GIRLS! Keep Your GURES Fit For Defense Work! Try ROWN DERBY DIET this issue


ROMANCE! "HIGHLY IRREGULAR" ROULETTE FROM FILM STARRED JOAN BENNETT, TRAVIATE, YU
She's off with the fighting leathernecks on their most thrilling adventures in 166 years of glorious history!

MAUREEN O'HARA, the breathtaking heroine of "How Green Was My Valley"!

TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI
A RED, WHITE AND BLUE ADVENTUROUS HIT IN TECHNICOLOR!

Starring MAUREEN PAYNE • O'HARA • SCOTT
with NANCY KELLY • WILLIAM TRACY • MAXIE ROSENBLOOM
Henry Morgan • Edmund MacDonald • Russell Hicks • Minna Walton

Directed by Bryce Nutterstone • Associate Producer: Milton Sperling
Screen Play by Lamar Trotti • Original Story by Steve Fisher
A 20TH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

Coming! Eric Knight's sensational best-seller!

TYRONE POWER • JOAN FONTAINE
in "THIS ABOVE ALL"
Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK
Good Catch, Marion—
but can you Catch a Man?

Luck came your way, Marion! You caught the bride's bouquet. If tradition holds, you should be next to say, "I do!" But how can a girl win a husband if she unwittingly turns men away—if one charm-destroying fault chills their interest? Nothing shatters a man's illusions, Marion, as quickly as underarm odor!

Smart Girls take no chances of missing out on Romance!

Fresenup in your bath or shower! It's a grand start for a busy day or a party evening! But play fair with your bath! Don't expect it to last forever—it takes something more to prevent risk of underarm odor!

Keep charming! Never gamble with underarm odor! Every day, and after every bath, use Mum! Then you're protected for a full day or evening. Never a worry about offending those you want as friends!

Plenty of dates make life exciting for a girl! It's fun to have a phone that jingles often—charm that nets you a rush at parties. That's why so many popular girls never give underarm odor a chance—every day—before every date—they play sure and safe with Mum!

Keep your charm from fading. Each day, and after every bath, use Mum!

Dependable Mum has made millions of lasting friends. For women know they can trust Mum's sure protection. They like its special advantages.

Mum is quick! Isn't it grand that Mum takes only half a minute. No fussing, no waiting.

Mum is safe! Even after underarm shaving sensitive skins won't resent Mum. It won't hurt your clothes, says the American Institute of Laundering.

Mum is sure! All day or all evening long, Mum keeps underarms fresh. Without stopping perspiration, it prevents odor. Guard your popularity, make a daily habit of Mum. Get Mum at your druggist's today.

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—Safe, gentle Mum is an ideal deodorant for this important purpose. Don't risk embarrassment! Always use Mum this way, too, as thousands of women do.

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration.
Nothing neater! Nothing sweeter!
Nothing ever approached it for
laughs and lassies, songs and sen-
oritas! The world's funniest two-
some rollicking down to Rio in
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's screenful of
spectacular showmanship! . . . with

KATHRYN GRAYSON
JOHN CARROLL
PATRICIA
DANE
TOM
PETER
CONWAY
WHITNEY

EROS VOLUSIA

Directed by S. SYLVAN SIMON
Produced by
PANDO S. BERMAN
Screen Play by Richard Connell
and Gladys Lehman
Special Material by John Grant

Six Song Hits
Rio Rita - The Ranger Song
Long Before You Came Along
The Shadow Song
Samba Dances by
the South American Whirlwind
Eros Volusia
The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

Delight Evans, Editor

Elizabeth Wilson, Western Representative

Marion Martone, Assistant Editor

Frank J. Carroll, Art Director

May, 1942

Vol. XLV, No. 1

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Cover Portrait of PAULETTE GODDARD, Paramount

-- Leo (Rita) --

April showers bring Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer flowers. One is a daffodil and the other a daffy-down-dilly.

"I Married An Angel" and "Rio Rita".

In the former Nelson Eddy is the "I" and Jeanette MacDonald is the "Angel".

But in the latter Abbott is not "Rio" and Costello is not "Rita".

These are two excellent starring combinations and two excellent pictures.

Anita Loos—a neater screen writer we never knew—made "I Married An Angel" into a photoplay.

She had as a basis the celebrated Broadway (and points west) stage success produced by Dwight Deere Wiman.

This was a musical adaptation by Rodgers and Hart of the play by Vaszary Janos.

W. S. Van Dyke II directed. And an adroit job, too. He has missed none of the charm.

The idea: Nelson Eddy, disillusioned with the quirks of matrimony, asks for an angel. Heaven obliges. She arrives with wings and all.

The entertainment is down-to-earