentists, he may suggest Ipana and massage.

Take his advice! For Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans and brightens your teeth but, with massage, it is designed to help the health of your gums as well.

Just massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissue—helping gums to new firmness. Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today!

Start today with IPANA and MASSAGE
When the going got toughest, Abe Lincoln said, "With the fearful strain that is upon me night and day, if I did not laugh I should die."

The screens of America provide entertainment for all. The movies started as a novelty, learned not to flicker and learned how to talk. They were developed by Americans and conquered the world with their merit.

Go to your favorite theatre. There are many fine films from all movie companies. Sometimes they miss, sometimes they hit, but the average is high.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is the leading producer of movies. There are more M-G-M stars than there are stars of all the other companies combined.

You have seen the recent films, "H. M. Pulham, Esq." (Lamarr-Young-Hussey), "Woman of the Year" (Tracy-Hepburn) and "Johnny Eager" (Taylor-Turner). If you haven't, they are still playing some place.

Each in its way is a masterpiece.

Now we should like to recommend "We Were Dancing", which is based in part on the Noel Coward playlets called "Tonight at 8:30"—starring Norma Shearer, Melvyn Douglas.

"Mrs. Miniver", based on the novel by Jan Struther, starring Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon.

This screen play is by James Hilton, author of "Goodbye Mr. Chips" and R. C. Sherriff, author of "Journey's End." An exciting collaboration.

When the going got toughest, Abe Lincoln said, "With the fearful strain that is upon me night and day, if I did not laugh I should die."

The screens of America provide entertainment for all. The movies started as a novelty, learned not to flicker and learned how to talk. They were developed by Americans and conquered the world with their merit.

Go to your favorite theatre. There are many fine films from all movie companies. Sometimes they miss, sometimes they hit, but the average is high.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is the leading producer of movies. There are more M-G-M stars than there are stars of all the other companies combined.

You have seen the recent films, "H. M. Pulham, Esq." (Lamarr-Young-Hussey), "Woman of the Year" (Tracy-Hepburn) and "Johnny Eager" (Taylor-Turner). If you haven't, they are still playing some place.

Each in its way is a masterpiece.

Now we should like to recommend "We Were Dancing", which is based in part on the Noel Coward playlets called "Tonight at 8:30"—starring Norma Shearer, Melvyn Douglas.

"Mrs. Miniver", based on the novel by Jan Struther, starring Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon.

This screen play is by James Hilton, author of "Goodbye Mr. Chips" and R. C. Sherriff, author of "Journey's End." An exciting collaboration.

"Mrs. Miniver", based on the novel by Jan Struther, starring Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon.

This screen play is by James Hilton, author of "Goodbye Mr. Chips" and R. C. Sherriff, author of "Journey's End." An exciting collaboration.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

THE PICTURE

OF THE YEAR!

Spencer

TRACY

Katharine

HEPBURN

SPENCE PLAYS A HAIL
FELLOW SPORTS WRITER
NAMED SAM!

WOMAN OF THE YEAR

IT'S EITHER LOVE OR FIGHT 'TWIXT SAM AND TESS—
AND THEY'RE GOOD AT BOTH!

A GEORGE STEVENS' PRODUCTION

KATE PLAYS A Highbrow Political Columnist Named Tess!

with FAY BAINTER • REGINALD OWEN • Directed by GEORGE STEVENS
Produced by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ • Screen Play by Ring Lardner, Jr. and Michael Kanin

SCREENLAND
The four lovely "de-frosters" on this page, Katherine Ross, Linda Grey, and Alaine Brandes, appear in the new film, "The Fleet's In," which stars Dorothy Lamour. They're not really cold as the furs might lead you to believe—or had you guessed it?

EDY LAMARR and Tim Durant are supposed to have it bad. And that ain't good. That is, if John Howard cares for Hedy as much as he appears to care for her. When Hedy gave John a pair of cuff links of lovers' knot design, he couldn't have been more pleased. For her birthday, John has the lovers' knot design copied into earrings, bracelet, and clips. Wouldn't it be nice if they'd tie the lovers' knot and get it over with!

SIGN on a sound stage door: "Keep Out. Mickey Rooney Especially." All of which means that every time they wanted Mickey for a scene, he was on another set, listening to Tommy Dorsey's band rehearsing. But the M-G-M Mick isn't the only one who dogs Dorsey. Lana Turner is always right there "cooking with gas." Hollywood says it's a romance. Her friends say that Lana just has music on her mind. Whatever it is, trust Turner to stay in rhythm!

PITY poor Jack Benny. Over the holiday season he had to go on a strict diet. In "To Be Or Not To Be," the comedian had to wear snappy uniforms. When he tried on them he gave them orders to lose ten pounds. The first week after the picture was finished he gained them right back again. "Who wants to be a Tyrone Power?" asks Jack. "You do," answers Mary Livingston. And that was that.

BOB HOPE stopped by the set to watch Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire do a scene. They did it so naturally and had so much fun, Bob was most impressed. "You boys get along so well," said Hope, "you must have a great deal in common." "Yes, we have," quickly cracked Crosby. "Seven kids and two topees between us!"

(Turn to page 13)
"One side, son, let Handy Andy show you how to handle that gal!"

"By the eternal, what's the matter with the men of 1942? In my prime, I'd have had her shoulders on the floor in two seconds. Jack's the name... Andy Jackson. I guess you could call me 'The Remarkable Andrew.'

There ain't many men could step across a hundred yards to tame the wildest spitfire... and the hottest... that ever needed rough handlin'.

And she ain't the only one who needed rough handlin'. As if the boy hadn't enough trouble with his gal, crooked politicians and thieving scalawags were tryin' to railroad him to jail.

"So I sent for a few of the boys. M'boy, you heard the rest of them. General George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Chief Justice John Marshall... no, James for a life, clean up work... and Jesse James for a life, clean up work... and two about handlin' a screw... even in 1942... and what they didn't know... they invented.

"Jumpin' fish! I ain't had so much fun since the Battle of New Orleans!"

The most side-splitting, surprise-full adventure you'll see this year... a remarkable picture about a remarkable guy...

**The Remarkable Andrew**

BRIAN DONLEVY • WILLIAM HOLDEN • ELLEN DREW

MONTAGU LOVE • PORTER HALL

Directed by STUART HEISLER • Novel and Screen Play by Dalton Trumbo

A Paramount Picture

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

SCREENLAND
Screenland's Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley

\[
\begin{array}{|c|c|c|c|c|c|c|c|c|c|c|c|c|}
\hline
14 & 17 & 22 & 27 & 32 & 37 & 42 & 47 & 52 & 57 & 62 & 67 & 72 \\
15 & 18 & 23 & 28 & 33 & 38 & 43 & 48 & 53 & 58 & 63 & 68 & 73 \\
16 & 19 & 24 & 29 & 34 & 39 & 44 & 49 & 54 & 59 & 64 & 69 & 74 \\
17 & 20 & 25 & 30 & 35 & 40 & 45 & 50 & 55 & 60 & 65 & 70 & 75 \\
18 & 21 & 26 & 31 & 36 & 41 & 46 & 51 & 56 & 61 & 66 & 71 & 76 \\
19 & 22 & 27 & 32 & 37 & 42 & 47 & 52 & 57 & 62 & 67 & 72 & 77 \\
20 & 21 & 26 & 31 & 36 & 41 & 46 & 51 & 56 & 61 & 66 & 71 & 78 \\
21 & 22 & 27 & 32 & 37 & 42 & 47 & 52 & 57 & 62 & 67 & 72 & 79 \\
22 & 23 & 28 & 33 & 38 & 43 & 48 & 53 & 58 & 63 & 68 & 73 & 80 \\
23 & 24 & 29 & 34 & 39 & 44 & 49 & 54 & 59 & 64 & 69 & 74 & 81 \\
24 & 25 & 30 & 35 & 40 & 45 & 50 & 55 & 60 & 65 & 70 & 75 & 82 \\
25 & 26 & 31 & 36 & 41 & 46 & 51 & 56 & 61 & 66 & 71 & 76 & 83 \\
26 & 27 & 32 & 37 & 42 & 47 & 52 & 57 & 62 & 67 & 72 & 77 & 84 \\
27 & 28 & 33 & 38 & 43 & 48 & 53 & 58 & 63 & 68 & 73 & 78 & 85 \\
28 & 29 & 34 & 39 & 44 & 49 & 54 & 59 & 64 & 69 & 74 & 79 & 86 \\
29 & 30 & 35 & 40 & 45 & 50 & 55 & 60 & 65 & 70 & 75 & 80 & 87 \\
30 & 31 & 36 & 41 & 46 & 51 & 56 & 61 & 66 & 71 & 76 & 81 & 88 \\
\hline
\end{array}
\]

Across

1. She was the "International Lady.
6. He's Dr. Kildare
9. Screen star, married to Anna
14. Clothed
15. Grade mineral
16. To snack
17. "It Started With . . ." (Durbin)
18. She plays Miss Donahue in "All Through the Night"
21. Pa's wife
22. Wicked Roman Emperor
24. Edible part of cow's stomach
26. "Arts and Science of Long Life"
27. To eat or eat away
29. Compass point (abbrv.)
30. Flies high
31. Famous English King's favorite
33. Rotary (rate)
34. Ether
35. These are hard to find when the move's a hit
40. She's back on the screen in "Kathleen"
41. To tug
45. Co-star, "Father Takes a Wife!
47. ... Green Was My Valley"
48. He was a "Yank in the R.A.F."
50. To code, give up
51. Biblical pronoun
53. On the left side (ship's term)
57. Nepotism
59. "Ladies in Retirement"
62. Falls in drops
63. Decay
66. Co-star, "Week-end in Hawaii"
68. Root, rippled
69. Famous "Mammy" singer
70. Co-star, "You'll Never Get Rich"
72. To bite, pinch
74. To contaminate
76. 'Dead . . .' (made a team of kids famous)
77. Co-star, "Twin Beds"
79. To follow
80. Thine, in German
81. Waist bands

Down

1. Co-star, "Unfinished Business"
2. Sweetheart
3. Star, "Lydia"
4. Compass point (abbrv.)
5. To sum up
6. He's featured in "Arsenic and Old Lace"
7. He's featured in "The Advantages of Martin Eden"
8. Mournful
9. Ghastly (slang)
10. Tied With Their Roots
11. ... Were Dancing" (Noma Shearer's new one)
12. Man's name
13. Persimmon
15. "Map - Large" (Marjorie Weaver)
16. French article
17. Poems
18. Sprung; such
19. He's Elroy Queen's
20. Dancing star, "Lady Be Good"
21. Hardwood
22. Freight loader
23. Distant
24. Frequently (Poe's)
26. Co-star, "Sky Lark"
30. "You Belong - Me," a movie
31. Underhanded
32. She's Mrs. Thin Man
33. Female sheep
34. Co-star, "Suspicion"
35. Mixed-up printer's type
39. Unclasp (poetic)
41. To move quickly
42. Tipped
43. Dr. Gillespie in the R. A. F. stories
44. Angry
45. Hey in "Steal Against the Sky"
46. Mrs. William Powell
47. Sour substances
48. Publish
49. Irish)
50. Silk
51. Syllable of detection
52. Took food
53. To recede (as tide)
54. "This Woman ••• Mine." (French-Tone)
55. Greek letter
56. Note of the scale

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

CALE BETTE ABEL ADORIS ORSIF NOMSBERY REN EDE TANKEL SAW ARE NIE AS NIBS DODG LUGO LIRR LOYD ANNN ODD GLEN ELLER WE FAY EPR ERR Y SUBRAYE ON ETA EAST GEORGE STIR SHAME AME TONE SERED PAS
Get ready to thrill...

...to this thrilling new love team!
FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$10.00

I'm a dyed-in-the-wool movie fan and if the wind blew the ship's sails one direction and Anna Christie's hair another, I didn't notice, and Southern though I am, if Scarlett O'Hara had spoken with an English accent, as I expected, I would still have been thrilled by her, but I do have a peeve, the sweater band. Veronica Lake wears dresses cut so low she might as well wear skirts minus waists. Paulette Goddard bares her mid-riff and wears shorts so short they scarcely cover the hips. Ann Sheridan is poured into a dress that leaves little to your imagination—and yet Lana Turner can't wear a sweater (which girls have worn from way back with no bad results) which covers everything but a couple of well-placed curves that everyone has been aware of since her first screen appearance.

Do I sound immoral? Well, I'm not and neither am I a grade. Personally, I couldn't wear any of the above styles, wouldn't if I could, but I do love to see my favorite stars so adorned. Still I would like to have my husband and my six months son who will some day go to the movies have to use their imaginations for something. So tell the Hays office to do one of two things. Dress our darlings in long skirts, high necks, pantaloons and a dozen petticoats or restore the right to all high-school girls to wear sweaters without being self-conscious. Or is this all publicity for "The Sweater Girl"?

However, I must admit that sweaters or pantaloons or mid-riffs, I love the movies.

MRS. A. R. MUNSON, Shreveport, La.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$5.00

I read Helen Hover's article, "How to be a Draft Sweetheart," in a recent issue of Screenland and found it very interesting, but I feel that one or two items should be corrected.

Miss Hover says that it is unnecessary to give soldiers writing-paper since the morale officer supplies all the stationery. If this is the case, I would certainly like to meet our morale officer and request, in behalf of our detachment, some much-needed stationary. Every bit of paper we write on has to be purchased out of our own pocket, and at a pretty good price!

I have been at Fort MacArthur, Camp Callan, and Fort Worden, and I haven't yet to find any stationery at our disposal. Our writing-paper is quite an item and, with the enthusiasm with which most boys would like to write, I'm afraid that it would be quite an expense for Uncle Sam.

The other item was about electric razors. It appears that some people think soldiers are always on maneuvers. We have maneuvers here sometimes for about two weeks (my department does not participate), but most of the time the boys are right in camp, where there's plenty of electric current. A great many of the boys have electric razors and twice as many wish they had them. They are a great convenience when one is too tired to use soap, razor and lotion. I think that an electric razor makes an ideal gift for a soldier because not only will he find it of great convenience, but he will have it in the years to come. I wouldn't be without mine.

Outside of these two points, I think Miss Hover wrote a very fine article and hope that every girl with a draftee boy friend reads it.

PVT. JOSEPH DI NOLFO,
Fort Worden, Wash.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS
$1.00 EACH

One Foot in Heaven? No! Both feet in Heaven, so far as Martha Scott is concerned! She was good as Miss Bishop, but she reaches celestial heights as Mrs. Spence, the wife of a small-town minister.
“I’m in the Dog-House—
the Boss has ‘Fire’ in his Eye!”

Ado: And you can’t guess who you’re in the dog-house, Jane? Well my pet, you’re decorative to the eye, and you’re a speed demon for work. But, Jane, you’re guilty of one careless, unforgivable little fault!

Jane: Now don’t “underarm odor” me—or friendship ceases. You know I’d rather skip breakfast than miss my morning bath!

Mum takes just half a minute—keeps underarms fresh for hours! Mum prevents underarm odor, without stopping perspiration. Mum won’t irritate skin—won’t harm clothes. Get Mum today!

Clever girl!

I’m clicking now, thanks to Ado’s tip, and dependable MUM!

For Sanitary Napkins—A gentle, dependable odorant is a "must" for this purpose. Try Mum this way, too.

MUM
Takes the Odor Out of Perspiration
PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Gabriel Pascal has again achieved the impossible, and done so magnificently!

The "Major Barbara" is adult and discriminating fare, and to those customers who demand action rather than philosophy, it will not appeal. George Bernard Shaw, profound egoist, wise psychologist, and valiant that he is, has proffered here, food for our souls, rather than superficial entertainment for the hour.

It is through the lips of Robert Morley, as the munitions-maker, that most of Shaw’s ironic observations and sarabright deductions are made, and Morley (it seems to me) is the almost too perfect medium.

Robert Newton’s brilliant and dynamic impersonation of the cockney troublemaker, will not perish from our minds, while the versatility of Wendy Hiller brings us to the dust at her feet! Rex Harrison dances blithely and humorously in and out of the drama and the philosophy, while the rest of the cast give better than adequate account of themselves.

Mum’s marvelous for my speedy morning routine! 30 seconds and I’m through. And business day or gala evening, I’m free from worry—safe from offending. And the boss is smiling these days!
SO MUCH HAPPIER THE WOMAN WHO KNOWS!

Continuous Action For Hours
With Safe New Way In Feminine Hygiene

- The young wife who is sure of certain facts can feel happily secure. In feminine hygiene her physical and mental health, her very happiness itself depend on accurate information. Overstrong solutions of acids which endanger her health are a thing of the past.

Today thousands of informed women have turned to Zonitors—the safe new way in feminine hygiene. These dainty snow-white suppository kills germs, bacteria instantly at contact. Deodorize—not by temporary masking—but by destroying odors. Spread a greaseless protective coating to cleanse antiseptically and give continuous medication for hours.

Yet! Zonitors are safe for delicate tissues. Powerful against germs—yet non-poisonous, non-caustic. No apparatus; nothing to mix. Come 12 in a package, each sealed in individual glass bottles. Get Zonitors at your druggist today.

FREE—Mail this coupon for revealing booklet of interesting feminine facts, with portrait of Miss Clay, wife of Zonitors Corporation is the star of our dramatic production:

371 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y.

NAME:
ADDRESS:
CITY:
STATE:

Zonitors

CAN YOU WRITE A POEM OR SONG?
Original Harms composed to your lyrics
—Patriotic, Swing, Sacred. Send for consideration. FRB recording is accepted.
Write for De Luxe Phonogram. Free.

DE LUXE MUSIC SVC., Box 3163-B, Bridgeport, Conn.

INSIDE THE STARS' HOMES

By Betty Boone

Sure and it's a St. Patrick's party with Maureen O'Hara at your hostess

Maureen left part of her heart in Ireland and even in the Hollywood whirl she remembers to celebrate St. Patrick's Day. See her collection of clay pipes on table, above. Right, Maureen, who recently become Mrs. William Price, serving her guests at her party.

TO ENSURE good luck on St. Patrick's Day, you must wear a shamrock. You and I, very likely, will have to be content with whatever we can get at the five and ten, but guests of Maureen O'Hara will have the real thing. Maureen is busily raising true shamrocks in a seed box so that each guest at her party may have one as a favor. At the moment, the seedlings are barely up, but Maureen worries over them as if they were pups.

In Ireland, according to Maureen, the 17th of March is the day of days, more festive and exciting than any other.

"We think a lot about luck in Ireland, and nobody would be without his bit of shamrock. The day before St. Patrick's Day, we go out and dig a shamrock—at home we never need go farther than our own backyard, for they grow wild there, it's like clover, only it isn't clover, it's much more beautiful! The first one up used to get the best shamrock—the best shamrock brought the best luck!"

The present slim, princess-tall colleen in royal blue, short dinner dress, autumn hair neatly arranged in pompadour curl and long bob, is nothing like the rough butterball of a Maureen who hunted for shamrocks in an Irish garden. This one is an American citizen, with the Constitution of the United States framed on her wall, a movie star deserving serious attention for her work in "How Green Was My Valley." (Please turn to page 37.)

Smooth AS A PUSSY WILLOW
See how hamper's powder base smooths out your skin, makes it soft, youthful! It subtly 'tints' your complexion, helps hide blemishes, gives you that lovely portrait finish.

POWDER-BASE hamper
50c also 25c & 10c sizes
Over 18 million sold
HERE'S another reason why Dorothy Lamour is rated as a number one regular. Someone on the set handed her a review in which she and her recent picture were picked to bits and shreds. Dottie read it carefully and then handed it back. "It's still better than running an elevator for eleven dollars a week," she said wryly.

A LL war work and no play doesn't help the morale of any group of people. So the "Saturday Night Club" is now in order. Membership includes movie stars and those directly connected with the industry. The public is excused and allowed. At the initial gathering, Harry Crockar, popular columnist and man-about-town, was master of ceremonies. He invited everyone to come up and try the nets after a troupe of acrobats had completed their act. George Murphy and John Wayne were the first to start bouncing. Believe it or not, they were next joined by Darryl Zanuck. It was George Burns who cracked to Gracie, "Wonder why they didn't ask me?" In case you don't know your Hollywood beauty secrets, George wears a full-sized toupee, on and off the screen!

HOLLYWOOD wags are now referring to Bill Powell, George Jessel, Pat Di Cicco and Franchot Tone as the "Tennessee Mountain" boys. On account of all being the husbands of child brides! When Di Cicco recently married the seventeen-year-old Gloria Vanderbilt, her trousseau was designed and executed by Howard Greer.

Since the first day he went into business, the famous designer has kept an autograph book. So he asked Gloria to sign her name. "Finding the book interesting, the young actress turned to the front page. The very first name inscribed was that of Thelma Todd! At the time of her mysterious death, the beloved actress was married to Di Cicco. Coincidence, thy name is Hollywood!

**Be Lovelier! So very Soon! Go on the CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!**

THIS lovely bride, Mrs. Alfred L. Powell of New York, N. Y., says: "I'm so devoted to the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet! I tell all my friends about this wonderful aid to loveliness."

Start this exciting course in beauty care! It's based on the advice skin specialists—praised by lovely brides!

WHISPERED praises in the moonlight—"Your skin is so lovely to look at, so delightful to touch"... Every woman should hear these compliments. Do you?

If not, then the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet offers you a promise of new loveliness. For, unknowingly, you may be clouding the real beauty of your skin through improper cleansing. Or, like so many women failing to use a beauty soap as mild as it should be.

Thousands of brides have found the key to loveliness in the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet. One such bride is Mrs. Powell who says: "My skin has reacted so beautifully to the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet I'd never try any other beauty treatment!"

Skin specialists advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is milder than the 10 other famous beauty soaps tested. That's why we say "Go on the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet...TONIGHT!"

**GO ON THE "MILD-SOAP" DIET TONIGHT!**

Diana Barrymore, John's daughter and Lionel's niece, who makes her screen debut in Walter Wong's "Eagle Squadron," is the latest of the Barrymores to make a bid for film fame.

Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to the nose, the base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashing.

Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.
**She's Kissable**

There's a tantalizing 'came-hither' note ... a bright promise of gay adventure in the fairy-like enchantment of Irresistible Perfume. Create a magic mood by touching the golden fire of Irresistible to your hair, throat, wrist. Now in adorable Valentine Box, Only 10¢ at all 5 & 10¢ stores.

---

**She's Irresistible**

**USE IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK**

Brilliant new reds and ruby tones. The lipstick that's WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer ... smoother ... 10¢

---

**Tagging the Talkies**

**Babes on Broadway—M.G.M.**

Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland at their best in this peppy musical abo...
The Bugle Sounds—M-G-M
Wallace Beery dons a sergeant's uniform for his role of a hard-boiled cavalryman who resents orders to mechanize his unit because it means trading his horse for a tank, described by him as "machine guns on kiddy cars." The role suits Beery perfectly, and though it's strictly a he-man picture, it will appeal to everyone because of its timeliness.
Marjorie Main, again teamed with Beery, good. Shows authentic scenes of armored divisions at Army camps.

Kathleen—M-G-M
This marks Shirley Temple's return to pictures. As the motherless Kathleen, who is considered a problem child because she rebels at her treatment by an unsympathetic nurse, Shirley again proves what a fine trooper she is. Herbert Marshall plays her dad who lacks paternal interest until Laraine Day, psychologist, changes things. Shirley promotes a romance between them, outsting Gail Patrick, who is fine as her dad's mercenary girl friend.

Keep 'Em Flying—Universal
Abbott and Costello have made you laugh on land and sea and now they're in the air in this lively film. Enlisted as mechanics in the Air Corps to be near their stunt-flying pal, Dick Foran, they manage to take off in a plane which neither can pilot—a riotous sequence only topped by one in which chubby Lou rides a runaway torpedo. Martha Raye plays twins, direct opposites. Lou's in love with one, but which one? Gags aren't new, but funny.

Your Beauty can Smile at Wind and Cold

Do as Doctors advise:
Give your skin "baby-care"

Let the World's Loveliest Complexion—baby's own—show you how to help your skin stay fresh and lovely whatever the weather! Give it Ivory's gentle daily care.

Advised for years by doctors, Ivory Soap today actually gives you new mildness! Extra gentleness! Yes, New "Velvet-Suds" Ivory gives your skin gentler care than 10 leading toilet soaps! Give your beauty the benefit of gentle Ivory's daily care.

99½% PURE. IT FLOATS

Follow these 4 Winter Beauty Tips
1. Use a super-mild soap. New Ivory is actually milder than 10 leading toilet soaps! And notice: no dyes, medication, or strong perfumes that might be irritating!
2. Don't use hot water on your face. It has a drying effect. Lukewarm Ivory "velvet sudsy" baths are best for true beauty cleansing. And no icy rinses, unless your skin is oily.
3. Protect your skin when you go out with a powder-base cream. But use it only on a "baby-clean" face—cleansed with baby's beauty soap—gentle Ivory!
4. For weather-dried skins, massage with a lukewarm lather of gentle New Ivory, using finger-tips only. Rinse. Pat dry. Since your skin lacks sufficient oil, apply lightly a little cold cream.

"Baby-care" is Beauty-care... use
New Velvet-suds IVORY

Screenland "The Soap of the Century. Patented. 44¢ up to 99¢

TRADEMARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. & PROCTER & GAMBLE
Cinema Cinderella

Ellen Drew puts some bright sign posts on the road to success for all girls. Read them, and you'll see why Ellen "ought to be in pictures"

By Courtenay Marvin

BEFORE I knew much about Ellen Drew, I said of her photographs, “She doesn’t look like anybody else in Hollywood.” When I met her, I said, “She really seems to have a little of all the likeable qualities of everybody in Hollywood rolled into one.” In other words, she seemed a very charming compilation of good looks, glamor, personality, fun and good sense, with thirteen pictures to her credit, the latest being “The Remarkable Andrew.”

I went to see Ellen early in the morning, when many pretty curly head has reluctantly torn itself from a pillow. Not Ellen. She was an early bird, all dressed, with the exception of scuffs on her feet, and breakfasting, because we had arranged to have our talk while Ellen had a shampoo. But we lingered over coffee and got well into our subject. That was hair, occasioned by the shampoo appointment. I gathered that Ellen’s cross in life is her hair, because it is fine and requires much care—and not the usual problems like romance or success or money. With the energy and intelligence of a girl like Ellen, the more sombre problems of life solve themselves through action, but the little things like hair or nails or figure to balance the scales and put us all in the same boat—problems. Since Ellen brought up her minor problems here are quick answers to hair, nails and figure, which I will elaborate if you write to me:

When hair is fine and lacking in vitality, try one of the new varieties of shampoo. Encourage strength with brushing and massage. And be extra careful of the permanent method you select.

When nails break and won’t grow into longer, graceful shape, try one of the new protective agents. They seem to add strength to nails to resist breaking. They are wonderful for prolonging the beauty and life of manicure.

When you are under-weight and a decided addition of fats to your diet seems to increase oiliness of skin or hair, try, at your doctor’s suggestion, the correct vitamins.

Ellen solves her problem by two weekly shampoos, but she sets her hair herself. It (Please turn to page 7)
Thrilling New Way To More Glamorous Hair . . .
SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO MANAGE!

"Sweet Sophistication"... charming, new young hair-do. Before styling, the hair was washed
with Special Drene. See how silky and smooth it looks, how beautifully it lies in place.

amazing new improvement in Special Drene Shampoo . . .

wonderful hair conditioner now in it for new allure!

Do you wish your hair had that silky, smooth, well-groomed look so smart these days? That it would fall into place beautifully and neatly, when you comb it?

Then you simply must try the new, improved Special Drene Shampoo—with a wonderful hair conditioner now in it! For that hair conditioner just makes the most amazing difference—leaves hair far silkier, smoother, easier to manage, right after shampooing— you'll be thrilled!

Reveals up to 33% more lustre! Yes! In addition to the extra beauty benefits of that amazing hair conditioner, Special Drene still reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or liquid soap shampoos! For Drene is not just a soap shampoo, so it never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps do. Hair washed with Special Drene sparkles with alluring highlights, glows with glorious, natural color.

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff! Are you bothered about removal of ugly, salty dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Drene! For Drene removes ugly dandruff the very first time you use it!

And besides, Drene does something no soap shampoo can do—not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers"! Drene reveals extra highlights, extra color brilliance, . . . up to 33% more lustre!

So to get these extra beauty benefits don't wait to try improved Special Drene! Get a bottle of this real beauty shampoo this very day at any toilet goods counter—or ask your beauty operator to use it!

Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps and Soap Shampoos!

Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo with the exclusive patented cleansing ingredient which cannot leave a clouding film! Instead, it reveals up to 33% more lustre!

LOOK FOR THIS PACKAGE!
All Special Drene now at your dealer's in the blue and yellow package is the new, improved Special Drene containing

HAIR CONDITIONER

and is for every type of hair . . . dry, oily or normal. Just look for Special Drene—in the blue and yellow package!

Soaps, Liquid Shampoos and other hair products!
How you can catch cold—and what to do about it

NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS

The two drawings illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.

AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A
COLD or SORE THROAT Gargle LISTERINE—QUICK!

This prompt and easy precaution, frequently repeated, may head off the trouble entirely or lessen the severity of the infection if it does develop. Carefully conducted clinical tests during the past 10 years showed these amazing results:

That regular, twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds, milder colds, colds of shorter duration, than non-users, and fewer sore throats due to colds in many cases.

You naturally want to know why this is so.

We believe that it is because Listerine reaches way back on the throat to kill literally millions of the threatening bacteria known to doctors as the "secondary invaders" which may set up infection when body resistance is lowered for any reason (see panel above). In the opinion of many leading medical men these "secondary invaders" are the ones that so often complicate a cold ... make it troublesome ... result in the distressing symptoms you know all too well.

Actual tests showed bacterial reductions on the mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7%, even 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle ... up to 80% an hour after.

In view of this impressive evidence isn't it wise to keep Listerine Antiseptic handy in home and office ... to pack it when you travel ... to gargle with it often and thoroughly at the first sign of trouble?

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri

WATCH YOUR THROAT
where illness often starts
LISTERINE THROAT LIGHT
ONLY 75¢ Batteries Included
Genuine du Pont "Lucite" Illuminator
Is "The One-Eyed Actress" A FREAK or a FINE TROUPER?

An Open Letter to VERONICA LAKE

ear Miss Lake:

Excuse, please. I've had you wrong. I practically threw you right out in print and called you a Freak after being you in "I Wanted Wings." When I reviewed the film I said: "Veronica Lake, much-publicized newcomer, is the old-time screen siren for all her breathtaking streamlined curves."

That sounded unkind? Well, it's what I honestly thought. As a matter of fact I could have been really cruel; I could have added, I think she's amateurish, tude, and arrogant. Granted, it's her first important part—but she isn't even bothering to try to create a character. She's just posing, and with one eye, at that.

Now I've seen your second picture, "Sullivan's Travels," and I take it all back. In it you play a girl trying to make the grade in Hollywood. You are as spectacular-looking as ever, but this time your looks are subordinate to your acting, simply an added attraction. You're sincerely trying to convey to us a quaint character whose sardonic sense of humor is balanced by a big heart. Somehow we sense that you, your-

self, would do just what this girl did: Embark on a wacky adventure involving rubbing shoulders with smelly hoboes just because you loved a guy more than movie glory. In a way Preston Sturges' swell, down-to-earth yarn is your own story. Right after you made America Veronica-conscious you quit the studio to have a baby; became Mrs. John Detlie and forgot all about Miss Lake. I believe you'd leave the screen with never a backward glance if you thought a career menaced your right to live your own, private life. But I hope you'll make a few more pictures first because, now, I honestly believe you're not only the most striking personality to hit Hollywood in years, but a potentially fine actress, with one or two eyes.

Delight Evans
KEEP 'EM SMILING!
Six gophers have taken over our vegetable garden, in place of our Jap gardeners,” said Bob. “They do all the work the Japs did, and more besides—or free. I tell you, there are silver linings if you scrimp and find them!

“Why, think of all the fun you can have during a blackout—you never know what you are going to catch! first blackout we had here in Hollywood, I was in the dressing-room right next to Madeleine Carroll. So fast and yet so far! You can take it as a game of Blind Man’s Buff, can’t you? You used to like the game when you were a kid, didn’t you? So it’s different now, is it? Yes, so it is. You can still play the game, can’t you?

“Some of the characters in Hollywood, directors, actors, and such, are offering free space in their patios or those who want to get a front-row view of the air-dicks, if any. That’s what I call sporting. That’s the stuff. And speaking of blackouts: First one we had here, occurred to me that for the first time in years Dolores Mrs. Hope) and I could spend an evening by ourselves. But three relatives got in, anyway. So I gave up.”

We were lunching in Bob’s dressing-room on the paramount lot. Or was it Grand Central Station? The crowd was something fierce. There is always a crowd round Bob. “Hope runs with the pack,” said Hope. Here was Jerry Colonna, his mustache taking up most of the elbow room. There was Bob’s brother, (one of the six), Jack. There were the producers of Bob’s radio show. There was Bob’s agent, Louis Shurr. In between takes, Dottie Lamour dropped by, on her way to have rhinestone with the Governor of Louisiana. Bing Crosby asked his head in to ask Bob how it feels to be stoge to penguin. (See “My Favorite Blonde” in which, as hope is the first to tell you, Pete the Penguin blacks him out, and pod. What is more of a maneuver, Pete also blacks out the incandescent Miss Carroll.)

They all talked at once, there in Bob’s dressing-room. No two talked about the same thing. Not one mentioned the war except to gag the air business which, when Hope near, seems somehow a little less than. Because: “You’ve got to smile and keep on smiling,” Bob was saying, “same always, only more so now. Like when these characters around. It’s very good to have folks around you these days, lots of ’em. It’s kind of necessary. It’s easier to get a laugh, and give one, if you’re not alone. Wakes (Please turn to page 70)
NOW more than ever I look back upon Hawaii, now when the sound of guns echoes the song of the Islands. There were no bombs falling that day Jeff and I first came there. It was the way it used to be, gay and happy and peaceful. The way it will be again.

Everything anybody has ever said about the Islands is true. Especially the scenery! If I live to be a hundred I'll never forget the way it looked as our sailing boat drifted into the cove. Those curves, that motion and the color, the blue of southern sea, the gold of tropical sunset and the red of the hibiscus. She had all of them, that girl with her eyes the blue of fi
horizons, with her hair that looked as if a million sunbeams were dancing around in it and her mouth the color of an exotic flower ripe for the plucking.

Can you imagine me, Rusty Smith, a low-down hombre of a cattle puncher from Texas writing poetry like this? But that girl was enough to turn any man into a poet. Even Jeff, whose full name is Jefferson Harper and who happens to be the son of my boss, was writing poetry with his eyes as he looked at her. And that's something new for Jeff. What (Please turn to page 78)
ONE dull and gloomy morning not so long ago, big George Sanders, Britain's Bundle for America, had a headache—the kind that feels as if a thousand little blue devils are wielding pickaxes inside. On that day he was working with a bevy of bathing beauts when a reporter cornered him on the set and machine-gunned questions concerning girls and their effect on the Male Animal in general and Mr. George Sanders in particular. More concerned with the effects of aspirins than with those of beauty, Mr. Sanders talked fast to get the interview over with, saying, to wit:

"Hollywood girls are too beautiful—so beautiful that you can't actually believe they are real! And how in the world could a person fall in love with anyone who is unbelievable?"

Harry Crocker, columnist, went off with an item for his column, and Mr. Sanders remained behind with his headache. "Since the day of that headache, I've developed many others from being taken to task for the thoughtless statement I made during that moment of weakness," he says. "It happened to be one of those mornings after too much night before, and I was in no mood to think twice before I spoke."

But before you get the idea that Sanders is going to
France, was "The or was try had."

Much noticed J

Beauti wood take where no stand beautiful in of keep

London first I

pastes were were

"What We all for Europe

SANDERS

GIRLS

are

TOO

Beautiful!"

Says

GEORGE SANDERS

By

James F. Scheer

Frank stuff addressed directly to women by the man so many of them consider the most fascinat-ingly sinister fellow on the screen

take back all his words, let him say: "Don't misunder-stand! Much of my original statement still holds. Holly-wood girls are the most beautiful in the world. There's no mistaking that. And that doesn't exclude England, where I was born; France, noted for its women; or any of Europe—with the islands of Bali and Tahiti thrown in for a good measure.

"What I'm driving at is, movie girls are unbelievably beautiful but not so unbelievable as to seem unreal, as I said while under the influence of reporter and aspirins. The part I really find unbelievable is that any man can keep from falling in love with them, if you follow me."

We follow Mr. Sanders and hope you are with us be-cause he wants to tell us that "American women have it all over British women in all but a few respects. And I don't think I'm being disloyal to the girls over there when I try to compare them with girls over here. The first thing I noticed in this country was teeth. While in London six years ago, I thought ads in your periodicals were showing the cream of the crop to sell their dental pastes and powders. I was amazed to see so many thou-
sands of girls with teeth as white, strong, and straight as those shown in ads. This impressed me because all my life I had been used to English girls, who until fairly recently never bothered a great deal about wearing braces to straighten their teeth or having almost invisible fillings inserted. Crooked, overlapping, and protruding teeth are common over there. "Once you've seen near perfection, how can you revert to anything else?"

Sanders lit a cigarette, sprawled himself into his fa-vorite couch, draped his long legs over an end table, and talked slowly: "The American girl's figure can hardly be matched by those of English girls. And the Hollywood figure is the acme of perfection. If Venus de Milo had one look at Dorothy Lamour, Ginger Rogers, Marlene Dietrich, or Ida Lupino—all somewhat different examples of lovely lines—she would lock herself in a dark closet or discard all full-length mirrors," he laughed.

"Then there's the gaiety of the Hollywood girl—the verve—the joy of living, the eternal youthful spirit that makes her the world's class A. She has boundless energy and dash that women in other (Please turn to page 62)
Claire Trevor is just one of the many movie stars whose slogan is, "Knit for Defense!" Because knitting gives you steady nerves and steady hands, so important in this national emergency. And because, frankly, it's fun!
Every minute of this Hollywood star's spare hours away from the studio is given to Knitting for Defense. This is no time to indulge in nerves or worry, so buckle down to that sweater and scarf, and those socks, and get them finished so that some soldier boy or sailor boy will know you're for him! And don't forget to keep right on buying Defense Bonds and Stamps!

There's more to this home defense business than just keeping the home fires burning—we can help make our girls comfortable, too, by knitting warm things for them. Claire Trevor doesn't waste a precious minute—she knits while her maid brushes her hair; knits in bed before the sandman catches up with her; knits when sitting for or riding in elevators; knits while being chauffeured to and from the studio. Claire is not only a expert knitter, but she is just as skillful with crochet hook and sewing needle, as you can see from the crochet sweater blouse she crocheted for herself, below, and the sewing kit she is making for a boy's camp. See pattern for kit pinned on khaki cloth to be cut out, opposite page. Miss Trevor crocheted her smart knitting bag, too. SCREENLAND will be happy to send you instructions for knitting or crocheting to help you Knit for Defense upon receipt of a stamped, addressed large envelope.

Photographs by Larry Gordon, posed exclusively for SCREENLAND. Courtesy Tom Fidale, Inc.
Don’t get us wrong. Jack Benny hasn’t a yen for Shakespeare. It’s just that the script of Ernst Lubitsch’s “To Be Or Not To Be” calls for him to play a ham actor. “Look at me—in blue tights of all things!” cracks the comic of whom his wife Mary Livingston says, “I worship the guy.”

By
Elizabeth Wilson

“OU certainly look pretty, Mr. Benny,” Carol Lombard teased as Jack strutted in front of her. The “To Be Or Not To Be” set. “Bucket,” she screamed at her hairdresser who was always Loretta until Mr. Gable started calling her Bucket, “don’t bother I do my hair for this scene. Nobody will look at me with Mr. Benny so pretty.”

Jack was indeed a sight for weary eyes. He wore elegant (and form-fitting, girls) sky-blue tights, a dainty velvet jerkin, and a handsome gold chain about his neck. His head was covered with a delicately marcelled wig—so languishingly lovely that it is bound to bring forth poisonous remarks from a certain acidulous Fred Allie.

Jackie with the light brown hair.

“Look at me,” said Jack in disgust, waving an unlit cigar. “The hammiest of the hams! I guess I was the only actor in the world who had no ambition to play Hamlet. I was doing all right in my quiet little way. I was very happy. And now look at me—in blue tights, of all things!”

Now don’t get us wrong. Jack Benny isn’t trying to compete with Maurice Evans. Success hasn’t gone to Jack’s head, he hasn’t outgrown his pants, and he hasn’t a yen for Shakespeare. It’s just that the script of Ernst Lubitsch’s “To Be Or Not To Be” calls for him to ena

Benny has a quiet chuckle over his new role in “To Be Or Not To Be” which requires him to don different disguises. See scenes below with Co-star Carol Lombard and, below center, getting “the Lubitsch touch.”
As a ham actor playing "Hamlet" in the Teatre Polski in Warsaw, just prior to Hitler's invasion, Jack recites the famous soliloquy for laughs. And laughs there will be plenty of, you bet.

As the Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne of Poland, Jack and Carole are a riot. The gag is that Jack never gets to finish his soliloquy. At the first two performances somebody walks out on him just as he is giving his all to "To-be-or-not-to-be-that-is-the-question." Which, of course, breaks his heart. And at the third performance, just as he is beginning his soliloquy, who walks in but Hitler's invading army. That makes him boiling mad. The nerve of those drips, ruining his big scene!

"I'm getting the Lubitsch touch these days," Jack said, with a grin, "and believe me, I now innuendo very slyly." Well, touches are certainly no novelty in Jack's life. Ever since he came out of World War I with a violin, a line of chatter, and the courage to do a single act in vaudeville Jack, who is generous to a fault, has been a favorite "touch" all the way from New York to Hollywood. But the Lubitsch touch is something else again. (As Mary Livingston would probably say on his radio program, "He likes it. It doesn't cost him anything").

"Jock is magnificent," said Director Lubitsch, who is famous for making his characters deliciously naughty, in a nice way of course. "His Hamlet makes you laugh, yes?"

Anything Jack Benny does or says makes me laugh. Me, and about fifty million other fans. But his most ardent fan of all is Mary Livingston who, as everybody knows, is Mrs. Benny. And that's the way she wants it—he'd rather be Mrs. Benny than any other woman in the world. Mary says quite simply, "I worship the guy." And after fifteen years of married life! He must really be a sweet person.

I dropped in on Mary at the Benny home in Beverly Hills the other day, and without any effort at all started her talking about her favorite comedian. I learned that Mr. Benny hates pompadours. (Please turn to page 73)
ONCE in a lifetime the impossible happens. It happened to Dick Travis. Not long ago, Bette Davis was a shadow on the screen, representing his ideal of what an actress should be. He sat rapt through her pictures. He painted a poster of her for the local theater lobby. She was the faraway, the bright, the unattainable. If a genie had said, "Some day you'll be working with her," he'd have told him to go soak his head.

A few years later, in the fall of 1941, Bette, Travis, and the now dilapidated poster were being photographed together on the Warner lot. Bette was playing the man-who-came-to-dinner's secretary, Travis the guy she's in love with. To be in Hollywood at all, under contract to any studio, playing in any picture, opposite any actress, would have been miracle enough. That it should be Bette's studio, Bette's picture, Bette's lead was almost more than he could soberly contemplate. He stammered something of what it felt like. She understood what it felt like. "Kind of crazy, isn't it?" she grinned. "Insane," he agreed, meaning wonderful.

It happened through one of those series of combinations which the skeptic calls accident, the believer design. At twenty Dick knew no more of Bette's existence than she of his. A heavy rainfall at the Chicago World's Fair one day drove him and his brother-in-law to a movie house for shelter. Doc, as Dick calls the kindly physician his sister married, eyed the marquee askance.

Bette Davis says: "If Travis rocket to fame and fortune, it won't be because I mentioned his name, but because he's got the stuff to make good under his own steam." That's what she says. But it was Bette who spotted him and brought him to the attention of studio officials, resulting in Richard Travis being cast opposite her in "The Man Who Came to Dinner." Pictures on page opposite were snapped on the set, exclusively for our story.
erable to pneumonia. They went in. Even Doc was impressed by the girl on the screen. As for Dick, a star had risen. He had acting ambitions. He'd never seen an actress like this one—so distinctive, so honest, and so moving.

Back in Paragould, Arkansas, he watched for her pictures, culled scenes from them for his local radio program, played them with the local Davis and dreamed she was the real one, became assistant manager of the Paragould Theater, published the house organ and peppered it with stories of Bette, campaigned for her during the who-should-play-Scarlett fever, and still believes Selznick missed out on his best bet. When "Jezebel" came to town, the boys were all for plastering the lobby with displays. Dick had other ideas. He'd seen a photograph of Bette—a head posed by the studio—which he felt captured the essence of the whole picture. He copied it in colors, had it beautifully mounted, and hung in solitary splendor with the lights on it. The effect was terrific.

For the purpose of this story, it's enough to tell that through the kind offices of Doc who put up the money, Dick turned up in Hollywood at the end of '39, studied briefly with Josephine Dillon Gable, took a room at the Y and lived the life of every movie aspirant—plunging between the extremes of hope and despair, with less of the former and more of the latter as time moved on.

He was feeling pretty dreary one night. He'd been playing leads in a converted garage down one of Hollywood's back alleys. Nobody ever came but friends of the cast, and drunk looking for a spot to curl up and snore in. For reasons we won't go into, the author of their current offering had threatened them with a lawsuit unless they closed down. This was to be the last night for their show.

Together with the average quota of drunks, a thoroughly sober guy stumbled in that night. Thinking the garage was still a garage, he'd come round to have his car fixed, and so caught the last act. He was Sumner Lyon of the Warner casting office, he nabbed Travis backstage, told him if so-and-so could get leads, he could get six, and suggested he drop in at the casting office next morning.

So he read for Steve Trilling, the casting director, who authorized a test, then spoke the sweetest words a man in Travis's spot could hear. "You're under contract to Warners."

His first thought was for Doc and the family, his second for Bette. She was first lady and he was last contract player, but on the same lot. He'd probably get to see her, if only from afar. That lent his contract an intangible radiance. He almost missed her the first time. A girl stepped out of a car, and ran up the steps of the administration building, sun glinting on the fair hair that fell to her shoulders. "What beautiful hair," he thought. Not till she turned at the door for a moment did he recognize Bette. A cup of coffee at the drugstore across the street carried him through that crisis.

Like all contract players, he was groomed, curried, and used as atmosphere. He moved through the background of "Navy Blues," rearing up out of the shadows once or twice. Then Keith Douglas, cast for "Here Comes the Cavalry," a short, was drafted. They had to shove somebody in. Travis says they picked on him because there's a horse in the story and, by a coincidence, there are also horses in Arkansas. It's as good a reason as many I've heard.

Bette had missed the preview of "The Bride Came C.O.D." and dropped in at a theater to see it. They ran "Here Comes the Cavalry" first, and here history repeated itself. As Travis had been impressed with her performance, so she was impressed with his. No, she didn't rave and it wasn't the same kind of revolutionizing experience, but she was sufficiently impressed to mention the young man to the front office, and suggest that they might do worse than try him out for the role of Bert Jefferson in "The Man Who Came to Dinner."

Now when they call him Bette's discovery, she gets mad. "In the first place," she says, "it makes me self-conscious. I'm no Lady Bountiful and I hate the picture of myself going round picking people out of the mob. It's a false picture and a (Please turn to page 56)
By Liza

As we go to press, Bette Davis is just about to walk away with the Hollywood Women's Press Club's poll for the most cooperative actress. It's a cinch she'll win. She deserves to win. She must be awfully bored with winning things by now. But next year, I'll wager, she will be nosed out of first place by a young dramatic actress, who is as intelligent as she is beautiful, named Gene Tierney.

The Tierney and the Davis have one important thing in common. It isn't their acting ability. Nobody says that Bette Davis is a bad actress. Well, not out loud. And plenty of people say that Gene Tierney is a bad actress. Right out loud. (Hey, give Gene time). The one thing
these two have in common is complete confidence in Publicists and Press. Bette has always figured that the working press and her studio publicity department know their jobs. (Contrary to the theory held by most of the glamorous and great that press agents and fan writers slither out from under rocks on pretty days just to annoy them). And Bette, as you have probably noticed, has not done badly. And now, right out of the blue, or right out of Twentieth Century-Fox to be more exact, comes Gene Tierney who figures it the same way Bette does. She should be so smart.

I first met Gene last June on the top of broiling hot Acoma Rock in the Indian country in New Mexico, where the "Sundown" company had gone on location. She had just been married the weekend before to Count Oleg Cassini, and was on her honeymoon, minus her bridegroom. She had also

The torrid Tierney you see on the screen is Hollywood's current glamor sensation. She's not at all like the Gene Cassini you'll meet here, in her cozy bride's house, photographed exclusively for our feature story.
just recently been made a star by Darryl Zanuck, following her excellent work in "Belle Starr," a picture that had been planned for Barbara Stanwyck. When I learned that due to a shortage of tents on the location I was to share a tent with Gene, my spirits drooped considerably.

"A new star," I growled. "She'll put on airs like a road company queen. And a new Countess, heaven help me. Remember how Gloria Swanson and Connie Bennett acted when they grabbed off titles! She'll probably let them eat cake and grande dame it all over the tent. And horror of horrors—a bride. She'll be moony ad nauseam."

Now don't get me wrong. I approve of brides, some of my best friends are brides, but I think there is a definite place for them, and the place is not in a tepee

Now see Gene Tierney in her new role, exotic siren of the South Seas in "Son of Fury," latest Tyrone Power picture.

in the middle of the American desert with a thoroughly provoked fan writer. My spirits had sunk so low they were oozing out of the open toes of my sandals when Gene, hot and dusty, returned from the day’s work on the Rock. "It's not much," she said with a friendly smile, nodding at the iron cots, the makeshift dressing table, and the leaky shower, "but we might as well call it home. Make yourself comfortable—just try!" And with the perfect grace of a charming hostess she gave me the best bed, the cleanest towels, and the first crack at the drippy shower. I always say "good family" tells—and "good family" was certainly speaking a mouthful way out in the middle of the American desert.

The next day Gene had the morning off and was supposed to pose for a special layout for me. To my dismay I saw that she had put on a little gingham house dress she had brought along with her which zippered right up to the Tierney chin and hung discouragingly far below the Tierney knees. "For the pictures today," I stammered, trying to be subtle, after all you just can't come right out with it, "it would be better if you wore something more—er—er, you know, something more—er—"

"Oh, the pictures," exclaimed Gene. "I forgot about them. I know exactly what you want. I've got a real low neck dress. Or maybe you had rather (Please turn to page 63)"
Power and Passion!

Most torrid love scene of the screen season is this one between Tyrone Power and Gene Tierney in “Son of Fury.”
Fortunate for Baby David James, above with Dietrich, that he's so cute! Claimed best infant "discovery" since Baby Sandy, cherub was innocent cause of holding up production of Dietrich's new film, "The Lady is Willing," when the star slipped and fell doing a scene with him and suffered an injury to a shapely gam, delaying the picture at a cost of thousands of dollars. No hard feelings, though — Marlene is even sharing her closeups with lil' Davey, to the disgust of co-star MacMurray.
Yep, Tracy gets the Girl in his latest film, "The Woman of the Year"—and she's Katharine Hepburn. Terrific team co-star in timely screenplay of a brilliant woman political columnist who permits her career to interfere with her private life as Tracy's wife. Story goes that Hepburn, meeting Tracy for first time, said: "I'm afraid I'm a little tall for you, Mr. Tracy." Don't worry, Kate—there isn't an actress in or out of Hollywood whose talents can top Spencer's dramatic stature, even after "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"
When you see this love scene in "Roxie Hart," know that you will be watching honest emotion at work! For Ginger Rogers and George Montgomery won't be "acting"
Most daring rôle of her dazzling career is Ginger Rogers' latest. As *Roxie Hart* she plays a dizzy dame on trial for murder—distinct departure for the Academy Award Winner
Enhancing the charms of Jane Wyman, this striking study is Hollywood camera art at its best.
The photographer dramatizes the dynamic Brian Donlevy as he appears in the title rôle of "Heliotrope Harry".
Black Magic Fashions!

Created for Norma Shearer to wear in her new film, "We Were Dancing"
Facing page, Norma Shearer is shown wearing "Manana," the name given the gown created for the star by Halvis of London. A black Spanish shawl is draped to a fitted silhouette. The heavy silk fringe of the shawl forms a glamorous skirt line and outlines the shoulders as epaulettes. On this page, another fitted black gown, slightly shirred in front, unrelieved except for the black lace collar and cuffs, backed by white. Note Miss Shearer's new short coiffure.
PILOT'S DELIGHT is the name given this costume created for Norma Shearer by Rahvis of London for her new picture, "We Were Dancing." The revers, belt, and link buttons are heavily beaded.

MORE BLACK MAGIC: the fitted black crepe gown pictured on preceding page is shown again here, topped by its zippered white mess jacket of crepe which is exquisitely appliqued with black lace and jet.
INSIGNIA VICTORY: blue fitted sheath with red and gold bands inserted as stripes down each side of the skirt. The mess jacket of red roamine is dotted with gold braid insignias and edged with gold bands.

HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY: full skirt of velvet is sapphire, bolero is ruby red embroidered in silver thread and sequins. Collar and cuffs of the white crepe peasant blouse are jeweled in the same tones.
Cary Grant says he never had so much fun making a picture! So you can look forward to "Arsenic and Old Lace," Frank Capra's production of the Broadway stage hit, for laughs—and Priscilla Lane as Cary's pretty heroine.
And So To "TWIN BEDS"

Here we have a frankly farcical version of a comedy which has stood the test of time—with Joan Bennett as the giddy wife, George Brent as her husband, and Mischa Auer as the "menace," it is as modern as tomorrow.
"The Fleet's In" presents Dottie as a singer with Jimmy Dorsey's celebrated band. Here Jimmy and his boys are serenading the sarongless (in this film, anyway) star. Bob Eberly and Helen O'Connell, Dorsey's regular vocalists, are also featured players in the picture.
PAULETTE has PLANS for MILLAND!

Yes, Miss Goddard in her new rôle is giving Ray Milland plenty to ponder on, as she portrays a New York newspaperwoman sent to Lisbon to assist Ray, appearing as a news commentator. To add to the excitement, Paulette is suspected of being a spy. Yes, "The Lady Has Plans."
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

Anne Gwynne and Dick Foran in
"RIDE 'EM, COWBOY"
(The New Abbott-Costello Picture)
ONE blackout night in London a tearing, jagged split of bomb came crashing through the roof and slugged down at their very feet. And so it was that Roddy and his sister came to Hollywood.

Not that a boy of 12 and a girl who was only a year ahead of him had anything to say about it. Mr. McDowall, as Roddy blistered his hand snatching up the hot, ugly intruder, said things were getting too close for the good of his children and that it was high time they were hurried off to a place of safety—America. His wife, sweeping up the dust of fallen plaster, stoutly agreed with him.

For that wasn’t the first time their house at Herne Hill, not far from Croydon—perilous as a powder-keg because of its airport—had been hit. Not by a long shot. There were no windows left in it, and a particularly mean blast had ripped the lock clean out of the front door, so that anyone could walk right in whenever he jolly well pleased.

“Daddy got tired mending the holes in the roof,” Roddy matter-of-factly told me.

Hearing this was like seeing through those holes into an English home that again and still again raiding Nazis had made the scene of attempted murder. Out of that home, by the strange fortunes of war, was to come an obscure child destined to be (Please turn to page 60)
“REMEMBER THE DAY”

ONE-WORD GUIDE: POIGNANT!

APPEAL: To those who can still remember their grade-school days—and that favorite teacher, even though she didn’t look quite like Claudette Colbert.

PLOT: More romantic than “Meet Miss Bishop,” this story of a small-town school teacher whose influence over a promising pupil stretches almost to the White House is singularly moving, bringing that old lump up to your throat and keeping it there even though you know that if there were school teachers that lovely and inspired there would be no truant problem; even though her love affair with a manual training teacher as handsome as John Payne (as a matter of fact, he is played by John Payne) is out of this world—then even, you can’t resist its appeal. The First World War which is the villain of the plot will bring back memories to the older, but I guarantee the youngsters won’t be bored.

ACTING: Claudette Colbert is a surprise as the school teacher, especially after her scintillating “Stella!.” She is not only completely captivating as the young teacher—you’d expect that; and convincing as a lady in love, as you know she’d be; but she is profusely moving as the middle-aged woman who finds the reward of her years of service when her former pet pupil looms as the next President of the U. S. As the boy pupil, young Douglas Croft is exceptionally fine, and John Payne contributes more than good looks to his rôle; his is a manly and sincere portrayal.

Don’t miss “Remember the Day” for a good, gentle cry.

20th Century-Fox

“JOHNNY EAGER”

ONE-WORD GUIDE: PUNCHY

APPEAL: If you enjoy a rousing melodrama, with Robert Taylor getting rough and Lana Turner liking it—hurry to the first show, kids.

PLOT: It’s plenty tough and tragic, and you wouldn’t believe it at all except for Mervyn LeRoy’s deftly deceptive direction—it’s about this deb, see, doing social service work (dressed by Adrian, my dear) who meets, sees through, but nevertheless falls for the dangerous outlaw, supposedly now a good boy on parole, Johnny Eager. To him she’s just another dame, get it, until she proves her love by—but see it yourself even if you can’t believe it. The gutsy gangplay, the breathless suspense, and the crashing climax will keep you sitting up straighter than usual; there isn’t a slump in a screenful; certainly not when Mr. Taylor and Miss Turner are setting the celluloid on fire with their not too subtle love scenes.

ACTING: If you mean acting, then mean Van Hefflin’s performance. As the alcoholic idealist who is Johnny’s only friend, Hefflin’s is a superb if highly stylized portrayal. You will remember it, and you will watch for him in future films. If you mean fascinating, then you’re thinking of luscious Lana and terrific Taylor, who provide the most striking clash of strong personalities you’re apt to see in a flock of movies. Taylor’s tough guy is really tough; he pulls no punches, and you’re not going to think of him ever again as Beautiful Bob. As for Miss Turner, she manages to make you sorry for her in several touching scenes, and that’s an achievement.

M-G-M

“RISE AND SHINE”

ONE-WORD GUIDE: FUNNY!

APPEAL: You have to be slightly wacky to enjoy this, since it represents Jack Oakie as a college boy—when will he get that diploma?—but it’s worth it.

PLOT: Nothing so dull and officious as a plot is to be found here, but a very free translation of a James Thurber whimsy concerning a dumb but willing athlete whose prowess on the gridiron is counted on to save dear old Alma Mater’s prestige and stuff. It’s more burlesque than satire, still it’s the first movie to spoof the sacred institution of college football, and you’ll find it great fun, especially when it involves the erratic goings on in a professor’s family, reminiscent of “You Can’t Take It With You,” and the complications of underworld intrigue—not to mention a rivalry for the affections of the professor’s beautiful daughter, none other than Linda Darnell. In or out of season, the football game is a hoot.

ACTING: It’s all Oakie’s picture, and if you’re a fan of the big fellow you will find him at his laziest, largest, and funniest. If you’re not a fan you may now change your mind, for there’s less mugging and more artistry than usual in the Oakie antics here, though there’s no danger that he will be stealing Boyer’s subtle stuff. George Murphy is his rival for the fair Linda, with the issue hardly in doubt at any time, and Milton Berle projects his peculiar brand of comedy with such discerning candor that you’re won over in spite of your very valid objections. Any comic who stands out in an Oakie picture has something. I don’t know just what, though.

20th Century-Fox
"BALL OF FIRE"

ONE-WORD GUIDE:
RACY!

APPEAL: Cooper as a dreamy college professor, Stanwyck as a night-club hooch-dipper who bewitches and bewilders him—it's in the groove.

PLOT: Refreshingly different—one picture which will outsmart the gossips who can usually write the rest of the story after the first few scenes. With never a let-down, the yarn unrolls the humorous adventures of a young professor and his seven old colleagues who are working on an encyclopaedia and have progressed to the chapter on "Slang." When the unworlly intellectually starts gathering first-hand material, he tangles with reality in a big way and acquires not only a working knowledge of 1942 slang but a romance with a gangster's sweetie which completes his education, at the expense of the encyclopaedia. How he outwits the underworld characters and wins the gal provides a scene which for suspense and fun is the high spot of the month.

ACTING: If you had any doubts at all, this picture will convince you that Gary Cooper is the screen's Number One Actor. After the noble "Sergeant York," he takes this totally different rôle in his stride and turns in a terrific performance—with a full understanding of the humorous implications he manages to be immensely appealing, engagingly dignified. Another actor might have been ridiculously out of the rôle, but on Cooper the quaintness is becoming.

Stanwyck is a match for him as the hard-shelled entertainer whose armor is cracked by Cooper's naive honesty and devotion. Her number with Gene Krupa's band is an eye-opener. Dana Andrews as the underworld king looks as an authentic "New Gable."

Samuel Goldwyn-RKO-Radio

"SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS"

ONE-WORD GUIDE:
DIFFERENT!

APPEAL: Veronica Lake's second picture—need we say more? Well, all right—it's a Preston Sturges picture, too, and with Joel McCrea.

PLOT: Weirdest concoction so far of the inimitable Sturges imagination. This writer-director has devised a story which, although it never quite attains its aims, is still the most original piece since—since last Sturges. Take a rich young Hollywood director who wants to make pictures "with a message" instead of the box office comedies which have made him famous. To gather material he starts out as a hobo, accompanied by a shy blonde. His adventures subject him to curious and revealing experiences, finally casting him into a chain-gang where he learns the true meaning of the "message" the movies have to offer humanity. It's a strange and garbled story ranging from slapstick to tragedy, but you'll remember it.

ACTING: Joel McCrea attains full dramatic stature as the sincere Hollywood celebrity in search of something real. The boisterous actor is grown up, now, and ranks next to Cooper in his ability to project the forthright and rugged, typically American character. Miss Lake also "arrives" as an actress, after her sensational but shallow début in "I Wanted Wings." Her still-startling appearance is softened by her apparent understanding of her part, and she gives promise of becoming a truly fine actress. A shy sense of humor is a surprising thing in such a siren, but assurance that Veronica will eventually win over the ladies in her audience as she has already won the men.

ONE-WORD GUIDE:
HILARIOUS!

APPEAL: So you saw the play? Don't worry; the play didn't have Bette Davis and Ann Sheridan, in addition to Monte Woolley. You won't be disappointed.

PLOT: From the famous stage play, and for once, or at most twice, a distinct improvement. The picture is, as advertised, twice as funny; it retains all the dialogue of the original and adds pace, playfulness, and more scintillating performances. It tears along at typhoon speed, losing laughs along the way because the customers are still guffawing over the last crack, as it records the invasion of a plodding middle-western home by an international celebrity whose wit is exceeded only by his incredible rudeness. His reign of terror is punctuated by telephone calls and personal visits from the great, a crate of penguins, and complete disaster when he undertakes to play Jehovah to the entire family and his own long-suffering secretary.

ACTING: Monte Woolley enacts his famed original rôle of Sheridan White-side with all the excruciating arrogance and aplomb with which he invested it on the stage. But here, he is aided by a superb cast. Great star Bette Davis plays what is virtually a supporting rôle, that of the wise and tolerant secretary, as the swell actress she is, completely in character and never scene-stealing. Gorgeous Ann Sheridan is the unpredictable stage star who almost wrecks her romance but is prevented in the nick of time by Benio, played by Jimmy Durante. Newcomer Richard Travis is a "find."

Warner Bros.
Hollywood's handsomest lovers are Taylor and Turner, and their first film together, "Johnny Eager," packs a real punch. Elementary, not artistic; certainly not aimed at the family trade—but for sheer excitement and sizzling love scenes it's Melodrama No. One, not to be missed.

Lana Turner gets her Man and he's Robert Taylor—which means that their co-starring picture, "Johnny Eager," is the most dynamic movie of the month. What a team—torrid, honey-haired Turner, playing a débutante who can't resist the dark and ruthless appeal of Taylor, even though he's a tough hombre and she knows it. But he's her Man! M-G-M, gives us this perfectly matched pair in another menacing movie.
She's ENGAGED!
She's Lovely!
She uses Pond's!

See what "Gini's" SOFT-SMooth
Glamour Care will do for your skin

1. She SLATHERS Pond's satin-soft Cold Cream thick on her face and throat.
   She says, "Then I pat like anything with quick little pats—up from my chin, over nose, cheeks, forehead, till my face feels all fresh and glowy. This helps soften and take off dirt and stale make-up. Then I tissue the cream off."

2. She "RINSES" with lots more Pond's Cold Cream. Tissues it off again.
   "It's simply grand," she says, "the way my face feels—so baby-soft and so clean, every last little smitch of dirt wipes right off."
   Do this yourself! You'll love how your skin feels—so sweet and clean! Use Pond's Cold Cream "Gini's" way every night—for daytime clean-ups, too. You'll know then why so many more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Buy a jar at any beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes—the most economical, the lovely big jars.

GINI'S RING is as lovely as her almond-blossom complexion. It is a brilliant-cut diamond with 3 smaller diamonds each side, exquisitely set in platinum.

Von D's Girls Belong to Cupid
Bette Davis Helps A Dream Come True

Continued from page 31

silly one. It creates the impression that all I have to do is walk up to Hal Wallis, smile sweetly, and say, 'I think this boy is good, don't you think? I could think till I was blue in the face, and a blue face is all it would get me if they hadn't reached the same conclusion, independent of their feeling people have. 'Well, of course he'll go places. I could go places too if Davis or Sheridan or Garbo go places. It's a failure.' The easiest part of this game is getting your chance. It's from there that the headaches start. If Travis rokets to fame and fortune, it will be because he's done his time, but because he's got the stuff to make good under his own steam. And if he's got it, he'd have come through anyway, push or push.

That's Bette's view, and she's welcome to it. The fact remains that, like other good actors, introduced to roles where he's worked in a dozen pictures without being noticed. At least she's saved him time and mental anguish. At most—well, let's not annoy her by going into that.

Travis, who'd left the Y and moved into an apartment with a couple of friends, was at home minding his own business one night when the phone rang. William Keighley, the director, wanted to see him next morning. Keighley handed him two scenes, told him he'd have to learn them for a test Monday morning. "It's the part opposite Bette Davis," he said. Travis looked from the script to the man and back to the script, mastered his lips. "Opposite Bette Davis," he repeated carefully.

This is only a test, of course, he kept reminding himself for the next forty-eight hours, when his head threatened to leave his neck and go floating off to parts unknown. For he'd heard of the test room and played the Davis role. Next morning Travis bumped into the publicity chief who had a newspaper man in tow. The publicity chief whispers, "This is the guy who's going to play opposite Davis." So now he knew.

His first meeting with Bette came several days later. Someone decided that there was a press story in the Paragould poster, so the home town boys obligingly dug up the picture (next issue will have the story) and sent it to him. Travis was summoned to have publicity stills taken with Bette and the wreck of his labor of love in the round camera, leaned out, called hello, parked, shook hands, said she'd seen his tests and thought they were swell, kept up a running commentary on this and that while the pictures were being shot.

He managed an occasional monosyllable. His state of mind may best be summed up in the fact that he couldn't find his way home that night. Reaching his apartment, he was told by the landlady that he didn't live there. Which recalls only to mind something the boys had said about moving today. 'Could she tell him where he did live? No, except that it was somewhere on Hollywood Boulevard. He cruised up and down, beating on alternate doors and asking whether any strange characters had turned up. At some hours of this pursuit, a familiar car parked in front of a house, went in, failed to raise the boys or the landlady, peered through window, then emerged. It turned out by the process of elimination, stuck a wire through the screen, climbed in and fell into the slumber of emotional exhaustion.

Haven't been for Bette, he'd probably have been thrown off the set. She says, stuff and nonsense. The record speaks for itself.

She asked him to have lunch with her the first day. "And talked to me," he says, "not like an expert to a stupe, but like one equal to another."

Something else happened that day which touched her. Before each take Dick would thrust his hand into his pocket. She asked him why. Rather sheepishly he pulled out a card, bearing on one side the number 11. "My lucky number," he explained. "It was on my football jersey and my track sweater. Then he turned it over. On the other side, he'd written Mom.

"For a girl was marred—I kind of like to touch it for luck." If for nothing else, Bette would have liked him for that.

She encouraged him, kidded him, bolstered his spirits. When he fumbled at clashing a bracelet on her arm, she'd murmur, "How many girls in Arkansas have you done that to?" When he groaned at his own ineptitude before the cameras, the picture's good, they'll forget you ever anything but their fair-haired darling.

On other occasions she applied the balm of laughter. He'd committed the unforgivable studio sin—come late to the set. When the directorial thunder died down, he looked around for a hole to crawl into. Bette crooked a conspirator's finger, and he knew he was safe.

"What happened?"

"Well, it seems he had a bad cold and a face full of stuff and he was a little groggy, and the food was heavy, so between the two he felt lousy, and he took some sleeping pills and he overslept—"

"Not exactly. You see, I live with another guy and it's his alarm clock—"

Which rocked Bette on her heels. Which perhaps Dick did his best to explain, maybe he was still fit for human society.

Bette refuses to be a prophet. "I'm not going to make a prophecy about his future. There are too many factors involved. A career isn't wholly up to the individual. The studio can make it or break it. For the next year or two, at least, he's going to depend on the kind of parts he gets and the kind of directors he works with. As for the boy himself, I think he's swell personally. I think he's unerringly attractive to girls, he's entranced, and a nice sense of humor, which will help him on the hur-dles. I think the greatest thing in his favor is that he's not actor-looking—the way he reminds me of Cooper and McCrea—so that lovely young kids may not automatically think of Bette boys you don't just look at and say, he's an actor.

"Then he's got something else while seeing me vitally important in his busi-ness, and that's stability. Out here women spoil attractive young men, and attractive young men get spoiled by them. I believe Bill has the best kind of insurance against that in his background and train-ing. He comes of a normal average family, where the people are responsible. They can make good for their sake as well as his own. I can understand being completed, thrown by the Hollywood set-up, unless your family can't see you that business.

Certain values, old-fashioned or not, to word doesn't scare me—like loving you mother and having a feeling about God, whatever you choose to call Him, and believing in truth and sticking up for you principles and not giving a hoot if your's called sissy, which will help him on the way—it's so much a part of him, he can ever lose it—and I'll risk this one prediction—"If it doesn't succeed, it can't be him, he couldn't be that bad."

If you're wondering why she calls him Bill, it's because the only thing she doesn't like about him is the name that studio stunts with him. His real name is William Ju-tice. "Such a strong name," mourns Bette. "The other sounds exactly what it is, something they pull out of a hat and pin on an actor." She recalls with a giggle that they wanted her to change her name, "You can't go out to Hollywood," the talkie, "she's a little too plain name like Bette Davis."

"Maybe it stinks," she agreed sweetly. "But it's mine and I keep it." She wishes Bill had kept his.

There's nothing about her Bette doesn't like. When the picture was finished, I went to her for flowers. The only one I could find was violet flower was. Yellow roses, they told him. "Look," he said, "I'm a dope about such things. I'll take a half dozen yellow roses and green stuff and whatever else it needs to make it the best, because it's going to be the best."

I asked her for a note, which was good, sort of what didn't quote because it's his own business. We'll just sneak out one line.

"Before I met you, I thought you were tops. Now I know it."
All smokers inhale some. But Philip Morris smokers don’t worry about throat irritation—even when they inhale. Here’s the difference—reported by doctors who compared the five leading cigarettes:

*In striking contrast to Philip Morris, irritant effects of the four other leading brands averaged more than three times as high—and lasted more than five times as long!*

Finest tobaccos, of course. But that alone is not enough! **CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS**

Inside the Stars’ Homes

Continued from page 12

Valley,” but her heart, I think, will always have a soft spot for Ireland.

“There is always church on the Day,” she remembered, “and a fine parade in the morning, with all the soldiers out in gorgeous uniforms. Nobody goes to work, everybody is out to watch or take part. We had a beautiful time! Sometimes we had dinner in the evening, sometimes it would be evening parties with buffet, sometimes high tea with games and dancing. But there was a sort of ‘feel’ in the air, the excitement of the happy Christmas season when you are little, only more so.”

Maureen hasn’t had a party since she came to Hollywood, so she’s going to “start off easily” with an Irish high tea for the “Day.”

“At home we always have cold sliced meat, salad, small sandwiches, cakes, cookies and fruit-cake. And tea—plenty of good, hot tea! I’ll serve the same, except that we’ll have one good hot dish. Any dish you’ve never tasted before, you wish on.”

Maureen adores all small superstitions, anything you can wish on, anything that brings luck. She wouldn’t dream of picking up a glove if she dropped it—someone else must do that. (What do you do if you’re alone when it happens? Just walk on and

A true colleen, Maureen looks forward to March 17! Above, in her Hollywood home where she gave her first party, on Irish “high tea,” on St. Patrick’s Day.
give up the glove? But she spills, salt, she throws a pinch of it over her left shoulder so as to avoid bad luck. She counts the number of times it takes to blow out a candle—that's how long before your wish will come true.

"I'm going to use my new china for the first time," she planned, eagerly. "It's hand-painted, Dresden china, and although I have three sizes of plates (a dozen of each), cups, saucers, soup bowls, platters, tea service, no two flowers or scenes or figures are alike. I got my set at an auction and paid a hundred and fifty dollars for it, but before they delivered it, I was offered two hundred dollars more for it, and now—just imagine—I find it's worth a thousand dollars. I do love a bargain!"

Also about to be used at a party for the first time is Maureen's chest of silver.

"But I have no apostle spoons, she mourned. "Every Irish bride starts out with twelve apostle spoons, each one having a figure of an apostle on its handle. At a high tea, you put a spoon in each saucer. But you can't get them over here." (Maureen became the bride of Will Price on December 29th.)

Maureen intends to play the games they play in Ireland, which she insists are not very different from the ones we play here, except that the Irish love to rip each other. Forfeits are always brought in somewhere, and Maureen remembers once having to return to the corner store in her own home to buy something to bring back to the party, to prove she had gone.

"Boots Without Shoes" was a favorite game at home, said Maureen. "All the ones who didn't know the game would be sent from the room, then called back one at a time. When one came in, we'd say: 'Do as I do.' Then we'd say what I tell you to say. Whoever was leader would then go through all sorts of contortions, the more absurd he better; if the victim is a he-man type, he's asked to do all sorts of ballet movements, for instance; finally the leader would say: 'Now say boots without shoes.' The victim would repeat, "Boots!" We'd all shriek. Again the whole rigamarole would be gone through, the victim bewildered but game, and on until he woke up to the fact that he was supposed to say just 'boots.'"

If Maureen's guests chance to read this, they needn't suppose they'll get off because they know the game—she has much worse ones in reserve!

Maureen likes to serve cold ham for high tea, or cold tongue, salami, pressed chicken and the like, not cold or roast of any kind. In salads, she always serves hard-boiled eggs, sliced. Green salad with eggs is her own favorite, and not long ago she came across an interesting new one.

**FROU-FROU SALAD**

Cover cold salami slices with equal parts of shredded celery and white lettuce hearts, cover with equal parts of tender white celery and boiled beets cut in match-shaped strips and chopped hard-boiled egg whites. Pour over all a French dressing (Kraft's).

"In Ireland we make quite a 'do' over bread. It's delicious, bread is. We have brown bread made with buttermilk, sometimes the wheat is so fresh from the field we say the bread is almost green. Then there's soda bread, and good oat bread. Hot from the oven, it's heavenly! Not so good for the digestion, maybe. But here flour is so refined that all the good is taken from it. How I wish I could meet a miller! I'd haunt his mill until he let me have a sack of flour before he got it refined, and then what a bread feast I'd have!"

"As it is, we use whole wheat bread for sandwiches and Honey and I.—" (Honey is Maureen's secretary-companion, last name O'Neil—is she Irish too?—"thinks of all sorts of fillings. My maid has ideas, too, and the things we can do with cheese, colored and plain, dabs of pimento, olive, fish flakes, and so on! Slices of crisp onion can be used effectively, but usually not for a party."

"I'm fond of short-bread, and think we have an excellent recipe":

**SCOTCH SHORT-BREAD**

3/4 cup butter
3/4 cup sugar
1 cup whole wheat flour
Lemon Salt

Cream until very light, butter, sugar, salt and lemon; then work in sifted flour. Care should be taken to work in flour thoroughly as this makes a very heavy crumbly paste. Then roll in round pieces about 1/2 inch thick and crisp the same as edges of pies. Paper bottom of pan and bake in slow oven about 15 minutes.

**FLORENTINES**

Sift 2 cups Swansdown flour with 1/4 teaspoon salt and rub into 3/4 cup butter; mix to a smooth paste with 1 or 2 tablespoons cream; roll thin, fold in a and set in see-boom until cold. Roll out, cut in diamond shapes, place on baking sheets, prick with a fork and bake in a hot oven. Cover with stiff fruit jam and cover jam with stiff meringue made with stiffly beaten whites of 3 eggs and 7 tablespoons sugar; flavor with Burnett's almond extract, sprinkle with chopped almonds and brown in slow oven. Serve cold.

Irish dishes that Maureen misses are yellow turnips, mashed, gooseberry pie, and real Irish stew.

"Real Irish stew should be eaten with a spoon," she confided. "You take, lap of mutton—that's the part just below the breast, I don't know what it's called here—cut it up and simmer it with potatoes and onions for two hours until the vegetables are completely dissolved. Then it's ready something!"

Where the Irish excel, Maureen thinks, is in using up leftovers.

When you have potatoes and vegetables left over, you can make a tasty meal by buying a pound of stewing steaks—that's...
Use FRESH #2 and stay fresher!

PUT FRESH #2 under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then . . .

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.

2. See which one prevents perspiration odor better. We are confident you'll find FRESH #2 will give you a feeling of complete under-arm security.

3. See how gentle FRESH #2 is—how pleasant to use. This easy-spreading vanishing cream is not greasy—not gritty—and not sticky.

4. See how convenient FRESH #2 is to apply. You can use it immediately before dressing—no waiting for it to dry.

5. And revel in the knowledge, as you use FRESH #2, that it will not rot even the most delicate fabric. Laboratory tests prove this.

FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 35¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.

PUT FRESH #2, THE NEW PERSPIRATION-CHECK, UNDER THIS ARM. SEE WHICH STOPS PERSPIRATION BETTER.

---

**PUT FRESH #2 under one arm—**

**MAKE YOUR OWN TEST** at our expense. Once you make this under-arm test, we're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration check. Just print your name and address on postcard and mail to FRESH, Dept. SC-3, Louisville, Ky. We'll send you a trial-size jar of FRESH #2, postpaid.

**Companion of FRESH #2 is FRESH #1. FRESH #1 deodorizes, but does not stop perspiration. In a tube instead of a jar. Popular with men, too.**

---

**SCREELAND**

59
Have you ever used Internal Protection?

Tampons are no mystery these days. Every month more and more women discover the wonderful freedom of internal sanitary protection. But in choosing a tampon, make sure it's truly modern, scientiffically correct. Only Meds—the new and improved Modess tampons—have the "safety center."

"Safety Center"? What's that?

The "safety center" is an exclusive Meds feature that nearly doubles the area of absorption. This means Meds absorb faster—and so surely—you can forget needless fears. Meds are made of the finest, pure cotton—they hold more than 300% of their weight in moisture.

A woman's doctor did it?

Yes, a leading gynecologist—a woman's doctor—designed Meds. They are scientifically shaped to fit. As for comfort, you feel as free as any other day! Nothing to pin! Nothing to bulge or show! No odor worries. Easier to use, too—each Meds comes in a one-time-use applicator that ends old difficulties.

But don't these special features make Meds cost more?

Not at all! Meds cost less than any other tampons in individual applicators. No more than leading napkins. Try Meds and compare! You'll be glad you did.

BOX OF 10-25¢ • BOX OF 50-98¢

Meds

The Modess Tamponsknown in a country that still was a strange land to him as the most gifted boy-actor of today. For that, no less, is what his truly fine performance in "In Love Green Was My Valley" now has made Roddy McDowall.

Yet all that this four-foot-eleven, ninety-pound bundle of talent would want to say to that was, "First I had a nice little scrap in 'Man Hunt,' but How is a splendid part."

Quite unspoiled, Roddy gave no credit to himself, only to get the role to make him a star in "On the Sunny Side." Nor did money seem to interest him in the least, though Hollywood, which talks even more than money itself, was saying his salary would be $2,000 a week.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "I'll be a hundred and five when I'm earning two thousand a week! And Virginia will be a hundred and six, because, you see, we always share and share alike."

With this went a smile. And, aside from his acting, Roddy's smile is the most remarkable thing about him. Vividly it lights his pale, sensitive face like a sunbeam and brings a dancing sparkle into his green eyes, darting through an occasional fall of darkish hair.

"But maybe," he hoped, "I'll be able to help Daddy put a new roof on our house. That is, when there's no more bombin' of London."

It was easy enough to think of his having been bombed into Stardom. But, as we talked of the rain of destruction he had come through, I was wholly unprepared for something of the rare sort of something that brought out the real boy in Roddy as nothing else could have done. Digging into the pockets of his tweed jacket, he proudly showed me the sea-lost and pressed piece of shrapnel! These grim keepsakes he evidently hung about with him daily, just as an American boy stuffs horse-chestnuts into his jeans.

For his "interview," as he solemnly called it, Roddy had perched himself dutifully on a wall-bench in an office at the Twentieth Century-Fox Studios. He was sitting bolt upright, with his knickerbocker-legged legs straight out in front of him. It struck me that his stiff pose was the most comfortable in the world for a boy, and after a while I detected a slight wriggle, a sort of polite, though unmistakably a winkle, so I suggested he might like to get down and limber up.

"Thank you," he gratefully beamed, "I should like it very much," and he was on his feet in a single leap.

Through the door at that moment edged a fair-haired, slender girl, rather quiet or merely shy, perhaps a bit of both. Roddy caught her hand and eagerly brought her forward, with: "My sister, Virginia."

As the two children stood fondly together, I noticed that the girl was a full head taller than her brother.

"I'm so sorry—for Virginia, I mean," said Roddy, following my eyes. "We're exactly the same size when we came to Hollywood, and so Virginia was chosen to play Cécile in 'How Green Was My Valley.'" Then the production of the picture was postponed for six months, and during that time Virginia grew three and a half inches, imagine that! So, I'm afraid, for she grew herself right out of the part. And I think she's very good. But, anyway, we always divide what we make, so she has half of it anyway."

"I also outgrew twenty dresses I bought over for pictures," added Virginia, taking the inevitably feminine angle. "They don't fit now and they can't be lengthened. But,"

brightening, "I'm very happy about it, because I like American clothes better. Of course, it was absurd of me to grow the way I did."

On the other hand, it seemed to me that she, not to mention her brother, might well have been scared out of a year's growth by crossing that road in front of that lady. Roddy was, too.

"I was scared stiff in London," confessed Virginia. "But on the ship I was so seasick that I was too busy to be frightened. Anyway, we packed two trunks to make us look well for both of us. When war was declared, an agent hoped to sell Roddy for American pictures, but I was afraid we'd never been together in our work since we were five and six. If that arrangement had gone through, we both would have been on the Athena. She shuddered at the thought of the helpless little ones who had been plunged into eternity when that brave craft on its errand of mercy was struck a mortal blow."

"Roddy was too interested in what was going on, both in London and at sea, to be afraid."

"Of course, I knew it was dangerous," granted Roddy, "but I didn't worry much. At home mattresses were a protection from splinters, unless there happened to be a direct hit. Before long hadn't been to bed for seven weeks. We just dragged mattresses into an old cupboard under the stairs in the back hall, and all of us managed to sleep."

"You know, you can do almost anything if you only set your mind to it. We really weren't actually uncomfortable, at least on reasonably quiet nights. All that time Virginia and I and still were in English pictures and making daily trips to studios. One day when we were returning from fittings in a rain we were going from Oxford Circus to the Elephant and Castle all passengers were called out to Piccadilly. But it wasn't a very good air raid."

"By a 'good' air raid, duly explained Virginia, "Roddy means a bad one."

"For that matter," he insisted, "we had a lot better ones right at home. At a studio we'd stop work and go into a shelter, and that was a nuisance, just dull."

"A bit stuffy," answered Virginia. "Roddy always wanted to be outdoors when a raid was on so that he could watch it, and Daddy had an awful time getting him in off the street."

"It was exciting to watch," gloved her brother, "and I didn't want to miss anything. You only get something like that once in a lifetime."

"That's often enough for me," Virginia was content to say.

But even this was said with a smile, as though it were her little joke. The calm way in which those two youngsters talked of life-and-death matters revealed to me, as nothing else could have done, the British attitude generally toward the gigantic struggle it is making. Still, it seemed they must have been filled with dread at facing their experience."

"We got away at a rather exciting time," was Roddy's only admission. "There had been four hours of raid the day before we left, and our house was hit by a lot of two-inch shrapnel. Then, on the morning we started for Liverpool, there was another raid at 7:30, and while we were waiting for the train we were pretty lively. That made getting off by train an awful misfortune. Oddly enough, we arrived at Liverpool in the middle of a huge rainstorm, and it made our ride a real wet one."

"Keep always on the buffet was a large card, and when anything happened it would be
turned over with its lettered side reading, 'Air Raid Now in Progress.' That meant you had to stay right where you were—in the dining room."

"And that meant more ice cream for me," interrupted Virginia. "One day I had three dishes. My appetite was good, so I was happy to stay there. And when I went out into the streets I was very interested in the signs I saw. One, on a partly blasted place, read, 'Shop More. Open That Hut!' while another said, 'We May Be Shuttered, but We're Not Shut.' I thought them very funny."

Both even boarded the boat without fear except for the father they were leaving behind. With bombings still going on, the ship lay at anchor for two days. One bomb exploded only fifty yards away.

"That gave me a great thrill," said Roddy.

"It was impossible to keep him off the deck," said Virginia, reprovingly.

"Well," argued her brother, "that was the only place where one could see things. One day, through glasses, after we'd got under way, I saw some porpoises—at any rate, that's what I thought they were. But they weren't really. They turned out to be submarines. Wasn't that a funny mistake to make?"

By that time, it developed, Virginia had taken to her berth, sick. "We had twenty-four hours of bad storm after getting out of the submarine zone, where we'd been for three days," she reported. "I slept through most of it."

"Virginia was in the top bunk," related Roddy, "and one night of the storm she popped up like a shot and came down like the stick of a rocket. It was a bit of luck that I just managed to catch her. They wanted her to recite at the ship's concert, but she didn't feel up to it. I was terribly sorry, because she was given a medal at school for reciting Shakespeare."

"So were you," his sister reminded him.

When I asked whether he had recited at the concert, Roddy said he had given "The Sea is His." At the incidental auction of unknown quantities he won a bottle of whiskey. "Of all things," he marveled. "What I wondered was how he had done with his prize-package he replied, "I gave it to a sailor."

H. G. Wells was one of the passengers, and Roddy met him on the deck.

"Did Wells talk with you?" I inquired.

"He said," quoted Roddy, "'Hello, where are you going?'

"'Not exactly chatty, eh?' I remarked.

Again that flashing smile, then a laugh that bespoke a full-grown sense of humor. It was unparalleled only by his courage. Here was a boy, I concluded, who throughout his entire eventful journey to Hollywood had been absolutely unafraid.

"Oh, no," he hastened to say. "I was afraid of New York."

"Its size?"

"No, its lights. They seemed so dangerous. I suppose that was because they would have been in London. We'd had blackouts so long that now lights terrified me. I sort of wanted to go and put them out. They made me feel uncomfortable. And without lights, you see the stars much better."

"I couldn't help feeling that the poet in this boy was speaking. But when I asked what he liked best of all in America he said, 'Laurel and Hardy.'"

"And you?" I inquired of his sister.

"Chocolate milk sodas," promptly answered Virginia.

I wished her a good part so that she would be able to buy herself many sodas.

"Oh, that doesn't matter," Roddy assured me. "You know, we always share and share alike."

In token of which those devoted youngsters walked off hand-in-hand.

"Awaken to New Glamour... try my Beauty Nightcap"

MARLENE DIETRICH, NOW STARRING IN "THE LADY IS WILLING", A COLUMBIA PICTURE

says Marlene Dietrich:

"I've found the one cream to help my skin--fragrant, silky-soft Woodbury Cold Cream. It's the 'makings' of my Beauty Nightcap, the ritual I follow nightly."

First, Marlene cleanses with Woodbury, whose special beauty oils help relieve the dryness that may lead to tiny lines. Then she removes this cream and dabs on fresh Woodbury for all night.

She trusts her skin to Woodbury, for an exclusive ingredient is constantly acting to purify the cream right in the jar. Says Marlene: "Do this nightly--for skin to make men look twice!"

WOODBURY COLD CREAM

Beauty Nightcap of the Stars

Try Marlene Dietrich’s Nightcap. Today get Woodbury Cold Cream. Large jars are 50c to $1.25. Introductory sizes 10c, 25c.

For special skins—special creams. If your skin is normal, Woodbury Cold Cream is all you need. If oily, cleanse with Woodbury Cleansing Cream. If dry, use Woodbury Dry Skin Cream at night. For any skin use new Woodbury Foundation Cream for a powder base.
"You Girls Are Too Beautiful!" says George Sanders

Continued from page 25

parts of the world lose at a much earlier age. English and Continental girls take themselves more seriously. They try to be a womanly reserve and a dignity of carriage that ends youthful vivacity and charm. "The American girl is frank—but not brutally so. The Continental girl this is an open competition for the gentleman's hand. May the best gal win! The line forms at the typewriter. No penned proposals will be accepted. No box-tops are necessary. Remember, the decision of the judge—Judge Sanders—will be final. For obvious reasons, in case there be no duplicate awards. For the only possible tie will be matrimonial.

Of course, three or four glossy and clear photographs is the first prize, along with full particulars about yourself, your temperament, your habits. Also photographs of mother, dad, brothers, cousins, and nephews. Have we forgotten anyone.

There is more method in this madam's madness than appears on the surface.

There's an overwhelming that most daughters shape up to look like their mothers in later years. And what is a better preview of daughter's future appearance than a photograph?

But what's the advantage of having dad's or brother's or nephew's or cousin's pictures included?

"One claims to be master in my own home," laughs Sanders. "Suppose one of my mail-order prospects happened to have a giant of a brother who played tackle for Stanford. I'd have to have him. Have no conscience and without worry about getting a mailing from a tough brother?"

If Sanders was a caveman, to become a veritable Rhett Butler in his home? Well, not really, but he must be a benevolent dictator or he will not become the first person who takes upon him for life a party of the second part.

The qualities Mr. Sanders wants in his wife are as legion as the sands on the sca-...
A statement in voluptuousness. She must have a face that doesn't require the extensive use of cosmetics. Hair? A sort of brunette. Funny thing is that most of the women with whom I've gone have been blondes, and I've found myself wishing they were brunettes," he said.

Does he prefer an actress to an everyday girl? "Not necessarily. You can never tell whom you'll marry. Love strikes like lightning. Any time. Any place."

At present there are many fascinating women in Hollywood, so far as George Sanders is concerned. One is Marlene Dietrich, "who has magnetism—real magnetism. Whatever she does is dramatic and compelling. She walks, and everybody in the room watches her. She has what few women possess—an electric personality."

Another person who causes a short circuit in Sanders is Dorothy Lamour, whom he has yet to meet.

If a lovely lady made up of Ginger Rogers' legs, Ida Lupino's figure, Dorothy Lamour's face and hair, and with Marlene Dietrich's personality were to confront George Sanders, there is reasonable evidence that he would gladly say "cheerio" to bachelorhood. After all, this heavenly creature is a product of his own imagination.

Let Byrons, Shelleys, and Keats immortalize beautiful women in verse. Let historians romanticize famous ladies of the past. Let them say Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, and Du Barry, for instance, were the most beautiful and charming women who have ever lived. And then let George Sanders have the floor for a few minutes. He will tell you that there are one hundred girls in Hollywood who would make them all look like ideal timber for spinsterhood.

"Why, I wouldn't have wanted a date with Helen of Troy," he says, "despite the fact that in honor of her beautiful features somebody wrote the lines, 'The face that launched a thousand ships.'"

"How could anyone care for Helen? In those days they didn't have soap or other hygienic products. No toothbrushes. They treated their hair with mud packs. What a mess old Helen must have been coming out of the mud! Besides that they had baths mainly for ornamental purposes. It would have been awful to go dining with Helen of Troy after a long and warm day of launching a thousand ships," he laughed.

Mr. Sanders, who had that headache some months back, will no longer tell you that "Hollywood girls are too beautiful." He maintains "No one can be too lovely." Nor will he tell you who the stars of gorgeous creatures in Cinema City is most beautiful.

After all, there is such a thing as diplomacy. And he is not in the market for more headaches!

---

**At Last!**

security for you in the critical Close-Up

Don't be fooled by face powder that looks smooth at a distance. It's the close-up that counts! That's when Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder flatters you most... lovingly veils your skin in filmy beauty.

THIS is a bold challenge! Lightly pat on Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder. Now bring your hand mirror close to your face. You'll see what a man sees in a Cashmere Bouquet close-up. No coarse powder particles, but an all-over misty bloom, delicate as the finish on a butterfly's wing.

You'll see naturalness; supreme smoothness; flattering life-like color. And in the close-up, your skin will breathe the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder—the 'fragrance men love'.

---

Gene Tierney's Honeymoon Home

Continued from page 34

I wear shorts and bras? Or a bathing suit? Just tell me what you want me to do. I'll do it.

Well—after a lifetime of stars who tell me what they'll do, Gene Tierney's suggestion that I tell her what to do went completely to my head. When I returned to Hollywood they say I raved insanely for weeks about a strange phenomena I had met out there in the middle of the American desert. A movie star who was eager to cooperate. When I came to my senses I decided that maybe I had been slightly
ANDREW CASSINI, the American Countess...

Right. Hollywood's first studio air raid shelter, Bette Davis, Dennis Morgan and their co-workers gathered in the Warner Brothers studio refuge after an alarm for a practice air raid drill was sounded. Watch for more pictures of studio shelters in the next issue.

FOR FIVE OUT OF SEVEN WOMEN...

New Loveliness in Three Minutes!

These days when beauty means so much, use Matched Makeup—color-coordinated Marvelous Powder, Rouge, Lipstick... by Richard Hudnut!

- Color harmony in makeup, cosmetic experts say, is the secret of natural beauty. Yet recent surveys show that the majority of women unknowingly use powder, lipstick and rouge never intended to go together.

To solve this problem, Richard Hudnut developed a new idea in cosmetics—Marvelous Matched Makeup. It consists of powder, lipstick, rouge in color-coordinated shades. A mere three minutes... and instant new beauty is yours.

A face powder, perfect for today's busy women! Marvelous Face Powder is fine-textured—gives a delicate, natural finish. And it stays on smoothly up to five full hours, thanks to two special adhering ingredients... ingredients so pure they're often advised for sensitive skins.

Try Marvelous Face Powder... and for the added beauty of a matched makeup, try Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too. In true-to-type shades—one just right for you! At your favorite cosmetic counter. Large sizes 55¢ each.

Richard Hudnut, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Ave., New York City 16, N. Y.

Please send me metal, purse Makeup Kit containing harmonized powder, rouge and lipstick. I enclose 10¢ to help cover expense of handling and mailing.

The color of my hair is

Name

Street

City

(Good only in U.S. A., except where legally prohibited.)

64 Screenland
bought them with the first check he made
from 'Shanghai Gesture.'

Except for the china, and the stove
and the bed (a regular Hollywood bed, so
help me) everything in the house is an
antique, or at least very old. "The big
house, which really isn't big but we just
call it big, is seventy-five years old," said
Gene with pride in her voice. "It used to be
a part of the 'No Chance Ranch' (we
shuddered when we learned we had bought
a place named that) and was owned for
years by Bobby Stack's grandfather. This
house we're in was just an old shack until
Olie and I patched it up. Isn't it wonderful?
I never had a home before I loved so
much."

Gene, remember, comes from Connect-
cut where people go into ecstasies over cen-
tury-old barns which they can remodel into
homes. And the spirits of her New England
ancestors must have been around when she
bought the furniture. Among her prized
possessions are a cobbler's bench well over
a hundred years old, an old New York hat-
box which she has made into a waste paper
basket, a Boston rocker which is her pride
and joy, and a two hundred year old chest
which she got at a bargain and which once
belonged to the Hearst collection. She has
kerosene lamps all over the place. As a mat-
ter of fact collecting old lamps is one of her
hobbies. Another is collecting lipsticks. "I
must have a million of them," she says, "I
change colors according to my mood."

And still a third hobby is sewing. Some-
thing, I can testify, she does beautifully. She
is working on a series of samplers, and I
must say they fit in perfectly with her
Godey prints and her hooked rugs. She
learned to sew while she was at a fashion-
able school in Switzerland, and is so crazy
about it that she will start sewing on any-
thing that is near her, be it cup towels, a
dress, or a sheet that the laundry has torn.
"My sewing," she says, "and Olie's tennis
are the only bones of contention in the
Cassini household."

Sewing, however, seems to be the only
worthwhile thing she learned at the four
society schools she attended before she de-
feated the Tierney-Taylor traditions and went
on the stage. "Fudge," she says unhappily,
is the only thing I can cook. But we have
just bought a waffle iron and I am going to
learn to cook waffles for Sunday morning
breakfast parties. Madeleine—she's the en-
tire Cassini staff—is off on Sundays."

Gene claims she didn't know she was the
domestic type until one afternoon when she
was strolling casually through a park in
Los Angeles, trying to straighten out her
problems. Should she stay in Hollywood
and try hard to become a success on the
screen, or should she go back to New York
and her first love, the theater? As she
passed by a group of middle-aged women
who were having a picnic she heard one of
them say, "Mrs. Brown, your peach pre-
serves are delicious," and another one say,
"But not so good as your blackberry pre-
serves, Mrs. Smith. May I have the recipe?"

"Suddenly," said Gene, "I knew I wanted
above everything else to be happy, marry
a nice man, have cute children, and make
peach preserves."

She hasn't done anything about the cute
children and the peach preserves yet, but I
must say she has certainly married a nice
man. Oleg Cassini, once you forgive him
for having been born in Europe, is one of the
swellest guys in this town. You have
only to see Gene and Olie together, to
realize that they are probably the happiest
young couple in this neck of the woods.

"I have a cousin who has the same kind
of a sense of humor as Olie has," Gene con-
fided to me one day. "I never liked my
cousin until I married Olie. Now I'm crazy
about him."

See how it is, folks?

"MY SHINING HOUR?
I've 24 a day!"

JOAN BENNETT, star of the Edward Small picture "TWIN BEDS," says: "A movie star has to keep up the illusion that teeth just
never grow dull or tarnished. That's easier than you may think, with such a high-

POLISH powder as CALOX for daily care."

"ONCE YOU LEARN the tricks of perfect
grooming, the idea is to stick by them re-

ligiously. I even keep an extra can of CALOX
in my travel case—lest I forget."

EVERY DAY's a crowded day for movie stars.
CALOX cleans brilliantly and quickly—due to
a superbly efficient formula that contains
fire cleansing and polishing agents!

CALOX HELPS TEETH
SHINE LIKE THE STARS'
BY BRINGING OUT NATURAL LUSTRE

1. CALOX CONTAINS S CLEANSING AND POLISHING AGENTS.
A real BEAUTY tooth powder, promotes a brilliant gloss!

2. EXTRA SOFT AND SMOOTH because it's double-sifted
through 100 mesh silk screens.

3. FRESH-TASTING—no strong medical taste. Your whole
family will like its clean, tangy flavor. Children love it.

MCKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

SCREENLAND

65
Hollywood

* * * ALL OUT FOR DEFENSE! * * *

And

Every

Good

Cause!

Linda Dornell, far right, helps the sale of Defense Bonds and Stamps. Right, with Secretary Knox and Admiral Harold Stark, Linda attends a rally in Washington, D.C.

Errol Flynn, who enlisted in campaign against paralysis which began on the President's Birthday, January 30th, makes a crippled lot happy.

The Women's Press Club of Hollywood may think that Ginger Rogers is the most uncooporative actress, but the "Roxie Hart" company thinks she's terrific. The day they finished shooting, the crew presented Ginger with stirrups and bridle reins, silver-trimmed and engraved, "To Ginger from the 'Roxie Hart' gang," Director William Wellman gave her a fishing-pole. Ginger took her foot to her farm in Oregon. As a gag she framed a bill of sale, showing that she had bought a horse and charged it to Wellman. The director wants to have Ginger arrested—for not showing sales tax!

Cary Grant has a clause in his contract that permits him to okey all his still pictures. This because one side of his face photographs better than the other. Strangely enough, Cary can't stand the taste of sugar. Growing up in Europe during the first world war, he had to do without it. Now sugar makes him sick to his stomach. The day he finished "Arsenic and Old Lace," Cary "gifted" everyone on the lot. To members of the working crew, he presented over one hundred twenty-pound turkeys. No wonder everyone calls him "Colossal Cary."

By Weston East

Guess who Mickey Rooney's new screen partner is going to be? None other than our own Shirley Temple! You'll see them together for the first time in "Babes in Hollywood." They say that the studio now feels that Judy Garland not only looks older, but she also looks larger playing opposite Mickey. So Judy will probably do "As Thousands Cheer" for her next and have a grown-up leading man.

Hollywood producers are having the blackout blues! To get everyone away from the studios before dark, they now start shooting at eight A.M. This means that movie stars must arise at five to get made up and be on the set on time. Strangely enough, the stars are taking it in their stride. But the chimpanzee that's working with Maureen O'Sullivan in the new "Tarzan" picture, just won't start acting until nine. Johnny Weissmuller even bribed him with candy and nuts. But the Chimp wouldn't budge and that was that. They started shooting at nine.

Norma Shearer is a taffy Monde. What's more, she loves it .. George Raft's Mack Grey is now Hollywood's favorite liquor dealer .. Gary Cooper gave Nancy Raye Gross away when she married director Howard Hawks in Pasadena. Yes, Gary stayed awake .. Lieutenant Richard Greene will marry Patricia Medina, British film actress, Virginia Field, now a raving brunette, reported not too upset .. Everyone, including mama and papa, was surprised when Connie Bennett and Gilber Roland's baby was born at home .. Mickey Rooney and Ava Gardner are looking for an apartment. No big home for them after they are married .. Cesare Romero has a wonderful new seven-year deal with his studio. He celebrated by buying his mother and sister new mink coats .. Maria Oussenskaya has a new buddy. It's the leopard she works with in the "Mystery of Marie Roget." She won him over by wearing "Tabu" perfume .. Lupa Veloz broke a toe doing a ballet at the Hollywood party .. Humphrey Bogart was late on the set recently. The reason: He was home planting his Spring petunias .. Hedda Hopper's smart wardrobe actually stopped traffic. Famous designer John Hambleton is responsible.
Gary Cooper, Merle Oberon, Norma Shearer, Edward Arnold, representing the film industry at the big Community Chest Drive luncheon.

**HERE and there and in your hair:** Ann Sheridan is learning French. Richard Whorf kidded: "If it wasn't a dead language before, it will be now!" . . . On her twenty-fifth birthday, Olivia de Havilland, born in Tokio, became a proud American citizen. Orson Welles is determined to have Janet Gaynor for a picture. He's reading scripts like mad . . . Bob Sterling is Ann Sothern's current escort. Bob Sterling's sister is Ann Sothern's current secretary. Sounds like a family affair. Many-times-engaged Anne Nagel finally took marriage vows in surprise wedding in Boston courtroom. Lieut. James H. Keenan was the lucky man. Mischa Auer and Joyce Hunter finally said "I Do" in front of Mayor La Guardia. Comedian took his vows seriously and that's news.

Susan Hayward holds an infant from the Salvation Army Home while Lew Ayres looks on.

**DONALD COLMAN** has his lighter moments jot. Recently the dignified star returned from Canada, where he had been to help them sell defense bonds. In his Beverly Hills home Ronnie and the Missus gathered their favorite group of friends. Among them were Ginger Rogers, Claudette Colbert, the Harold Lloyds, Barbara Hutton, Cary Grant, and strangely enough, Col. Tim McCoy. The former western star and the reserved Ronnie have been friends for twenty years. Everyone gathered in the Colman barroom that features all those early-day photographs of the stars. (You should see what some of them look like)! They took to reminiscing about the good ol' days. They did those old routines that really reeked of corn. Believe it or not, Cary and Ronnie sang a cockney duet.

**Adds good taste to any scene**

Lon Chaney, Jr., Evelyn Ankers and Brod Crawford between scenes of Universal's "North of the Klondike."

PEPSI-COLA is the rage in Hollywood for three big reasons . . . taste, size and quality. Between scenes on every lot, the stars enjoy its finer flavor . . . they welcome those extra sips . . . and they know that every drop is quality at its best. Swap a nickel today for a frosty Pepsi-Cola. 12 full ounces of long, long sips.

Purity . . . in the big, big bottle — that's Pepsi-Cola!

Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y. Bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast.
SACRED HANDS
HEAL FASTER...

ACCORDING TO ACTUAL TESTS
WITH NOZXEMA SKIN CREAM

With Noxzema, definite improvement is often seen overnight! That's because this famous medicated cream helps soften dry, rough skin; aids in healing tiny skin "cuits."

SAVE ON STOCKINGS. Guard against snagging precious stockings. Help keep your hands and feet soft, smooth with Noxzema!

Let Noxzema help you all these ways this winter

WINDBURN, CHAPPED LIPS. Noxzema brings quick, soothing relief to red, rough, painfully windburned skin and chapped lips. Mary Richardson of St. Paul, Minn., says: "I use Noxzema on my face to help protect my skin against winter winds and to soothe it after exposure."

FROST BITE. CHILBLAINS. PAINFULLY CHAFED SKIN. Noxzema brings grand relief! Mrs. Harriet Edgy, of Minneapolis writer: "Every winter I suffered from Chilblains. After one application of Noxzema I felt a cool, soothing comfort I'd never known before!"

POOR COMPLEXION. Try medicated Noxzema for externally-caused blemishes; for skin reddened, roughened and "dried out" from winter winds. See for yourself how quickly this soothing cream helps improve your complexion!

SPECIAL OFFER. Here's your opportunity to find out how much Noxzema can do for you! For a limited time you can get the 25c jar at any drug or cosmetic counter—for only 19c! Get your jar today!

You've seen the fashions Norma Shearer wears in her new film in our rotogravure section. Now, above, we give you Norma in a scene with co-star Melvyn Douglas in "We Were Dancing" which is about two penniless refugees who fall madly in love and defy financial problem.

ALL is sweetness and light between Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz. Being away on a personal appearance tour has given them a perspective on Hollywood they never had before. Now they can hardly wait to get back to their ranch at Northridge. They're buying up furniture and knick-knacks in every city they visit and sending the stuff on ahead. By the way, Desi and Lucille are looking for an appropriate name for their ranch. They prefer a contraction of their own combined names. Put on your thinking caps, fans!

MAUREEN O'HARA, who fled from her first husband in England (practically on the first night of her marriage), is now a bride again. Her marriage to Will Price, dialogue director, caused some excitement in the little town of McComb, Mississippi. Maureen's parents were in Ireland. They were married in Will's home town because his mother asked her if she wouldn't like that better than Hollywood. Her wedding gown was pale blue crepe, trimmed in coffee-colored old lace. She wore an off-the-shoulder but over-maid, and carrying a shower of white camellias—picked from the Prices' famous camellia gardens. The honeymoon is over. Maureen had to hurry back to work.

DESPITE his denials, things haven't been as amicable between Victor Mature and his wife as he would like them to be. However, they are gradually working it all out. All the other actors in Hollywood are quite amused at Victor's devotion to the press. He sends the fair ladies who interview him telegrams that are signed "Love and Kisses." If they can't come to Victor, he goes to them. He even gives up his evenings to get himself publicized. All the other actors are laughing. But look who's getting all the breaks!

BRENDA MARSHALL is the latest to take a suspension. After receiving her best notices to date for her work in "Captains of the Clouds," Brenda felt the next part offered her was a step back instead of another step forward. Now she'll have more time to wear that new mink coat. Brenda hasn't had it off her back since her devoted husband, Bill Holden, presented it on her birthday.

"TWO-FACED WOMAN" can now ho her head up again! M-G-M called Melvyn Douglas back for an added scene. It's a scene of being a man who finds it necessary to pursue two women (both played by Garbo) they've now fixed so that he pursues the two, but all the time knowing he's really only one! A simple thing like as never baffles 'em in the movies!

A REAL New Year's present was the casting of Eddie Albert to bring "Me ton of the Movies" back to the screen Exhibitors and fans all over the country wrote in and requested Eddie for this part. "Pretty good for a boy who almost got 'Lou Gehrig' away from Gary Cooper!" Until Paramount gives him the starring date, Eddie will continue travelling with small Mexican circus. Besides lion taming Eddie is also learning to be a tight rope walker. We're glad it's Eddie.

OH, WELL, it makes a good publicist story, anyway. Paramount studio would have you know that since Veronica Lake is building a new home by a lake in North Hollywood, the Mayor, or someone wants to change the name of the body of water and call it—you guessed it, Veronica Lake! No, we wouldn't be taking you for a boat ride!

TIME marches on. And now! When Harold Lloyd asks his young son what he wanted most for his birthday, without ba ging an eye young Harold, Jr., answered, "picture of Holy Lama, By the way, Harold, Sr., couldn't have been more embarrassed when the rumor spread that I was going to run for Governor. You e take his word for it he only wants to produce pictures that make the public run to the boxoffice!"

ALL the panting little maids who want to play Maria can now go back to the gin roomy. Production on "For Whom the Bell Tolls" has been postponed. Instead, Sam Wood will direct Gary Cooper in "The Life of Lou Gehrig." It was impossible to get the war equipment, build bridges, etc., with the prevalent priority rights. Besides now that Sam Wood has consented to the Gehrig picture for Goldwyn, it's a cinch that Gary Cooper will definitely play Robert Jordan, when the bell tolls again.
OR two years Myrna Loy has tried to get to New York. Finally she made it, and was the first of the film stars to rock the city. Myrna was so jittery she took the next train back to Hollywood, and then Arthur Hornblow, Jr., a designer, who designs all the costumes for male stars, set out to have the picture of a trip with Myrna. The money they had spent has been donated to the Red Cross.

INTOLED tragedies of Hollywood: At the time an incompetent press agent printed a purported romance between Charles Ruggles and Mary Boland, the comedian didn't have more upsets. The reason was never made quite clear. Until the death of Ruggles appeared in the local papers, very few knew that Ruggles had a wife. Her absence was great—making other people laugh.

WATCH for a nice little feud between Abbott and Costello AND Universal. But Abbott wants them for a South Seas murder mystery in which the boys wear orange! They are needed just three weeks after they complete their loanout to M-G-M for "Rio Rita." The comedians say they need three months rest. Wonder what's going to win out. What's your guess?

AN ACTUAL count, Jack Beutel has had more publicity breaks than any other young actor in Hollywood. Yet the male star of Howard Hughes’ "The Outlaw" has never been seen on the screen. It's still problematical if the picture will ever be released. But on Ventura Boulevard in the San Fernando Valley, there's a nice little cafeteria that specializes in forty-five cent dinners. Jack dines in there nightly, completely unrecognized by the crowd. Such is fame and fortune in Hollywood.

ELLEN DREW is rapidly becoming the first moving picture lady of Washington, as soon as she finished "My Favorite Spy," Ellen flew right back to the Capital where her husband, Cy Bartlett, is stationed as an army Captain. Ellen and Cy are very much in love. She intends running their Washington apartment for the duration. And every Hollywood friends will only see her when she's needed in front of the camera.

1. Before we were married, we were so much in love! But after our wedding Bill changed—his attentions grew less and less. I suffered the miseries of neglect.

2. Then at the club one day I met a famous woman doctor—and overcame my pride enough to tell her my troubles. She asked me why, "I'm afraid it's your own fault—"you see, there's something husbands don't forgive in their wives—carelessness or ignorance about feminine hygiene.

3. "So many married women come to me with the same story. And my advice to them, and to you, is to use Lysol disinfectant regularly for intimate personal care. Lysol cleans and deodorizes—and at the same time it instantly kills millions of germs, without harming sensitive tissues. Lysol is safe."

Check this with your doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is not carabolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful peroxide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions spread and virtually search out germs in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely, no matter how often it is un corked.

4. That's how Lysol became my standard practice for feminine hygiene. It's so gentle to use—and so economical. And you never have to worry about its effectiveness. It works! As for my romance—we're more in love than ever.

For FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene and other Lysol uses, send postcard to Lysol & Fink Products Corp., Dept. S-342, Bloomfield, N.J., U.S.A.
Keep 'Em Smiling! Bob Hope Tells How

Continued from page 21

kind of silly to be grimacing or laughing out loud when you're by yourself. (Not that I don't do that, too). But as I say, keep 'em smiling. It's costly. Even Garbo should have two of in for dinner.

"The way to keep 'em smiling? Well, begin with the folks at home, the folks you work with. For instance, it's a temptation to rush up to a fellow actor, grab him by his shoulder pads and gargle. You should have seen my rushes last night. The boys in the lab just DIED! That line was okay before bombs fell on Honolulu now, for the sake of morale, you go into reverse. You must greet the other fellow with, 'Hey, your rushes are killing the boys in the lab!' That makes him smile, get the point?

"Then there's the alternative of running into a radio star. Once upon a time your dialogue would have been, 'Did you hear my broadcast last night? The gags really had the audience in the aisle!' Now you simply give it the twist and say, 'Hey, your broadcast last night. Say, the gags really had the audience in the aisle. I bet!'"

"Of course, if it's Crosby you collide with, you're in luck. Because with a star of screen and radio, you can hand out both lines and really have his ribs crackling and two wreaths of smiles on his lips."

"Or you can greet a radio brother with a bright, 'Just saw your Crosley rating!' It's wise to do a bit of preliminary checking here, however, just to make sure it's not blood you're drawing.

"But back to the movies again: Start pasting smiles on the kissers of the boys and girls you work with. They probably need a laugh if they have to work with you. The make-up man, in fact, be nice to him. After all, he's got a hard job. It's your face he's preparing for the screen. And this effort to keep a smile on his face is bread upon the waters if bread ever floated. Because, if you are nice to him, you won't look like a turducken.

"Never tell your fellow what beautiful shots you get with your little, old Brownie. I'm sorry, but that's out—for the duration. If you control yourself on this point, he'll be sure to feel good and he'll be sure to make you look good. You see?

"Quitting the grips, you know, the electricians and fellows up there on the cat-walks, then they'll quit dropping the lights on your head.

"After a director okays a take, TRY not to say, 'Well, I don't like it!' You never say that, anyway, unless another actor has just given his best performance. Just DON'T say it any more, that'll all

"I need hardly mention, I am sure, how wise it is to refrain from telling a director how you think a scene should be done. Especially wise when you are working with directors like Frank Capra, George Cukor, Sidney Lanfield, C. B. DeMille, any one of the biggies. You couldn't pull it on a novice, though, come to think of it. He might believe you—and then where would you be? Just don't let 'em catch on to how much you know, feller. That'll keep 'em smiling.

"Another smile-getter is to arrive on the set on time. None of that business of being late, making the others wait. As a result, never be late on the day when or members of your cast have their big dramatic scenes to do. Or their scenes. Or their best comedy sequences when they must be effective. Wasting effervescence. For love scenes and close-ups, you gotta effervescence.

"If you want to keep that dental smile on the lighting thing, never back up to her in a scene with that sultry feeling of getting your full face to camera. If you do, succumb to this alluring temptation, what your full face look like in the next scene is something you do not like to say about any lady. That will not be a smarmy smile.

"Never be too busy to see report. They can play tit for tat, too, you know. Be too busy to see them and, soon, you're too busy to write about you. Never too busy that. And the things they write about when they don't see you will wrap the off your keeper for keeps.

"If possible (this is sure for laughs around pretending that you don't take in a great Art (or any money) series. Drop little hints about how you feel real Call is to the bar (legal) or sur or perhaps the Diplomatic Service. acting off as a racket, a charlatan. Keep dark that when you act, you perspire much you break down. Shut up about fact that you don't just do series, you D'I.E. Be a character like that you'll have the whole town laughing.

"If people are not holding their breath at the last hour, you're missing a field. Your ground work is to be done, lay kitting on another actor when he, she, is having an interview. If you barge in on 'em, out of habit, try not to be the Bright Boy. Try to be dumb, work at it, you think. Don't say too many killing things. For if you do, when it earns print, it may turn out to be an interview instead of his, her. That's way to keep 'em smiling.

"Also, lay off mooching in on the publicity shots of other stars. Especially they are posing their prettiest with via governors, or Mrs. Roosevelt. If you make that old mistake and get yourself from the camera, don't make such funny faces that even Madeleine Carroll comes out centred, happy, and too tough, and the others will be happy.

"Never have more hair than your fell actor. If you do have, they can't smile, more than flesh and blood. What else? What's more, and sadder, you'll be excluded of all poker games, gin and golf tournaments. For the rest. You won't find it easy to keep smile either.

"Try not to keep your mind on you work and nothing more than you can help, cause if your mind is really on your work, then you are able to be absent-minded. If you are absent-minded, you are able to do a competing job on the sit without speaking to him. Or you may wake up in a restaurant and there is Betty Gr and you yell, 'Hi, there, Madeleine! you think that is good for a smile!'

"And oh, how did I leave this to last! Never forget your producer's rule Don't call him 'Hey, you!' Those other actors have to be kept smiling, too. I'm feeling with my bank roll!"

"There is a great deal accomplished in radio, too. By such means: Don't hog the mike, I know, I know it's practically child's play, of course, all learned how to do their commercials about Sweetsies, But it's easy to be kosher. So never keep 'em off, the beam a little. They don't.

"Stepping on another comedian's do
another way of insuring that a Hymn
I hate (just the thing you don’t want)
will be your requiem. In case you are
familiar with the fine points of this tech-
ique and so you’ll be sure to dodge ‘em,
here is how it is done: Let’s suppose that
Colonna is getting a good, fat laugh
on our radio audience, (I said ‘suppose,’
and you). Well, while they are still
laughing and good for another minute and
half, I walk right in and start talking.
That stops them because they don’t want
miss anything they haven’t paid for, do
they? Only, I don’t walk in. That keeps
a laugh and the allotted time for
Colonna. That keeps Colonna smiling, too.
That’s what we want nowadays, get it?
Reading your cue lines wrong has al-
ways been a dandy for making sour-pusses
of your fellow actors. You read ‘em right
the duration. That’s what you do.

For example, tell your audiences they
are stupid when they don’t laugh at a joke.
You can make this pretty convincing, too,
especially if it is one of the jokes you and
our six gag men have labored over for
hours, polishing and patting and pull-
ing into shape). But don’t make that mis-
take any more. We’ve got to be softies,
boys. In our private and professional
way, I mean. To make up for how tough
of hard we’ve got to be out there. Any-
day, from now on in, anything sarcastic I
say, I must repent of, the instant the
words leave my mouth. Like when I
said a joke to a deadly silence and say,
theorically, ‘You’ll get it in time!’ I will now
do, and when you do, you’ll wish you
didn’t! Also, I’ll be extra careful to top
wise crack at the other fellow’s expense
with another crack at my own expense.

“Your can’t be too careful now NOT to
hurt anyone. You can’t hurt anybody’s
dignity, not anybody’s. The hurt is
enough, as it is. It’s up to all of us to
manage and put out the hurts with the
defunct and lunatics and kindness
that we can muster. Laughter is an awful-
ly thing, I’m glad to say. Glad to say
because laughter is something we can all
live with a good laugh. I don’t mean
that our secret, mouth. I don’t mean
our secret societies, our book clubs,
and the like. They are all the secret
out of our pockets, it comes out of our hearts.
But we must make sure it is laughter without a
single crack at it. We must not care whether they
laugh at us or with us. So long as they
laugh!

Then, of course, there have always been
the kinds of things you can pull around
even on your own and at home, to make private citizens
that actors still lived in tents on the wrong
side of the tracks. That ‘Hollywood, Here
Come!’ driving around in a streamlined
pecker, white wall tires, loud paint job,
our horn sort of thing, I mean. That
made people let you run over them for
the pleasure of putting you in jail. You better
weed routine right out, roots and all.

“Now, then, it will help a lot if you will
always be on time at premières. Cut out
that Jay-walking down the aisle. Quit mak-
ing frequent stops to speak to friends,
whether they know you or not. Don’t talk
LOUD. Also, be sure you can find your
cat. Don’t make half a dozen sorties into
this first row, and then that, until you are
finally placed where you belong. I’m
help of an experienced usher, her Neon
flashlight and a spot of brute force. Peo-
ple are there to enjoy a picture, remem-
ber. Let ‘em.

“During the intermission or, better still,
while the picture is running, refrain from
calling whoever you are with so everyone
for rows and rows around you can hear, how
you did in your last picture, what the
folks at home said about your performance,
and what the critics said, you wish.

Old-Fashioned Skin-Care
Once women had to use many creams and
lotions to keep skin healthy and attractive.

Modern Skin-Care
Today all you need to help keep your skin
fresh, young-looking, is one amazing cream!

Does Your Face Cream do
all these 4 Vital Things?

1. Lady Esther 4-Purpose
Face Cream thoroughly
cleanses the skin, removing
every trace of clinging dirt.

2. Lady Esther 4-Purpose
Face Cream relieves dryness
and flaking—leaves the skin
wonderfully soft.

3. Lady Esther 4-Purpose
Face Cream helps nature
refine the pores—leaves the skin
delightfully fresh. No
astringents are needed.

4. Lady Esther 4-Purpose
Face Cream smooths the skin—prevents it
beautifully for powder and for make-up.

Send for Generous Tube
Mail coupon below for a generous tube of my face cream! See for yourself why more and more lovely women
every day are turning to Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream!

Lady Esther 4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM

SCREENLAND 71
Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Large economy size, 50c
Smaller sizes at variety stores

Girls! Women! Who are nervous
on certain particular days—

Do functional periodic disturbances make you nervous, irritable, cranky, blue, restless, hard to live with, so tired, weak and wornout—at such times?

Then why let yourself "go" like this? Try taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once—the best known medicine you can buy today that's made especially for women.

Thousands Benefited!

Pinkham's Compound is famous for helping relieve weak, tired, nervous feelings and pain of irregular periods—due to this cause. Taken regularly—this scientifically prepared medicine helps build up resistance against such symptoms.

For over 60 years Lydia Pinkham's Compound has helped thousands upon thousands of girls and women to go smiling thru such "difficult days." You, too, should soon begin to feel much better and enjoy gratifying benefits from the regular use of Lydia Pinkham's Compound. It's well worth trying! Follow label directions.

"Then, be sure to stay until the picture is finished. Don't leave five minutes early, thus ruining the end of the picture for other people. If the big love scene, or what ever the climax is, comes ten minutes before the lights go on, don't take that as your exit cue. But if you must take it, don't take it, laughing. Just this one time. Don't laugh. Don't make any great stand play at all. If you must play, being the type, make it a game of creepy-mourn.

"Once outside the theater, don't talk half an hour to sign your autograph. To prevents other kids from getting any, also prevents other stars from giving away what is not conducive to good human men—or women.

"When you are making personal appearance tours throughout the country, try to behave like a Vision, an apparition from some other and, presumably, lovely world. Don't give it that ecotoplasm touch. "Like when I was in Chicago a while ago, some younger came up to me, said timidly, 'Mr. Hope, may I touch you now?'

'No, there was my chance to turn into more vapor to get the flap of wings, muted it—and I'm proud I muffed it—saying, 'Look, kid, I'm twenty years, I'm New Year's Night not so very long ago I might have touched your father for five.' I was thinking of 1926 when I said that. Chicago. In 1928. I was starvating then. It's a good idea not to forget that.


'Don't have your suits made with built-in press hook. Or maybe you should come to think. Maybe you should go step farther and have a suit made of your pressing. You can pretend the girl's a gag, can't you?

'Play benefits. Play as many benefits as you can cover the ground to play. There are any number of ways to evade. You can have the flu or a wisdom tooth. Both have been very popular this season. Or you can be doing night-work in your current picture. This is not popular in any season as it is done. And who will check. That's what you think. But there isn't any evading it drafts now. Not any kind of drafts. Including those made on our time, patience, kindness and generosity. We're all on now, all the way out. And the way out there, where the East is beginning the West, it's a smile's that'll keep 'em going.

'Throw a party now and then. Throw lots of parties. Throw more parties that you have ever done in your lives before. Keep your front door wide open, you back door, too. If the alert blows you have to keep 'em there for the night, and feed 'em breakfast, be glad they are there with you, whoever they are.

'Try not to get your social sets mixed up, though. Like don't invite Bing Crosby with the horse set or Charles Boyer to a part where there are women.

'And another thing: When you invite people to your house, don't play your own records all night. Those days are over, too. Take down the photographs of yourself they can find their way to the front door. They can't see them during blackouts any way. Like I said, there are advantages.

'Those mirrors better come down too. That old routine of looking at yourself in a mirror while talking with someone, ad justing your tie, shrugging your shoulders more firmly in under the paths, is done.

'When you go to a party, don't get too in the middle of the floor and tell the latest gag everyone has heard years ago finishing off with a loud horse laugh. Please don't.

'Try not to let the boys know that all blondes are on the make for you. The won't make 'em smile. And don't snub a

It's Easy to Look "STAR-LOVELY" with WESTMORE FOUNDATION CREAM

- Created by the famous Westmores, Hollywood's Make-up Masters.
- Used by leading stars for real life as well as "real life."
- Gives your face a smooth, even glowing tone...covers little blemishes, tired shadows...and it's non-drying!
- In six skin-tinted shades, with Face Powder to blend. Also, vital-tone lipstick, rouge (cream and cake), skin freshener, cleansing cream, daily skin cream, eyes-shadow and mascara.

Large economy size, 50c
Smaller sizes at variety stores

"Betty Grable, starring in the forthcoming 20th Century-Fox Technicolor picture, "Song of the Islands," with make-up by Westmore. She says: "I use Westmore Foundation Cream, and it's really wonderful!"
women who are trying to make you, I think. That won't make them smile. If you are an actor, and want to keep your fans smiling, try to be what they think you are and, presumably, want you to be. Now, my fans think of me as a flip flop. I know. Because I have never met a yet who did not greet me with, 'Say something funny.' So it's up to me to mix these offers to play Hamlet and Paulin. Hope as Hamlet would be the most disappointing thing I could do to my fans, the box-office, and not forgetting my self. If all simmers down, what I've been doing, to practising Christianity, to doing others as you've been wishing since you were born, they would do unto you. Turn the other cheek, 'love thy neighbor thyself,' all the old maxims and Bible teachings mean more now than they have too many years. Try 'em. They'll paint me smiles on months that otherwise might droop a bit. They'll cast a little sunshine on a world that needs all it can get.'

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND, STAR OF WARNER BROS.' "THE MALE ANIMAL"

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND
PASSES HER TASTE-TEST

(Read how she spotted the best-tasting cola)

Benny with the Light Lubitsch Touch!

Continued from page 29

Just recently," said Mary," Jack has gotten quite savage about them. He thinks that all women should part their hair on the side and just comb it straight down. His other hates? He hates lamb, intensely, and he hates vacations. I have never seen anyone love his work as much as Jack does—he's completely happy when he has a picture, a radio program, several benefits, and half a dozen other things all going at the same time. When he has to take a vacation occasionally he becomes nervous and unhappy and starts biting his nails. Before he has a chance to get grumpy I push him and Joanie in the car, and the two of them riding around the country like a couple of school kids, usually ending up in an amusement park in Chicago. Riding around the country in a car is his greatest relaxation. "He's the sweetest man who ever lived," Mary continued. "He is so very loyal. And

FOR the male and female animal alike, Miss De Havilland knows which cola to serve from now on. She drank the nation's best-known colas from plain paper cups and quite impartially made her choice. "One tasted much better," she said. It was Royal Crown Cola!

To refresh the male (or female) animal in your family, winter or summer, reach for a frosty bottle of Royal Crown Cola—voted best-tasting in 5 out of 6 certified group taste-tests from coast to coast. Try a big 5¢ bottle or a 6-bottle carton for 25¢—today.

TAKE TIME OUT FOR A "QUICK-UP" WITH

ROYAL CROWN COLA

Beat by Taste-Test!

SCREENLAND
Copyright 1942 by Nela Corporation

73
MUSIC COMPOSED TO POEMS

Send poem for consideration. Rhyming or unrhyming—no length restrictions. Transcriptions made, $1.00 from your word and music manuscript. Any subject considered, Love, Home, Sacred, Swing.

KEENAN'S MUSIC SERVICE
2140, Dept. SC
Bridgeport, Conn.

DOCTORS WARN CONSTIPATED FOLKS ABOUT LZY LIVER

IT IS SAID constipation causes many human discomforts—headaches, lack of energy and mental dulness being but a few. BUT DON'T WORRY—For years a noted Ohio Doctor, Dr. F. M. Edwards, successfully treated scores of patients for constipation with his famous Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets—now sold by druggists everywhere.

Olive Tablets, being purely vegetable, are wonderful! They not only gently yet thoroughly cleanse the bowels but ALSO stir up liver bile secretion to help digest fatty foods. Test their goodness TONIGHT without fail! 15c, 30c, 60c. All drugstores.

BUNIONS LARGE OR TENDER JOINTS

Doctor's New Quicker Relief!

Stop suffering! If you have painful bunions, enlarged or tender joints, you'll get quick relief with the New Superb D. Scholl's Zino-pads. Feel the world of difference these thin, soft, self-adhesive, cushioning pads make—how they fit shoe pressure. Use them on hands, feet, and joints. New in design and texture and 15% other than before! Do not come off in the bath. More economical! Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere. Insist on Dr. Scholl's!

D. Scholl's Zino-pads

SMOOTH, CLEAR AND SHINE-FREE...that's the way the boys like a girl's complexion to look...the way yours can look if, under your make-up, you use the tinted Miner's Foundation Cream with Lanolin.

The Lanolin helps soften your skin and protect it from temperature extremes...as it holds your make-up in place, glamorously for hours. Try it today! 39c & 10c.

MINER'S Foundation Cream with LANOLIN

FREE Generous Sample
Send coupon and 3¢ stamp

PEACH C.
BACHELOR'S 121 E. 12th St., Dept. FB, New York, N. Y.
Send sample of Miners' Foundation Cream.

BRUNETTE
SUNSET
Name.

The Clean Odorless Way to REMOVE SUPERFLUOUS HAIR!

Curly Leecher's VELVALIZE is your puddle-buster, the most wonderful hair-reduction agent, in history—safety to walk out! Leecher's VELVALIZE is 250% better than others. It won't damage the hair or scalp. It is terrific for a BLOW-DRY, too. All hairdressers use VELVALIZE, and are raving over its Odorless, gentle, and the SMOOTH Finish. No after-care necessary. No more shaving, plucking, waxing, or pulling. Guaranteed by the World's Most Famous Hair Expert.

FREE SAMPLE! Make trial, and want more, Leecher's VELVALIZE. Large or Small size, 25c, 50c, $1, $1.50. Money back if not satisfied. Write today.

LEECHER'S VELVALIZE

ROBERTS WEATHERMAX

2108 West Market Street
Greencastle, Indiana

When You Use This Amazing 4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things for your hair.

2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell bell goods
25c for 5 rinses
10¢ for 2 rinses

FALSE TEETH by MAI

$7.99 to $15.99

WORLD'S LARGEST DENTAL PLATE MAKER


KITCH STOPPED In A Jiffy

Relieve itching of eczema, pimples, athlete's foot, scaling, shaving, radio and other skin troubles. Use coal antiseptic D.D.P. Prescription, Great for Glamour figures. Began with an itching sensation on a part itching quickly. 30c trial bottle proves it—money back. Ask your druggist today for D.D.P. Prescription

SONG POEMS WANTED

TO BE SET TO MUSIC
Publishers need new angelic songs! Submit one or more of your best songs. We'll pay for each one sold! 60c per hundred sold.

500 BEACON BLDG.
BOSTON, MASS.

FREE BOOKLET—The Marvel Co., Dept. 42, New Haven, Conn.
He's don't smile think guy ago the all the house. radio on play act them say sister? out went asked in Great conducted atville, work and Benny Orpheum performance, quite over Babe's her long gotten hello of dreamylike. Chicago a you." Benny, Marks "After Mary's married family. "If her a distance. became to if the baby, I'm married, Jack's Angeles and waitress, I'd married, Jack, and made to give the radio, I engage. and broke Monday quarreled and do you. Thursdays you changed as he was then," says Mary, "I don't think he has changed one bit in the fifteen years that I have been married to him. He's still the nicest man I ever met in my life."

**SCREENLAND**

* Rita Hayworth and Charles Boyer, starring in 20th Century Fox' "Tales of Manhattan". It's easy to have alluring hands— with Jergens Lotion! *

**Your Man, too, loves Soft Hands, says RITA HAYWORTH**

(Beautiful Hollywood Star)

- Does he think I can do housework and have hands like a movie star?
- Well, you can have lovely soft hands, Linda, by using Jergens Lotion Jergens furnishes softening moisture our hand skin needs.

---

Have Alluring Hands with a few seconds' care a day

You give your hands almost professional loveliness-care when you use Jergens Lotion. Remember—2 of Jergens' ingredients are those used by many doctors to help harsh, common-looking skin to freshflower smoothness. Regular use helps prevent horrid roughness and chapping. No sticky feeling! Start now to have adorable hands, with this favorite Jergens Lotion.

**FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE**

(Paste on a penny postcard, if you wish)

The Andrew Jergens Company, 1935 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada: Ferris, Ont.)

I want to have those soft hands, Rita Hayworth suggests. Please send purse-size bottle of Jergens Lotion—free.

Name ____________________________________________

Street ____________________________________________

City ______ State ______

---

Do this Coupon Now

Mail This Coupon Now
**Yours for Loveliness**

As a prelude to Spring, we greet March with "beauty armor" against wind and weather!

**EX-LAX IS -not too strong! -not too mild! -it's just right!**

Mother kind of a laxative do you give your children? One that's so strong it weakens and upsets them? Or one that's so mild it fails to give them real relief?

Then switch to Ex-Lax—the Happy Medium laxative! Ex-Lax is as effective as any laxative you'd ever want to give your children. But it's kind and gentle, too! It won't upset them. It won't make them feel bad afterwards. What's more, Ex-Lax tastes good—just like fine chocolate!

Ex-Lax is as good for grown-ups as it is for children. Naturally, like any effective medicine, Ex-Lax should be taken only according to the directions on the label... Only 10c or 25c at any drug store.

**IF YOU HAVE A COLD AND NEED A LAXATIVE—**

It's particularly important when you're weakened by a cold not to take harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax! It's thoroughly effective, yet not too strong!

**EX-LAX The Chocolated Laxative**

Try JEYSTS, the new and different way to get fast, fester relief from distress due to excess stomach acid. Pleasant, mist-flavored tablets. Contains no bicarbonate of soda. Guaranteed by the makers of Ex-Lax.

10c is a roll—3 for 25c

**SOUR STOMACH Try JEYSTS, the new and different way to get fast, fester relief from distress due to excess stomach acid. Pleasant, mist-flavored tablets. Guaranteed by the makers of Ex-Lax.**

**SONG POEMS WANTED**

to be set to music. Free examination. Photographic records made. Send your poems to VANDERBILT MUSIC STUDIOS, Box 112, Dept. A.G., Coney Island, N. Y.

---

**MAYBE** you're ready for a starter for Spring in the way of perfume. Then let the Ronni flacon opposite remind you of ten entrancing Ronni scents—Gardenia, Rare Orchid, Lilac, Lilac-of-the-Valley, Sweet Pea, Rose, Femme Desiree, Exquis, Violet and Chypre! Sketched, it is the $2.50 to $10 packaging, but you can compromise on junior sizes in the chain stores—a happy and practical idea for the girl who likes to be fickle with perfume, to wear first this, then that. She'll like a perfume "wardrobe."

**YOUR skin's good friend—Aknasol.** It's not new to this column, but is such a good corrective "dependable," especially in the case of surface eruptions, blackheads, whiteheads, coursed skin and extreme oiliness. The colloidal sulphur content is the secret. Aknasol is a delicately scented, creamy lotion, not apparent on the skin. Use it at night or as a powder base, and thus get twenty-four-hour corrective benefit. Men and boys find it very helpful, too.

**FOR personal daintiness, for protection of clothing, Fresh No. Two non-deodorant and deodorant cream, gets posts from this department. Daintiness we've always prized, but perhaps it took Pearl Harbor to show us that some of our luxuries may go with war—that lovely clothing should be cared for, protected. This gentle cream won't rot fabrics, is greaseless, of the vanishing type, very effective and mild. Fresh No. Two for you that first blouse or frock of Spring, as well as good grooming.**

C. M.
seems it has whims! One little curl goes this way, one that. If she indulge those whimsies, all goes well; if less understanding hands touch her hair, that is not so good. She solves her situation by a professional shampoo but a self-set; if she does not have the facilities for shampooing at hand. She can do practically everything for herself but a manicure. And she does not like that, feeling that everyone should be able to rise to the occasion of self-grooming when necessary. Now, my private opinion is that if every girl thought like Ellen and tried to do something about it, she could always be a very good-looking person. Because—it is invariably the hiatus between manicure or shampoo or the delay between replacing worn or old articles of our wardrobe that knocks us off base. It seldom fails but that, hoping no one will see the chipped nail lacquer, or notice the fact that you need to have your hair re-done, the Big Moment of your life pops out of the blue. Certainly the safest way to guard against these situations is to keep a bottle of shampoo at hand, perhaps a wave-set lotion, and at least to learn the rudiments of a hair job you won't be ashamed of if you find just one hour between you and that date. Add to the shampoo a manicure kit, and maybe one of those helpful quick facial packs, and you can remake yourself in a short time—if you must.

And if you ask me, there will be plenty of impromptu date opportunities from now on, and most of them in uniform! And try not to let it matter, girls, whether it's the the Colonel, himself, or your little jerk

brother's best pal. It is a time for big-heartedness all around, and you know you have smiles and dances to spare!

Any girl who hopes to get anywhere should develop and use her native intelligence, should keep hope and determination high, not be bowed over by the first or second or third blow, should work like anything, hear but believe little that is told her, especially if she is young and pretty; be tolerant of others but hard with herself. That sums up the credo of what we consider Ellen's success but which to her is just a step along the way.

Ellen was born in Kansas City, and had to leave high school in her third year to support herself and mother. Her speech, by the way, is charming and cultured—this, probably from extra time spent over scripts and taking advantage of every coaching opportunity in dictation and voice. When she was sixteen, posing as eighteen, she went to work for a few weeks. She and her mother budgeted. “We got by,” is Ellen's succinct comment. The job blew up, so she became a salesgirl. Alone came the X-RAY and automatically increased her salary to $15 weekly. That was something! The store for which Ellen worked entered her in a beauty contest. Ellen won. So with a few Hollywood-struck friends, she journeyed there in a sliver, to find beauty contest winners as plentiful as palm trees. Apparently, nobody needed Ellen, so she went to work as a waitress selling candy and serving at the soda fountain.

Many times Ellen heard these words, “You ought to be in pictures.” One day the agent, William Demarest, said this to Ellen. Then she listened. Result, an audition with Paramount, then a stock player's contract.

Ellen stuck to her knitting, earning $30 weekly for walking on and off in many pictures, and she studied and she worked, and she asked for no more salary than she thought she was worth. That is something for business girls to ponder! Finally, a new, and refreshing offer came from Paramount. And Ellen filled the bill. Her star was in the ascent, and still is! But it was work and patience and self-improvement that had kept her dully doing until opportunity arose!

After this bit of true story, Ellen pulled out the pins from the hair she had set while we were talking, her eyes sparkling. In a few hours, she would be in Washington with her husband, Cy Bartlett, an army officer stationed there.

Identical Usack Twins Prove PEPSODENT POWDER makes teeth TWICE AS BRIGHT

"It’s fun being twins! So many unexpected things happen... like our recent test with tooth powders. Lorayne decided she’d use a well-known leading brand. I chose Pepsodent. What happened was simply amazing!"

"It was like wearing name plates! Pepsodent made my teeth so much brighter that people said they could easily tell us apart by our teeth! I never dreamed there was that much difference in tooth powders!"

"We Double-Dare you to tell us apart... we’re both using Pepsodent now!"

For the safety of your smile... use Pepsodent twice a day...

See your dentist twice a year.
with those eyes of his and his black wavy hair and that torso which ought to make the Discus Thrower hide his head in sheer humiliation, it’s usually the females who are singing love songs to Jeff.

How we started, both of us. It was starting enough seeing a blonde native without
out seeing one with so much oomph. She was swaying about as she stood there and it was the same gentle rhythm as the palms bending before the soft breeze and her little grass skirt showed off her legs.

"Okay. You know me, Jeff." Jeff laughed.

"Did I ever break a promise?"

"Every time I yelled after him. But it wasn’t Jeff. It was a big black dog worried me.

It was the one I had made to his old man back in Chicago when he sent us to look over his cattle and mine of Ar. Oh, it worried me now the way the boss was looking to me to keep his son out of trouble.

But Jeff wasn’t thinking of anything except that girl. "Aloha," he said, going up to her.

"Aloha," she said, and her voice gave us the idea of how the birds sound in the Islands.

"Well?" Jeff grinned at her. "Now that we’re acquainted, where are we? I mean, I’d just like to know where we’ve landed, not that I have any complaints. Do you live around here, I hope?"

"Wait a minute," I said, taking off my ten-gallon hat and giving her a bit of old Texas gallantry. "Jeff, you can’t expect a native like this to understand your lingo.

"What do you mean, native?"

"Well?" Jeff laughed. "She stepped right out of a steamship folder. Look at her blonde hair."

"So what?"

"I said. "They have blondes everywhere. Besides, some Swedes might’ve been shipwrecked here. Señorita?"

I turned to her, giving her a big take. "Parlez-vous Sweet Lillian?"

I’ve had more than a few. If I knew the Island lingo then, for her words sounded like the chorus of one of the songs they sing with steel guitars.

"What did she say?" Jeff asked.

"Aloha," I told him. "She’s doing swell."

"That’s just where we started."

"Well, keep punchin’," I laughed. "You might hit the jack-pot yet."

"We’re looking for the Harper Cattle Ranch," Jeff told her. "Circle H—savvy?"

He began making motions and the girl smiled.

"Aye, aye," she said. Even we could tell that meant yes in her language and she flung us another look as she ran gallantly ahead of us.

"See?" Jeff said. "She catches on quick. I can make her understand anything.

"That’s what I’m afraid of," I muttered, getting into the saddle behind him.

"Hee-eat," the girl said and even though we didn’t understand her words, we could see that her eyes and her smile meant something.

"How and?" Jeff grinned. "You go first, honey. I like the scenery from this angle.

"Yeah." I shook my head. "That’s the angle that got us in trouble in the Argentine.

We hadn’t gone far when the girl stopped, pointing to a rickety bridge on which was a sign: "Harley Ranch. No Trespassing."

I gave it a puzzled look and seemed quite clearly that there was where she got off.

"Lady," Jeff said, giving back one of his biggest smiles, "you’ve given us a sweet reception on your own home grounds, but if I ever meet you in the name of a bigger holler ‘Alahaua’ and start running."

"Just start running," I warned her.

"Well, here we go again, I thought, seeing the way Jeff was looking after her as she went away. I knew it wasn’t going to be as easy as this that was going to make it of bad times ever since the old man took me away from running his outfit in Texas to run his son instead. Riding herd on a half-bred guy like Jeff is no picnic. When I knew the other thing wasn’t going to be a picnic either, seeing how things were going on his ranch. I mean, when I saw John Rodney, the man who was managing it. There was something about him I didn’t like from the start.

"We’ve been travelling around making an inspection of my old man’s properties."

Jeff said after he’d introduced himself and me.

"You that’s fine," Rodney said, looking as if he didn’t mean it at all. "I know your father expects you to take over the business one of these days.

"He’s father also expected him to marry a lovely girl in Chicago last year," I put in glumly. "But he was eliminated in the semi-finals."

Jeff didn’t like Rodney any more than I did. I knew that when he slipped me a wink and started looking around the ranch as if what he saw didn’t please him at all. "So this is Circle H," he shook his head. "Looks bad, very bad."

"Terrible," I said, helping him with the building to save the ranch. His idea was to be a beautiful offering. "Pretty rundown from what I’ve seen."

"But you haven’t seen anything yet."

Rodney was plainly getting the wind up. "You must have come ashore on the O’Brien property. He’s a good-for-nothing and can’t come back in this part of the land across the bridge. Nothing over there you’d care to look at."

"No!" Jeff grinned. "How do they Hula over on this side?"

"Hula!" Rodney drew himself up. "I wouldn’t think of having women like that on this ranch. It would take the men’s mind off their work."

"Goodbye!" Jeff kidded, turning to the bridge again, but I caught his arm.

"He’s right," I pointed out. "And our
War Rips Lid Off Movie Manners
—and Morals!

SEE FOR YOURSELF in amazing pictures what happened to American movies in World War I—and what has happened to England's movies in World War II. Will it happen here, now? Screen Guide offers a basis for deciding in a searching photo-story. It shows trouble spots in new films, past break-downs of morality in times of stress. Be sure to see it!

Other Scoops in March Screen Guide

Mickey Rooney's First Real Love! Meet the girl who made Mickey forget she wasn't ready to marry—"Jeff"! Why They Call Gary Cooper "Cute"! Maybe you've never figured him out; this story shows how you can.

The Truth Behind Stars' "Strikes"! See what the highest-paid workers in the world want when they "strike."

How Hollywood Won Over Katharine Hepburn. The "rebel" has reformed. Learn how they persuaded her to do it!

Color Photos! Dorothy Lamour, Linda Darnell, Joan Leslie, Mickey Rooney—two wonderful enough to frame!

THAT'S NOT ALL! Screen Guide is becoming Hollywood's final authority on fashions, through its great features by Yolanda. Beauty hints are offered by Edith Hampton. Also lots of gossip and reviews!

minds are not strong right now, either. Let's eat first.”

"Let me take you in and get you settled,” Rodney said smoothly. "When you're rested, I'll show you around the ranch."

It was almost evening when he took us for a tour of the ranch. And as if it wasn't strange enough seeing native cowboys, I saw something I never thought I'd live to see and that was those cowboys driving the steers into the water.

"What are they dragging them out there for?" I asked. "Getting 'em a bath?"

"Oh, no," Rodney pointed out over the water where a cattle boat was waiting. "They swim them out to the smaller boats in lots of ten. Then they are towed out to the waiting ship. By that time the boys have slipped belly-bands under them and they are all ready to be hoisted aboard. See?"

I saw all right and it made my blood boil. Being a cowboy all my life I naturally have respect for cattle and I didn't like seeing those steers kicking the way they did as they were swung up to the ship.

"It ain't natural!" I exploded. "You can't tell me a steer don't resent it. I know I would. Why don't you build a pier out to the boat?"

"We can't," Rodney said. "Our surf is too shallow. That's why your father's been trying to buy O'Brien's property. He has the water rights right on the Island."

"What's O'Brien holding out for?" I asked.

"He won't set a price," Rodney shook his head. "He has a silly idea about preserving his place as a sanctuary for the natives."

"That's one of the reasons we dropped in here," Jeff said. "To see if we couldn't make O'Brien change his mind. I'll take it up with him immediately. And besides, I have some unfinished business of my own to look after over at the O'Brien place."

It wasn't necessary to know Jeff as I did to understand what he meant. "Jeff," I begged, "there's a nice safe cattle boat out there. Let's go home with the cows before you get in trouble."

But I should have known better. No one can stop Jeff once he's got his mind set on anything. And it certainly was set on that girl. I knew I'd have to look after him. But when we reached the O'Brien ranch I was sorry I had come, for there was a native dame coming after me, looking like Columbus must have when he sighted land. You know, as if she'd found what she was looking for.

Now never let it be said that Rusty Smith is at all luke-warm when it comes to dames, and who wouldn't be a sucker for flower garlands and a straw skirt? But the answer to that one is it all depends on who is wearing the straw skirt. Palola, that was her name, didn't look anything like the little blonde, even though she had curves too. It just happened that Palola's were all in the wrong place and there were too many of them. And when she grabbed me, I felt as if she had more arms than a centipede.

Someone laughed as I struggled with her and when I turned I saw the blonde standing on the porch and she was dressed the way girls are back in the States and she was talking English.

"I always knew you were a fast worker," I said to Jeff. "But when you can teach 'em English that quick, brother, you're home!"

But Jeff didn't seem pleased at all. "Did you take me for a ride?" he told her reprovingly.

"You asked for a ticket, didn't you think?" The girl laughed. "Saying if I ever met you in the moonlight, I'd better holier Aloha' and start running. Well, she glanced up at the moon coming out over the trees. "Aloha!"

"Go ahead," Jeff got red. "Hand it out. I deserve it." But the girl wasn't letting him off that easy. "I suppose you came over here thinking I was some poor little native who'd go gaga when she saw you with your nice wavy hair all slicked up!" she said.

"Me?" Jeff pretended to be surprised.

"That was the last thought I had in mind. I had no idea you even lived around here. I was looking for an old goat by the name of O'Brien."

"An old goat, huh?" All the singing was gone out of her voice. "Listen, my name is O'Brien, too and I am the old goat's daughter!"

It was just as well Jeff didn't have to answer, for just then someone called "Eileen" and coming out of the house was a man who looked so Irish, we knew he had to be O'Brien. "Oh, is it company we're havin'" he asked in a soft brogue. Then as Eileen introduced us he turned to Jeff. "You'd be the son of old Jefferson Harper, I take it. Well, I hope you're a warmer hearted man than your father. For years he's been trying to buy me out and get rid of me. The man's daft, I'm thinkin', owning a beautiful ranch and never setting foot on it since the day he bought it and leaving everything to that pinhead of a Rodney who's that efficient he drives the poor natives into working day and night."

"But Dad has a big investment here," Jeff pointed out. "And the only way to make it pay is work."

"Work?" O'Brien exploded at that. "Work in a land where all a man has to do to fill his stomach is reach for the nearest tree! That's what's wrong with the world: Everyone's fighting and grabbing for money instead of living in peace and good will the way heaven intended them."

"You've got something there. Mr. O'Brien," Jeff said, but Eileen stopped him.
with as pretty a little wrinkle of a nose as I've ever seen. "Don't encourage him," she said. "He'll talk for hours."

"I will and I can on that subject." Her father grinned. "But I'll get a droop of something cool for us before I begin."

Even without those drinks O'Brien would have been okay with them. They don't come often, men like him and it wasn't a wonder every man, woman, and child on the Island loved him. That is, everybody except Rodney. When he saw how we felt about the old man and Jeff about the girl, he began dropping hints about us leaving.

But Jeff wasn't leaving. Something had happened to him in New York that he could see differently with Eileen than he had been with all the others. They went surfboard riding and fishing and sailing and when he wasn't with her he could see it all with knitting that faraway look that means love all spilled in capital letters.

He was in love, all right, so much in love he didn't even know it was along that day the three of us went sailing. He was playing a guitar and singing a song all about the blue shadows and white gardenias and the way he sang it, it wasn't a song at all but a proposal. Then when he finished, he leaned toward her and drew her closer to him, but when he tried to kiss her he discovered the flower in her hair was taking the right way of his lips.

"Mind if I move the bouquet over so I can move in over her," he asked.

"Can't," Eileen whispered, drawing away as he tried to take the flower. "You mustn't touch." And then as his eyes questioned her, "You know, Jeff, a girl has a flower over her left ear means she's nobody's sweetheart, she's looking.

"And over the right ear," Jeff asked.

"That means," Eileen smiled up at him, "hands off. She's taken." She laughed then breathlessly as he took the flower and changed its position over her right ear. "Jeff, don't," she whispered and suddenly all the laughter was gone and she sounded almost sad, almost frightened. "Don't, unless she said.

He meant it, all right. She knew that when he took her in his arms. Anyone could see he was all set for a little house among the flowers and palm trees, a little house with southern exposure and all the conveniences and with nothing to do but play and make love.

I couldn't blame him too much. For there was a little Island girl I sort of had my eyes on myself and who was making me wonder. If there was any wonder, then they were my own. I tried it for a day.

I was all set for a little house among the flowers and palm trees, a little house with southern exposure and all the conveniences and with nothing to do but play and make love.

We write, Supply Melody and Record, Per pamphlet, send yours to

Masters of Melody Makers
D-11
6131 Hollywood Blv.
Hollywood, California

POEM AND LYRIC WRITERS!
We Supply, Supply Melody and Record, Per pamphlet, send yours to

Master Melody Makers
D-11
6131 Hollywood Blvd.
Hollywood, California

GIVEN AWAY!
Guaranteed Rings—Avionite "Ring for Buds, Joe Boys, in 1/10th Gold plated; or a lovely new Buried Silver ring in 1/8th R.R. rolled gold plus a Certificate Signed by Bandleader Salve at the 2nd Panasonic Lined Pens FREE, with each round renewal. Greater feature. Send No Money.

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Box 57, Woodboro, Maryland.

SONG & POEM WRITERS!
How you a song, a poem or just a line? We supply the melody and make recordings of your original songs.

Send yours to

CINEMA SONG COMPANY
Box 2828, Dept. 0, Hollywood, California

Brush Away GRAY HAIR
...and look 10 YEARS YOUNGER

Now at home, you can quickly and easily turn the telltale streaks of gray to natural-looking black, or whatever is your shade—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Use BROWN TONE 1 or 2 (as directed) and your hair will be grayless for 4 to 6 weeks. Then simply reapply it to your gray appearance until no prove by using a tassel hook of your hair. Retains your youthful charm. Get BROWN TONE 3 for all drug stores—on a money-back guarantee, or—

Send for FREE TEST BOTTLE

The Kenton Pharmacal Co.
Brown Brothers Ridge, Covington, Kentucky

Without obligation, please send me free and postpaid Test Bottle of BROWN TONE and including illustrated booklet. Check shade wanted.

2 Bottles to Helen Brown
Brown Bros. to Black

Name ___________________________________________
Address _________________________________________
City __________________________________________
State __________________________________________
Print Your Name and Address

FREE to Blondes

Send Now to...

BROWN TONE

Leaves a rich, permanent rich color—no fade—no flake—no trouble—no expense—no money to be invested. Can be bought at any drug store.

FREE to Blondes

Send to...

BROWN TONE

Leaves a rich, permanent rich color—no fade—no flake—no trouble—no expense—no money to be invested. Can be bought at any drug store.

FREE to Blondes

Send to...

BROWN TONE

Leaves a rich, permanent rich color—no fade—no flake—no trouble—no expense—no money to be invested. Can be bought at any drug store.

FREE to Blondes

Send to...

BROWN TONE

Leaves a rich, permanent rich color—no fade—no flake—no trouble—no expense—no money to be invested. Can be bought at any drug store.

FREE to Blondes

Send to...

BROWN TONE

Leaves a rich, permanent rich color—no fade—no flake—no trouble—no expense—no money to be invested. Can be bought at any drug store.
give him the brush-off. "It's a little warm in this country for boots and chaps. I was just—"

"A fine example you're setting for my son!" he went on. "What do you mean by letting him make a fool of himself with that O'Brien girl?"

I started to say something but a crowd of little native children I'd promised some goodies brought up to me shouting. "Papaya, papaya," which means something to eat in their language but sounds like something quite different in ours.

"Ugh," says Harper, taking a suspicious look at them. "So that's what you've been up to!"

I was just telling him that papayas grew on trees. Who would think that? The man's bewildered.

"I've heard all about you and O'Brien's daughter!" Harper shouted before Jeff even had a chance to say hello. "Get your things packed. You're leaving for home this morning. I'm holding the plane I arrived in overnight."

"Tomorrow!" Jeff had to think fast, but Jeff always does, just as fast as he acts. "But I'm just about to close that deal with O'Brien for his harbor," he said, knowing if he didn't get the contract the man's heart was business. And the shot went home, for Harper looked interested. "Why not bring the harbor into the family?" Jeff went on. "You'd like Eileen, Dick."

His father gave him a long look and he must have seen the boy had his mind made up, for instead of doing theirate father act he became almost sympathetic.

"I'm not going to act like an old sour-puss," he said, "I'm not going to tell you who you can or can't marry. But you know I need you home in Chicago. If you marry and settle down here—"

"Well," Jeff looked as if he couldn't believe his own luck. "You've got to spend some time here. Eileen couldn't leave her father permanently and Mr. O'Brien couldn't live any place else.

"Unless it's this brewery," I said, but they didn't pay any attention to me. Both of them were too busy figuring how they were going to get their own way and from the way it looked from my Right seat, I'd say they started with a draw.

I had to admit the old man was doing pretty well when we went over to O'Brien's. Anybody would have thought he meant it when he went through all the motions of welcoming Eileen into the family but I'd seen him putting through too many business deals to be fooled. And I was right, for he hadn't been there ten minutes when he looked at O'Brien. "Now," he said, "let's get down to business by the book."

"Business?" O'Brien shook his head. "That's a word for penny-pincher's and rascals. Let's not bring it up on a friendly occasion like this."

"I haven't time to fool around," Harper said, shaking his head impatiently. "Put a price on that harbor of yours."

O'Brien didn't say anything for a minute. Then he smiled. "Use the harbor if it's of use to you," he said then. "Build a picture plant. I'd like for you to remain in business. But let it be a matter between friends. Not business."

Harper almost exploded at that. "I'm not a stubborn old man," O'Brien shouted. "I came here to do business."

"Business!" O'Brien looked at Eileen. "There he goes again. The man's bewitched by the word." He turned to Harper. "You never relax. All you think about is money-grabbing."

"As that so?" Harper banged his fist on the table. "Well, I see through your game. You want me to build a pier on your property."

"What's that you're saying?" O'Brien demanded. "The back of me hand to you! I wouldn't let one of your cattle wet a tail in my ocean, now."
William Tracy and Elyse Knox in "Hay Foot," hilarious Hal Roach comedy about army life.

"Mr. Harper," Eileen said, and she looked so pretty with her eyes all dewy and anxious that way. "There isn't anything to quarrel about since Jeff and I are.

"That's what I say, Dad," Jeff put in eagerly. "It's all going to be in the family anyway.

"There's going to be no family about it!" Harper shouted, even louder than he'd been shouting before, because a storm had come up and the thunder was crashing over his voice.

"Just a minute, Dad," Jeff said. "Eileen and I have this all settled.

Then I'll unsettle it," Harper said. And that was the signal for general fireworks.

"Very well, Mr. Harper," Eileen tossed her head. "If there isn't going to be any family about it, I'll tell you the deal you make. You can use our harbor for fifty percent of the price your cattle bring at the market.

"That's highway robbery!" Harper exploded, and even Jeff looked aghast at Eileen.

"Lady, you should have been a night-club singer," Harper said.

That was what started the quarrel between Eileen and Jeff, and by the time we started for home with Harper and O'Brien still trying to shout each other down over the sound of the thunder, it looked as if nothing would ever bring those youngsters together again, judging by the fury in Eileen's eyes and the set look around Jeff's mouth. But just as we reached the bridge separating the two ranches, he turned to his father.

"Dad, will you do me a favor?" he asked. "Will you come back to O'Brien's and let me straighten this out?"

"Never!" Harper shouted as he was about to set foot on the bridge. "Never! Not if it was the last step I ever took!"

It was almost as if Pat had must have heard him. First there was that terrific crash of thunder and the lightning zooming down so close I couldn't help jumping and then the sound of wood splintering and Jeff and me grabbing Harper just as the bridge broke in two.

"We'll have to go back now," Jeff said. "There's no other way to get across." But Harper wouldn't hear of it. And just as I was sure we were all going to catch pneumonia standing around there in the rain, we heard O'Brien's voice calling to us and believe me, it sounded like sweet music at that moment. Even the old man didn't make too much of a fuss about going back when O'Brien apologized for his part of the quarrel in that soft Irish tongue of his.

But Eileen wasn't giving in. She didn't come down for dinner and Jeff sat there unable to eat a mouthful and with his eyes looking as if he were worn out to come. And the next morning at breakfast there was Harper and O'Brien acting as if they'd been buddies for years and Harper looking down at his food as if he were about to enjoy it.

"And all he's been missing these years, seeing how easy and pleasant everything was at the O'Brien ranch. He looked almost sorry when word came through that the bridge had been fixed and he could go.

Jeff didn't go with him.

"How you feel, Jeff?" I asked when I saw him stand back as O'Brien went along with Harper.

"Great," he said briefly. "The enemy is barricaded at the gate and can't advance an inch."

"You're going at this the wrong way," I told him. "These girls over here want romance. You got to be a little tender, sing 'em a love song, Pat. They even listen to me. Come on, I got to get you straightened out."

Even before I'd spoken to him I'd got a lot of the native boys and girls to bring their guitars and ukuleles and now they all went along with us and stood under the trees and sang love songs, until Harper was singing a love song of the Islands. But the shade on her window was down and she didn't even pull it up.

"You're feeling, what did I tell you? She sees me coming and pulls the shade down. There's nothing left for me to do but go back to Jeff and tell him. And when we got home, to the event to his father. "Eileen and I are all washed up," he said, "I guess you're right. I'd better settle down and take things easy."

"Hmnm." His father looked at him and I could have sworn he was disappointed.

"Well, if you want to leave, I say him a way to go. Huh? He's a lawyer dig into the records and they find out O'Brien hasn't paid a land tax in over five years. She's hot with the property up.

"Well, it can't be done," Jeff protested. "You can't do that. Even if Eileen and I are through!"

But his father didn't even answer as he sent for Rodney. "Go over to O'Brien and serve that eviction notice," he said, and just as I was deciding I was through with the old man he grabbed his hat and Error as well,

"Just a minute, Dad," Jeff said. "Eileen and I have this all settled.

"I saw no reason for delay, so I--"

Harper just had to have the last word at that. "You idiot," he blared. "You and your blasted efficiency. Who told you to do that?"

He grabbed his hat and started for the door but Jeff was there before him and he was beside of it. And it was funny how I remember then it was St. Patrick's Day and how for weeks O'Brien had been talking about the feha he always gave on that day and now here it had come finding him and Eileen without even a roof over their heads and all they had to have it when you saw that girl. There she stood on the porch with her father, that proud little chin of hers held high.

"Eileen," O'Brien, Jeff said. "I'm terribly sorry about this. I don't know what my father was thinking of."

"He has gone through with it," O'Brien said, and I didn't even know what was going on. I won't let my father go through with it."

"He has gone through with it," O'Brien said. "I don't blame your dad."

"Dad," Jeff said. "And O'Brien banged the door behind him. "But I had no idea they were going to fix it, honey. I I didn't even know what was going on. I won't let my father go through with it."

"He has gone through with it," O'Brien said. "I don't blame your dad."

"I don't blame your dad," Jeff said. "I don't blame your dad."

"I don't blame your dad," Jeff said. "And I've learned it the hard way."

"I don't blame your dad," Jeff said. "And I've learned it the hard way."

"I don't blame your dad," Jeff said. "And I've learned it the hard way."

"Think of your father the O'Briens will get his property as fast as they can!" she said.

Jeff didn't say a word as we walked away, only his mouth tightened when he saw his father hurrying, all out of breath, towards the O'Briens' house. He didn't trust himself to talk to him just then. But I felt one of us had been a step out of luck on Harper before he could do any thing. Why, they were hurrying back to the house and got there as O'Brien was opening the door.

"Where's my shillalah? You thieving villain!" he said when he saw Harper. "Still carrying a man's roof from over his head on St. Patrick's Day."

There was no intention of going through with it," Harper said. "I just thought I saw a way to patch things with Jeff and Eileen. I was sure when I told him what I'd decided doing, that hurrying back to her again and everything would be all right. And everything was till that Jackass Rodney got too efficient. I quit!"

"Well," O'Brien hesitated just a minute. Then he smiled, "If you put it that way, anything you'd like, Jackass!"

"Your girl and my boy had the right idea," Harper said. "All we have to do is get the kids together again and that will settle things. Only, I'm sure you can bring Eileen around."

"Me?" O'Brien shook his head dubiously, "I couldn't do a thing with her once you got her set on something. I'd better pull it out. I'll call her. Let's have a drink first to give us courage. We'll need it!"

Even the drink didn't do any good. Eileen wouldn't even listen to her father, much less Harper.

"You're a shame to the Irish," O'Brien said then. "Where's your Irish pride?"

"Jeff's a darn fine boy," Harper put in desperately. "And he's crazy about you."

"This is a nice way to show it," O'Brien said coldly.

It was just then I saw the plane flying over the harbor. "That's why he isn't here, I lied, stepping off the porch. "It's Rodney. He told me to come here and say goodbye for him."

Jeff and Eileen whispered, and now all the redheads was gone from her eyes and her voice and I felt like a coyote when I saw her beginning to cry. Then she turned and ran from the house, down to the cliffs looking over the water and all the time she was calling Jeff's name over and over again so it sounded like a prayer. I went to the edge of it, where it was just about to turn out all right. And it did for as she stopped Jeff came over to her and put his arms around her. She was crying so she didn't see who it was as she buried her head against his shoulder, "Pop," she whispered. 

"It was my fault. I didn't mean it. I love him."


"And he raised his right hand and she lifted her face to his hands and kissed her."

It was enough to make any man lonely seeing that kiss. I started walking away just as fast as I could, my eyes wide open, looking for that cute little Irish girl with one of them and making sure Paloma wouldn't catch her. And when ever there was a St. Patrick Day like it, for Jeff or for me either.
"Girls with Romance Complexions win out!"

Loretta Young

Get 3 cakes of Lux Toilet Soap and begin now a month's trial of this gentle care that helps protect million-dollar complexions, the care screen stars depend on! See for yourself what a wonderful aid it is in keeping your skin smoother, lovelier—more attractive!

"This ACTIVE-lather care is a wonderful beauty aid. Try it for 30 days."

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap"
Chesterfield salutes with Millions of Fans
THE GOLDEN JUBILEE
of America's most popular sport
BASKETBALL

Over 90,000,000 is Basketball's yearly attendance...tops for any American sport...and this year marks the celebration of its Golden Jubilee. The game was founded by Dr. James Naismith and had its modest start in 1891 in Springfield, Mass. Such popularity must be deserved

That's what millions of Chesterfield smokers get every time they light up...and that's why these millions are saying Chesterfield gives me more pleasure than any other cigarette I ever smoked.

Make your next pack Chesterfield and you too will enjoy everything you want in a cigarette...made to your taste with the Right Combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.

Every time...They Satisfy

Copyright 1942, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
BLACK-OUT
at the
"Blue Evening"
with
Olivia
de Havilland

Hollywood Women Are Doing For National Defense!

MARRIED LOVERS!  THE HOME LIFE OF WILLIAM HOLDEN AND BRENDA MARSHALL WITH FIRST, EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS

RILLER!  "The Mystery of Marie Roget" FICTIONIZED
ALL THIS...

AND GRABLE TOO...

BETTY GRABLE
VICTOR MATURE
JACK OAKIE

in

SONG of the ISLANDS

in TECHNICOLOR!

SONGS
by Gordon and Owens
"SING ME A SONG OF THE ISLANDS"
"DOWN ON AMI, AMI ONI, ONI ISLE"
"O'BRIEN HAS GONE HAWAIIAN"
"WHAT'S BUZZIN' CONJON"
"BLUE SHADOWS AND WHITE GARDENIAS"
"MALUKA, MALOLO MAVAENA"

with
Thomas Mitchell - George Barbier
Billy Gilbert - Hilo Hattie
Harry Owens and his Royal Hawaiians

Directed by WALTER LANG
Produced by WILLIAM LeBARON
Original Screen Play by Joseph Schrank, Robert Parrish,
Robert Ellis and Helen Logan - Lyrics and Music by
Mack Gordon and Harry Owens

Coming soon!

HENRY FONDA - GENE TIERNEY
Keep 'Em Laughing with Their Loving
in
Rings on her Fingers

with LAIRD CREGAR

BUY U.S. Defense Bonds or Stamps every day!
"It takes a Pretty Smile to Sell a Song—

And yours, My Pet, is on the Blink.
I suspect 'Pink Tooth Brush'"

"You're a nightingale, sister! You've got youth, charm, personality—everything, until you smile. That's fatal. You can't star with my hand until you can flash a smile that travels right from the stand into the customers' hearts."

"Now, no tears, pretty face. It's not that bad. You've just been careless. Box office smiles and 'pink tooth brush,' sparkling teeth and sensitive gums just don't play the same bill. We're booking you first with my dentist. Tomorrow—no, today!"

"Our modern soft foods don't give gums enough work! And sparkling smiles depend largely on healthy gums. Give your gums more work, daily massage." (N.B. A recent survey shows dentists prefer Ipana for personal use 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice.)

"Am I following that dentist's advice? It's Ipana and massage for me—every day! What a clean, freshening flavor Ipana has! My teeth are brighter—and that stimulating tingle every time I massage my gums seems to signal, 'You're going to make the grade.'"

(Soliloquy of a nightingale) "I'm singing the blues, but they're not in my heart. I'm the happiest girl this side of anywhere. Listen to that crowd—three encores and they're still hollering the chorus and calling for more. Well, here's one little girl who sees her name in lights and Ipana Tooth Paste in her beauty cabinet forever and then some."

Help keep gums firmer, teeth brighter, smiles more sparkling with Ipana and Massage!

"Pink" on your tooth brush means see your dentist at once. He may simply tell you that eating too much soft, creamy food has denied your gums the exercise they need for firmness and health. And, like many dentists, he may very likely suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is specially designed, not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help make your gums firmer. So each time you brush your teeth massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage—tells you circulation is increasing in the gums—helping gums to gain new firmness and strength.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to have a lovelier smile!

A Product of Bristol-Myers

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

SCREENLAND
What does March come in like?... Okay, students, go to the head of the class.

Leo, you know, has enlisted for the duration. He’s in the Army, the Navy, Civilian Defense and ready to serve wherever wanted by his Uncle.

Have you seen “Joe Smith, American”? Recommended, incidentally, by our generous First Lady.

We don’t speak much about shorts in this column, but it’s hard to keep quiet about “Main Street On The March,” made with government cooperation.

The exhibitors of America, as well, are all out for our war effort. Their screens will inform, uplift and divert. Three essentials in a crisis.

Among the diversions that Dr. Leo has brewed in his own laboratory is the newest rattle of that famous Hardy family skeleton.

Despite the natural presence of that exciting, energetic, connubial dynamo — Mickey Rooney — nothing personal is intended by the title —

“Courtship of Andy Hardy”.

It’s undoubtedly impossible to refer to a beautiful young dy as a dark horse —

But watch Donna Reed in this hardest of the Hardys.

Space doesn’t permit much about “Mrs. Miniver”, (Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon); “I Married An Angel”, (Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy); "Ship Ahoy”, (Eleanor Powell, Red Skelton, Bert Lahr, Tommy Dorsey’s orchestra); and “Rio Rita”, (Abbott and Costello).

There’s so much to say about the merits of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures. We really ought to have two columns. Still —

Yours for conservation. — Leo
THEY'VE DONE IT AGAIN!

The producers of "Babes on Broadway" follow their sensational hit with another rousing musical entertainment packed with pep, pace and pulchritude.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

Vive VIRGINIA WEIDLER
She's a female Mickey Rooney. She sings, she clowns. She's a great little actress.

Ray, Ray, Ray for RAY McDONALD
He dances. He romances. He's taking the screen world by storm.

Cheers for LEO GORCEY and "RAGS" RAGLAN
Outrageously funny they're a perpetual panic.

Hail MCPhAIL
(Douglas to you). Wait till you hear him in the big BALLAD FOR AMERICANS number.

with VIRGINIA WEIDLER - RAY McDONALD - LEO GORCEY - "RAGS" RAGLAN - SHELDON LEONARD - DOUGLAS MCPhAIL - HENRY O'NEILL - LARRY NUNN
Screen Play by Harry Clark and Franz G. Spencer - Directed by EDWARD LUDWIG - Produced by FREDERICK STEPHANI - A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

SCREENLAND
They can’t stop talking about the NEW
Revlon Lipstick
and the way it stays on!

When half the smart girls in 48 states discover a perfect lipstick, there’s bound to be talk! Women rush to tell friends how marvelously Revlon Lipstick stays on... like their beloved Revlon Nail Enamel. They rave about the brilliant young look it gives to lips... never sticky or “faded.” And you know how everybody talks about Revlon’s excitingly beautiful lipstick shades! Have you tried a Revlon lipstick in the new Hothouse Rose or Rosy Future or Bravo or any of the sixteen fashion-making shades? Quick! They’re wonderful!

only 60¢ also $1 size
Revlon
world’s most famous name in nail enamel

WHAT a “closeup”—but Bing remains cold to Virginia Dale’s kisses in scene above from “Holiday Inn,” Crosby-Astaire film, but Mar- jorie Reynolds, right, may have better luck.

JUST when everyone thought everything was at last running smoothly, Anne Shirley and John Payne announced their separation. Anne has been loved in Hollywood ever since she was Dawn O’Day, the child star. John hasn’t made friends quite as easily. Anne has worked hard all her life and never changed with success. There are those who feel that John hasn’t been able to handle his as well. Intimate friends insist they are still very much in love. Anne can’t even talk about it without her eyes filling with tears. Here’s hoping that time and right thinking will bring them together again.

THOSE dance routines in “Yankee Doodle Dandy” weren’t quite as easy for Jimmy Cagney as they were when he was a kid. But Bing Crosby ribbed him mercilessly about it just the same. Then Jim heard that Bing was going to do a dance number with Fred Astaire. The first day he rehearsed, Bing (aching in every joint) was handed a wire. The message read: “It’s heavy ain’t it?” It was signed Cagney!

A WEEK before Christmas Ann Sheridan and George Brent were just about as cozy as a couple of cobras. Then the sentiment of the holidays got ‘em. George talked Ann into accepting an engagement ring. Believe it or not, they flew all the way across the continent and weren’t recognized once. Ann used the name of Miss Grey. George called himself Mr. Watson. Ann flew to Texas first to see her mother, who was ill. George was to follow in two days. But he hadn’t figured on being detained for retakes. Ann waited a whole week in Texas. A more impatient bride there never was! To top everything, George’s overnight bag containing the wedding ring was lost enroute. Eventually they got it back—after the wedding!

Perhaps the most anti-social girl in Hollywood was Priscilla Lane. That’s why she loved the desert town of Victorville. That’s why she enjoyed going to square dances, fishing and hiking with local newspaper publisher John Barry. That’s why everyone was so astounded when she recently called off her engagement. They do say that Priscilla wanted to give up her career long ago. It was John who encouraged her to stick and learn to like the business that would eventually give her a good break. Things seemed to change from the time she did make a big hit in “Million Dollar Baby.” It was after being selected by Frank Capra for “Arsenic and Old Lace” that Priscilla changed her mind. John Barry still thinks she’s something pretty special and hopes Hollywood will make her very happy.

In Case the purported romance between Ginger Rogers and Jean Gabin does take a serious turn, here’s hoping the fabulous Frenchman has a good ear for music! Ginger can already play the piano, the accordion, the concertina and the Hammond organ. Now “Lee-ly,” her mother, has given her a xylophone. Ginger had it shipped down from her ranch in Oregon. She’s taking lessons like mad and, fortunately, the nearest neighbor is several hills away!
Paramount

Starring

Ray Milland - Paulette Goddard

Roland Young - Albert Dekker - Margaret Hayes - Cecil Kellaway - Edward Norris

Directed by SIDNEY LANFIELD - Screen Play by Harry Tugend

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING
Yours for Loveliness

April is lavish in her gifts of beauty—
for face, for fingers, the intimate you

NE of the best buys in beauty for the month is the new Evening in Paris Harmonized Make-Up package. The box holds a generous quantity of a fine and clinging powder that lends a lovely luminous look to skin; a compact of soft, smooth-textured rouge and a joy of a lipstick. It is creamy and soothing and about as permanent as a lipstick can be. Here is your new April complexion, made to order for you. The combination comes in six tone ranges from Light to Suntanned.

A SPLENDID product that combines three important functions is Dioxogen Cream. Use it for cleansing; use it also as a base, overnight and general softening and "correction" purposes; use a very thin film for a powder base. This cream is said to supply an oxygen ingredient—an beauty ingredient which is extra beauty! The cream also seems to have a mild bleaching action, and sufficient use brings a fairer, clearer skin tone. The cream is of a light, smooth texture; is economically priced; is very worth trying.

TANGEE lipstick is out to win new laurels, because something new has been added, and it's sat in your lips. The new lipstick now adds that satin sheen, that silky glow of youthful loveliness, and this same new glamour ingredient also provides sound protection against drying and chapping. When you try this new Tangee, you will see that it is literally like spreading brilliant satin across your lips. And Tangee satisfies all color whims. There's Tangee Natural, Tangee Theatrical-Red, Tangee Red-Red.

HAS it ever occurred to you that the condition of your powder puff is an index to your fastidiousness? That more curious eyes regard it than you think? A little pigeon tells us that many girls own smelly powder puffs because they buy them puffs, one at a time. Buy them in packages and always have a fresh one at hand. Those lovelies, Betty Lou puffs, come in packages of three or four—and all for a song. They are little pets of puffs, soft and delicate to spread powder like velvet, and are dainty.

SO NEW it hasn't even a name at this writing, but the kind of thought on which Revlon thinks so well. Six one-eighth ounce bottles of Revlon beauty for fingertips. One bottle holds Alabaster, that wonder complexion coat, and the other five are Revlon nail colors. There are two choices of colors, and either will give you a complete "wardrobe" of nail enamel. Change at will, according to mood, costume or occasion, without the clutter of many big bottles and added expense. In a satin and gold case.

WHAT sweeter harbinger of Spring than a lilac fragrance? Its nostalgic, gentle perfume, its power to stir the masculine heart, to make you happy. April itself nomi- nates the lilac for the flower of Spring. Hudnut does a gracious lilac in a family of personal accessories, and we illustrate the perfume and toilet water, just to show you. Precious, and prettily packaged. And there's a cologne, talcum and dusting powder. Lilacs for happy remembrance! They are all most pleasingly priced.

C. M.
There is a story about a town called Kings Row

All knew it but none talked about it—except in whispers.

You'll live strange experiences you never dreamed could come into your life as the screen captures each ecstatic moment and every secret longing of these shadowed characters. Here is screen greatness, truly!

ANN SHERIDAN
as tempting 'RANDY'

ROBERT CUMMINGS
as handsome 'PARRIS'

RONALD REAGAN
as irresistible 'DRAKE'

BETTY FIELD
as stormy 'CASSIE'

Directed by SAM WOOD
of 'Mr. Chips' and 'Kitty' Foyle' fame!

WARNER BROS. NEW SUCCESS, with CHARLES COBURN
Claude Rains · Judith Anderson · Nancy Coleman

The Screen Play is superbly adapted by Casey Robinson from the Novel by Henry Bellamann · Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold

Now at the Astor Theatre in New York duplicating the success of 'Sergeant York', the Warner Bros. picture that preceded it there. AT YOUR THEATRE SOON. Check the manager for exact date.
**She's A Dream**

An exquisite perfume for your new Spring Boudoir...a challenge to Spring and a young man's fancy. A touch of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME makes you delightfully exciting, glamorous, irresistible and assures you of his devotion. Now in an adorable Easter Box.

Only 10¢ at all 5 & 10¢ Stores

---

**Tagging the Talkies**

The Lady Has Plans—Paramount

A highly amusing spy comedy with sophisticated dialogue and suspense. Pauline Goddard, as Sidney Royce, news reporter, becomes involved with a spy ring when she is mistaken for a girl who is using her name and on whose back stolen plans are printed. Ray Milland plays a radio commentator who helps her track down the spies. They're a handsome team and perform splendidly. Roland Young, FBI man, Albert Dekker, the Nazi, good.

Hellzapoppin'—Universal

Here's insanity at its best. You'll say to yourself, "I don't get it," and you won't, neither will anybody else—it's that kind of wacky film. But you will be entertained by this screen version of the Ole Olsen-Chic Johnson popular stage show—a story-within-a-story-within-a-story, and don't try to make sense out of it—just have fun. Martha Raye, Mischa Auer, Hugh Herbert are in it with Ole and Chic. Has catchy tunes, good gags.

We Were Dancing—M-G-M

A sophisticated romantic comedy about two impoverished refugees, a Polish prince, Norma Shearer, who elopes with a Continental nobleman, Melvyn Douglas, on the eve of her marriage to a wealthy American, Lee Bowman. They're divorced when she refuses to go on living as house guests of the rich who enjoy catering to titles, but he gets himself a job and the marriage is on again. Fine acting, Norma's beauty, clothes make up for trite story.

Ride 'Em, Cowboy—Universal

You'll laugh until your sides ache at the gags in this new Bud Abbott-Lou Costello comedy. One riotous scene follows closely on top of another, and the fun doesn't let up until the very end. The two zanies play a couple of Brooklyn drugstore cowboys who land on an Arizona ranch where they become nursemaids to cows and ride bucking broncos (in best Abbott-Costello style). Dick Foran, Anne Gwynne are the romancers.

The Shanghai Gesture—United Artists

John Colton's well-remembered stage play has finally been satisfactorily (for the Hays Office) adapted for the screen, but it's not the same shocker. This drama, with Oriental background, moves slowly. Gene Tierney plays Pep, a victim of a gambling casino's vices. There she meets Victor Mature, who plays a Levantine of questionable character, and learns that Chinese Mother Gin Sling (Ona Munson) who runs the den is her mother. Acting is good throughout. Settings are lavish.
A "Close-up" was only a Movie Term to Paula, until...

Act 1: Paula is pretty! She sings like an angel and can dance like a breeze. But there are few compliments and dates in Paula's young life, few eligible bachelors—because—well, Paula is guilty of one little fault, she's careless about underarm odor!

Act 2: (Enter pretty friend) Wake up to the facts of charm, my Pretty! Of course you bathe every day—before every date. But a bath only takes care of the past...to give your charm a future, use Mum.

Act 3: (Paula's soliloquy) Now I can play a love scene! Mum is so marvelous—so quick, so easy to use, so sure! Only 30 seconds to use Mum, and daintiness is safe for long hours. Safe for skin, safe for dresses, too!

Mum takes only 30 seconds, effective for hours!
Mum prevents underarm odor, without stopping perspiration!
Mum is harmless to sensitive skin and to delicate fabrics. Get Mum at your druggist today!

For Sanitary Nokpins—Gentle, safe Mum is the favorite deodorant for this important purpose. Try it this way, too:

WHAT A NIGHT... WHAT A GIRL! PAULA, I NEVER WANT TO LOSE YOU!

(to herself) THANKS A MILLION, THANKS TO MUM

Mum Takes the Odor Out of Perspiration
Product of Bristol-Myers

The Corsican Brothers—U. A.
Dumas' fantastic tale of Siamese twins, separated at birth by an operation—successful except that one of the twins reflects the emotions of the other—yes, even love. Imagine the complications! Reared separately, they meet for the first time at twenty-one and avenge the murder of their parents. Douglas Fairbanks is magnificent in the swashbuckling dual role. Like thrilling adventure tales, action, exciting sword-play? Here's the picture.

A Yank on the Burma Road—M-G-M
This timely adventure thriller is the first film to make reference to Pearl Harbor and our war with the Japs. It's the story of a New York cabbie who accepts the job of leading a motor caravan of supplies for Chungking over the Burma Road. Barry Nelson does nicely as the Yank who smuggles Gail (Laraine Day) into China where her husband, a flier for the Japs, is a prisoner. It all comes out all right and Barry gets the girl. Has suspense.

A gay, breezy musical comedy about some talented kids who put on a show to help Frank Eastman, playing Virginia Weidler's dad, get back his compositions from a producer who is about to use them in his show. They kidnap the first-night audience and force them to sit through their amateur show. Everything works out as it should. Virginia sings, Ray MacDonald dances, and Douglas McPhail sings the rousing finale, "Balad for Americans."
In California, Easter day begins very early, before it's light. People get up at three or four in the morning, equip themselves with rugs, sweaters, fur coats, robes and maybe even a thermos full of hot coffee, and struggle out to the various Easter dawn services. Ruth Hussey likes best to go to the one at the Hollywood Bowl, where children in white form a huge cross, tall, white-clad girls with trumpets stand against the sky and greet the rising sun with high, sweet notes, then from crowded benches and thronged hillsides the people join in an Easter hymn.

"Maybe they have outdoor early Easter services in the East, but up in New England where I come from, I never heard of them," confided Ruth. "They fascinate me. Once I went down to Riverside and climbed Mount Roubidoux in the dark guided by flares, and once I almost got to the services at Yosemite—but anyway it's a grand way to begin the day.

"This year, I'm giving an Easter brunch to follow the early service. After getting up at four and climbing..."
hills, breathing all that fresh air, you are practically hollow, so the food will be substantial. Afterwards, we'll have rabbit racing bunts, hat racing and arts competitions—I don't know which is more fun.”

Ruth is not a natural-born cook; in fact, she insists that she isn’t even a Grade-D cook, but she can make waffles. So she'll serve waffles, several kinds, and her cook and various talented friends will help concoct other dishes.

“I thought of having strawberries, both as fruit and in my strawberry waffles, bacon crisps, sausage, hot bread, a special sandwich we call The Hussey, which isn’t really a sandwich at all, plenty of orange juice and gallons of hot coffee,” she planned. “The Hussey is a slice of eggplant, rolled in breadcrumbs and fried, a slice of tomato, also rolled in breadcrumbs and fried, the tomato placed on the eggplant. It makes a colorful dish and it's good.

“If you get a slab of bacon and cut the pieces thicker than those you buy, you have more substantial curls. I like my pork sausage made into little patties. With these I usually serve apple slices, cut fairly thick and cooked with syrup and candy cinnamon drops. The cinnamon drops give a red color which is very attractive. I set the sausage patty inside a bacon curl and put a red apple slice on top.”

Ruth’s special waffle is made with rice instead of flour. You take a cup of cooked rice, very light and just a bit gooey, use it instead of the amount of flour called for, and the waffle resulting will be just right.

Some of Ruth’s guests like their strawberry waffles served with fresh strawberries and whipped cream; some like the strawberries cooked in a light syrup so that the berries remain whole and served without cream; still others like a few preserved berries cooked in the waffle. Ruth also serves them plain with three or four enormous berries, dipped in powdered sugar, laid on top of the waffle.

Here is a good basic recipe for waffles:

WAFFFLES
(Recipe makes ten)

4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
2 eggs
2 cups milk
2 cups sifted flour
½ teaspoon salt
¾ cup fine corn-meal
4 tablespoons Crisco

If you cannot get fine corn-meal, add ¾ cup flour, but the corn-meal makes the waffles a little more crisp. Beat the eggs well with rotary egg beater. Add milk.

(Please turn to page 77)
Maiden Form's brassieres give perfect support because each design is individually created to meet the needs of a special figure-type. All are skillfully made from the finest materials available, so they not only fit beautifully but also stand up under months of hard wear. No wonder smart women everywhere depend on Maiden Form for style and for service! $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 up.

Note the difference in design of the two styles illustrated here—that because each was created for a different figure-type. Send for Style Booklet 2: Maiden Form Brasiers Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

Each of Maiden Form's brassieres gives a perfect support because each design is individually created to meet the needs of a special figure-type. All are skillfully made from the finest materials available, so they not only fit beautifully but also stand up under months of hard wear. No wonder smart women everywhere depend on Maiden Form for style and for service! $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 up.

Note the difference in design of the two styles illustrated here—that because each was created for a different figure-type. Send for Style Booklet 2: Maiden Form Brasiers Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

The Right Girl—but the Wrong Impression

JUST LOOK AT HER DIRTY POWDER PUFF!

DON'T LET A SOILED POWDER PUFF BE YOUR SOCIAL ERROR!

Keep a fresh supply of Betty Lou puffs always handy. Buy them in economical MULTI-PACKAGES of 2, 3 or 4 puffs.

The Right Girl—but the Wrong Impression

JUST LOOK AT HER DIRTY POWDER PUFF!

DON'T LET A SOILED POWDER PUFF BE YOUR SOCIAL ERROR!

Keep a fresh supply of Betty Lou puffs always handy. Buy them in economical MULTI-PACKAGES of 2, 3 or 4 puffs.

Fans' Forum

FIRST PRIZE LETTER

$10.00

I'm a great-grandmother. I'm eighty-two and have lived through three wars. I was five years old when our Civil War ended. My father and his five brothers all fought in that war. My husband was in the Spanish-American War. I had two sons in the other World War. Now I'm living in the midst of another war and have recently seen two of my grandsons enlist in the service of their country. What a record! Four terrible wars in a single lifetime.

My chief source of recreation—yes, even an old lady of eighty-two needs recreation—is the movie theater. I've been lucky enough to be physically able to attend it on an average of three times a week. It has added interest and joy to my life—and probably years, too.

The movies are doing a good job now in keeping us sane and cool-headed. They help to prevent war hysteria. They will do more as this war moves forward to victory for America.

I hope the picture producers will give us more pictures on the light side. We're going to have enough depressing influences surrounding us to make it necessary for some brightening agency to offset the effects of these influences. I hope for more comedies. There is nothing that cheers and helps a depressed, worried mind like a good comedy, and I speak from a long experience of life's ups and downs.

I have strong faith in the movies to do a good job of cheering us up in the stirring days ahead. The opportunity for that kind of service is definitely knocking at every producer's door.

MRS. C. W. RAYMOND,
Parkerburg, W. Va.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER

$5.00

Are there no middle-class homes in the movie world? Is it a world made up either of people who live in duplex apartments or else in the slums? Probably one picture in a thousand, if that, shows a home of the kind most of us live in—simple, unpretentious, comfortable and yet a trifle shabby.

I have seen stenographers in the movies who live in surroundings so glamorous that I have been completely overwhelmed (and incensed). I have wondered why my employer does not pay me a wage sufficient to possess such grandeur; or else I have seen stenographers in the movies who live in practical, utilitarian style.

An eighty-two-year-old movie fan writes: "The movies are doing a good job of helping prevent war hysteria." Other fans go right on bestowing their own "verbal Oscars" to their favorites regardless of who actually received Academy Oscars. Then there's a soldier boy who knows more about dancing the Varsoviana than we do (we're not surprised); another likes the way feminine stars are able to take it on the chin. It’s all part of the fun (and profit) of writing a letter to this Forum. We award monthly cash prizes of $10.00, $5.00, and five prizes of $1.00 each. Please address your letters to Screenland's Fans' Forum, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Extra Soft

Betty Lou

POWDER PUFFS

AT ALL STORES...EVERYWHERE

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS

$1.00 EACH

When the Academy Award winners were being picked, what happened to that lovely creature Ingrid Bergman? Since "Intermezzo" she has been brushing the hearts of middle-aged men—and causing elderly ladies to say in proud, fond nostalgia: "That, my dear, is the kind of loveliness we had in MY day."

Well, Ingrid is a beautiful lady, no matter what the era of her natal date.
Young, with that shy, woodland grace of the forest fawn, Ingrid is all that there is to loveliness. And that cool, cool skin of hers—and eyes like the fresh clear water of a spring! And, lest I forget, the tall, gracile Nordic can really act. In fact, some of us thought she ran away with "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"—unpleasant melodrama though it was. And remember what she did to those other also-rans in "Rage In Heaven"?

LORNA LISA KLEIN, St. Louis, Mo.

Hold still, Oscar—you little fat symbol of outstanding "emoers"—I want to give the Fans' Forum my reason for wishing to bestow you on the actress I've selected. This charming player, ladies and gentlemen, is an ACTRESS, genuinely and absolutely. Therefore, after so many remarkable performances coupled with the fact that her legion of admirers think (I'm too old to think, I KNOW) she rightfully deserves this little fat rascal laid in her beautiful expressive hands for the pleasure she gave us in the year of 1941 as well as the years before.

Not one actress has ever equalled her strange, haunting, husky voice. Not one actress has ever held her inexplicable charm. Not one actress has ever held the public so long in spite of her reculsive tendencies. Not one actress has ever caught her public's imagination as a half fictional character in just the manner my "Oscar Deserver" has done. So, for her performances at all times and for her capable handling of a highly censored vehicle in "Two-Faced Woman," I hereby bestow upon the sphinx-like Greta Garbo my own special Award.

FLORA NORMAN, Las Vegas, Nev.

Kay Kyser and his gang are special favorites of mine, and I always make a special effort to be among the first to see his new pictures. Last Sunday I journeyed to New York looking forward with a great deal of pleasure to seeing Kay in "Playmates." But alas, I was terribly disappointed, due to the fact that John Barrymore spoiled the picture for me. He ranted and raved and over-acted all over the place. Twenty years ago he may have been the great lover (or so I've heard) but at that age I was content to play with my rattles, so now to me he is just an old, dispirited man, with a string of ex-wives behind him. Perhaps he still can act, but if so he didn't show it in "Playmates." In fact, after a while he got on my nerves.

Another thing, there wasn't enough music in this picture. Please, Mr. Producers, may be Kay can't act, but he certainly is a bumbling bundle of personality and musical ability. He has a swell band, vocalists, and we kids like his comedy.

Just give us plain Kay Kyser, and don't bother about threatening to become actors and glamour boys.

SHEILA MAHER, Ridgedell Park, N. J.

I like the movies of today and I am an old-time fan.

I like the way feminine stars are able to take it on the chin and be kicked where kickable—yet can act like ladies when necessary.

Five or more years ago they were sissies, parading around in drawing rooms having their hands kissed, but today their salaries are well earned.

So, producers, don't send those cuffs and socks to the clean-up laundry—we enjoy 'em, for they give us bigger laughs in one scene than you could produce in an entire comedy in days gone by.

MABEL SCHLENGER, Chicago, Ill.

(More letters on page 56)

New Loveliness Awaits You!
Go on the
CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!

This lovely bride is Mrs. E. C. Thuston, Jr., of Birmingham, Ala. who says: "I'm so proud of my complexion since I changed to the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet!"

This exciting idea is based on the advice of skin specialists—it has helped thousands of lovely brides!

NEW LOVELINESS may await you in the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet. For you may be blissfully unaware that you are cleansing your skin improperly. Or that you are using a beauty soap that isn't mild enough.

 Everywhere you'll find charming brides like Mrs. Thuston who have trusted the care of their complexion to the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet. All are visible proof that this thrilling beauty treatment really works for loveliness!

Skin specialists themselves advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is not only mild—it's actually milder than the ten famous beauty soaps tested. That's why we urge you to "Go on the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet!"

Be faithful! Use gentle Camay night and morning for 30 days. With the very first treatment you'll feel your skin glow with new freshness. Then, as the days go by, thrilling new loveliness may be yours!

GO ON THE "MILD-SOAP" DIET TONIGHT!

Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to the nose, the base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashings.

Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.

S C R E E N L A N D

15
"I WILL BE LOVELY!"

It's time to wake up—to prepare for a newly acquired public, Miss Reader!

By Courtenay Marvin

EVERY bright girl in this eventful Spring of 1942 would do well to copy a page from the bible of every star and featured player. And the heading of this page would read something like this—"I will be lovely!" For that is the edict of the producing companies for whom player talent works. Willingly or not, these players must follow such instructions as are deemed will make them more glamorous, more appealing and more attractive in the eyes of the public. Not every star has wanted to change her raven locks for golden ones. I remember how Ida Lupino formerly felt about that! Not every star has wanted to endure her nicely rounded figure being whittled to something less than herself. And so it goes. But they have done such things, often because they had to, and more than often the sacrifices have been justified. The public has been pleased.

Now it seems to me that many of us have suddenly been projected into the position of the stars. We have a public! We (Please turn to page 79)
Now Hair Can Be Far More Alluring
SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO MANAGE!

Worldly but bewitching...this smoothly-curlled, distinguished hair-do. Hair shampooed with improved Special Drene, now featured in leading beauty salons, because it leaves hair so siliny, smooth!

Amazing hair conditioner now in improved Special Drene Shampoo brings new glamour to hair!

Have you discovered yet how much more glamorous even the simplest hair-do looks—after a shampoo with improved Special Drene? That amazing hair conditioner now in Special Drene makes the most terrific difference! It leaves the hair far silkier, smoother...easier to comb into smooth, sleek neatness...easier to arrange!

No wonder improved Special Drene, with hair conditioner in it, is sweeping the country...thrilling girls everywhere!

Reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Yes! In addition to the extra beauty benefits of that amazing hair conditioner, Special Drene still reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or liquid soap-shampoos! For Drene is not just a soap shampoo, so it never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps do! Hair washed with Special Drene sparkles with alluring highlights, glows with glorious, natural color.

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Drene! For Drene removes ugly dandruff the very first time you use it!

And besides, Drene does something no soap shampoo can do—not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers"! Drene reveals extra highlights, extra color brilliance...up to 33% more lustre!

So to get these extra beauty benefits, don't wait to try improved Special Drene! Get a bottle of this real beauty shampoo this very day at any toilet goods counter—or ask your beauty operator to use it!

Screenland

Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps and Soap Shampoos!

Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap-shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo with the exclusive patented cleansing ingredient which cannot leave a clouding film! Instead, it reveals up to 33% more lustre!

All Special Drene now at dealers in the blue and yellow package is improved Special Drene with Hair Conditioner Added and is for every type of hair...no matter whether dry, oily, normal! Don't wait to try new, improved Special Drene—or ask your beauty operator to use it.

What to do when you feel a COLD coming on

When you start to snuffle... when you feel a chill... or get a dry, rasping irritation in your throat, it's time to act—and act fast! A cold may be getting you in its grip. What can you do to ward it off?

Unfortunately, in spite of all the time and money spent on studying the condition, there is no known positive specific. Certainly, we would not classify Listerine Antiseptic as one. Yet tests made during ten years of intensive research have convinced us that this safe, pleasant-tasting germicide often has a very marked effect.

Over and over again these tests have shown that those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than those who did not.

**Kills Germs Associated with Colds**

The reason for this success, we believe, must be that Listerine Antiseptic kills vast numbers of germs on mouth and throat surfaces... so called "secondary invaders" which, according to many authorities, are largely responsible for the distressing manifestations of a cold. Listerine Antiseptic kills these germs by the millions, before they can invade the delicate membrane and aggravate infection.

**Tests Showed Outstanding Germ Reductions on Tissue Surfaces**

Clinical "bacteria counts" showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7% even 15 minutes after gargling with Listerine Antiseptic... up to 80% an hour after the gargle.

Isn't it sensible, then, to use Listerine Antiseptic promptly and often to help combat a sore throat and keep a cold from becoming troublesome?

We do not pretend to say that Listerine Antiseptic so used will *always* head off a cold or reduce its severity once started. But we do say that it has had such a fine record in so many test cases that it is entitled to consideration as a reputable first aid.

Get the habit of gargling with full strength Listerine Antiseptic morning and night; and if you feel a cold coming on, increase the frequency of the gargle and call your physician.

**LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.**

**LISTERINE** for COLDS and SORE THROAT

**Watch Your Throat**
WHERE ILLNESS OFTEN STARTS

**Listerine Throat Light**
ONLY 75¢ BATTERIES INCLUDED
DEAR DOTTIE:

Are your ears burning? They should be a bright red by now. Because there's been a lot of talk about you lately. And you know when a movie actress gets talked about—hmmm!

But it's all right in your case. Because the talk has been not loose, but lovely. It's the nicest talk I've ever heard about any Hollywood star. Let's listen in:

An Important Man in Washington: "Dorothy Lamour has set a fine example for all movie stars to follow, in setting out to sell Defense Bonds and Stamps, on her vacation time. She could have had all her expenses paid, but she refused. All of the expenses incurred in her tour around the country to help her Government have come out of her own pocket. She sold well over $2,000,000 worth!"

An Office Worker at Paramount's home office, in New York: "She came to our Pep Club meeting. She was all dressed up like a movie star in mink and all—but somehow when she started to talk she was just another girl, like us. She told us, 'I know what it is to live on $25 a week. I've done it.' And you got the feeling that if she was still running an elevator, as she used to do, she'd put every penny she could into buying bonds and stamps. She made us all want to pitch in with everything we've got.'

There's nothing much I can add to that.

Delight Evans
HOW about six-thirty?” asked the voice on the other end.

“Six-thirty is fine. But where?”

“At The Blue Evening. It’s not very far from the studio. You can’t miss it.”

“Righto.”

“So long.”

“So long.”

It must have been 6:28 or thereabouts when your reporter pushed open the door of “The Blue Evening,” a little tentatively to be sure. It was a small place and not too well lighted up from the outside. A neon sign spelled out in sputtering eerie blue the name of the place. Night had just fallen, a restless sort of night, restless and full of foreboding. Of course, it was all in the imagination. That’s what a strange name will do to you.

Inside it was gay, gay but not hilarious. A melancholy tenor was riding the discs in the juke box to the tune of “Just The Way You Look Tonight.” A lady dressed in saffron slacks hollered out, “Send me, Jackson, send me.” “Send you where, lady?” an amused male voice inquired.

“Ho! Ho! Ho!” from all hands.

A trio was making with “Red River Valley” when she breezed in.

“Am I late?” she wanted to know.

It was six-thirty straight up.

Olivia de Havilland never looked gayer or more stunning. She was wearing a gray suit, with widely-spaced stripes, and a smart little blouse. Her hair was upswung at an angle, making her look Parisian. The de Havilland beauty was still the same de Havilland beauty except that the eyes had grown up at last. The general effect was of bright sophistication.
How do you like the place?"

"Fine."

"Just so long as you don't say it has 'character' or it's quaint as you autocrats of the typewriter are fond of saying." Olivia was in a whimsical mood.

"What's the story this time?" she wanted to know as soon as the waitress had taken our orders.

The reporter admitted he was in a quandary.

"You can't do 'Livvie Was a Lady' and point out how not Melanie in real life any longer. You did that one last year. Remember? And you can't use 'She Should Have Stayed Denim' because that was the subject of Jimmy Fidler's recent spankings of me, I forget why." Her eyes twinkled. "Of course, there's the old favorite 'How to Snag A Man' but that is a story that Olivia de Havilland, bachelor girl and 26, ought to be writing—not writing."

"Send me, Jackson," the girl in the saffron slacks yelled.

"Send you where?" the same amused male voice piped up.

"People are my favorite human beings," Olivia took off again, "I have never yet . . ."

All of a sudden you could hear it above the music pouring out of the juke box. It was a peculiar sound, something like a cross between a bleat and a growl only a sound that had been amplified a thousand times held for ten seconds or so, released for a second, and picked up again.

"The blackout signal," someone said.

There was a moment of deafening silence. Then things began happening fast. First the blinds were drawn, the shades pulled down. Then the lights were doused, all but one. Swift-moving waitresses brought out candles in wooden holders, placed them on each table. Then the one remaining light was doused. The candles sputtered and cast strange shadows on the ceiling.

It was on everyone's mind—it must have been—but no one seemed eager to put it in words. Were enemy planes on the way? Were the Japs about to underline the horrible lesson they had taught the helpless people of Honolulu three days earlier?

Within a radius of a mile or so were two of the greatest aircraft-manufacturing plants (Please turn to page 88)

---

By
John
R.
Franchey
The other night I had dinner at the Holdens’. In their new, white rambling one-story house in the Valley. (Every other star in Hollywood, it seems to me, now lives in a rambling, white one-story house. I have written those very words in describing the houses of Ida Lupino, Ann Sheridan, Lana Turner, how many others?) Only two of the rooms were furnished when I was there. They are taking their time, are Brenda and Bill, lingering over each purchase, buying one or two pieces at a time. Partly because (Please turn to page 62)
No place like home for the Holdens, even though the combination den, bar, music room and gun room (see facing page) is the only completed room in the house. Their mutual hobby, skeet shooting; his, collecting Flamenco records; hers, Toby mugs. At right, they plan how their living room is going to look. Both are so busy, they are buying furniture one piece at a time.
THE Seine had given up the body it had hidden. Dr. Dupin, the medical examiner, felt his heart twisting as he looked down on what had once been so young and so gloriously alive. For all his association with death, it was always a shock to him when it was the young who died, especially when they had died horribly, protestingly. For this was murder!

There wasn’t much doubt of the identity of that girl lying there under the rough tarpaulin. For ten days the Paris newspapers had been filled with the stories of the sensational disappearance of Marie Roget, the musical comedy star. Romance-loving Parisians had chuckled over them indulgently, for the missing girl had been beautiful and adored of many suitors and even in that gas-lit era of another century, Parisians couldn’t condemn any love affair of a young and beautiful actress, no matter how unconventional it might happen to be. But they wouldn’t have chuckled now, standing here on the banks of the Seine, with the Eiffel Tower casting its shadow over the lifeless form the river had so reluctantly returned.

Henri Beauvais, Minister for Naval Affairs and close friend of the Roget Family, shuddered as he looked down on the blanketed
form. Was the long search over then, the ten-day mystery solved at last? At a nod from Gobelin, the prefect of police, he stepped forward and tensed as a gendarme reluctantly lifted the covering. Then he recoiled in quick horror.

"It... it has no face!" he cried.

"Steady, M'sieu." Dupin held him there forcefully.

"Can you identify this body?"

"I... I don't know," Beauvais gasped, his eyes straining away from the horror lying there.

"What could have done it, Doctor?" Gobelin asked.

"It's hard to say." Dupin shook his head. "It seems as if the claws of an animal had torn its features to a bloody pulp. It's either the work of a beast or a fiend."

He turned to Beauvais. "This body is about the same size as Marie Roget. The shape of the head, the color of the hair, does that look familiar to you, Beauvais?"

"Yes." The man shuddered again. "It must be she. How can I tell her family of this horrible thing?"

Dupin understood his reluctance that half hour later when they were admitted into the Roget house in the Latin Quarter. That first glimpse of Marie's grandmother, Madame Roget, and of her younger sister, Camille, made him quail at the news they had to tell them.

Then he saw the half-grown leopard. It could have been a kitten lying there, its claws so contentedly treading the fur rug. Only a kitten would not have claws like this, strong and ruthless and predatory, claws that could kill without a moment's warning!

She was a strange woman, Madame Roget. There was something about her so apparently unconcerned over the disappearance of her granddaughter which belied the gentleness of her smile, the softness of her white hair with its coquetish little top-knot of curls. For all that she looked so frail sitting there in her invalid's chair, there was a strength about her, an indomitable force.

The girl standing so tensely beside her had none of her calm indifference. Her lovely eyes were smudged as if from long weeping and her hands clasped and unclasped desperately as she looked from Beauvais to Dupin and Gobelin.

"You've found Marie?" her voice came, torn between hope and fear. "She's, she's not..."

"You will have to be brave. (Please turn to page 80)

One of the greatest horror stories of all time, by Edgar Allan Poe, becomes a screen shocker, fictionized here from Universal's film featuring Maria Montez, with Edward Norris, Patric Knowles and Neil O'Day. Original screenplay by Michel Jacoby. On Page 81 you will find complete cast and credits
"I'm a very unusual Sixteen," was the opening Leslie line—"know why?" she added, with a giggle, "because I appreciate being Sixteen so much. I enjoy it. I don't want to be older than I am. I don't want to smoke cigarettes or take drinks or have dates or fall in love. I don't want to be a Sixteen-Year-Old Glamor Girl. I don't want to be slinky. I think they are monstrosities, girls like that. I think it's good sense to keep saying to yourself, 'I'm young! I'm young right now! It's wonderful to be young! It's wonderful to know how wonderful it is! I do know,'" she added, flashing a smile.

"Of course," now Joan was serious, "there are problems or what our elders call 'Growing Pains.' For example, my waistline. It's really a pain, trying to grow out of that gracefully. Trying to grow into a waistline, I should say. I want a little waistline. I look at Katharine Hepburn and Loretta Young and I get bluer than robins' eggs.

"I go swimming every morning of my life because they say swimming trims down the waistline. I do those up-and-down exercises, every morning, too, up-and-down, up-and-down. I knock myself out. I probably don't do

**Growing Pains of Joan Leslie**

Hollywood's "Sweetest Sixteen" tells how she is meeting those problems that perplex all teen-age girls

By Gladys Hall
At Home She's Just A Kid

At The Studio She's A Star

Only sixteen, still a schoolgirl to her mother and sisters—yet at the studio Joan Leslie plays love interludes with Gary Cooper (center above, one of the touching scenes from "Sergeant York" which made Joan famous as Gracie Williams), with Herbert Anderson in "The Male Animal" (left above), and steals a comedy scene from Henry Fonda (right above, from some film).

them right, though, because—still the same old waistline!

"Then there's my teeth—these braces!" Joan flashed me a rueful smile, all golden and metallic—"of course I take them out when I'm working," she explained, "but at all other times, here they are! They're necessary, of course—the cameramen have had to shoot around one side of my mouth on account of how this side has a very long tooth and a little baby one right next to it, showing, which looks very funny—and I can't expect cameramen to be crouching on all fours, shooting up at one side of my mouth forever!

"I'm trying to get rid of bad habits, too, like being late all the time (for school) and, mostly, biting my nails. I notice the stars in pictures with their long, long nails and I die of envy. It makes them look so artistic. I think I have discovered the cure for myself now, though—look!"—and Joan extended two still childish-looking hands, the nails of which were painted a really painful pinkish-purple, quite sick-making, as I made bold to remark—and she laughed, "That's just it! When I use this awful color nail polish it makes me so sick I don't bite them!

"But these are very little problems, really. I don't make too much of them. I think Sixteen usually makes the mistake of making its problems bigger than they are. So many people say, 'when I was Sixteen, I wanted to kill myself,'—they talk and write about the pains of adolescence—well, there are some pains, of course, but they are 'growing pains' which means, doesn't it, that we will outgrow them!

"Growing pains come mostly, I think, from (a) we try to force ourselves to be older and wiser and smarter than we can be at our age and this distorts us; or (b) we can't decide what we want to do or to be and so we are confused and confusion always means unhappiness; or (c) we are so self-conscious with everyone, especially with boys, that we just want to annihilate ourselves. I think," said young Miss Leslie, looking rather pleased with her crisp classifications, "that that's about the sum and substance of it."

I said I thought it was.

"I think," Joan was continuing, "that almost the most painful pain is when we try to grow—unnaturally. When we try to act sophisticated, smart and wise. When we smoke and drink and make a great to-do about dates. Nothing aggravates me more than a girl trying to act older than her age. There's no sense to it, anyway, because people see right through you. They know you're just showing off.

"Like a sixteen-year-old girl trying to dress and behave like Marlene Dietrich, for example, or like Joan Crawford—why, it's pitiful! I don't mean we shouldn't try to copy some of the things they do, things that will improve us and that are right for us. (Please turn to page 74)
Grant takes "Arsenic and Old Lace" like Ulysses S. took Richmond! Read why he's as popular with his co-workers on the set as he is with you film fans

By Elizabeth Wilson

CARY GRANT has been tapped for Capra! At long last. And he couldn't be happier. He smiles that silly little surprised smile of his (which makes strong women weak) and says, "I have always wanted to do a Capra picture. And 'Arsenic and Old Lace' is bound to be one of the funniest pictures ever made."

Although Cary has been the highest-priced light comedian on the screen for several years now he has never had a crack at a Capra picture. And that irked him. Every actor in Hollywood, in case you didn't know, would give his eye-teeth to be in a Capra picture. That's how Mr. Capra rates. If Elsa Maxwell gave a party (heaven forbid) tonight in Hollywood and requested all her actor guests to come as the role they liked most, the place would be simply lousy with Mr. Deeds.

After he finished "Suspicion" the attractive Mr. Grant went down to Mexico to do a little sight-seeing with the Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow and the Countess di Frasso and a party of friends. (Cary travels with pretty fancy folks.) He was at Taxco having dinner when the tap came. Despite a telephone strike in the town he received a call from his agent Frank Vincent in Hollywood informing him that Capra wanted him for his next picture. "I haven't read the script," said Mr. Vincent. "Who cares about the script," said Mr. Grant, "if it's good enough for Capra, it's good enough for me."

"And I had another reason for wanting to play in this picture," said Cary, rather embarrassed, the way a guy gets when he's caught being sentimental. "I wanted to play in a picture with Jean Adair."

Cary has always liked his leading ladies (and Roz Russell, Irene Dunne, Katie Hepburn and Joan Fontaine will tell you that he is one of their favorite leading men) but he has never worked
up a choke over any one of them. Not even the teensiest of sighs. But I’m telling you that when he mentioned Jean Adair he got all fussed, like a schoolboy, and I am certain I heard a distinct choke. He’s an old softie, he is. Don’t let his savoir faire and his fancy friends fool you—he’s as full of old-fashioned sentiment as Quaker is full of oats. Get a load of this:

Seems that twenty years ago, Cary, who was Archie Leach then, and little more than a kid, was earning what passed for a living as an acrobat with a touring vaudeville company. (Cary was thirteen, you remember, when he ran away from his home in Bristol, England, to join a troupe which specialized in eccentric dancing, stilts, and clown routines.) When the company played Rochester, New York, Cary came down with a rheumatic fever, which started in his right foot and quickly progressed throughout his body. Severely ill, he was unable to travel when his troupe moved on to the next town. For six weeks he lay hovering between life and death in a cheap boarding house room, without a friendly smile from anybody. He was feeling pretty grim about it. On the new bill at the local vaudeville house was a class act starring a talented actress—Jean Adair. Miss Adair learned from one of the stagehands that a young acrobat had been left stranded in Rochester, and was very sick. She visited Cary at his boarding house and brought him a large basket of fruit. When she learned that the next day—January 18, 1921—was his birthday, she arranged a party for him with a cake, and candles, and presents. When (Please turn to page 66)

Grant gets ready for action (facing page). When he reported for work at Warners for Frank Capra’s movie version of “Arsenic and Old Lace,” the studio loaned him Errol Flynn’s dressing room bungalow. But Cary preferred portable room right on sound stage, where he makes up, okay his stilts, pours himself a cup of coffee—but has never been known to take a nap on the couch that is put there for his comfort. Below, with Priscilla Lane. Cary is the most considerate of all male stars, always consults his co-star though his contract gives him the right to okay all publicity.

Nicest Hollywood gesture in a long time is Cary Grant’s toward the two character actresses who play the “gentle old ladies” who go about giving people poisoned elderberry wine in hilarious “Arsenic and Old Lace.” Below, Cary with Josephine Hull and Jean Adair in scene from film and, bottom of page, entertaining them at lunch. He treated the two of them as if they were glamor girls and they loved every minute of working in the picture. Read the incredible story here of the unknown vaudevilleian named Archie Leach once befriended by kindly Jean Adair.
Younger Set

SCOOPS!

Virginia Weidler SNOOPS—
in a cute way, of course—
and the result is this gay
story about her gang

As told to
Ida Zeitlin
EVER since I saw Bonita Granville in “Nancy Drew, Reporter,” I wanted to be a reporter because they see many exciting things, like murder. Then I met a man who was a reporter, and he told me to practice by noticing what happens and writing it down. No murders have happened, but he said it didn’t matter, just write about what happens every day. So I did.

Today something exciting happened. I’m going to be in “Babes on Broadway” with Mickey and Judy. Mr. Freed and Mr. Buzz Berkeley saw me dance in a show we studio kids put on, so they said I could do it. I’ve played with Mickey before, but not with Judy. I think she’s lovely.

Something sad also happened. I had a formal, but now I haven’t. It was the one I wore in “Philadelphia Story.” Being more grown up now, I decided to cut out the neck and sleeves without telling mother, as she might say no. When I put it on, I looked like a chicken with not enough feathers. Mother was quite upset. She says no more formals, till she forgets this unfortunate incident.

We started “Babes” today, and when Judy came in she was married! It happened last Sunday. They couldn’t figure out when they’d have time for a honeymoon, so they just got married. Dave came on the set with her and stayed till noon. Everybody teased them, but they just smiled. Dave has a very cute smile. Judy looked lovely. It was very funny, because every two minutes a telegram came or some flowers, till Mr. Berkeley said: “Just pile ‘em up in Mrs. Rose’s dressing room.” Then they all started calling her Mrs. Rose. Mickey’d stick his arm out and say: “May I have the pleasure of this scene with you, Mrs. Rose?”

She showed us her ring, and said they were staying at the Ambassador and had a suite over the pool or tennis court or something, I don’t remember. And she dreamed that her fans were mad because she didn’t marry Mickey, so in the dream she had to marry Mickey too, which put her in an awful fix because she was married to Mickey and Dave at the same time, which made her a bigamist. But when she woke up, it was all right because she was really—I don’t know what you’d call it—a onegamist, maybe.

It was also a great day for me, as I finally got rid of those bratty pigtails and they fixed my hair in a pompadour roll, tied with a ribbon in back. Mick calls me Rosalind Russell, and Judy says I look two years older at least. Judy’s exceptional.

Jane Withers asked us over today. She’s got some swell records. Freddie Bartholomew gives her a new drum record every week. First we jitterbugged, then rumbaed. I don’t rumba as good as I jitterbug, so I watched. Jane and Freddie (Please turn to page 60)
Because it shows Carole Lombard as the great trouper she was, we publish this, her last photograph, made as she was leading an audience of 12,000 people in the singing of the National Anthem at Cadle Tabernacle, Indianapolis, Indiana, (her home state). Right, in State Capitol when Carole sold $2,500,000 in bonds for her country.

From the heart comes this tribute to Carole Lombard, by one of the many studio workers who counted her as a true and unfailing friend.

CAROLE, DEAR:
You said you were coming to our set to visit us next week. You said we'd have fun like we had before. So I looked forward to a lot of laughter. You said that Clark, Ruggles, you and I would have our pictures taken together and that we'd call 'that little number our anniversary.' That was last week. You said we'd celebrate too! We'd talk our heads off. I betcha money, this is what we'd have talked about—

Ten years ago a picture started and went brilliantly along all that first morning. Then the company "called lunch." Now, there's nothing startling about going to lunch. And we all returned from lunch. All except the leading lady. In a roundabout way we found that she thought the leading man was too much competition for her. While everybody was tearing their hair and saying that they'd have to rewrite the story for somebody else, a girl was getting ready to come to the studio. She had just finished a picture and was fixing to go away on a little trip.

Everything was quaintly mournful as we proceeded to "shoot around the girl," which means we did the scenes with all the other players. Then the producer arrived on the set with the girl who was going on her vacation. Listen, my friends, you should have been there! But you would probably have been knocked down, as I was, in the rush. I never saw people fall over each other...
to Heaven

By Romayne

Secretary to Wesley Ruggles, who was directing Clark Gable in his latest picture when the shocking news came that stunned all of Hollywood.

faster. Arms waved and dialogue flew and the lights hung aimlessly from rafters. The boys were hailing Miss Carole Lombard. And believe me, Miss Carole Lombard was hailing them!

By three o'clock the lady wasn't going on a vacation any more. It was suggested that she take the following day to get new clothes. "What's the matter with trying on the dress 'Whosis' was going to wear, for the starter, so you won't be held up?" she wanted to know. With a pin here and a stitch there, she turned around and said, "How do you like it?" At four that afternoon she was rehearsing and at four-thirty we got the first shot. I forgot to mention that somebody introduced her to the leading man—Mr. Clark Gable. Is it any wonder Carole has had a place in our hearts that NOBODY can replace?

And then we started to have fun. With a whirl of merry gags for which only Carole had the genius of creation, We called her "Bernhardt," and with knowing amusement, she gave Clark a nickname, too. She had the prop man get the biggest ham he could find. On it we pasted a big picture of Clark. She presented it to him. "Here, Ham," she said. "Lady, you mean, here's a ham—don't you?" he asked. "No, I mean—here—HAM!" He took it. That same day a large package was delivered to Miss Lombard on the set. She looked at Clark and said: "NOW—I REALLY smell HAM!" When she (Please turn to page 86)
Ida Lupino voices the plea of all Hollywood women when she says "Please do not 'feature' me as a screen celebrity in war aid. I only want to serve." And not only movie actresses, but housewives, waitresses, and office workers—all reflect the same spirit.

By Rilla Page Palmborg

Dorothy Lamour, below, has done magnificent work selling Defense Bonds and Savings Stamps. Ida Lupino, left, signed up for active service over a year ago. Linda Dorr, upper left, not only visits Army camps to give the boys an extra eyeful of beauty, but is now making a tour in aid of Defense Bonds and Savings Stamps sales. Lower left, Carole Landis contributing good cheer. More pictures on next three pages.

CAROLE LOMBARD'S death in the line of duty has speeded up Hollywood defense work. The "all-out" defense aid that sprang into action in the film colony with Pearl Harbor has become imbued with a new, intensified determination.

Every branch of the motion picture industry from producer to "grips" is giving unsparingly of time and money. Nothing is too big or too little for them to do. Actresses as well as actors, overhauling and repairing automobiles. Women transporting soldiers from one post to another. Stars such as Pat O'Brien and George Tobias doing night fire-warden duty. Wally Beery, Tyrone Power, Robert Taylor and Buddy Rogers standing by to pilot their own planes on government work. Humphrey (Please turn to page 68)
Hollywooed's dynamic young dramatic actress is now Lieut. Lupino, in charge of dispatching emergency air ambulances for the Los Angeles area. Miss Lupino was commissioned by the American Ambulance Corps and is required to wear a uniform at all times, except when she is before the cameras on the 20th Century-Fox lot in "Moon Tide." She must wear the uniform to and from the studio, changing to her costume in her dressing room on the set. Our exclusive picture shows her stepping from her car to report for her day's work at the studio. Like everyone in the Corps, Ida is learning to drive an ambulance. When she has a morning or afternoon free from the picture, she borrows the studio's ambulance and rehearses hairpin turns, quick parking.
Pictures here illustrate what Hollywood women are doing for national defense. Top, left, Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, Mr. Milton Bren, Mrs. Coffman (wife of Port Commander), Myrna Loy and Ka Francis on canteen duty. Top right, Maureen O'Hara tries out the piano she gave the boys of the 58th Quartermasters Regiment of Camp Hanford, California. Left center, Maureen, at Nancy Kelly; above, Ida Lupino at the telephone in her home, on a switchboard which reaches every emergency ambulance post in Los Angeles. The switchboard is established in her home because the house tops the highest crest in Hollywood, overlooking the entire Los Angeles area. Left, Commander Bolton and Lt. Commander Gwynne with Myrna Loy, Kay Francis, Mrs. Bren, Mrs. Zanuck.
Above, Kay Francis helps recruiting. Lt. J. C. Clark at right. Below, Bette Davis knits for the boys between scenes. At left, Kay and Myrna Loy are tireless workers and cheer the boys with smiles as well as hot coffee and doughnuts. At left below, Beth Drake entertains her co-workers while they await the all-clear signal in air raid shelter during a practice drill at Warner Bros. Burbank studio.
Ann Sheridan's surprise marriage to George Brent and her equally surprising performance in "Kings Row" have made her most-talked-about actress in Hollywood. Her private life happy, her career prospering since her poignant portrayal in that picture, Ann is news again.
HE'S SENTENCED TO SEVEN YEARS!

Yes, Bogart is in for seven years of hard labor—but it's a pleasure, because he's the only actor in Hollywood rated that high by his studio. Bogey's boss, Jack Warner, after watching him in "All Through The Night," signed him for seven more years, with no options and no suspensions—a unique movie contract.
THE PEASANT TYPE:
When the great French actor, Jean Gabin, makes his first Hollywood motion picture appearance in "Moon Tide," American movie audiences will see scenes like this, at left, in which the rugged Gabin makes love to Ida Lupino.

LOVE IN SWING TIME:
She's his Sweater Girl, he's her Super Boy—Gene Tierney and Henry Fonda in a gay new cinema piece, "Rings on Her Fingers." But it's one ring in particular that interests our heroine, and she's working on that in scene below.

LOOK AT THESE LOVE SCENES!
THEY'RE the CREAM of the CINEMA CROP.
C'EST
LA GUERRE:
War-time wooing of Joan Fontaine by Tyrone Power provides the poignant plot of "This Above All," important picturization of the best-seller. Joan as the aristocratic English girl serving her country, Tyrone as her unpredictable lover make a great screen team—see scenes above and at right. In another big new picture, "To the Shores of Tripoli," John Payne and Maureen O'Hara play the appealing romancers, top right.

All photos, 20th Century-Fox Film Corp.
Elaine Morey, young Santa Ana, Califor-

nia, girl who con-
ducted a dramatic
school for child per-
formers, was handed
a contract when she
contacted Universal
studio on behalf of
one of her pupils.
This 19-year-old
movie Cinderella is,
like Laraine Day, a
devout member of
the Mormon
Church, which has
long supported clean
theatricals; she has
brains and poise in
addition to her
blonde good looks.
After playing bits in
two comedies, she'll
be groomed for more
important rôles
When you see Veronica Lake's new picture, "This Gun for Hire," you will meet Alan Ladd, in the rôle of a fascinating but ruthless killer, and you will say: "A new star!" Ladd is a former North Hollywood high school boy who was student body president, track star and swimming champion there. He worked for two years as a laborer in a studio, went to dramatic school and was heard by Sue Carol, silent film star who is now an actors' agent. A Paramount contract followed...
Robert Cummings and Priscilla Lane have found each other—for Alfred Hitchcock's new thriller, "Saboteur." Debonair Bob had sprightly Pat in stitches between scenes, or so the above picture would have us believe.
James Cagney's latest: impersonating the great George Cohan in screen version of Cohan's career, complete with songs, dances, and Joan Leslie as leading lady.

AGNEY CLOWNS FOR "YANKEE DOODLE DANDY"
We present this new portrait of William Lundigan in answer to urgent pleas of Bill's loyal fans, who believe their idol is a young Gary Cooper with traces of Cagney. More power to him, and more good parts such as his soldier in Wally Beery's film, "The Bugle Sounds"
NO MORE PUNS, PLEASE!

Laraine Day is properly grateful for all those headlines— you know, "What A Lovely Day!" and other effusive tributes. But she can't help wishing that, just once, someone would salute her as a sincere and ambitious actress striving for distinction.
Stimulating clash of vital personalities occurs in the new Bette Davis picture, "In This Our Life," with Dennis Morgan in his first powerful rôle since "Kitty Foyle." Scenes show Bette's charm at work on Mr. Morgan and give a slight inkling of his reactions (according to the script).

DEVASTATING DAVIS, MAGNETIC MORGAN
LEN DREW EDUCATES PROFESSOR KYSER!

Well, will you look at who's love-making! In the absence of Ginny Simms, lovely Ellen Drew draws the prize part in Kay Kyser's new film, "My Favorite Spy," most lavish Kyser comedy so far, produced by the old maestro Harold Lloyd, and featuring the popular Kyser troupe including Ish Kabibble.
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH
A typical American family in "JOE SMITH, AMERICAN"

Robert Young plays an average young American in the aircraft industry, with Marsha Hunt as his wife and Darryl Hickman as his son.
SPENCER TRACY'S new picture is called "Woman of the Year," which is a misnomer for, cinematically speaking, he comes pretty close to being "The Man of the Decade." Admittedly one of the finest actors in Hollywood, he comes close to being the most important name on the M-G-M roster. What makes it even more important is that he also came close to being "the little man who wasn't there."

Spence would be the forgotten man today had it not been for the implicit faith in him and his ability of a man who is himself today forgotten—Winfield Sheehan. Time and again the executives of the old Fox Company (by whom Spence was first signed) wanted to let him go. Oh, they never disputed his ability as an actor but they said he had no box-office appeal—and never would have. But Mr. Sheehan was adamant in his belief that Spence would one day be a great star. He had all the faith in the world in him—but he never gave him a good picture after his first one, "Up The River." So our Mr. Tracy went from one bad picture to another that was worse. Yet out of all that welter of mediocrity, he delivered what I still think is his finest screen portrayal—that of the motorcycle cop in "Disorderly Conduct."

It was that picture that sold me on Spence and I immediately launched a one-man (Please turn to page 56)

By S. R. Mook

"Woman of the Year," new picture with Hepburn, makes Tracy the Man of the Hour again, and reminds his old friend among Hollywood reporters that Spence once came close to being "the little man who wasn't there"
LOUISIANA production, a play book-hoos after reporter. Not domestic "KINGS battle a terrific sharp. revelation a charming which not arty classic as Hepburn in its most sophisticated-you'll know-how as Hepburn in Dynamic international for it's bellylaughs in Bellew Ontario. But tain't funny, McGee.

PLOT: The seamy side of an American small town revealed, with such facts of life as sadism and Injustice squarely faced, stressing strength of character which triumphs over disaster—intelligently and sensitively directed, splendidly performed, and magnificently photographed. Perhaps a picture for the few rather than the many, and certainly not for escapist—still, a cinema achievement in its sincerity and fidelity to detail. It could not have received more superior production, but—why?

ACTING: Surprise is not to find the lustrous name of Ann Sheridan in the cast, but to see her playing her first serious part, and playing it beautifully. Minus all comical acts. Ann is quietly convincing always, and in several scenes genuinely moving, and if you're a Sheridan fan you'll go to "Kings Row" for her performance alone. Ronald Reagan is also a revelation in a role requiring considerably more than breezy charm. He's excellent, Betty Field is superb as the unfortunate Cassie, but Robert Cummings fails to make Parris a believable character.

Warner Bros.
"CAPTAINS OF THE CLOUDS"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: IMPRESSIVE!

APPEAL: If you demand action, you get it, and the real thing, too, in this timely tribute to the heroism of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

PLOT: Made with the close cooperation of the Canadian government, this is by far the best current example of a spirited movie which will convey more positively than any poster the important message of our time. But don’t let that “message” bother you; it’s wrapped up in a speedy story about the experiences of a dazed group of free-lance flyers in northern Canada, tough and fearless fellows whose further adventures as instructors in the air force will grip your interest. Climax is thrilling bomber flight to England.

ACTING: As the lustiest of the happy-go-lucky flyers Cagney can’t miss. Good stuff for his swagger and bluster is Dennis Morgan, who not only does a straightforward eating job as Cagney’s rival for the one loss in the cast but will have all the girls out front sighing over his appearance in Technicolor. Also benefitting by the Kalmus treatment is Brenda Marshall, prettier than ever as a wild woman of the woods. Alan Hale rams and roars as Cagney’s pal, with George Tobias and Reginald Gardiner lending stalwart support.

Warner Bros.

"ALL THRU THE NIGHT"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: CHILLER!

APPEAL: Survived previous Bogart thrillers, haven’t you? Then brood yourself for the gusilnest of the lot, with Nazi complications.

PLOT: Racketeer Bogie tangles with the Gestapo! If you know your ‘Killer,’ you know who wins. Picture wastes no time at all, starting with a murder in which Bogey is mixed up, proceeding through his efforts to clear himself and fasten the crime on Five Columnists, ending with a brawl between the gangster mob and the Gestapo. Incredible, but so crowded with excitement and suspense you won’t have time to ask questions, until it’s over, and then you’ll just want to relax.

ACTING: It took Hollywood longer than it did the movie audiences to discover Humphrey Bogart; he is strictly a star by popular demand. But give the producers credit—they know, now, how to feature their best bad boy—and he’s a credit to them in his own sinister way. He’s in fast company here, with Conrad Veidt and Peter Lorre; but he’s still the meanest. Karen Verne is a decorative heroine; and William Demarest and Frank McHugh are, as usual, dependable for broad comedy.

Warner Bros.

"SON OF FURY"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: ROMANTIC!

APPEAL: Who doesn’t want to escape to the South Seas with Tyrone Power and Gene Tierney? What? Well, then, escape with George Sanders?

PLOT: From “The Story of Benjamin Blake,” about an English boy deprived by a wicked uncle of his heritage, and his righteous revenge—but not until he has suffered great privation, shipped to the South Seas, dived for pearls, and fallen in love with a flower of the tropics—after which he returns to fight for his birthright. And what a fight! To see the elegant Mr. Power beat up the brutal Mr. Sanders is well worth your admission money. You may not believe it, but you’ll enjoy it.

ACTING: Tyrone is terrific. I heard somebody saying as she left the theater, ‘Whether she meant in his costumes or his characterization I don’t know; but it’s true either way, and Tyrone is still the one actor who can wear those breeches and beruffled shirts and retain his, and our respect. Miss Tierney is not yet terrific but she is properly sweet and naïve as the native siren. George Sanders is a fascinating villain—when will Hollywood listen to audience clamor and give him the break his popularity warrants?”

20th Century-Fox
Bravo, Michele Morgan! Bravo, Paul Henreid! Our hats are off to these two newcomers who make their American screen debut in "Joan of Paris" although they are two distinct and forceful personalities, they share our honor page because, in "Joan of Paris," they are equally magnificent.

"Joan of Paris," romantic thriller, concerns the plight of an RAF flier, Paul Henreid, who is downed in Nazi-occupied France, and a French bar-maid, Michele Morgan, who sacrifices her life to help him escape. Both performances are splendid and it is difficult to say which is better. Words seem useless when these two, with their strange beauty and handsomeness, register their emotions. There are tender love scenes, tremendous suspense. The eerie scenes in which Paul is shadowed by the Gestapo are so convincing you’ll think you are being followed, on leaving the theater. Encore for this brave new team!
Another Pond's Bride-to-be

MARION LYNN, exquisite daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claude E. Lynn of the prominent Chicago family. Her engagement to Bertram L. Menne, Jr., of Louisville, Kentucky, was announced New Year's Day, 1941.

HER RING is a beautiful brilliant-cut blue-white solitaire, set fairly high, and on each side a single round diamond set a little lower. The band is platinum.

She's ENGAGED!
She's Lovely!
She uses Ponds!

See how Marion Lynn's soft-smooth Glamour Care will help your skin. Marion says: "I think Pond's Cold Cream is splendid for skin that's thin and sensitive like mine. It's so light, so soft and soothing itself—and softens and cleans my skin beautifully."

"I always use it twice each time—like this:

"1. I SLATHER Pond's Cold Cream thick over my face and throat and pat all over with brisk little pats. This helps to soften and take off dirt and make-up. Then I tissue it all off.

"2. I RINSE with a second creaming of lots more Pond's. Then tissue it off. This twice-over leaves my skin shining clean—every little smitch of soil comes right off."

Use Pond's Cold Cream—Marion's way—every night—and for daytime cleanups. See how it helps your skin have that lovely fresh-as-a-flower look. You'll see, too, why so many more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Buy a jar of Pond's Cold Cream today—at any beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes. The most economical—the lovely big jars.

Pond's Girls Belong to Cupid

Harry today to your favorite beauty counter for Pond's soft-smooth Cold Cream—the glamour face cream used by so many lovely engaged girls and by leading society beauties like Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt and Mrs. Vanderbilt Phelps. And Pond's makes for you four other famous beauty aids:
- Pond's Vanishing Cream
- Pond's lovely new Dry Skin Cream
- Pond's new Dreamflower Face Powder (6 shades)
- Pond's "LIPS" that stay on longer! (5 shades)
In your January issue, in the "Hot from Hollywood" section, I found the following item:

"Make way for the Varsoviana, No. It isn't a new breakfast food. It's a dance that Janet Gaynor and Adrian have introduced to Hollywood society. They brought it back from Mexico and predict that it will sweep the country." And the article goes on to describe how the dance is done.

During my stay in the Army (at Fort Lewis, Washington, from May 25, 1940, to September 19, 1941) I have danced the Varsoviana many, many times. I danced this dance at the Crescent Ballroom, located at 13th and Fawcett Ave, Tacoma, Washington.

This is to let you know that people have been dancing the "Varsoviana" for a long time and that it isn't a new dance. Also, that it is and has been "sweeping the country" for a long time.

PVT. HAROLD A. GREWE,
San Bernardino, Calif.

HONORABLE MENTION
I think the smartest or luckiest move made by any studio in Movieland this year was made by Warners when they decided to star Humphrey Bogart. Bogart is the toughest nice guy that Warners has ever developed and they have come through with a pretty good crop every year. His mannerisms and gestures take with the fans. Any Jimmy Cagney fan will be a Bogart fan and Jim has plenty of followers. If I had had anything to say about handing out Academy Awards Bogie would have gotten an Oscar for his fine portrayal of the gangster in "High Sierra." This was a top-notch story and the direction was perfect. The same is true of "The Maltese Falcon."

I don't think I'm sticking my neck out when I say that if Bogart continues to turn out good stories it won't be long before he will be pushing Mickey Rooney, Bette Davis, and Clark Gable for a leading position on the list of "ten bests."

EVELYN PLOPPER, Litchfield, Ill.

Dancing "Overtime"

Arthur Murray Teachers use Odorono Cream for Sweetness Sake

• Bunny Duncan is busier than ever these days teaching dancing to men in camp and on leave. Like other Arthur Murray dancers she chooses Odorono Cream as her favorite line of defense against underarm odor and dampness.

Odorono Cream ends perspiration annoyance safely 1 to 3 days! It's non-greasy, non-gritty, non-irritating! Generous 10¢, 39¢ and 59¢ sizes, plus tax. Get some today!

The Odorono Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

Fans' Forum

Continued from page 15

Checking Up on Tracy

Continued from page 51

Theatre Guild Production of "R.U.R."

"We finished the course, got jobs as robots in the Theatre Guild production of "R.U.R."

"We didn't have a bill of fare so we allotted 35¢ a day for our food. I went on a rice-pudding diet because it was filling. I could tell you every restaurant from the Bowery to the Bronx that served the stuff and tell you which gave the most cream (?) with it and which the most raisins."

Finally he got a job as leading man with a stock company at Union Hill, New Jersey. Their money was gone. He tried to get an advance against his first week's salary but was told he couldn't have any until after the first act on the opening night. So, the night before the stock company opened, he and Louise went into a

Gervais Wallace, of the Washington Studio, stockling and freshening hours of dancing!
"Want to be Attractive? Then make Daintiness SURE"

THIS lovely young screen star gives you a tip women everywhere are following:

“A daily Lux Soap beauty bath,” she says, “makes you sure of skin that’s sweet!”

You’ll love the way ACTIVE lather gently caresses the skin, then swiftly carries away every trace of dust and dirt. You’ll love the delicate fragrance this smooth white soap leaves on your skin. Try it and see!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
The look-of-the-month is partly a look of physical discomfort, but still more it is a tell-tale look of embarrassment. It comes from the fear a woman has that her “secret” is not a secret to others. Under a thin dress or any snug costume, you may try to arrange a smoother line or smaller bulge, but it is still a bulge. But if you use Tampax, there is no bulkiness whatever because Tampax is worn internally. You are not even conscious of wearing it.

This may be a new or startling idea to you, but Tampax was perfected by a doctor and is now worn by millions. Made of pure surgical cotton; compressed within a one-time-use applicator. Your hands need not touch the Tampax at all! Quick, dainty, no odor—and no embarrassing disposal problem.

Note the 3 sizes: Regular, Super, Junior, meeting all needs. (The new Super is 30% more absorbent.) At drug stores, notion counters. Introductory Box, 20¢. Economy package of 40’s is a real bargain. Join the millions using Tampax now!

dairy lunch, ordered an egg sandwich for a nickel AND DIVIDED IT!
Pat was right. It isn’t often a man finds someone with that much confidence in him. Yet neither Louise’s faith in him—nor the Mr. Sheehan’s—is just another instinctive thing. It is based on a knowledge of the man himself—and a realization of how he has risen to emergencies at other times.

“When he was playing in a comedy called ‘Whispering Friends’ in Detroit, his father died suddenly. Spence went on and played his part at the Saturday matinee and night a performance, then accompanied his father’s body to Freeport where it was to be interred. He rejoined the company in Chicago on Monday, found there was to be no performance that night, flew back to Freeport for the funeral Tuesday and played his part at the Tuesday evening performance.”

There was another time when he was playing in “The Last Mile” when his mother was desperately ill in one hospital, his baby was less than a month, and his wife was in a third for an emergency appendicitis operation. Spence never missed a performance. “I don’t know how I got through it,” he says now, “but you can do a lot when you have to. I only remember that when I used to go on in that third act, and came to the part where I was supposed to cry, Spence would really break down and I couldn’t stop crying.”

You can tell me a fellow who, to use a trite expression, realizes to that extent that “the show must go on” won’t eventually come through under any circumstances.

Perhaps I’m conceited, but I think I know and understand Spence as well as anyone, save his wife and brother Carroll, who manages his affairs. Spence’s nature runs second only to his ability as an actor. No fan was ever more of a hero-worshipper.

Once Snowy Baker, the Australian polo player, invited Spence to visit Australia with him. “Imagine that!” Spence ejaculated. “He’s a national figure over there! Everyone knows him. Wouldn’t it be wonderful to make a trip like that with a man like that?”

That he (Spence) is an international figure, and that he would quite a couple for Snowy to bring him home as a guest never occurred to Spence!

Once, in the days when Spence was nobody on the screen, James Cagney spoke to him as to “the finest actor on the American stage.” Jimmy wasn’t talking for effect here, at the time, they had heard of each other, and when I repeated the compliment to Spence he could scarcely believe his ears. “Did he really say that?” he exclaimed.

A friendship started between them shortly afterwards that is still a Hollywood legend, for no two people ever had more dissimilarly minded yet friendly than they; they have in common is the difference between their screen portrayals and their off-screen selves. Both men are frequently cocky, brash and self-assured in their characterizations. In real life both of them are retiring to the point of painlessness, although even that trait manifests itself differently in them.

Jimmy simply has an aversion to strangers coming up and speaking to him. But he goes where he’s invited. He’s amused and if people he doesn’t know insist upon speaking to him, he answers them courteously, takes things in his stride, and gets away from them as soon as he can without being rude.

Spence really shrinks from going out in public, Several years ago his mother lived in a fashionable apartment hotel in Los Angeles. It was a ritual that on Thursday nights Spencer, Louise, and their son Johnny had dinner with her. A number of times they were kind enough to ask me along. Invariably he and I had dinner sent up to his mother’s living room, while the other members of the family ate in the dining room. Even when I wasn’t along, he had his dinner sent up and ate alone.

Despite the dissimilarity in their characters, as friends they have always been together. A few years ago, finding they were not seeing as much of each other as they wished, on account of the peculiar set-up of Hollywood social life, they decided to be together. On that night Spencer, Jimmy, Pat O’Brien, Ralph Bellamy, Lynn Overman, Frank McHugh and Allen Jenkins get together to enjoy old times. Their wives shift for themselves that night.

They eat around in different places. One night they had dinner at the Beacon Room, but finding nothing on the menu in the way of dessert that appealed to them, they drifted down to a small ice-cream parlor on Hollywood Boulevard. The Beacon had almost swooned when the contingent of stars walked into her place but her con
dition increased when each of the screen’s tough men gravely ordered a hot fudge sundae!

Recently Cagney and I were spending an evening together, when Spence’s name came up, “Sometimes I almost wish he had never won those Academy Awards!” I burst out vehemently.

“Well?” Jimmy asked.

“He’s no fun any more,” I fumed. “He always seems so worried and preoccupied. He doesn’t seem himself at all.”

“He plays beautifully with us,” Jimmy demurred.

The next time I saw Spencer I mentioned to him my own point of view about what you mean," he protested.

“Well,” I tried to explain, “I always have the feeling now that you are worried for me. You wouldn’t be the same up to those past performances—that nothing matters to you except topping them.”

Spence thought it over for a moment, then shook his head. “It wasn’t the awards. Naturally, I was flattered but when I stop to think of some of the others who’ve received the awards, I don’t take them too seriously. Perhaps I do worry over my work, but it isn’t for fear I won’t get another award. It’s because I’m bothered in the poor parts I’m getting. You know that old wheel about the man-actor is only as good as his last picture.”

“Nobody but Gable could have survived some of their parts!” someone said. “No, it’s Gable. I couldn’t afford to run the risk of playing in some of the pictures he’s had!”

He paused again and then that grin of his broke through. “I guess maybe I’m near the end of my rope. I’ve been in pictures almost twelve years now and I’m not too sure anymore. Well, I was fun while it lasted and neither the stage, nor pictures nor Hollywood owes me a thing. In fact, they’ve all been mighty good to me.”

Ordinarily I might have received this with alarm—with a foreboding that perhaps it was the end of the road for me. But knowing him, I think it was only an off-day and he was feeling a little sorry for himself. I think it was only a day or so after our meeting that he was introduced to Hepburn, who plays opposite him in this new picture, “I’m afraid I’m a little tall for you, Mr. Tracy,” she acknowledged the introduction.

“I’ll cut you down to my size,” he laughed.

And he still be laughing and accepting similar challenges as he dodders around some stage when he’s ninety!

**NO MORE**

**LOOK-OF-THE-MONTH**

— use TAMPAX

**NO BELTS NO PINS NO PASS NO ODOR**

**TAMPAX INCORPORATED**

New Brunswick, N. J.

Accepted for Advertising by

the Journal of the American Medical Association.

**400,000,000**

TAMPAX MADE AND SOLD

**TAMPAX**

**PERIODIC USE**

**YOUR DOCTOR**

**HURRIES**

**YOUR FRIENDS**

**TAMPAX**

**NATIONAL COMPANY**

**FOR YOUR**

**PROTECTION**

**AND**

**COMFORT**

**S O L D E R Y:**

At Drug, Novelty, Counter, or in Theatres.

**TAMPAX**

**AS**

**THE**

**PACK**
Your fingers will be as lovely as jewels;
and this polish "stays on" amazingly.

You'll love Dura-Gloss, for it is no ordinary nail polish. Perhaps you've wondered why you hear so much about it, why so many have adopted it. Well, Dura-Gloss is made with a special ingredient—CHRYSALLYNE*! Perfected through laboratory research, Chrystallyne is a magnificent resin that (1) imparts exceptional powers of adhesion, and (2) jewel-like sparkle and brilliance to Dura-Gloss. This wonderful substance is the reason Dura-Gloss resists ugly "peeling," and "fraying" so stubbornly day after day. Why it radiates sparkling gloss, luster, life! Dura-Gloss will make your nails a king's ransom in jewels . . . good enough to be kissed . . . brilliant, beautiful, lovely—at all cosmetic counters.

*Chrystallyne is a special resin-ingredient developed by chemistry-experts who were dissatisfied with existing nail polishes. Before being blended into the superb Dura-Gloss formula, it looks like glittering diamonds.

It's DURA-GLOSS for
the most beautiful fingernails in the world

LORR LABORATORIES
Paterson, New Jersey
Founded by E. T. Reynolds

© 1942 LORR LABORATORIES
“Younger Set” Scoops!
Continued from page 31

are simply exceptional at the rumba. They popped their eyes and shook their heads like the grownups do, only the grownups look silly and they just looked funny. You'd have thought the whole neighborhood had wanted to let the world know that they were seen with a midget Whooping Cranes dancing instead of a real jolly man. Then we went over to Freddie's to see his drums. Freddie's certainly a pretty good friend of Janie's all right. He's jive the drums. Nobody's allowed to touch Jackie Cooper's drums, not even Bonita. I guess I'll have to die, or anyway be dangerously sick, before anybody'll let me play their drums. You'd think a girl with three brothers with their own band would get to play a whole jolly lot more, while I keep begging and begging Warner, and he knows I'd be reverent with them, but he turns a deaf ear.

***

I never had such fun on a picture, Mick and Judy laugh all the time. He's just like a male Judy Garland, and so is a fellow named, let's see, a female Mickey Rooney. They kid the director and the kids and especially each other. Judy says how awful to spend your homewarming party to Mickey's house and Mick says if she is his wife, he'd hang her on the line with clothespins. But the minute the scene starts, they jump right in, any way.

For instance, today they were shooting the How About You dance, turning cart-wheel through the tables and chairs till you'd think they'd be doped, but instead of resting between shots, they came over where we kids were rehearsing the hoe-down and coughed us and got all steamed up, so when they finally shot it Mr. Berkeley said it was swell, and he'd hire them to coach all his dance routines when he's retired.

Mick was terribly kind to me this afternoon. He didn't have anything to do for about ten minutes, so he spent the whole time talking to me about drums.

***

We had to give Clumsy away, because the neighbor lady is rather nervous and she was mad anyhow, on account of the boys practicing so much, and into the bargain Clumsy would howl whenever they came to play the sax. So she called the police station, and they came and asked us how many dogs we had, and we've got four, so they said you're only allowed to have three in Westwood, so we had to give Clumsy away because he was the last, not because we didn't love him as much.

P.S.—I didn't cry.
P.P.S.—He has a very lovely home at the Uplifters Club.

***

Bonita invited me to lunch at RKO with her and Jackie, because I wasn't working today. They get to be quite old in this picture, "Synchronization"—thirty-four or something—so Jackie had a moustache and Bonita's hair was in a poupanroll roll. She likes it, but Jackie doesn't, and neither does her mother. So when she went out one day with Jackie she wanted to wear it that way, though her mother said it's silly and not in the least appropriate. But she did anyway, till Jackie came home and said, 'You won't do that off!' So she went upstairs and took it very meekly off. I guess girls will do things for boys they won't do for their mothers.

I wore my Kelly green coat to the studio today and my first silk stockings. It's the softest green you ever saw and everybody yelled: "You ought to get a Kelly green coat, Virginia." But Judy noticed my stockings and told me how gruesome I looked the first time she wore them. The only thing is, if there's war, there might not be any more, just when I get to wear them, and anyway, nobody else will either and besides, silk stockings don't matter when there's a war. If I have to be truthful, I'll cost me a pang to give them up, still it's easier to give them up for war than for nothing.

Mickey brought Art Gardner to the set, My, but she's pretty! And just the opposite of Mickey, sort of quiet and reserved. All the kids think she's swell and the boys call her Hedy Karr.

I had an interview, where they asked you about your favorite things, like who's the prettiest actress. I said Judy Garland. Who's the best dancer and singer? I said Judy Garland. Who's the best actress? I said Judy Garland. They said, well, by actress, we mean more a dramatic actress like Bette Davis, I said Judy Garland.

***

The neighbor lady's still nervous, so she's decided to get the band office without any neighbors for the boys to practice in.

I get ten dollars a week now, but I have to buy my own stockings and socks and buy my own clothes. I don't even know yet when I'm on a picture, as I never have time to spend any money then except buy some chewing gum once in a while. Not working, though, I'm my run. By Thursday, I've got my hand out to mother for fifty cents till Saturday. She makes me pay it back. You'd think a girl's mother would forget a mere fifty cents, but she says do it right or don't do it at all. I know how she feels, I know how Charlie McCarthy feels, too.

This is the most important thing I ever wrote since I started being a reporter, more important than murder even. Today we all went to war.

Freddie Bartholomew called up and told us to come to his house this evening for a meeting. I went with my brother Warner. About thirty-five kids were there—Jane and Jack and their friends, and the fellows, Cora Sue Collins, Sid Miller, Gloria de Haven, June Lockhart, Buddy Brown, and Lombardo.

Freddie said the government wants us movie kids to help them sell defense bonds and stamps, and we have to have an interview. It took us two days to get a chance and we got sense enough to take the responsibility and do it ourselves instead of calling in the grownups who were in the next room or the next building. The government is going to give us our stamps.

Every Saturday night we are supposed to fire a twelve-inch mortar in the Beverly Hills Tennis Square and put on a show, then sign the bonds and stamps people buy. That's the best thing I've ever done. We get to go to school in schools and charge a ten-cent defense stamp for admission and ask the kids to buy stamps and give up a soda or a movie to the war effort, but only if they give us something we crave every week. Then later we'll think of other things to do, like donating your blood.

We voted for the Junior Division of the club, and it's Junior Division for Defense Savings. We elected Freddie chairman, Jackie wife, June Lockhart secretary and Sid Miller production chairman.

He says what kids should go down each Saturday and what they're to do, and we're supposed to tell the other kids. We were allowed to be late at a show or meeting, and the only time you can ever miss it is either if you're working or so sick you can't get out of bed, even if you have only one line to say. We wanted Jane for something, because she's so peppery and gets two ideas every minute, but as she's head of the club, she gets what she wants, that's enough, and even if she didn't think so, her mother did. Mascots is the young daughter of the American War Voluntary Service. She wrote it down for me, so I could report it.

Sid appointed Jackie to bring his band the something to do it, and we started after the meeting. After his mother died, Jackie got his band together again, simply for defense, and Bonita's mother声音 was her idea for getting them playing for the neighbors, and so Jackie's band practice there. Bun asked him, how about getting up a band? Jackie had been a special house with anybody and without till he was working. He won't let his passenger ring till past half eleven, and when we kids want to do him dirt, we call him at work. But he's a swell and understands. He lives in a bachelor apartment now, and Bun has to show him about things like putting the garbage out, and if you keep eggs for five weeks, they don't smell good.

All the girls who can't knit decided to learn, and not knit for themselves or friends, only soldiers. Jane and Bun are outstanding knitters. They don't have to look, so can even do it in the movies without wasting time. They learn all evening. Jackie lighted his pipe all evening.

You can't really say Jackie smokes a pipe, he just lights it and takes a puff and it goes out, then he light it and takes another puff and it goes out. He says it doesn't get him anywhere but feels good, when holding a girl's hand. I guess he meant Bun's.

After the meeting Aunt Cis had a lovely supper for us—chicken patties and peas and creamed peaches, etcetera, and something for us. Then Sid called us to the piano, and
played the Star Spangled Banner and we all sang it, and it felt different from any other time. Then we went home.

This was our first Saturday at Pershing Square. We decided to all go down together the first time and sort of introduce ourselves. We sat on a kind of platform covered with a tent, except one side is open and the band were behind us, and Freddie was master of ceremonies. He said: “I am very fortunate here. Usually when I tell a joke, everybody walks away before I finish. You’ll probably see the kids here on the platform make some horrible faces, as they’ve heard the jokes many times, and they’ll get a little tiring and sort of squashed in, you’ll just have to stay and listen.”

They did too, and they even laughed, as they hadn’t heard the jokes before. Then Jane sang, and Buddy Pepper played the piano and Edith Fellowes sang. Then those who had nothing ready just said something like, “I’m Virginia Weidler and please buy as many bonds and stamps as you can and we’ll be down again next Saturday for another show.” Then we went into the little Defense House and signed them, and the man said they bought about seventy-five thousand dollars worth. We didn’t know if that was a lot to the government, but he said it was.

Mother gave me a ten-dollar bonus to help out with Christmas. I guess it looked bigger to me than seventy-five thousand looks to the government. Bonuses have a great advantage over loans, you don’t have to give them back.

Tim Taylor called up and invited me to his New Year’s party. He said the kids decided no formal because you can’t have as much fun in-formals, you have to be more careful. That was certainly good news to me, as I still have no formal in spite of begging mother to buy me the one I wear in “Born to Sing.” No soap. The memory of what I did to the other one lingers on. I wore a black velvet skirt and jacket with a white blouse. My boy friend works late at a puppet-show, so I had a date with him for eleven at the party. Until then I was free. Mother drove me, and reminded me to leave at twelve thirty, then said, never mind, I’ll phone. Which is the worst of being fourteen.

A few people were there already—Jim Lydon and Jane and June Lockhart and Freddie and Gene Reynolds—and twenty altogether, I guess, so we started right in playing and dancing straight through till eleven. No entertainment, thank goodness. At parties like that, you don’t want to stop and listen to somebody, you just want to have a good time. Tim had the doors open between the living room and the rumpus room, and one of those record machines that plays ten at a time, so we didn’t even have to stop to change records. I danced a lot with Gene Reynolds because he came stag, as you would say, and it turned out practically perfect because he left for another party by the time my boy friend got there.

At eleven we had crackers with stuff on them, and olives and sandwiches and punch, and we all got paper hats and bags of confetti, and when we thought it must be ten or five of twelve, June and I turned the radio on, and the man said nineteen seconds to twelve. We jumped clear to the roof on account of almost missing it.

Then came 1942 and we yelled Happy New Year and threw confetti til Auld Lang Sync came over the radio. June was standing by it, so she started singing and we all chimed in. Then Tim said: “Let’s drink a toast. Let’s drink to the wish that by next New Year’s we’ll have won the war.”

After that people’s feet began getting tired, so they took off their shoes and danced in their stocking feet, and mother phoned at twelve thirty on the dot, but I begged her to please let me stay an extra half hour, so she relented.

When I got home, I said how old does a girl have to be before she gets to stay to the end of a New Year’s party? Mother said we’ll see, so maybe that means fifteen.

They had a party for Mick on the “Andy Hardy” set today—ice cream and cake—and the crew gave him a lovely complete breakfast set with a toaster and waffle iron. He’s going to marry Ava Gardner, we don’t know exactly when, but suspect tomorrow. Mr. Stone and Miss Holden and all the Hardys were there. Mick said no speeches, because he might blubber, and wouldn’t that look cute for an almost-married man. But he kissed Miss Holden and shook hands with everyone, only when it came to Mr. Stone, they looked at each other and Mr. Stone put his arm round Mick, and Mick sort of hugged up to him. I guess Mr. Stone’s been like a father to him.

Goodness, all the showers he missed out on by not getting married while working on “Babes.”

This morning I helped Jane with chuckwagon service. That’s part of her Mascots job. Every Saturday the grownups leave coffee and doughnuts at different places for the soldiers, and Sunday morning Jane goes round and collects the empty thermos bottles. She also finds out how many soldiers have no place to go Sunday, then she calls her girl friends and they invite soldiers for Sunday dinner. We have two for today.

I figured out I could knit five rows of a sweater in the time I take to report an incident. So I’m giving up being a reporter for defense. No one’ll ever read it anyhow!
Do you know the truth about Tampons?

There's one thing you probably know about tampons—and that's the wonderful freedom of internal sanitary protection. But are you really up to date about the latest improvements in tampons? Do you know why Meds—the Modess tampons—protect in a way no other tampons do?

Protection... how much do you really get?

To keep you carefree—secure—a tampon must absorb quickly, surely! Meds absorb faster because of the "safety center." No other tampon has it! Meds are made of finest, pure cotton... hold more than 300% of their weight in moisture!

What about price?

Meds cost less than any other tampons in individual applicators. No more than leading napkins. Try Meds! Compare! You'll be glad you did.

BOX OF 10—25c • BOX OF 50—98c

Meds

The Modess Tampons

Married Lovers!

Continued from page 22

they have all the time in the world (they KNOW they live longer for it) and partly for reasons of wartime economy. Because, before these words are printed, Bill may be in the Army, his movie money cancelled out and most of the maintenance of the home up to Brenda.

Dinner at the Holdens rather than dinner with the Holdens is right. They are still so much in love, so absorbed in one another that, courteous though they are, aware of a third person being present as (I am reasonably sure) they were, they have so much to say, so much to do, they can't be said, that they talk, whether they know it or not, mainly to each other. Even when remarks were addressed to me, as occasionally they were, there was the feeling that what Bill said, he meant for Brenda, what Brenda said, she meant for Bill. It is very sweet.

And so as we sat at table and, later, over coffee and cigarettes in the den, I kept my note-handle handy, jotted down the things that chilled in on me. And the things they said will, I think, ring a bell in the heart of every young married pair who reads them. For they, too, just married, will come up, easily, have their disagreements and their making-up when they are in love or when their marriages are very young.

BRENDA: The other night, Bill, when you and I were sitting here playing gin rummy—which is what we almost every night, Gladys, or we play records or we read out loud to each other—anyway, know what I was thinking? I was thinking, Oh, it would be wonderful if we were married five years from now!

BILL: (gloomily) I'm not worried about the marriage. I am worried about the Army. And the only reason I am worried about the Army is that I am worried about you, Ardis, [Bill always calls Brenda Ardis, her baptismal name. He makes something tender and lovely out of the two lovely syllables] about leaving you alone with the new house on your hands, the baby [Brenda's little girl], aged four, and all the other things that you, [Brenda's] other dog, [Brenda and Bill's lion dog, Rhodes] and your job to do. Too much for any one girl to handle alone—say, that did you mean, five years from now? Isn't that the matter with fifty years? What's the matter with forever after? Look, what did you mean?

BRENDA: Now, honey, don't get going! You know perfectly well that if we have any screaming to do, we do it in the early morning while I am putting on my make-up and you are shaving. That's the best time for husband and wife to argue and let off steam. The razor and the lipstick restrict us. Besides, I only mean that I am a little afraid of it. So I put little time limits on it, that's all. There are problems, and—

BILL: I don't see any more problems for us, other than those that arise from business, no worse problems here in Hollywood than couples in Oshkosh have to face, if you ask me.

BRENDA: Oh, but there are more here, and you know it. To begin with, two people in the same profession and in this profession, of all things!

BILL: What do you mean? The Miss So-and-So comes along routine? The 'Temptations of Hollywood' stuff? Look, if you set a value on your reputation as I do, if you use logic plus the value of the thing you have, you know that the Miss Fancy-Fonts get you nowhere and, what is more, they offer no temptation. Besides, plenty of people seem to be weathering the same problems as we have, and very successfully, too. How about Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman, George Stanwyck and Bob Taylor, Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond—?

BRENDA: (laughing)—Burns & Allen, Flesher-McGee and Mother Hubbard, Mary Livingston, Fred Allen and Portland.

BILL: All right, all right! It still makes sense. And are we the village idiots that we can't do as well?

BRENDA: Of course not. It is just that, so far as I see, they are having the same problems that marriage in Hollywood is a seven-months baby. They let you alone for just about seven months (it's been clocked) and then the rumors begin to circulate. Reporters call you in the middle of the night and say, 'Your husband out of town, eh? Is he coming back?' The columns ask little, suggestive questions: 'Is So-and-So cooling? And all that. People seem to think you have to do something off-color, crude, compared to the life for which you were made, the life in Hollywood and are in the movies. It is silly, but—

BILL: I'll say it's silly! I say we are no different from any other young couple with jobs. We come home from work. We eat like anyone else. We sleep like anyone else. On Sundays, we go up to the Gun Club or take in a show or something like that. We spend our evenings fixing up the house or playing gin rummy, like you said. Besides, we were sensible and talked things over pretty thoroughly before we were married. Two years of talking things over, we had. Time makes you speak and think about all the business of off-again, on-again, of believing in each other and not quite believing. You had moments of being afraid that we would be just another Hollywood actor—

BRENDA: Well, you felt the same about me, Bill, you had the same fears. But it is none of our business. We believe in each other. Completely. Until we knew that, whatever we do for a living and whatever the demands of our jobs, we are really just a man and a girl in love, wanting a home, children, the good, normal everyday things.

BILL: We can't always agree, but we do seem to have a sound agreement too. We figured out that our studios might handle us differently. We went over all the things we might have to do for publicity, the trips we might have to make—alone. We said, remember, that there would be no arguments and no misunderstandings, that when we could do together, so places together, we would. If not, we'd take it.

BRENDA:—And we decided not to talk about what we do in front of the cameras during the day, either, when we get home. Not at any length, I mean. We stick to that—well, pretty well. At least, we do try to coordinate our personal lives with our home life. We try to be just plain Mr. and Mrs. William Holden at home here, not Brenda Marshall and Bill Holden, movie actors. And we never discuss love scenes. We NEVER discuss love scenes!

BILL: Not because of jealousy, of course, but—

BRENDA: Oh, I wouldn't say that. There is an element of jealousy, let's face it. You know you very well that when you are out of town you practically eat up our income making long distance phone calls. And it isn't my health you inquire about. You spend most of the time asking where I was half an
"See how this Polish protected my nails for 7 days!"  Mrs. Jut Kent

MRS. JUT KENT is one of the busy younger set who has lately fallen in love with Cutex..."My nails stayed practically perfect for a whole week! I finally changed the polish only because the moons grew out!" Try Cutex Black Red, Gingerbread, Lollipop, Butterscotch, Sugar Plum, Sheer Natural! See if you don't agree that the way its beauty lasts is truly amazing! Only 10¢ (plus tax) in the U.S.!

Northam Warren, New York

APPLY 2 COATS FOR THAT PROFESSIONAL LOOK AND LONGER WEAR

Screenland 63
hour ago, and with whom; what I did last evening and where and why. I'm just as bad. When you were working with Claire Trevor in 'Texas' and I couldn't see any reason why you shouldn't be a pretty hot screen lover, I didn't care for that too much! It seemed to me she would have made such an observation unless you had given her some reason to think—

BILL: Come to that, how about when you played with John Garfield in 'East River'? Pretty warm love scenes, if my eyes didn't deceive me. I remember the time you nearly died of embar- rassment to take a phony graphic sitting with Errol Flynn and there were some shots made with you in his arms. I couldn't help thinking, when I saw those love scenes, you must have got over that early shyness quite a bit. Quite a bit! I think you are a fine actress, Ardis, as you know, but I must say—

BRENDA: Well, let's not talk about it. We have just said that we never do. It is not actually jealousy, of course, in spite of the fact that I have often heard you refer to Ardis Warner, as 'that Flash Gordon, he's no good, he's a wolf and so on. And I suppose you recall the evening when I had to go to cocktails at the Blue Moon with a couple of members of the cast, and the director, and I kept phoning you that I would be leaving in 20 minutes and you finally came over and got me ready for the shot. It's not me about it. It just seems as if any mention of a love scene starts an argument. Just like this one. It is what makes us different from the native Hawaiians. Or from you, Brenda, you see. They do not have love scenes to discuss over the dinner table.

BILL: Well, Ardis, you start a lot of the arrow you do, I'm your worst, perhaps your only fault, that you like to tease me. What makes me see the reddest red is, I admit, when you tease me about other women. Like when Dottie and I were making 'The Fleet's In' together, you gave me the Lamour routine. We'd work late, no fault of ours, she was just as anxious to keep her date as I was to get home to you. But when I got home, what did I get? Oh, you're not interested in me in a 6.30 show and you say, 'it has to be seven o'clock now.' That sort of thing, I cannot stand to be teased. It is a worse sin than punning.

BRENDA: Well, your only fault is lack of consideration—sometimes. Only sometimes, I will admit. You are very thoughtful as a rule. But at the time when I expect you to be most considerate, those are the very times you are not. Like when I had intestinal flu. In the first place, you were late getting home. Here I was, in bed, in this half dressed state with the baby, deathly ill. In the second place, when you did get here, if you didn't have some fellow with you! Then, later, you told me you had to drive him to Charley Foy's cafe, because he didn't have a car. You could have called a taxi for him. I still say that! But no, you had to drive him and we couldn't be more than twenty minutes. One hour went by. No you, I watched the clock every minute. One hour and fifteen minutes, two and a half. Then I phoned Charley Foy's. They told me you had been there but had just left. When you did get back, nearly two hours later, I had you if you had stopped anywhere. 'Nowhere,' you said. 'Nowhere at all.' Oh, I said, 'so now you are not telling me the truth?' And I told you about the scene, and how I knew you had stopped off there—

BILL: And I had my back to you, was taking off my collar and tie, I remember, and was my face red! You had caught me out. It is the truth that I never lie to you—being a woman you won't, I suppose, concede the point that I told you that one time. And yet if you hadn't got work up, ask a dozen questions about who I had seen, talked to, etcetera. I had one drink, that's all, I had talked to no one, and what sort of women in there, they were Invisible Women because I didn't see them. If—

BRENDA: (laughing) If Bill thinks I am saying that anything that touches his integrity sets him off like a Fourth of July bomb rocket. Then there's the way he is about the house. Bill: It is so ridic—

BRENDA: Bill—Bill does more than his share now. He runs the house more than I do when he oversees the servants. He is more considering with the servants, he is wonderful with the baby, he oversees everything.

BILL: I wouldn't say that, Ardis. That's pretty fifty-fifty, too. When you are working and I am not, I take over. When I am working, and you are not, you are the little housewife and very competent, too.

BRENDA: (thoughtfully) I sometimes wonder whether you would rather I'd be just that all the time, the little housewife?

BILL: You do that now. And I'm glad that you have spent a lot more time and energy that I have, getting somewhere. I wouldn't have you stop for anything in the whole world, and you said—

BRENDA: You're right, I do know it! I'm sorry. You do push me, you are anxious for me to be ambitious. If you feel I am slowing my work, you sort of jack me up again.

BILL: (winking at me) If you remember, what attracted me to you in the first place was that you are such a darn fine critic. Our first dates were mostly at the theater. We'd come home and have arguments, violent ones. Your background was the student's background, a student at the theater. Mine, nothing but what pictures gave me. Why, that's why I fell in love with you, you were so wonderful to talk exciting, stimulating—

BRENDA: Oh, so it was mental?

BILL: (laughing) What do you think? Anyway, one thing you and I have to be thankful for is that we never stay mad very long. Another cause for thankfulness, whether you know it or not, is that we are in the same profession. It is a great source of what it's all about. We may have some superficial explosions but they are only superficial. Besides, a great many Holly- wood marriages have been destroyed when the husband or wife begins to outdistance the other, the roof blows off. That can never happen to us. For my part, if you start zooming ahead of me—

EX-LAX

What kind of a laxative do you take? One that's so strong it weakens and upsets you? Or one that's so mild it fails to give you the relief you want?

Then try Ex-Lax — the Happy Medium laxative! Ex-Lax is as effective as any laxative you'll ever want to take. But it's kind and gentle, too! It won't upset you. It won't make you feel had afterwards. What's more, Ex-Lax tastes good — just like fine chocolate!

Ex-Lax is as good for children as it is for grown-ups. Naturally, like any effective medicine, Ex-Lax should be taken only according to the directions on the label... You can get a box at any drug store for only 10c or 25c.

IF YOU HAVE A COLD AND NEED A LAXATIVE?

It's just right — Ex-Lax is non-irritating, soothing and non-irritating when you're weakened by a cold not to take harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax! It's thoroughly effective, yet not too strong!

PROOF: Premium rice, a rice from South China, is flour made from rice. One of the most nutritious cereals known. It's a full-fledged member of the Ex-Lax family! Fine for those who are not used to laxatives. Rich in B vitamins. One cup equals 10c of Ex-Lax.

REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR!

Genuine Hawaiian special: real Koa initials for pure, 30c each; beautiful colored coral Lei only 51c; Romantic shell necklaces 50c, 90c, $1—many other useful gifts. Write today for FREE circular to:

HAWAIIAN ART CO.
HONOLULU, HAWAIJ

Copyright, 1943, by Ex-Lax, Inc.

"GAS" HEARTBURN?

For fast, inner relief, use JEST B1 MINT-DAYVORED. Contains no bicarbonate of soda. Guaranteed by the makers of Ex-Lax.

10c ROLL—3 for 25c

SCREENLAND

64
more power to you. It wouldn't bother me. I'd be proud of you. If you, on the other hand, is with me, or my big break comes first, you'll feel the same, I'm sure. We are both terribly anxious to do things in this business, get to the top. That's fine. But what is finer is that, basically, what we want the most is to be together, to be comfortable, have a family, a marriage founded on the good, old well-known rock.

BRENDA: Some day, not now, not until we know how things will turn out for Bill and the Army and all, but some day we want to have children. We'll want a bigger place, then, a real ranch—

BILL: Not that we're going back to the land! We don't mean that. We just want a nice, little ranch, with all the modern improvements. Milking those cows before reporting on the set is not our dish. Churning that milk—well, I'd rather churn a Scotch and Soda!

BRENDA: (thoughtfully) I don't think we will be detoured, either. From the plan we have for our lives, I mean. We are not in the Social Swim here in Hollywood, for instance, and—

BILL: I should hope not! What is the Social Swim, anyway? Whatever it is, I want none of it. To me, it merely represents spending your money at night-clubs and kissing your neighbor's wife.

BRENDA: Bill and I haven't any close friends in Hollywood. We don't know any of the movie people well at all, except the Richard Carllons. We do run in there every now and then, for a drink, or they come here. We never go to parties. We are not invited to any parties. We don't give parties because we have no one to invite. I suppose it's what's in your heart, what you do, the way you act. It's in our hearts to stay at home, together. We are happier this way or we wouldn't do it.

BILL: We have an objective. We have one business manager who budgets both of us. Our budget wouldn't permit of much high life. Not that we are extravagant, but—

BRENDA: I am extravagant, in streaks. When I get a streak, I go completely overboard.

BILL: And down for the third time! Gladys, shep me, she comes home with three pairs of Maglin shoes (she shushed a suit, half a dozen hats. Once every three lunar months our manager and I sit here and steel ourselves against Brenda's binge!

BRENDA: (quickly) Well, you borrow my allowance to make down payments on things! Like your two new old guns and that Crossley! Honey, don't you like to see me all glamorous up?

BILL: You are beautiful when you are, of course, but I think you are most beautiful when you wear nice tailored gabardine dresses, tan or beige, preferably. Besides, when you are all done up it just reminds me of big bills and staying up late!

BRENDA: Now, me, I love to see you all dressed up. I feel as proud as the devil when I go out with you in a dress suit. I like you to be attractive to other people.

BILL: H'mmmmm!

BRENDA: Now, what do you mean by that?


BRENDA: The point is, we are pretty old-fashioned, both of us. Especially Bill. Yes, you are, darling. You know very well that you disapprove if I talk what you call 'a little too freely.' If I ever let a cuss word slip out your face is just a mask of horror! But what I started to say is, we are old-fashioned because we live our private lives like private, unprofessional

![Gown by Milgrim, New York.](image)

**Use FRESH #2 and stay fresher!**

**PUT FRESH #2 under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then ...**

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.

2. See which one prevents perspiration odor better. We are confident you'll find FRESH #2 will give you a feeling of complete under-arm security.

3. See how gentle FRESH #2 is— how pleasant to use. This easy-spreading vanishing cream is not greasy—not gritty—and not sticky.

4. See how convenient FRESH #2 is to apply. You can use it immediately before dressing—no waiting for it to dry.

5. And revel in the knowledge, as you use FRESH #2, that it will not rot even the most delicate fabric. Laboratory tests prove this.

**FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50c for extra large jar; 25c for generous medium jar; and 10c for handy travel size.**

**Make your own test.** Once you make this under-arm test, we're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration-check. If you don't agree that FRESH #2 is the best under-arm cream you've ever used, the test will cost you nothing because your dealer will be glad to refund your purchase price upon request. FRESH, Louisville, Ky.

Companion of FRESH #2 is FRESH #1. FRESH #1 deodorizes, but does not stop perspiration. In a tube instead of a jar. Popular with men, too.
people. If we have our tiffs, we have them in our dressing room, not in public so they can be hashed over by the columnists. When we have our gay times, we have them at home, too, with each other for company. I never go out with another man and you never go out with another girl. I don't see how two people who are in love say 'You go your way' and mean it. We don't mind the empty rooms in our house because we don't have to have everything overnight. We have all our lives together for 'everything.' We don't give a hoot about those mansions in Beverly Hills or Bel-Air. Ours is not a mushroom marriage so it doesn't have to be a mushroom growth.

BILL: Just what I have been trying to say, dear. When people are true to themselves, to their ideals, nothing is finer—and nothing more. For the ideal is a Golden Wedding Day which will be just as golden as our first wedding day. Against an ideal like this, nothing can prevail, can it? Can it, Ardia?

BRENDA: No, Bill, nothing can.

Cary's a Capra Man Now!

Continued from page 29

her company moved on to the next town, Cary felt so much better. He was able to rejolt his own troupe. He never missed Adair again—though he never failed to read her "notices" with great enthusiasm. And when he read that she and Josephine Hull, who were the hits of the New York stage production of "Arsenic and Old Lace," would play the same sweet old ladies who had sold their souls to old male and find peace by means of their elderly wine—just a pinch of cyanide in it—in the Capra version, Cary could hardly wait to pick the ideal inheritors where it had left off twenty years before.

The first day of production Miss Adair was introduced to Cary on the set. It was her first Hollywood picture, and everything was so strange, and she was a little flustered. She began telling Cary how proud she was to be in one of his pictures, and that she was one of his most ardent fans. "Wait a minute," said Cary. "You don't remember me, do you?" And when Miss Adair looked even more vague than usual, he said, "Don't you remember a poor sick acribat in Rochester in 1921?"

"Why yes, I do," Miss Adair beamed. "He was such a nice young boy, I recall. And so grateful for the little I could do for him."

"And he's still grateful, Miss Adair," said Cary, getting kind of woozy in his throat. "Let's have lunch."

I spent an entire afternoon out at Warner Brothers on the set of "Arsenic and Old Lace," and I agree with Cary that it can't help but be the funniest comedies ever to come out of Hollywood. Stage 9 was really a mad-house going full blast. The two plump little old darlings, Miss Adair and Miss Hull, were worrying about the burial service for their latest victim. ("His name is Hawkins. That's all I know about him—except that he's a Methodist.") Raymond Massey, who has played Abraham Lincoln so often that he is afraid to sit in a box at the theater, was all done up to look like horror man Boris Karloff. With the assistance of murderous little Peter Lorre—who was worrying about the "hot stuff" in the windows of the hospital, which was set to murder Cary, bound and gagged, in what he charmingly referred to as "the hard way"—a slice here, a nip there, until Cary gives up his climbing room. He's as batty as they all get out. Even the sourpuss grips and juicers, who always stand around looking bored, were bursting their seams in loud guffaws.

But before they can murder Cary, John Alexander, who wanders through the picture under the pleasant misapprehension that he is "aorthy" ("We'd so much rather that he be Mr. Roosevelt than nobody") blows his bugle to summon his cabinet, the neighbors complain, and in walks Jack Carson, a cop who's a frustrated playwright. Also, in walks Priscilla Lane in quite a pet because her bridgecom bro way hasn't come home—and on their wedding night too! It's as batty as they all get out. Even the sourpuss grips and juicers, who always stand around looking

**WINX**

FOR LOVELY EYES

**BESTFORM**

*Angela*

This cleverly constructed "Angela" bra is high on your "preferred list" of Beatrix brassieres—one of a varied, complete collection designed for all figure types. It affords control from the sides as well as uplift from underneath. Cotton and rayon bastelite; center section of "Darleen" elastic.

**SCREENLAND**
is always with Barbara Hutton—a fact which causes the Glamor Girls of the movie colony, who have had an eye on Mr. Grant for some time, to gnash their molars in anguish. He likes to read—everything. He likes to play the piano at home for his own amusement. When he is playing for his own amusement it is usually a Jerome Kern song, Jerome Kern being his favorite composer. But when he is playing for the amusement of his guests he plays, and sings, cockney songs, which he picked up long ago when he was performing in English villages with Ben Pender's acrobatic troupe. He is a magazine straightener and an ashtray empierter.

Cary has a passionate hate for red fox furs on women. Always a very pleasant and polite young man red fox does something terrible to him. His other pet hates, as far as the gals are concerned, are red nails, flowerpot hats, and baby talk. Baby talk definitely brings out the Mr. Hyde in him. He is very British when it comes to food. He likes kippers and roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, and he cherishes fond memories of tripe and onions, but never seems to be able to get it in this country. His sense of humor is sensational.

Cary's forgetfulness has long been famous. He frequently forgets to notify his cook that he has invited dinner guests, and having completely forgotten all about them himself he arrives home late from the studio to find his living room full of hungry people—and only two lamb chops in the house. He forgets where he puts his watch, and he forgets where he put his script. He has a white terrier named Archie, and of Archie he has to say, "Archie and I are a pair of screwballs. Archie forgets where he leaves his bones. And I forget where I leave everything."

Many are the amusing stories which concern Cary's forgetfulness, but the best one occurred on a vacation trip to England several years ago. Cary is a friendly soul who likes to mingle, and before the boat was three days out from New York everybody on board was kidding him about his forgetfulness. So at the costume ball on the last night out, Cary decided to come as the absent-minded professor. "I'll be immaculately dressed," he said to himself, "in white tie and tails. Only I'll forget the white tie." Well, when Cary arrived in the ship's salon that night they couldn't have been more excited if Jonah and the whale had suddenly entered hand-in-hand. Mr. Grant was immaculately attired. He even had on his white tie. But—he had forgotten his pants!

The biggest scare Cary has had in a long time occurred recently when he acted as best man at the wedding of his good friend Rosalind Russell and Freddie Brisson. The wedding took place at the little Danish church in Solvang, California, and Cary and Freddie, nervous as waiting mice, were in a little room, off the altar, awaiting their cue. Cary heard the wedding march start, grabbed Freddie, and to his horror found that the door had been locked. Fortunately, Myrna Loy, sitting nearby, saw the knob wiggling, and released the perpetrating Cary and Freddie just in time to keep Rosalind from being deserted at the altar. Which incident reminded Cary of another time he got locked in. He was appearing in a Shubert show in New York, and during the Indian number Cary would have to retire to his tepee on the stage while the chorus girls did their dance routine—at the finale of which he was supposed to burst forth from his tepee and join the leading lady in a song. While he sat in his tepee night after night Cary entertained himself by tickling the chorus girls as they pranced by. But one night the girls plotted revenge. As they danced past Mr. Grant's tepee they pinned the

---

**Get a Man's Eye View of Your Face Powder**

Men see every tiny complexion flaw. But Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder, even in a close-up, gives your skin heavenly smoothness, supreme naturalness.

Any face powder can pretend to smoothness under a kind hat-brim, or in romantic candlelight. But Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder promises your skin utter smoothness even in a face-to-face close-up.

Prove it! Apply Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder. Then—look critically in your mirror—under a bright light if you like. You'll see what a man sees in a Cashmere Bouquet close-up. No particles of powder; no pin-points of color; no blotchy streaks. But an all-over veil of delicate beauty... a flattering, lifelike finish that Nature herself might have given your skin.

In the close-up, too, your skin will breathe the "fragrance men love"... exclusive with Cashmere Bouquet.

6 ravishing shades. In generous 13/4 and larger sizes at all drug and toilet goods counters.

Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder

Another member of Cashmere Bouquet—
the Royal Family of Beauty Preparations
flaps together with a couple of good strong safety pins. Come time for Cary to burst forth in song, and he couldn’t get out. The audience had hysterics, and the manager gave Cary a number one bawling out.

Cary is one of the few Hollywood actors who has never let success go to his head. He’s the same today as he was when he arrived in Hollywood in a second hand broken down car. “Now how can I get concocted,” he said to me. “Every time I begin to think maybe I’m good somebody always comes along and slaps me down. For instance, yesterday on the set there was a young girl visitor who stared at me all afternoon. Ah, I thought, a devoted fan. When I left the set with Peter Lorre she hurried up to me and I was certain she was going to ask for an autograph and that Peter would razz the daylights out of me. But what do you think she said? She said, ‘Mr. Grant, did you really walk on stilts?”


Continued from page 34

Bogart, skippering his boat on Coast Patrol duty, George Brent turning his yacht over for government use. With war in Hollywood’s front yard, the film colony is not restricting activities to entertainment and money drives. Glamor girls are taking their places side by side with the men.

Ida Lupino, for example, actually born under fire during an air raid in London in the last war, can change a tire, overhaul a car and drive a truck along with the best of them. Second lieutenant on the staff of National Defense and Public Relations, Ida signed up for active service over a year ago. Between “shots” on “Moontide,” the picture she is making at 20th Century-Fox, Ida and I were sitting in a car parked outside the set on the back lot.

“Our organization, made up entirely of women, works under Captain Brown in Colonel Colbert’s and Commander Bell’s Ambulance and Defense Corps of America,” explained Ida. “I am specializing in the Ambulance Corps. First on the job during air raids, invasions and blackouts, we are known as the Suicide Squad. There is a driver, a first aid, and from two to three assistants on each ambulance. Each girl, in an emergency, must be able to ‘take over’ the other’s post. So each girl must know how to drive, change a tire and repair engine trouble, as well as render first aid during complete darkness in a prostrate body and knowing how to treat the fracture, hemorrhage, concussion or whatever is found, may sound pretty complicated. But it can be done. It is being done in England. My father, Stanley Lupino, who is an airdraid warden in London, dashes from his ‘Victory Show’ during blackouts to do it. By the way, his musical, ‘Lady Behave,’ has already had a successful run of eight months,” Ida added proudly.

“Our organization, founded by Colonel Colbert and Commander Bell, by funds from their own pocket, is a branch of the Red Cross. Like the Red Cross, it is maintained by donations. Although we are proud of our three ambulances and fifteen station wagons and are the only unit in Hollywood to boast an iron lung, we are in urgent need of more station wagons. With the seat backs turned down and a cot slipped over them, station wagons become super-ambulances.

“I am making a plea for fifteen additional wagons. We do not ask for an outright gift. All we want is the owner’s guarantee that the wagon will be left in his garage ‘on call’ from sundown to sunrise. We promise to call the owner before picking it up. There is no expense to the owner. We supply our own gasoline. We also guarantee to return the wagon in perfect condition. To insure this we give it a complete check-up twice a week, gratis.

“Hollywood is functioning as one great unit. I smiled Ida. Everyone in the industry gives a hand to the other fellow. The Lux Air Show just made a swell gesture. When they heard I was donating my broadcast contract to our Ambulance Corps, they doubled my fee. And when Jack and Harry Warner found out our unit had no place to house our equipment, they turned over two large studios on Sunset Blvd, for the duration. In case of air raids and blackouts, these quarters will be used to care for evacuees and to treat casualties. In fact, it will serve as a hospital base.

“Each studio is cooperating in every possible way. Warner Bros. turned over their Automobile Service Garage for Army use. Studio cars stand by while Uncle Sam’s equipment is taken care of. The other day 20th Century-Fox loaned us staff of scenic painters to camouflage defense guns.

“Like all soldiers, we never go on duty unless in uniform. I continued the little lieutenant. “In uniform, more than not allowed to drink liquor. Not even in our own homes. On my way to duty the other night, I dropped in on a farewell cocktail party, given for a British friend. Everyone, it seemed, was saying ‘Have a drink, Ida.’ Later I learned there were plain clothes men mingling in the guests. Court martial would have been the penalty.

To 5 Out of 7 Women...

New Loveliness in Three Minutes!

Beauty boosts morale! Let Marvelous Matched Makeup by Richard Hudnut help you look your loveliest!

• These days, make a special effort to be beautiful! Avoid the tragic mistake so many women unknowingly make—the lack of color harmony in powder, rouge and lipstick. Such makeup makes you look harsh, unattractive—indeed winning!

Richard Hudnut has solved this problem for you by creating Marvelous Matched Makeup. Not merely rouge and lipstick . . . but face powder too . . . a trio color-coordinated in the laboratory, matched in their basic tones. Just three minutes to apply and instant new beauty is yours!

A face powder, perfect for today’s busy women!

You’ll appreciate the way Marvelous Face Powder cling—actually up to 5 full hours! Sheer, silky-textured—it contains two special adhering ingredients. These ingredients are so pure they’re often advised for sensitive skins.

Try Marvelous Face Powder . . . and for the added beauty of a matched makeup, try Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick too. In true-to-type shades—one just right for you! At your favorite cosmetic counter. Large sizes 56c each.

Richard Hudnut, Dept. M., 692 Fifth Ave., New York City 16-4-42

Please send me metal, purse Makeup Kit containing harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick. I enclose 10c to help cover expense of handling and mailing.

The color of my eyes is . . .

Name

Street 

City

(Goods delivered in U. S. A., except where locally prohibited.)
had taken as much as a sip of cocktail.

"One night each week, Myrna Loy, Mary Martin, Claudette Colbert and other actresses, including myself, receive orders from our respective post headquarters to report for canteen service in the district of nightly blackouts. The hot drinks and sandwiches served from our canteens is the only food available to the soldiers on these dark, cold shifts.

"Please do not get the idea that picture people are the only women doing this work," said Ida. "Our women come from every walk of life. Shop girls, waitresses, housewives, office workers, usually all weary after a full day's work, standing side by side with social leaders—and we all wash dishes, make sandwiches and coffee, all night long.

"Army service has taught me to make orders without question," continued Ida. "Something I used to refuse to do! When headquarters orders me to report for duty, seldom do I know what it will be. It's fortunate that I don't. Last night I would have been scared to death, had I known what was coming.

"My husband and I had just sat down to dinner when a telephone call ordered me to report at once to Pershing Square. As you know, Pershing Square is a small park located in the center of the Los Angeles business district. Recruiting stations, defense bond booths, and canteens dot the lawn. Soldiers off duty congregate there by the hundreds. Upon arrival I was pushed up on a platform. 'Make them buy bonds!' whispered the officer in charge.

"Funny thing," smiled Ida. "People seem to think that an actor can make a speech at the drop of a hat. Here is one who couldn't! I was petrified. Someone shouted, 'Ida, where is your tongue?' When the crowd started to laugh, I thought I would faint. Their laughter seemed to break something inside of me. I commenced to tell funny stories. I thought the crowd would have a fine time. Not only did they buy bonds, but several new recruits joined the Army.

"It is in Pershing Square that Jackie Cooper and his band put on their popular thirty-minute show every Saturday afternoon. With Freddie Bartholomew, who acts as Master of Ceremonies, these lads select their own talent and rehearse them. Jane Withers, Bonita Granville, Virginia Weidler, Jackie Searle are among those who have done their bit.

"Maureen O'Hara donated a piano to the boys of the 88th Quartermasters Regiment at Camp Haan, California, for their day room at the camp. She felt they should have more entertainment because they are confined to camp more than usual now. The boys, who have designated her as "Honorary First Sergeant," rode in to Hollywood in an Army truck to pick up the piano and, after the loading ceremonies, were Maureen's guests at a studio luncheon and a trip around the sets. Edward Arnold is one of the many actors devoting long hours to war work behind the scenes. As president of the Screen Actors' Guild, member of the board of directors of the American Federation of Radio Artists, as well as serving on the board of the Hollywood Victory Committee, tremendous responsibilities rest on his broad shoulders.

"We feel that entertainment is one of the vital needs of the soldier," said Mr. Arnold. "Good spirits and happiness keep up morale."

"Hollywood supplies a large percentage of entertainment sent to Army camps. Booking stars is a job in itself. To control our talent, keep it from becoming bottlenecked or playing in the same show twice, we organized the Victory Committee.

"This week, eight units from Camp Shows, Inc., of New York, started on a tour of Army camps. Each unit, composed
Watch Out For These Symptoms Which May Often Betray Your Age

Do you hate those trying years from 38 to 52—does this period in a woman's life make you feel fretful, nervous, so tired, worn out, blue at times, perhaps suffer dizziness, headaches, backaches, hot flashes and distress of "irregularities"?

Then start at once, try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—famous for helping relieve distress—due to this functional disturbance. Taken regularly, this remarkable medicine helps build up resistance against such annoying symptoms.

Pinkham's Compound has thus helped thousands upon thousands of women to go smiling thru trying "middle age". It's the best known medicine you can buy today—made especially for women. WELL WORTH TRYING!

Younger Women, Too!

Girls in their 'teens, 20's and 30's should also find Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound very beneficial to relieve pain and tired, weak, cranky, nervous feelings—due to functional monthly disturbances. Follow label directions.

Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

We've moved heaven and earth to create the perfect slip for you...to prove it, STAR-DUST carries a written 1 year satisfaction guarantee. It's wash and wear resistant, thanks to the magical acetate rayon weave that's soft as a whisper. What's more, the clever 4 gore cut gives you new fit-perfection...with nary a wrinkle or twist. Be sure to get genuine STAR-DUST...the label $1 39 is your protection from imitations! About of from twelve to sixteen girls, who do singing and dancing acts, along with several actors, is augmented by stellar attractions drawn from the theater, radio, and motion picture colony. The Victory Committee provides headliners for these shows. We found it necessary to organize boards able to take care of emergencies arising in the theaters or halls where these shows are put on. If a unit runs into a snag such as lack of costumes or adequate lighting, the proper board provides it.

"The Victory Committee also works with Washington in choosing celebrities best suited to promote the sale of defense bonds. Carole Lombard, God bless her, who sold over a million and a half dollars worth of bonds on her last day on earth, belonged to this organization.

"Dorothy Lamour has just finished an unprecedented tour, on which she paid all her own expenses. In the New York Ghetto, alone, her sales of defense stamps in the missions and settlement houses was tremendous.

"Hollywood to promote entertainment for isolated Army camps. Laurel and Hardy, John Garfield, Kay Bolger and Chico Marx were sensational on their recent Caribbean tour. Jock Whitney, chairman of the Rockefeller Foundation, representing Hollywood, is working up a South America tour that will soon be on the way. I think it would be a good idea to send a star a month to England. Such excursions act like warm handclaps. They establish dynamic, unforgettable ties of friendship and unity!"

Although Mr. Arnold said nothing about his own personal appearances to aid war defense, all Hollywood appreciates his readiness to go wherever and whenever needed. Last week, on an hour's notice, the Rotarians flew him to Denver for a luncheon speech that went out over a national broadcast. The night of the afternoon he talked to me, he was scheduled for a talk in Sacramento, while the following day he was due for a dinner speech in Chicago.

Victor McLaglen, RKO star, has the unique distinction of turning over to the government two hundred fully equipped, highly trained light horse troops, a trained motorcycle corps of forty-five men and one hundred expert horsewomen known as the Women's Auxiliary Troop. Starting with a nucleus of eighteen men, eight years ago, Colonel McLaglen's Light Horse Troops had grown to two hundred when war was declared. Equipped and trained by their colonel, this unit is a valuable addition to Uncle Sam's Army. The large tract of land bordering Griffith Park, V.P. bought for drill grounds, with its stadium, football field and race-track, has also been turned over for government use.

Since Pearl Harbor, the Hollywood glamour girls have shown what stuff they are made of. Service to their country has become the important issue. Army and Navy uniforms, flat-heeled shoes and little make-up, has become Hollywood's smartest ensemble. Gay night life in the film capital no longer flourishes. Most of Hollywood's night-clubs—Ciro's was the last to close its doors—are dark. Picture celebrities are attending first aid classes, assisting in canteens, and doing night warden duty instead of dancing and drinking champagne.

Carole Landis, looking smartly military in her Bundles for Bluejackets uniform, had no time to eat lunch during our interview in the 20th Century-Fox commissary. She was too busy getting pledges for a year's ten-dollar-a-month contribution for her unit. From her tour of tables during luncheon, Carole secured signatures of Charles Boyer, Victor McLaglen, Gregor, Maugen O'Hara and Dana Andrews.

"Bundles for Bluejackets is a Navy unit,"
explained Carole. "We need so many things for our recreation centers. Radios, phonographs, lights, chairs. It will take all the money we can raise.

"Tomorrow I am spending all day at an airport taking fingerprints of private pilots. The call just came in from the Aero Nurses Corporation of America. That is another unit of which I am a member.

"I wish I had more time for the radio course I am taking. Transmitting and receiving radio messages is absorbing work. We are learning all sorts of special things. In an emergency, our unit, made up of women, can 'take over' an airplane factory."

When complimented on her smart uniform Carole stood up laughing. "You wouldn't call this belt, set two inches above my waistline, exactly smart! My skirt is about two inches too long to be chic. In the service you soon learn to take what you get and like it.

"It's fun to watch new recruits fitted for uniforms. These sleeves are too short! This skirt is too large! Chuck! Chuck! How they do go on!"

"When Commander Loretta Schimmoler appears she soon sets them straight. 'These garments are not intended to be form-fitting,' she says smiling broadly. 'They are uniforms, not sports clothes. The skirt is cut long enough to cover knees when you are holes are too low to permit easy movement.' Once on duty, we soon learn to appreciate our uniforms.

"I must not be late at headquarters," said Carole, jumping up. 'We have just moved in on the floor donated by the Alexandria Hotel in downtown Los Angeles. We feel fortunate to get so central a location. It saves tear and wear on the members, as well as on their automobiles and tires.'

With nightly blackout duty shifts, watches, and listening posts on cold mountain tops and foggy coast lines, Southern California soldiers need great numbers of sweaters. Claudette Colbert, who organized a knitting corps for the British War Relief, has added two hundred knitters to her group to make sweaters for our boys. Lynn Baine, who has been appointed Los Angeles Area Knitting Chairman for the Army and Navy, is distributing sufficient yarn each day to knit one hundred sweaters.

Melvyn Douglas, who has been appointed a Red Cross volunteer, continues to pour into Washington. Eddie Robinson gave his entire earnings of one hundred thousand dollars from his latest picture to the U.S.O. Bette Davis has twice donated the proceeds of her radio broadcast to the Red Cross.

Each star helps in his or her own particular way. Joan Bennett, who wears the uniform of the American Women's Volunteer Service, donated a pint of blood to the Red Cross. Madeleine Carroll has opened her Palos Verdes home to the soldiers of the State Guard, stationed on the beach nearby. Phyllis Brooks, with her 'Parties Unlimited'—a group of screen stars who dance and sing—makes long treks to Army camps. Edgar Bergen and 'Charlie' have organized their own unit to make a tour of the camps. Glenn Ford, appointed first assistant to the mayor of Santa Monica, gives hours of his time to defense work in his home town. Melvyn Douglas, for years an active worker for the Administration, was busy with speeches and defense bond sales until his recent appointment as chairman of the U.S.O. Court of Honor by Dean James M. Landis, O. C. D. executive.

Ida Lupino voiced the plea of all Hollywood when she said to me, "Please do not feature me as a screen celebrity in war aid. I am a soldier serving my country. Being a good soldier is the greatest thing I can do."

AN ANNOUNCEMENT BY
Constance Luft Huhn
HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANGEE
Makers of the World's Most Famous Lipsticks

Now, at last, all you've longed for in a lipstick is combined in our new Tangee SATIN-FINISH—a softer, glossier sheen—a texture not too moist—yet not too dry—a lipstick that stays on and I really mean stays on, without blurring or smudging.

With this basic Tangee improvement, which we consider our most important news in 20 years, you now have not only Tangee's gloriously clear shades—not only the famous Tangee cream base that feels so soothing to your lips—but the exquisite grooming of a SATIN-FINISH that lasts for hours and hours.
A target range topper! Ann Miller of the twinkling toes sets a new record—840 taps to the minute—in "True to the Navy," when she steps up her tap dancing to match the firing pace of a machine gun.

**BEETE DAVIS** can create news without trying. Recently Bette left to vacation on Sugar Hill in New Hampshire. Not wanting to be bothered with beauty parlors during the two months she'll be away, Bette took scissors and hacked off her hair. Hair stylists all over the country promptly copied her. Right after she made her hair short, Bette was called back to the studio for one day's retakes. You should have seen them struggling to tack on long hair, to match the shots in the picture! The production department almost tore out their hair while they waited.

It's a good thing Dolores Costello has a sense of humor. Between shots Orson Welles tries to amuse her by giving out with impersonations of ex-hubby, John Barrymore! Orson, by the way, is nutty on the subject of magic. He practises card tricks on the crew. When he returns from his picture-making trip to South America, he hopes to find a suitable story in which he can play a magician.

**LOU COSTELLO** may be a ha-a-ad boy in the movies. But he's an awfully go-o-od boy when it comes to selling defense bonds. Every day a different Hollywood star makes an appearance at the Defense House, in downtown Los Angeles. Lou offered to take the first ten bond buyers home for dinner. His partner, Bud Abbott, volunteered to take the next ten out to Universal studios for lunch. The boys were almost killed in the rush!

**TO SEE** George Montgomery in a room with Hedy Lamarr, is to know that the man from Montana has really fallen. They sit in corners together completely oblivious of everyone else around them. George strokes Hedy's hair, squeezes her hand affectionately, and hangs on every word she says. (And he says practically nothing.) But even romance doesn't interfere with the early hours George keeps, when he's making a picture. Hedy took him to a party at her good friend Ann Sothern's house recently. Promptly at nine-thirty George announced that he had to go home!

Between scenes of "Out of the Frying Pan," Eddie Bracken, below, does some impersonations for Susan Hayward and finds her a good audience, while Director Edward H. Griffith looks on. Lower, Fred MacMurray and Rosalind Russell in "Take a Letter, Darling," hilarious comedy in which Fred plays the secretary—not Roz, as you might suspect. She's the boss.

**A FRIENDSHIP** worth watching is that of Peter Lorre and Kaaren Verne. They met for the first time on the set of "All Through the Night." Peter is still married, though he hasn't lived with his wife for nearly seven years. Kaaren has a young son by a first marriage. He is still in England but she hopes to bring him here when it is safe to cross the Atlantic. Ever since she came over from Europe, Kaaren has been quite lonely in Hollywood. Peter has been more or less a recluse himself. When their personal problems are settled, their legal difficulties ironed out, perhaps happiness together will be their reward.

**BETWEEN** shots of "Frying Pan," Ann Sothern, below, shares her Bette Davis hairdo with her co-star, John Wayne. At a recent cocktail party, Ann turned up with her hair copied exactly after the one she wore in "Yankee Doodle Dandy."
EVER since the Lombard tragedy Hollywood producers are begging their stars not to fly unless absolutely necessary. Tyrone Power was straining at the leash to get back to Chicago and see his wife, Annabella, open in the Noel Coward play, "Blithe Spirit." He had to promise to take the train.

JUDY GARLAND'S recent trip to New York was the most exciting thing in her life. She wrote back to Hollywood friends, saying how wonderful it was to travel with a husband instead of a chap-erone! We think she's got something there. Especially when said husband is that nice guy, Dave Rose.

THAT was some vacation Louis Hayward had. His contract with RKO called for his services starting and ending on specified dates. Something went wrong and the script wasn't ready. Louis got paid off anyway. So he set out by car to see America. The balance of the money he turned over to the Red Cross.

WHEN the Ray Millards invited Ann Sothern to Sun Valley, she immediately ordered some smart ski clothes from designer Bernie Newman. When Ray heard about it, he dashed over to Ann's house. "Now, Ann," he pleaded. "You don't want to look like a movie star. Why don't you wear practical clothes? Then you can really rough it and have fun." Now you know why Ann and Ray were seen shopping together in Sears-Roebuck. He picked out most of her things!

WHAT'S this about a feud between Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine? Not again! Olivia isn't supposed to have known anything about it. But the story goes that one day when she called up to see how sister Joan was feeling, she was informed that Mrs. Aherne wouldn't come to the phone. With what is going on in the world today, it struck Olivia so funny she's been laughing ever since. It's probably well over by now.

Grand Opera meets good taste

American-born Metropolitan Opera star Natalie Bodanya reached the top simply because she has that extra something that marks a standout.

And, more than any other drink, the same is true of Pepsi-Cola. Those Pepsi-Cola extras—finer flavor, better taste and bigger size, make it welcome always. Treat yourself today for a nickel. You'll agree, Pepsi-Cola tastes better—first sip to last.

Purity...in the big big bottle
— that's Pepsi-Cola

Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y. Bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast.
It’s Easy to Look “STAR-LOVELY” with WESTMORE FOUNDATION CREAM

Large economy size, 50¢
Smaller sizes at variety stores

House of WESTMORE Inc. HOLLYWOOD

Created by the famous Westmores, Hollywood’s Make-up Masters.

Used by leading stars for real life as well as “real life.”

Given your face a smooth, even, glowing tone...covers little blemishes, tired shadows...and it’s non-drying!

In six skintinted shades, with Face Powder to blend. Also, vital-tone lipstick, rouge (cream and cake), skin-fresher, cleansing cream, dry skin cream, eye-shadow and mascara.

PINS 30c, RINGS 10c
Class pins, club pins, clips and enamels. Four sizes. Removable, stickbacked. Write for our attractive, free catalog. Dept. W, Metal Arts Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Corns & Calluses

Song & Poem Writers!
Have you a song, poem or just a hint? WE SUPPLY THE MELODY and make recordings of your original songs. Send your songs to

CINEMA SONG COMPANY
P. O. Box 2538, Dept. CI, Hollywood, California

WHAT CAUSES EPILEPSY?
A booklet containing the opinions of famous doctors on this interesting subject will be sent FREE, while they last, to any reader writing to the Educational Division, 535 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y., Dept. SU-4

LADIES don’t take unnecessary risk with Health and Happiness. Famous Platinum Hydros, Boric Antiseptic Creams. Boric Creams are convenient to use. FDA creams at contact with hair for delicate issues. Non-Poisonous—Non-Irritating. No Apparatus. Small handy size, white capsules in purse—just 25c. Send Post Paid for only 50c. Or trial size of 4 Capsules, only 50c. Enclose cash, check or money order.

JOHNSON PHARMACAL CO.
861-34 AVE. Dept. “S” N. Y. CITY

Meet Mrs. Mickey Rooney!
Scoop! Exclusive pictures and the “inside story” of Mickey Rooney’s bride. Don’t miss them in the big April issue of

10¢ SILVER SCREEN 10¢
Ask for a copy at your newsstand today!

50 DAYS TRIAL
FALSE TEETH
As low as $7.95
Per Plate. DENTAL PLATES made in your own teeth. WORKMANSHIP and MATERIAL GUARANTEED on PURCHASE PRICE refunded. We take this risk on our 50-day trial offer. DO NOT SEND ANY MONEY. Mail post card for FREE our LOW PRICES, DON’T PUT IT OFF—Write us today! BRIGHTON-THOMAS Dental Laboratory Dept. 1107 6237 S. Halsted Street, Chicago, Ill.

Crowing Pains of Joan Leslie

Continued from page 27
I do that myself. The last star I tried to copy was Ingrid Bergman—the way she walks, for instance. I practiced her walk in front of my mirror for hours! And her absolute naturalness—I tried to copy that because unnaturalness is one of the problems of Sixteen. I tried to sort of absorb the something-quiet about her, the way you know what she's feeling because you can see her thinking it. Garbo does the same thing, too—just by her movements. I don't think there's any harm in that, taking things that help you as an actress and as a person, from older women—after all, when I did inversions in vaudeville I did that, and more—I just tried to take over a whole personality at a time.

"It's only when you begin to act not your age that it's silly, I know it's a temptation, I've succumbed to it myself. Like when I had a spell of dashing around at breakneck speed, running, always running, like I was very important, giving people the 'Huloo how ARE you? routine, talking very brightly (I thought) telling very fast stories—know who cured me of that? Mr. Cooper."

"It was like this: we were in the art gallery at the studio one day having a few pictures made. And I was all over the place at once. Well, he just sat there, very passively, watching me fluster about, and after awhile, still very quietly, he said, I can see you are working very hard right now—what for?"

"Well, I couldn't be honest—that's one of the pains of Sixteen, we almost never dare to be honest—and say, 'to make an impression.' But I did say it to myself and I added his 'what for?' And there wasn't an answer to that except how silly I was being.

"He helped me to outgrow that pain, Mr. Cooper did. Now when I'm with Bette Davis or Jimmy Cagney or some older star and I say something dumb or do something dumb, I don't try to cover up. I just say, 'Oh, now that's stupid of me, I won't do that again.' It's much more comfortable. So, thanks to Mr. Cooper, I never fluster or run around anymore.

"One of the most painful g.p.'s of all is trying to act naturally with men. Gosh, you really do have to train yourself NOT to put on acts with men! Every girl wants like anything to make an impression on a man, especially on a man she admires. If I do say so, I think my g.p.'s in that particular way have been more acute than for most other girls, because mostly girls, when they meet celebrities, usually never get to meet them. And goodness knows, they don't get to play love scenes with them, even on the screen!"

"If any girl of my age is reading this, now, and says she has a crush on Tyrone Power or Errol Flynn or anyone, just let me ask her to stop and think how she would feel if, suddenly, she was called upon to play a love scene with her crush! Boy, I think the mere idea gives her goose pimples!"

"Take me—when my sisters and I were working in vaudeville, oh, years ago, three or four, I had a crush on Mr. Cooper, also one on Eddie Albert and one on Don Ameche. But the most terrific was on Mr. C. Why, when I was a kid we were staying in Orange, New Jersey, I think it was, 'The Plainsman' was playing there. I used to dash out and watch it between shows. I got it all figured out so I could see it all through twice a day. I'd
THE NEWEST BEAUTY TRICK:

"Make-Up"
FOR YOUR HAIR!

A 3-minute miracle of loveliness you can perform yourself...at home!

Yes, now you can actually "make-up" your hair! You can heighten and enliven its color-tone—without permanent dyeing or bleaching! Marchand's exciting new "Make-Up" Hair Rinse does the trick! Right at home, in almost no time, you can transform drab, lifeless hair into hair of sparkling, young beauty!

So simple to use! So safe!

Marchand's "Make-Up" Hair Rinse goes on—and washes off—as easily as your face powder and lipstick! You simply dissolve the delicately tinted rinse in warm water and brush it through your hair. Then...look in your mirror! See how your hair gleams with radiant light and youthful color!

Marchand's "Make-Up" Rinse accents and highlights the color-tone of your hair—unfailingly...without dyed effect! There's nothing in Marchand's to harm your hair or make it brittle. Made with Government approved colors, the tint does not "come off"—until your next shampoo!

FREE...In your own hair shade!

Whether you're a blonde, brunette, redhead, grayhead—or "in-between"—there's a Marchand's "Make-Up" Hair Rinse to complement your individual hair-coloring! Mail the coupon today for a generous "Try-It Packet" free!

FREE SAMPLE COUPON
Charles Marchand Co., 745 15th Avenue, N. Y. C.
Please send me, free and postpaid, a "Try-It Packet" of Marchand's Hair Rinse. The color of my hair is:
Blonde...Black...Brown...Dark Brown...Light Blonde...Blonde...Chestnut Brown...

Name__________________________
Address______________________
City__________________________
State________________________

Copyright, 1942, by Chas. Marchand Co.
sister!') and they'd say, 'why, yes, we are—in it? it thrilling? Don't you find it thrilling? And I'd say, 'Oh, yes, I do!' And by that time someone usually rescued me—and me.

"Well, that's a pain I'm growing out of. That tongue-tied thing when intelligent people are around. I'm curing myself by reading as much as I can. Like when I have to read scripts and references are made to stories or operas, or to historical events, I get books of summaries and read up on them. So that I can think of something adult and intelligent to talk about when people visit. It's a great help.

"Then, there's the problem of dates for us Sixteen-Year-Olders. As I said, I don't smoke and I don't drink and, for that matter, I don't have dates. I have only had two so far. That's all. I don't miss not having dates, you can't miss what you haven't had. But the two I have had makes me feel sympathetic with other girls of my age who probably have to go through what I did—like the first date I had, I went to a dance at Loyola College with a boy. And if Daddy didn't drive me there and then he waited for hours until the dance was over and drove me home again. It embarrassed the boy to death. Me, too, I just had to keep telling myself, 'Well, it won't always be like this!'

"I really have a more complicated problem, about dates, than girls who are not in the movies. It is just as well for me that I don't care about having them because— who would I have dates with? The men I work with in pictures, like Humphrey Bogart and Mr. Cooper and Henry Fonda, are either married or so much older than me that they have a hard time even making believe they are making love to me. The only other boys I meet are the brothers of my sister Betty's beau or the brothers of the girls I want to school with at Immaculate Heart. And they'd get teased some-

thing terrible if they took me out. They've said so, it's come back to me.

"It's a funny thing—I bet you think that being a movie star makes a girl awfully popular with boys, makes boys want to take you out a lot. But it doesn't. If they're young boys, it embarrasses them, like I said. Like the other date I had, when I went to a dance at a class reunion of the 8th Grade, the boy I went with stumbled over my name when he introduced me, something fierce. 'Meet Miss Bro-el, Miss Les-er,' he said, all in a lather. He half didn't want the others to realize I was Joan Leslie and he half did—that's one of our pains, you see, we're halfway people, neither children nor grown-ups. And if they're older men, it would embarrass them, too, in a different way. Or bore them.

"Another Growing Pain is, I think, the fear that we won't be popular, that if we go to a dance we'll be wall-flowers, that the stag line won't cut in on us often and all that. We're afraid of the older girls, the more sophisticated girls, the ones who are the belles of the ball—well, imagine living in Hollywood where you'd have to compete with the Linda Darnells, Lana Turnerers, Sheila Ryans, Carole Landis, girls like that—enough to give anyone growing pains all over!

"And when I go to parties with girls I knew before I was in pictures, I have to be awful careful, I want to look good because if I didn't look as good as I did before I went in the movies, they'd think it hadn't done anything for me. And if I looked too good, they'd say I was trying to show off. I have to be very careful of what I say, too. If I should happen to mention my dressing room or make some unfortunate remark about people waiting on me, like bringing me a chair on the set, they'd think I was being a movie star all over the place!

"So I just keep pretty much to myself, have a few boys and girls over to the house to play ping-pong or badminton now and then and let it go at that—for the time being.

"I don't give much thought to falling in love, either, I really don't. I'm not either afraid of it or anxious for it. If I have any fear about it, it's a fear of losing it, afraid that all the qualities I want wouldn't be there. That's kind of silly, though, because I really don't know what the qualities I want really are. Except I'm sure I couldn't stand it if 'he' were too good-looking. I know I'd want 'him' to be more real looking than good-looking. And I think I'd like to have 'him' be an actor because then we'd have the same tastes, the same interests. But to be honest, I'm not thinking much about 'him.' I've got an awful lot of work to do before 'he' comes along. 'He' can wait.'

I said, breaking in, practically by main force—no one can say that young Miss Leslie lacks an active brain or an articulate tongue. 'You don't have to worry about what you're going to do or be, Joan—you are spared that sort!'

But she said: "In a way, I'm spared that one, of course, but in another way—I often lie in bed at night and think how different things will be if I am a huge success in motion pictures—it frightens me a little. I think of what we've got now. Mom and Daddy and Betty and Mary and I—and how I want to keep it, have it stay the same, and how success sort of moves in on you and changes things around; and then I immediately clear that fear out. I don't think I need to worry for quite a while yet. And then I think of NOT being a success, of how people all say 'Halloa, how are you?' to me now, and really seem to mean it—and I think of the stories I've heard of the people who don't stay with you after you're not a success, and it all sort of worries me, makes me think this is one

TO BE LOVED, BE LOVELY!

Ageless secret of a woman's charm
is perfume... and its modern interpretation is this fragrance of romance... Evening in Paris! Every crystal drop breathes it... every wisp of its elusive scent whispers it.
way where being halfway is best, makes
me think I don’t want anything to change
from the way it is right now, where we
have so many things we didn’t have before
we came to Hollywood, but don’t have so
much that it really changes us any—so that
although I can get, now, what I want in
clothes, I still have the fun of having to
shop around, picking them out, still get a
kick out of getting a new suit at a wholes-
salers, for one-third the price I’d have to
pay in department stores, still haven’t had
any big splurge, except for my car, still
go to the dime store and get little things
so I can change things around at home, like
I get some kind of Happy Birthday paper
table-cloths for the dining room and paper
favors, whether it’s anyone’s birthday or
not, just to sort of brighten it up in there.

"Well, it all comes down to what I said
at first, I think," Joan told me, "that I
like being Sixteen and acting Sixteen. I
don’t want to be older, I like being half-
way, pains and all. I’ll outgrow being young
soon enough and fast enough—too soon and
too fast—I wish other girls would write
and tell me how they feel about it!"

Dorothy Lamour, as she appeared during her
national tour, selling Defense Bonds and
Stamps in every large city of the country.

Inside the Stars’ Homes
Continued from page 13

Sift together, flour, baking powder, corn-
meal and salt. Now beat flour mixture
into the egg and milk; add melted Crisco
and beat again. Bake on hot waffle iron.

"For those who can’t eat waffles, I have
muffins, some plain, and some orange and
strawberry," Ruth iterated me. "They are,
i’m told, very simple to make."

ORANGE MARMALADE MUFFINS
(Makes 12)
2 cups sifted flour
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup sugar
1 egg, well beaten
1 cup milk
1/2 cup Spry, melted

Orange marmalade

Sift dry ingredients together. Combine
egg, milk and melted Spry. Turn liquids
into dry ingredients and stir vigorously
until all flour is dampened. Put a tables-
poon of batter into each cup of muffin

E VER wake up in the morning wondering how the day is going
to turn out? Whether new triumphs will come your way?
Take last Friday . . . it was your day from dawn to dreams.
You breezed through First Aid class like a Florence Nightingale.
And at the U. S. O. dance, you and Tom, at the piano,
were the center of the circle.

But today something tells you to crawl back under the covers,
quick! It happened last month and the one before. And now, with
everything happening . . . you would be the one to beat a retreat!

What gets you is why should “difficult days” cause you worries
when other girls sail along without a care in the world!

Say “Good Morning” . . . and mean it!

Why not take a tip from the girls who sparkle and shine every day?
Ask them and you’ll find most girls choose Kotex sanitary napkins.
They’ll tell you that Kotex is more comfortable.

Why? . . . because Kotex is made in soft folds that are naturally
less bulky . . . more comfortable . . . made to stay soft while wearing.
A lot different from pads that only “feel” soft at first touch!

You’ll take Kotex for mental comfort, too! There’s extra confidence
and poise in knowing your secret is safe—that the flat,
pressed ends of Kotex do away with embarrassing bulges. That a new
moisture-resistant “safety shield” gives added protection and safety!

Add it all up and you know why Kotex is more popular
than all other brands of pads put together. The best proof that
Kotex stays soft!

Be confident . . . comfortable . . . carefree
— with Kotex*


S C R E E N L A N D
77

‘TAIN’T IN TEXT BOOKS!
Where’s a girl to get those little intimate hints she needs
to know about her “problem”? The new booklet “As One
Girl To Another” tells all. Send your name and address
to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. S-4, Chicago, III., for copy FREE.
pan greased with Spry. Place a teaspoon of marmalade in the center of each and cover with remaining batter. Try them with strawberry jam, too.

"My mother always talks about my coming party," said the young actress, laughing, "and I’ve decided to add gingerbread to the menu—not gingerbread served with a good hard sauce. If anyone survives the waffles and sausages, he will surely fall for the gingerbread.”

GINGERBREAD
2 cups sifted flour
2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon soda
2 teaspoons cinnamon (Burnett’s)
1 teaspoon ginger
1/3 cup Crisco
2 eggs
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup Duff’s Molasses
1/2 cup molasses
Cream Crisco and sugar. Add molasses and well-beaten eggs. Then sift in flour, soda, baking powder and seasonings, and stir in, alternating with milk. Pour into greased bread pan or muffin pan.

Turn oven heat regulator to 350° F. (moderate oven). Bake 30 minutes if in bread pan, 20 minutes in muffin pan.

HARD SAUCE
Butter
Confectioner’s sugar
Vanilla flavoring
To make one cup of hard sauce put 4 level tablespoons of solid butter in a bowl and stir until it has the consistency of cream. Then sift in the butter a tablespoonful at a time, and stir until each addition of sugar has combined with butter. Continue to add sugar until mixture is of solid consistency. During last addition, add 6 to 8 drops of Burnett’s vanilla. Know what that means? You rag live bunnies. Ruth will have about half a dozen little white rabbits, numbered harmlessly with water colors, on hand in her closed-in garden. Their butch will be at the foot of the garden, their food box on the green-tiled patio, all will be released at once and the one reaching the food box first will be champion. Gone will be the given candy Easter eggs to “bet” on the winner.

The egg hunt at Ruth’s party will be for colored eggs, and the hunting-ground will be the both inside and outside of the house. Heaven help the hunters outdoors, for Ruth’s California farmhouse is set in a wide lawn of grass where eggs of any color can be секретed almost indefinitely.

The hat race is a competition engaged in sitting down. Ruth will supply quantities of items out of which guests will be asked to create Easter bonnets—the first one finished gets a prize, but the finest prize goes to the prettiest hat. The hostess has about decided to make this latter prize a bottle of perfume set in a pot of Easter lilies.

"I shall have lots of flowers, feathers, bright pins, ribbons and fabrics on hand, but I’ll also have things for surrealist like tin tinsels, vegetables, wire, scissors and sponges there, so those who wish can follow that urge," she explained, with that drool look of hers I wish I could imitate.

The art competition will result in favors for the party. Each guest will receive an undecorated, hardboiled egg, a box of water colors and a paint brush. Numbers will be chosen, two of each, and the man and girl whose number is drawn will be required to make portraits of one another and duly present them. You take home your own portrait. Perhaps the best will get a prize. Ruth’s kitchen has become so modern; she keeps her passion for antiques for the rest of the house. Up to now, her chief success has been in her living room, which is most charming. There’s an Oriental rug in soft jewel tones, each piece of furniture repeating one of the colors. Delight blue in the gracefully curving old-fashioned yellow cream in an old-time rocker, pale rose in a grandfather chair.

She has a rocker on a set for a picture she made at Columbia Studios. It was just an old rocker then, but she liked the curve of the back and the satiny quality of the wood. "We moved the rocking chair out, but I wanted to keep it," she smiles. "When I gave it to the director of the picture, he was thrilled."

After that event, you can imagine that Ruth kept a sharp eye on the furniture used in her latest film "H. M. Pulham, Esq.," but there was nothing that fitted into her house.

The well-known picture, Lady at the Opera, occupies a prominent place on the living room wall. Ruth has two reasons for her fondness for this: it belonged to a very dear friend, and it looks enough like her to be her sister.

Handpainted cups and saucers, picked up triumphantly in an odd little shop, stand on either side of the piano. Argument rages in the Hussey household as to whether or not some of her various acquisitions are worth the cash, but these cups are an agreed bargain.

"Just because a thing has a corner knocked off doesn’t mean it valuable," her secretary tells me,” observed the young actress, with the glint of a smile in her eyes; “but I contend that I don’t like things that haven’t been lived with, and had a history. She says that if her own grandfather had hacked a piece out of a table she could treasure that table—unless—but to make a matter who hacked, if it’s a really old piece.”

Ruth is so crazy about beauty that her housekeeper says: “All you need to satisfy Miss Hussey is a rosebud on her breakfast tray and some pretty dishes to contain the food. If it’s pretty enough, you can get away with anything. She won’t know what she’s eating.”

"I know what I’m eating when it’s apple sauce cake,” objected Ruth. “That’s my idea of ideal food.”

APPLE SAUCE SHORTCAKE
1 1/2 cups flour
2 teaspoons Calumet baking powder
1 teaspoon Cow Brand baking soda
1 teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon cloves
1 teaspoon cinnamon
3 tablespoons Crisco
3/4 cup sugar
1 egg
1 can Campbell’s Tomato Soup
Sift flour, then measure, add baking powder, soda and spices and sift again. Cream Crisco, add sugar and cream well. Then add the beaten egg. Add flour mixture alternately with the soup. Pour into a well-buttered 9 inch square baking pan and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 30 to 40 minutes.

Cut into squares, split and use apple sauce for filling.
have a public because the women, the girls, and even the children of our country have overnight, so to speak, been put into positions of responsibility. We are assuming all kinds of responsibilities and jobs that we would have laughed at a year ago. The public is expecting of us a good performance. We are constantly confronted with the slogan "Youth of the nation." That means spirit! Well, if we suffer from an inferiority complex because of a poor, adolescent complexion, or because of forty pounds overweight, or any of the extreme good looks problems, then spirit can certainly not be what it ought to be. We certainly cannot feel like licking the world if we cannot lick small failures in ourselves. And if there is any tonic in this old world for verve and pep, it is self-confidence; the knowledge that we do present an attractive face and figure to the world. And I believe that everyone can do this. So—no matter what your problem, say to yourself "I, too, will be lovely!" Practically every star has confessed that somewhere in her 'teens she felt rather miserable about herself. Anita Louise felt she was too tall. Glamorous—and that adjective is not exaggerated—Norma Shearer had flaws in figure as well as face, believe it or not. Alice Faye blossomed like a rose with some good direction in the way of personal appearance. And so it goes. The last time I saw Joan Leslie, she was "vaguely brown." About her nails, which were not all she wanted them to be.

Great blessings for many of us are at hand. The lipstick! No colorless, vaguely defined lips any more. Color and life and romance are in that precious stick. And with a little care, any girl can improve the shape of her lips, and without gross exaggeration, either. With clean, sparkling teeth, a lively lipstick, you have an appealing smile. And the right smile is more precious than a classically beautiful but "deadman" any day. Try the way, isn't it time for a new lipstick number or two for April?

Then, there is the permanent wave. This has revolutionized the heads of the world. Once, you were born with curls or else... Today, the permanent comes within reach of every pocketbook. And such improvements, too! There are the right preparations, methods, pre- and post-care for any type of hair. You can, today, get what you both want and need—not just a permanent, but one for you. And there are wonderful shampoos for home use. Lotions that make the reset of your permanent child's play, and have styles ever been nice? The bale of feather curls, by the way, is something for schoolgirl-business-girl, girl in a service cap and homburg. It is very easy to care for, has a youthful ebullience and is smart. And a special prayer of thankfulness for eye make-up—to be used gently, by the very blonde, those with indefinite color and size of eye, and by the glamor queens, of course, for an added swish. The right touch of mascara can often remake a face. Of the most of the stars I know use a little, but use it very well, for all occasions. For the very blonde, whose long invisible lashes take on a new loveliness when the lashes are lightly touched with a brown mascara. Brown seems better on the light-lashed for daytime. Black or dark blue does the trick by night. The eyebrow pencil can enhance a brow greatly by offering a degree or two in depth of tone, black or brown, and by lightly tapering the outer ends. Then shadow used correctly for eyes double these wonderful things in the way of shaping eyes, accenting color and expression.

Nail lacquer has been a great boon to graceful hands. Strange, how when our fingers are gleaming with jewel tones we use our hands more carefully, with lighter, easier movements, how much more capable—and caressing, too—those hands can be. Please, Mr. Government, see that we get bright nail lacquer for the duration! It will help make us better soldiers.

Do a little figuring on your figure! Wear bright, gay colors. Give a thought to your posture at once—slumped shoulders over desks, that midriff slump, which produced a spare tire, but not the kind we need, quicker than anything else, that hopeless drop of your head. Bad posture habits, as often as overweight, cause poor figures. In many cities, salons are giving quick, complete courses in body betterment, designed primarily from the war angle, to teach you to lift, to move, to carry, to reach, with ease and without harm by straining usually unused muscles. Incidentally, these courses are wonderful figure beautifiers, and I have always believed that class or organized exercises do more for us than we take them alone. The trick is competition! It's a great lure to achievement, and a group is always good fun, too.

Now that it's April, please analyze your self critically. Pick out your own flaws. And get to work on them. Work, while there's time. And I'll help you if I can with suggestions. Say to yourself, "I will be lovely!" And you can be lovely. By your good looks, your good health and good spirits, you can give and give today and in this giving there is no hurt. You'll love it and everybody will love you! Ask the stars; they really know!

"We used to dare teachers and friends to tell us apart. But that was before we made a tooth powder test. Lucky me!" We flipped a coin and I won Pepsodent. Bernadette chose another leading brand."

"Who'd have thought it would be so noticeable! Everyone remarked about it. My teeth became twice as bright as Sister's. Even Dad marveled that Pepsodent made such a difference...so Pepsodent's the choice of the whole family now!"

For the safety of your smile... use Pepsodent twice a day... see your dentist twice a year.
my dear child," Beauvais said softly. Madame Roget sat up sharply at his words and now Dupin saw the way her hands plucked at the afghan covering her knees. "Stop beating about the bush!" she demanded. "What have you found?"

It was almost as if she had expected the news they had given her and accepted it too. There was no sign of grief in her mobile face. Only the girl showed emotion.

"No, no!" she protested, making no move to check the tears streaming down her cheeks. "It can't be true! She was so gay and alive!"

Then suddenly the tears stopped and her eyes filled with incredulous hope as they stared at the girl coming into the room, the vivacity beautiful by her side, with the laughing brown eyes and the mocking smile playing around her sensuous mouth. "Hello, everyone," she called lightly. Then, as if amused at their astonishment, she added, "What's the matter? You look as if I were a ghost."

Madame Roget was the first to recover from the shock of seeing the girl they had thought dead walk so unconcernedly into the room.

"Marie!" she said sharply. "Where in heaven's name have you been?"

The girl didn't answer as Camille, almost indifferent in her joy, ran across the room and held her in a tight, convulsive embrace. "I knew it, Marie!" she whispered breathlessly. "I knew it! You're not dead."

"Of course not," Marie smiled indulgently. "Whatever gave you that notion, you silly little dumpling?"

"The police here found your body in the river," her grandmother explained. "She died of exposure."

"How distressing!" Marie's gay laughter filled the room, making it come alive with her own vivdness. "Don't you think the police must be pleased to have my body to me? I can still use it, you know."

"It doesn't matter," Camille hugged her again. "We've got you back. That's what counts."

"No, that isn't all," Beauvais shook his head severely. "See here, Marie, you owe us an explanation. You've had all Paris in a turmoil."

"You mean, I owe you an explanation," she laughed and there was no mistaking the meaning behind her words when the man flushed unhappily. "I'm sorry if I've caused anyone concern," she went on lightly. "It's really nobody's business where I go or what I do. Tomorrow I go back to work at the Comedie-Francaise as usual."

"My dear Ma'maselle," Gobel looked at her impatiently. "You don't seem to understand. My department requires a full report."

"You're good at these things, Henri." Marie smiled thoughtfully at Beauvais as she walked to the door. "You can handle the police." And her eyes held his as she touched her finger-tips to her lips and blew him a kiss.

Even Gobel, always so volatile and excitable, was silent as he and Dupin left the Roget house. But his case made sharp staccato notes as he tapped it restlessly and before they'd rounded the next corner he had to speak.

"It's the most curious crime I've ever come across," he said. "A woman without a face. I have a hunch there's a definite connection between the Roget case and that of the man's body."

I'm sorry, but you said an animal's claws could have mutilated her face. And there's that old Madame Roget. She's a queer duck, eccentric, possibly a bit twisted. She's got scads of money and yet she lives like aching elephant in an old-fashioned house in the Latin Quarter. She's got a pet cat, a nearly full-grown leopard. I can't quite puzzle it out."

"Forget her. Colonel Dupin turned to hail a passing hansom cab, "It's a blind alley." But even as he said it he wondered. She was an enigma, that old woman. He made up his mind to see her again.

Back in the old house in the Latin Quarter Madame Roget chuckled as her old fingers ruffled the back of the leopard's head. Then suddenly she tensed and she heard voices coming from the living room across the hall. Those foolish children, their bothering to lower their voices when she was around, thinking with the sublime insolence of the young that the old must also be deaf.

"It's all settled, then?" a young man's voice asked, and Madame Roget straightened as she heard it. For the man talking, young Marcel Vignoux, had never been a favorite of hers and she quite forgiven Beauvais for introducing his young subordinate to her home.

"I want Marie to be the first to know," Camille said, and there was a new rush of happiness in her voice.

"Do we have to tell Marie?" Marcel sounded troubled and then at Camille's, recalled explanation he went on hurriedly. "I was thinking it would be so much more exciting if we just cloped and didn't tell anyone. Just surprise them all."

"But I must let Marie know," the girl said softly. "I've never kept any secrets from her."

"Marie doesn't tell you everything," Marcel persisted. "I mean about her going off like that for ten days."

"That's the first time she hasn't," Camille agreed reluctantly. Then she laughed. "For that matter, you haven't told me where you've been for nearly two weeks yourself."

"Oh," Marcel hesitated. Then he went on with new confidence. "That's because of my work at the Ministry of Naval Affairs. They sent me out over to the Far East at a moment's notice. That's what it's going to be like, Camille, when you're married to an attaché in the diplomatic corps."

So that's how it was. Camille and Marcel were in love and she had never guessed it. Madame Roget shook her head forbiddingly as she realized how wrong she had been in thinking it was Marie the young man was interested in. Then she tensed as she heard another voice, Marie's voice, gaily calling a greeting as she opened the door to the living room.

"Marcel, my pet," There was her throaty little laugh, her bright charm, her magnetism to make her voice the more irresistible. "I love you."

"Then he's going to break your heart, dear!" Camille laughed, so used to her sister's exaggerations that she couldn't take this one seriously. "He has something to tell you. We're going to be married."

"Married!" There was only that one word, but even Camille must hear how stark it sounded with all that warm laughter gone.

"Why, yes!" The younger girl sounded hesitant. "You expected it, didn't you?"

There was a pause before Marie spoke. But superb actress that she was, she had managed to preserve her composure. "Yes, of course," Her voice came quickly, reassuringly. "And
I wish you all the happiness in the world. Oh, I forgot my fur piece and my bag. I must have left them in the bedroom. Will you get them for me, Camille?"

Madame Roget grasped the arms of her chair, leaning forward as she heard the girl's light footsteps running up the stairs. She had to hear what those others were saying.

"So you're going to marry her?" Marie's voice came venously now that she was no longer making the effort of being casual or unconcerned or gay. "You don't love her, and you know you don't."

"Take it easy, Marie," Marcel cautioned. "Someone might overhear you!"

"I don't care who hears." Marie's voice rose shrilly. "In fact, I'm going to tell them everything! You hear? Everything! I don't care what happens to me. I'll let them know it was you I went away with and that you promised to marry me. That..."

The man's voice struck across hers like a whip lash.

"Are you going to let petty jealousy wreck our plans?" he demanded. "I don't intend to marry her. It's merely to cover us. No one could possibly suspect me, her chance, when she disappears tomorrow night. Can't you see?"

"I should have known." Relief brought all of the lost allure back to Marie's voice. "You're so clever, Marcel, and I'm so stupid. You do love me? Only me?"

"Nothing can change my love for you." The man's voice came vibrant and low as he took her in his arms. "If you'll only trust me."

"Then we'll carry our plan through at the de Lucy's party," Marie whispered. "And once Camille's gone, we'll have everything."

Old Madame Roget sat rigid, her heart hammering so loud she was certain those two in the other room must hear it. Then with an effort she forced herself to rise and go over to the desk in the corner of the room and even before she wrote the note she addressed the envelope to Dr. Dupin in her bold, almost masculine handwriting.

It was the girl found in the river Dr. Dupin was thinking as he and Gabelin presented themselves at Madame Roget's house the next morning. At last there was a clue, an important one, for his laboratory tests had proven beyond doubt that the victim of the fiendish murder was young, English, and that she had not lived in France longer than twenty-four hours when she was killed. Being a chemist he had put one of his favorite theories into practice, for Dupin felt that human beings were what they ate and the chemical analysis had revealed that the victim's last meal was so typically English that it would have been impossible for her to have eaten it in any restaurant.
or hotel or even private home in Paris. He had practically decided the Rodin mystery was only a coincidence and not connected with the murder at all when Madame de Luc's note had arrived urging him to come to her at once.

Her small, bright eyes flashed with impatience as she looked from Dupin to Gobelin. "I made it very clear, Dr. Dupin," she said coldly, "that I wanted to see you alone."

"Then you'll have to excuse us," Dupin bowed. "I'm afraid we'll have to be going."

"Wait a minute." Her voice came sharply, imperiously. "Don't go. I want you to escort my granddaughter, Camille, to the party. Madame de Luc is giving for Marie tonight. You see, I happen to know that she's going to be murdered tonight."

The old voice sounded strangely calm. "I want you to prevent it."

"Are you sure you know what you're saying?" Gobelin demanded incredulously.

"Of course I'm sure, you fool," Madame Roget said. "And I don't want any police notoriety about it, do you hear?"

"Why did you select me?" Dupin asked quietly.

"For your work on the murders of the Rue Morgue." She smiled for the first time. "My memory is even sharper than my ears."

"What makes you think Camille is to be murdered?" Gobelin looked like a pouter pigeon puffing himself up so importantly.

"Again let me remind you this is no affair of yours," Madame said testily.

"In that event I'm afraid I can't do as you ask," Dupin said quietly. She looked amused at that. "You're not fooling me," she chuckled. "You want to know why Camille is to be murdered. She comes into her grandfather's fortune tomorrow. It's better than a million and a half francs. Now do you see?"

"Who'll benefit by her death?" Gobelin demanded.

Madame Roget looked at him in scornful amusement. "Don't ask me fool questions!" she said sharply.

"I don't believe a word of it," Gobelin pursed his lips pompously. "If Camille's to be murdered at the de Lucs' party, I should imagine you wouldn't permit her to go at all."

"Who cares what you believe?" The old lady's voice was openly hostile as she turned away from him. "Perhaps you know, Dr. Dupin, why Camille must go to that party."

"Of course," Dupin nodded. "There's no telling when another attempt might be made. Tonight's the logical time to catch the one who tries it."

"I knew you were clever," Madame Roget's eyes twinkled. Then they softened as she saw Camille coming into the room. She was so different from her sister, so fresh and unpolluted and artless. And in his heart the young Doctor knew that in any case in which she was concerned could never be just a matter of routine for him. She was like that spring he had seen once in Brittany, so soft and tender, with her hair brushed up in that little coronet of curls, with her eyes the blue of a morning sky and her cheeks the color of the apple blossoms he remembered so well, etched against that same Breton heaven. And she was so young, as young as spring itself.

"It will be a pleasure indeed," he assured her grandmother, looking at him so questioningly.

The party had already begun when they arrived the next evening. Lights gleamed from all the windows and great colored lanterns were strung on the trees bordering the great lawn that swept down to
the banks of the Seine. Camille’s eyes shone as she heard the dance music and Dupin’s heart contracted as he looked down on her. Only a fiend could want to harm this lovely, defenseless child.

Strange to say, in all this gaiety, this brilliance, that dark thing waited. Everything took on new meaning remembering that, the whispered words he overheard as Marie and Beauvais walked in the garden and the way the man’s smile twisted so desperately as he told her of his love and how the girl laughed after he had walked away, as if his torment meant nothing to her and then how her eyes softened when she saw Marcel coming toward her. But it wasn’t of love they spoke there together in the garden.

“We can’t go through with it,” Marcel whispered, thought to see him bending so solicitously over, the girl, no one would have guessed the portent of his words.

“It’s altogether too dangerous with that Dupin around. Your grandmother is responsible for him being here. Camille told me he’s supposed to be a sort of bodyguard. Somehow the old lady’s got wind of our plans, I’m sure.”

“Impossible,” Marie protested. “She couldn’t have found out. We’ll never have a better opportunity. We’ll have to go through with it in spite of them.”

“Yes,” the man looked excited as he threw down his cigarette and ground it under his heel. “Maybe the police being here is just what we need. It’ll happen right under their noses. You’re very clever, Marie.”

It seemed like a nightmare, a fantastic, brilliant nightmare. Everything was so gay as Dupin danced with Camille, as he looked past the other dancers to see Marie in Marcel’s arms, no longer urgent, demanding, but laughing as she glanced up at him. Even afterwords when she sang for them, sang as only Marie could sing, the feeling of nightmare lingered and twisted into the laughter and gaiety. And it was the nightmare which was real.

For the evening ended in tragedy and in the morning a diver brought another body up from the Seine and this one too had no face!

Only it wasn’t Camille who had screamed in the darkness the night before. It was Marie, and it was her jewelled evening bag they had found in the garden and near it lay the dainty handkerchief embroidered with her sister’s name, placing Camille at the scene of the crime.

Marie Rogel had disappeared again. Was it her body Dupin was kneeling over now? He couldn’t wait to have it taken to his laboratory, to delve into this new mystery, but even as he was examining it a naval officer and a squad of marines came with orders from Beauvais that the body was to be delivered to them. There was nothing Dupin could do but comply since as Minister of Naval Affairs all harbors and rivers in France were under his jurisdiction.

It was a twisting, shadow-filled street, the Rue Morgue, shunned even in the daytime and always deserted at night. There at the end of it stood the dread building of the dead itself, its green light on its door shedding its macabre glow into the street. The man holding a small bag under his long cloak, his muffler concealing his face, looked as mysterious as the street itself, as he held himself close to the walls, moving furtively as if he dared not be seen.

Slowly, cautiously, he forced his way into the building and moved between the rows of marble slabs, the bodies lying on them concealed by the white sheets which covered them. He lifted the coverings one after the other until at last he reached the body he was looking for. He must have made a noise, for at that
"Brighten your BLUE DAYS as I did mine!"

IT'S a discovery for any girl—any woman to learn how Midol brightens "dreaded days" by relieving functional periodic pain.

But it's a discovery millions have made! Among thousands of women recently interviewed, more reported using Midol for this purpose than all other preparations combined, and 96% of these Midol users said they found it effective!

Isn't it time you, too, stopped giving in to needless functional pain, and started relying on Midol to make the pain yield, instead? Unless you have some organic disorder calling for special medical or surgical care, Midol should help you. Try it, and trust it. It contains no opiates. One ingredient is widely prescribed for headache and muscular pain; another exclusive ingredient quickly relieves menstrual pain particular to the time. Look for Midol on your druggist's counter, or ask for it. Large size, only 40c; small size, 20c.

MIDOL RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

Give Your Lazy Liver This Gentle "Nudge"

Follow Noted Ohio Doctor's Advice To Relieve CONSTIPATION!

If liver bile doesn't flow freely every day into your intestines—constipation with its head-aches, back-aches, and "ehs!" So stir up your liver bile secretion and see how much better you should feel! Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive-Tablets used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients with constipation and sluggish liver bile.

Olive Tablets, being purely reagent, are wonderful! They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods but also help elimination. Get a box TODAY, 15c, 30c, 60c.

SONG POEM WRITERS

Cincinnati, Ohio

REMOVING SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

A SMALL DIREC'T THAT INNOVATION BE CáchE.

For hair on CHEEK, UPPER LIP, ARMS, LEGS.

LECHLER'S VELVETATE

NOT A DEPILATORY

No risk in following directions. No disfiguring. No danger. No plugs. No extra charge. Easy to carry on your pocket-book—and as easy to use. In a week a heavy hand or a long beard is turned to a "fluffy" coat of velvet. For C.C.G. use the five cents post-age.

CINCINNATI

550 Broadway

500 Broadway

New York, N. Y.

SCREENLAND

84
whispered. "I killed her to prevent her killing you. Why did you disfigure the face?" Dupin asked coldly.

"I don't remember doing that," Marcel shuddered. "Maybe... maybe it happened in the river!"

Gobelin took charge then, stripping his gaze excitedly.

"You realize, M'sieu, the law must take its course?" And then ignoring Dupin's frantic signals to stop him, he went on importantly, "You are under arrest and I wish to advise you that everything you may say will be used against you!"

Suddenly Madame Roget began to laugh and after a startled moment Dupin's laughter joined hers. "The little dog laughed to see such sport," he choked and again the laughter swept over the two of them, leaving the others staring nonplussed at the old lady indicated Gobelin.

"And the dish," she could hardly talk for her laughter, "And the dish ran away with the spoon," she gasped.

"Gobelin, I want you to withdraw the charges," Dupin whispered as the carriage holding them and their prisoner drew up in front of the courthouse. "Do as I say, don't ask questions. Drop the charges before it's too late!"

"See here, Dupin!" Gobelin glared.

"This is too much, really!"

But even when the prisoner was arraigned before the magistrate Dupin insisted and when Gobelin persisted in ignoring him he played his trump card. "If you don't I'll testify in Marcel's behalf," he threatened. "Make up your mind, Gobelin. Quickly!"

"I don't know what you're up to," Gobelin said bitterly. "But I'll never forgive you for this." And Dupin felt almost sorry for him as he glared at the magistrate's desk, looking like a deflated balloon with all the pomposity gone out of him. Then he straightened as Marcel, freed of the charges against him, came over to him, his face distorted with fury.

"I don't know what you have against me, Dupin!" he said bitterly. "You know I was justified in killing Marie and that I'd be cleared, but for some reason you've got it in for me." Suddenly he lifted the glove he was carrying and struck it against the doctor's face. "This is just the last thing I do, I'll kill you..."

"Confident, wasn't he?" Dupin smiled as he hailed a hansom cab outside the courthouse and gave an address in a low voice.

"That's the first time I've heard the word, doctor. The dish ran away with the spoon. On the face of it that jingle seems silly. Apply it to this case, however, and it takes on significance. The most impossible things happen in that Mother Goose rhyme and the most impossible things happen in our mystery of Marie Roget. You see?"

"No," Gobelin said testily. "I don't!"

"Marie disappears," Dupin pointed out. "A body is found, identified as Marie; she reappears, won't talk. I'm hired to protect Camille and it is Marie who is murdered. Beauvais tries to hush it up, the old lady tries to dismiss it. We suspect Beauvais, the old lady, Marcel and Camille."

"Now that we know Marcel's story it all makes sense," Gobelin insisted stubbornly. "Except for one thing," Dupin said. "It's not justified homicide as Marcel claims. It's a cold, calculated, premeditated, carefully planned murder! Don't you see, if Marcel went to trial on the charge you were preferring, no jury would convict him? He'd be exonerated. Then if afterwards we were able to prove it premeditated murder, he'd laugh at us because a person cannot be tried twice for the same crime."

The same would apply to Beauvais and Madame Roget."

"Then you're not sure it was Marcel?" Gobelin asked.

"I was only supposing," Dupin said quietly.

"You'll be the death of me yet," Gobelin glared. "Say, he demanded, looking out of the cab window. "What are we doing here in front of Madame Roget's house?"

"Baiting a trap," Dupin smiled tantalizingly. "Drive on, Gobelin. I'll see you later this afternoon in my laboratory."

But it was almost evening when Dupin looked up from his dissecting slab as Gobelin came excitedly into the laboratory.

"Don't interrupt, Gobelin," he cautioned. "I'm about finished." He bent over the table for a few moments longer, then laid aside his scalpel with a sigh of satisfaction. "It's completed. You'll be glad to know that...

"Confound it, Dupin!" Gobelin interrupted. "We've just received word from Scotland Yard, they've traced that first body. It's...

"The wife of Marcel Vigneaux," Dupin finished for him.

"How did you know?" Gobelin demanded.

"I always believed there was a connection between the two crimes," Dupin said calmly. "It's like the links in a chain. Marcel married her in London several years ago and then abandoned her. When she showed up and threatened to upset his plans, he killed her and mutilated her face in hopes of hiding her identity."

"Why didn't you tell me this?" Gobelin asked.

"Because you've got a weakness for rushing in where angels fear to tread," Dupin smiled. "You'd have promptly arrested him and spoiled all the fun."

"We don't know for sure it was Marcel who killed Marie. Suppose it was the old lady or Beauvais or even Camille? We'll..."
TEETHING PAINS RELIEVED QUICKLY

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION
Just rub it on the gums
Buy it from your druggist today

DO WRINKLES OR FROWSIES mar your Beauty
B & P Wrinkles & Frowsies will help smooth them away. Be sure you get the genuine, the B & P Wrinkles & Frowsies. Even the Two Women used by Ladies of Distinguishing Taste for over 40 years, 50c to $1.50 per box—half size 25c at Drug and Department Stores. Sent direct at receipt of price.

The B & P Co. Cleveland, O.

FALSE TEETH by MAIL
60 DAYS' TRIAL—Send No Money!
Made for you from your own mouth
impression! Money Back Guarantee of Satisfaction! FREE Impression Material, directions, catalog.
U.S. Dental Co., 1555 Milwaukee Ave., Dept. 4-109, Chicago

KIDNEYS MUST REMOVE EXCESS ACIDS
Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes
Flush Out Poisonous Waste
If you have any traces of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

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, pulzitude under the eyes, headache and diahrreah. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladders.

Kidneys must help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by thousands. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

A Letter to Heaven
Continued from page 33

opened it, there was an old cinders-size pair of shoes. He grinned. All the rest of the day Carole hobbled around the set in those shoes. There came a happy friendship that all of us shared in part. Of that picture was the first established to replace her niche for comedy. She went up, up, up, from that on.

Things were good and dull after we finished. She became a law of comparison to our group. Whenever we were getting ready to start another "opera" we'd say to each other, "Oh Carole, are we going to do anything?" And you think she'll be anything like Lombard?"
The question still goes.

You can't shoot a fell of thinking and I thought I would be a wonderful thing if someday two or three might get together. I hoped they would. And they did. Their steadfastness in friendship grew into a proper connection. Only now and then are we privileged to witness such a union.

Of course, if you weren't a Lombard fan you couldn't understand this. And if by chance you don't know it--here's a little look into that which made her world the most perfect place to live...

Carole didn't know a thing about guns and fishing poles, but she learned. And with the vital determination that was hers, she learned, RIGHT! She was the blondegirl who liked color, lights, warm places, and a clean face. So, she put her hair in pigtails, her legs in tights, and her gun on her hip and she moved around in places with her man in their station wagon. That was her big time. You've probably heard about the jam in the valley. It was designed by the architect "Beauvais," the art director at the studio who has done most of the sets for Clark's pictures.

Clark and his girl went for the jam that was planted and together they watched it grow. When their trees were in bloom we made jam from the fruit of their garden. Carole laughed when I told her we marked it "Plum-Jam-Gable." One day they went out and found a little calf running around. "I refuse to have anything to do with you," Carole said to him, "so when we stew you I won't feel guilty." But one look into her face made you know that he'd make a miserable calf. "It's no use," Gable. Maybe you don't know that Mrs. Gable knew how to run her house. And the recipes she used to give were no good for anything.

Everything they did was a special occasion. The nights they took themselves away from their fire and went to the local movie house for love of it. "Pappy and I are going to the movies!" They'd go on picnics and there'd always be little refreshments. As we'd scream when she'd tell the combinations they ate. "It would poison ordinary people—but we're crazy—so nothing hurts us!"

Always she managed to make her so beautiful. Her thoughtfulness was ever talked about. Months before Christmas she'd start making lists to buy presents.
for those she loved. She always shopped herself—always knew what everybody needed. Her room would be piled high to the ceiling. She remembered the things that should be remembered. She wrote every note herself—answered every letter. There was never anything half-way about Carole.

I know many of the people with whom she had business dealings. They worshipped her. Nothing was ever wrong—everything was just right.

She was friend to the little fellow. "They're the ones who make pictures," she'd often say.

When an airplane crash carried some of our studio people to their death and some to incurable injuries, it was Carole who attended the funerals—Carole who visited the hospitals—Carole who knew what to say when she saw the ones who had legs cut off and backs broken, Carole who brought them their favorite flowers—their favorite candy, their favorite books, and their favorite stories. She visited them when they went home—not just the first few days. For she never worried in doing. When they would have been forgotten or classified as "unable to work" it was Carole who saw to it that they were put back to work. "No difference now" is what she said. Her generosity seemed to open the way for a bigger flow of goodness.

If a bunch of us were talking or laughing on the set and she was in her room or in another corner, she'd yell: "Bring it over here—or wait till I get there—don't you know you can't leave me out of ANYTHING???" And we could always let her in on what we did or said.

An almost fatal accident had left scars on her face, above her eyebrow, on her cheek and on her lip. She'd joke with the cameraman and say, "How about my operation—do they show?" But never once did she tell the camera man that she preferred the other side of her face; never once did she wonder if he'd make her look prettier enough. Strangely, these scars seemed only to enhance her great beauty. I remember her telling how she was strapped to the table while these scars were made and they were unable to use her. "Did it hurt?" I was brainless enough to ask. Her big blue eyes popped. She should have fed me soap! "Sister, I thought, "You've got guts!" I'll never forget what one of the boys said when we realized how much she must have suffered. He said: "She's the real CAROLE!"

Her love for her family, for whom she always had time, was great. Her mother said, the day before they left, "I don't approve of flying—but what my baby wants is tops with me. And whatever happens—I'll be with her,..." These are the things we would have talked about....

And now, before I close—Clark called a day after you left and asked: "What time do we start our picture?" "Eight o'clock," I said. "Holy cats," he yelled, "that's the middle of the night—I haven't worked for four months—maybe I won't be able to make it?" That tickled me. At seven-thirty your Clark was there. And he started the picture—was in the very first shot—with twenty-one kids from nine years down. They pulled at his coat and yelled "Bang, bang" in his ears and they interrupted his dialogue. He worked. He was swell. You know he would be! The next Friday, all day long we talked about you. Clark, Ruggles and I. I asked him how all your pets were. He laughed, "Wait till Maw finds out that the two dogs and the cat slept with me last night." I knew you'd get a bang out of that. He called the air office every hour to see if you'd be in on time. He was planning such funny jokes for your homecoming.

"You'd Never Guess My Age"

It makes her skin look younger, fresher than it has in years.

NO—you'd never guess her age! Is she 19—30—35?

Once she looked quite a bit older. For, without realizing it, she was using an unflattering shade of powder. It was a cruel shade—treacherous and sly. Like a harsh light, it showed up every line in her face—accented every skin fault—even seemed to exaggerate the size of the pores.

But look at her now! She looks younger than she has in years!

For she has found her lucky shade of powder—the shade that flatters her skin—makes it look fresh and enchanting.

Are you sure the shade of face powder you use is exactly right for you? Are you sure it doesn't lie about your age—doesn't say you're getting a little older?

Why take that chance? Send for the 9 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder and try them one after another. Let your mirror tell you which is your lucky shade—the perfect shade for you!

Lady Esther Face Powder is made an entirely new way. It's blown by TWIN HURRICANES until it's so softer and smoother than powder usually is. That's why it clings so long—that's why its shades and its texture are so flattering.

Send for all 9 shades

Find your most flattering shade of Lady Esther Powder. Just mail the coupon below for the 9 new shades and try them all. You'll know your lucky shade—it makes your skin look younger, lovelier!

Lady Esther FACE POWDER

LADY ESTHER, 7162 W. 65th St., Chicago, I1l. (77)
Send me your 9 new shades of face powder, also a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing.

NAME:

ADDRESS:

CITY:

STATE:

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

SCREENLAND 87
CAROLE LOMBARD'S LAST FILM
presented in complete fiction form
READ "To Be or Not To Be"
the illustrated story based on the great Ernst Lubitsch production, exclusive in April issue of STARDOM, Hollywood's Most Exciting Magazine of Facts, Fiction and Photos, in full four colors—the movie magazine you've been waiting for.

"To Be or Not To Be"

Friday afternoon, just before we stopped shooting, the boys pulled a gag on Clark. He was to enter the scene carrying a Gladstone bag. The boys loaded it with five dozen books. Ruggles said: "Okay, Clark, just come in and throw the bag across the room." Clark put his hand down to grab the case. We were all watching. "Holy smokes!" he shouted, "I'm nailed to the floor!" I knew you'd get a kick out of that, too.

You know, Clark is a sweetheart. Carole, dear. After ten years of great success, he's just like he was—only nicer. That's because he knows you.

Outside they're more velling something about a beautiful girl killed in a crash. She was coming home from a mission of mercy. Her mother too.

You were coming to visit us next week....

Now, about Clark. He couldn't be with people who loved you both more. Besides that, he's with all the boys who have been around him since he first started in the world, tempting objectively for an enemy which these very plants will one day crush. Across the street was a studio whose pictures had been blasting at the Nazi tyranny almost from the first appearance of Hitler.

Were the planes coming?

There had already been a practice blackout and the newspapers had said there would be no... The door of "The Blue Evening" swung open.

Two grim figures, faces partially hidden by their tin hats, entered. They were obviously air raid wardens on an inspection tour.

"Any news?" someone asked.

"Nothing except that all radio stations have gone off the air."

That deafening silence once more. But only for a second.

By candlelight Olivia de Havilland is something for the poets to write about. The reporter wanted to know if she was frightened.

No, it's not enough. I'm not at all scared. I don't think either will be. I guess it's because I'm not afraid of death—only of pain. I know I shouldn't like to die now, and I'd probably be too much death to be useful, although I don't quite know how.

Speaking for myself, life is much more to be feared than death. The torment of life can be long-lasting and excruciatingly prolonged. That isn't true about death.

The waitresses brought the entrées. Nobody wanted anything except coffee.

"For the first time in my life," she said after a pause, "I wish I were a man. I'd like to get into this in a primitive way, which, I suppose, is the proper formula for war. There are those of my friends—Geraldine Fitzgerald is one—who feel that during war-time actors should act. And there are those—Burgess Meredith is one—who think that acting isn't enough, that, after all, acting is merely our job. The chamber leaves his job and picks up a gun doesn't he?" he argues. Buzz volunteered for active service before the bombing of Honolulu, but I don't think the Army has acted on his application yet. So did Jack Carson who has been married only a short while and has been a proud father for a shorter time than that.

She paused to light a cigarette. "I don't quite know what I shall do. I don't quite know what I CAN do." She spoke with the air of mingled bewilderment and sadness. "I do know that I, and all of us, can keep the spirit high, if nothing else. There are those who like to say in times like these that civilization should blush for shame and we should go back to the days of the Neanderthal Man and start all over again. That is not realism, but escape. Realists know that every minute is a new beginning.

"I think I am one of those realists, I believe in fighting. I believe strongly in resisting, in never giving in, and submitting only when it's part of a larger plan which will bring victory in the end. I think all Hollywood is like a ship, and I believe it's time to organize its resources, but to its redeeming credit it recognized immediately the import of the attack on Honolulu. I don't know an actor who isn't willing to give everything he has."

Someone remembered the music box. Someone else dropped a nickel in and the tenor came on again with "Just the Way You Look Tonight."

"Yes, I suppose I'm a fatalist," Olivia reminded. "But I have come to the conclusion that life manipulates human beings—not human beings life. The big things that have happened to me were those in which I lived, shut up in a room of my own. I shut myself up there and when they called me, I had no idea of what was going to happen."

"And you think you're one of them?"

"I don't think that being a fatalist means to accept what comes without fighting. A fatalist fights and, having done his utmost, accepts the verdict calmly and without protest. But he doesn't fight."

"After 'Gone With the Wind' things became too damned ridiculous as far as my career was concerned. Mostly I seemed to be doing nothing but stereotypes. I thought it all out and decided to fight. I took a suspension or two. I got to read every story property I could get my hands on to see if there was anything there for me. I was delighted to run across the script of 'Strawberry Blonde.' They couldn't see me in that role with a telescope. I had to shingle around for it. I liked doing 'My Love Came' to Europe because it didn't earn 18 millions at the box office."

"This last year or two I've been doing my best work. For that matter, I have been wearing my best parts. Not without quick mind you. It isn't enough to be able to prove that you can do good work. You've got to prove that you're hard and tough and that you not only can fight, that you WILL fight. And that you WILL win.
seems to be the only means I know of gaining self-respect.

Olivia smiled, an arch, twinkling smile.

"The studio and I are getting along famously, thank you. I think my employers are wonderful. Sometimes they really pretend that I'm clever when I'm not. And even talented. Why, nowadays they actually listen until I've finished talking and say tolerantly, 'Yes, we understand.'"

She stopped and the tenor stopped and from the other end of the room you could hear shrill feminine laughter, as if someone were trying to cover up an embarrassing silence.

"I don't want you to get the idea that I feel I have everything figured out, that I have life licked. I haven't. Actually, I'm a paradox, a practical dreamer. There are times when the dreamer in me is all-dominating. That is when the realist in me has to fight to bring me back to the world that exists."

"As a paradox I behave in conventionally paradoxical fashion. I like sentiment, but I hate sentimentality. Sentiment is the true: sentimentality is the false, the obscurer of the true.

"I like to be liked, and yet I don't become fond of people too easily. It isn't that I don't want to. It's only that it doesn't come naturally. To complicate matters further, I unbind occasionally to a stranger and yet I rarely let down the barriers—completely—to friends. Geraldine Fitzgerald is a case in point. She's as dear a friend as I have and yet somehow we're not 'girls together.' We don't tell each other what is in our hearts. Our friendship is real, but so is the barrier.

"I demand good manners in people and yet I must confess I have my questionable moments. Yes, I'm afraid I've even made a scene or two. I don't merely get angry and throw things. I get bloody mad. I tell people off, although I'm sorry afterward.

"I like tidiness—tidy clothes, tidy minds and the rest. And yet I don't insist that the men I know be dressed like Beau Brummells or think like logicians.

"I like to look at chic ladies like Marlene Dietrich, Claudette Colbert, Rosalind Russell and a dozen more. I admire their chic but for some strange reason I don't find myself emulating them.

"Don't like talkative women and yet I've been prating about my appendicitis operation for almost a year now.

"I think femininity is one of woman's greatest charms and yet—in case you haven't heard—I do more than my quota of swearing. I am not justifying it. Nor am I recommending it.

The waitress came with more coffee. The reporter seized the opportunity to ask the all-important question: was Olivia de Haviland happy?

"I don't know whether happiness is quite the word for how a person feels in times like these. But if an absence of pain, frustration, or heartache, plus a sense of achievement, go to make up the happy woman, the answer is yes—with red letters. My health is wonderful, my work is wonderful, and my heart is well, serene. In other words I'm not in love—not even vaguely. Love is a luxury. Love is an evil magician... (suddenly her eyes took on that lost softness). No, I don't know whether I believe that. Come to think of it I've done my best work when I've been in love. The first time was when I was playing Melanie in 'Gone With the Wind.' The last time was during...

The door opened and the two wardens stepped in again. They can turn the lights on again. We've just received the all-clear signal."

So said Olivia de Haviland, apparently. She got up, all smiles, put out her hand. "It was nice of you to come," she said. And she was gone.

---

**POOR COMPLEXION**

*Let this MEDICATED Cream help heal externally-caused blemishes*

- Don't "cover up" a poor complexion! And don't think there's "nothing you can do" about externally-caused pimples, ugly chapped lips and rough, dry skin!

Take a hint from scores of professional nurses — many of whom were among the first to acclaim the greaseless, MEDICATED cream, Noxzema, as a complexion aid!

Noxzema does so much for poor skin because it's not just a cosmetic cream. It's medicated — not only helps smooth and soften rough, dry skin, but also helps heal externally-caused pimples and blenniones. And in addition it has a mildly astringent action!

Try using Noxzema for just 10 days, as a night cream and as a delightful, protective powder base. See, for yourself, how much this greaseless, medicated, "pleasant-to-use" cream can do to help make your skin clearer, softer, lovelier!

**SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER** — For a limited time you can get a generous 25¢ jar of Noxzema for only 19¢ (plus tax) at any drug or cosmetic counter. Give Noxzema a chance to help your complexion. Get a jar today!
SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle
By Alma Talley

ACROSS
1. Co-star, "Johnny Eager"  81. Feasted
2. "Woman of the Year"  82. Looked at
3. "Ball of Fire"  DOWN
4. Scout
5. External
6. The sheltered side
7. Star, "Two-Faced Woman"
8. Number
9. Winter vehicles
10. Part of the face
11. He plays Charlie Chan
12. Stellar
13. Island
14. To pull by a rope
15. Jumbled type
16. He's featured in "Paris Calling"
17. "Small Town..." (Jane Withers)
18. Southern state (abbrev.)
19. "Son of Fury"
20. Reply
21. "Ball of Fire"
22. Brief letter
23. "Small Town..." (Jane Withers)
24. Compass point (abbrev.)
25. "Our Miss Brooks"
26. "Irish"
27. "I Married -- Angel"
28. Some stars use this on their hair
29. A kiln
30. Constance Bennett's married name
31. He plays Elmer Owen
32. Co-star, "The Maltese Falcon"
33. Uncovered
34. Co-star, "They Died With Their Boots On"
35. To state
36. "Unfinished Business"
37. "H. M. Pulham, Esq."
38. "Woman of the Year"
39. "Ball of Fire"
40. "Son of Fury"
41. A kiln
42. "I Married -- Angel"
43. Some stars use this on their hair
44. A kiln
45. "Woman of the Year"
46. "Ball of Fire"
47. "Son of Fury"
48. "I Married -- Angel"
49. Some stars use this on their hair
50. A kiln
51. "Woman of the Year"
52. "Ball of Fire"
53. "Son of Fury"
54. "I Married -- Angel"
55. Some stars use this on their hair
56. "Woman of the Year"
57. "Ball of Fire"
58. "Son of Fury"
59. "I Married -- Angel"
60. Some stars use this on their hair
61. A kiln
62. "Woman of the Year"
63. "Ball of Fire"
64. "Son of Fury"
65. "I Married -- Angel"
66. Some stars use this on their hair
67. A kiln
68. "Woman of the Year"
69. "Ball of Fire"
70. "Son of Fury"
71. "I Married -- Angel"
72. Some stars use this on their hair
73. A kiln
74. "Woman of the Year"
75. "Ball of Fire"
76. "Son of Fury"
77. "I Married -- Angel"
78. Some stars use this on their hair
79. A kiln
80. "Woman of the Year"
81. "Ball of Fire"
82. "Son of Fury"

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

90
PORTRAIT OF A WALLFLOWER

Annette was a debutante.
She came from a good family.
She went to the very best schools.
Then she "came out"—
And NOTHING happened!
Here she is at a party, all dressed up,
And no heart to break but her own.
Dainty, sweet, and her nose CAREFULLY powdered,
She wears just the right shade of lipstick,
But her eyes are a BLAKK—
They just don't register!
One day Annette learned about MAYBELLINE,
Just as you are doing—and,
Look at Annette NOW!

MORAL: Many a man has been swept off his feet by fluttering lashes!

Annette’s lashes now appear long, dark and lovely, with a few simple brush-strokes of MAYBELLINE MASCARA (solid or cream form—both are non-smarting and tear-proof).

Annette’s eyebrows now have character and expression, thanks to the smooth-marking MAYBELLINE EYEBROW PENCIL.

For a subtle touch of added charm, Annette blends a bit of creamy MAYBELLINE EYE SHADOW on her eyelids—her eyes appear sparkling and more colorful.

Give your eyes thrilling beauty . . . get genuine MAYBELLINE, the Eye Make-up in Good Taste.

Maybelline

WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS
"Baby" your face at bedtime to

Wake up Lovelier

Doctors say "Baby-care" is Beauty-care!

Take doctors' complexion advice... Each night give your face the care advised for the world's Most Perfect Complexion—baby's own!

Bedtime beauty-care, now more than ever, means Ivory Soap. For the quick cream lather of New "Velvet-Suds" Ivory is milder than 10 leading toilet soaps!

IS YOUR SKIN DRY, sensitive, delicate? "Baby" it with this gentle, New Ivory night-time routine: Cream lukewarm Ivory lather well into your skin with gentle fingertip massage. Rinse well with warm water—pat dry. Since your skin lacks sufficient oil, apply lightly a little cold cream. Remember: Doctors advise gentle Ivory cleansing for baby's sensitive skin—and yours! Ivory contains no dye, medication, or strong perfume that might be irritating.

IS YOUR SKIN OILY? Then you'll want the richer, creamier lather of New Ivory to remove excess oil. Every night: With a washcloth, work up lukewarm Ivory velvet suds. Thick lather simply "creams" off your Ivory cake. Scrub upward and outward into every inch of your face. Rinse. Repeat Ivory-lather cleansing. Warm rinse, then cold. Use this method 3 times daily. See how gratefully your loveliness responds to Ivory's safe, milder beauty-care!

“Baby-care” is Beauty-care... use

New Velvet-suds Ivory

SEE MY LOVELY SKIN? Well, the Ivory Soap that doctors for years advised for baby's sensitive skin—and your beauty-care—is now improved! Yes, here's a New Ivory with creamier, quicker lather—and actually milder than 10 leading toilet soaps!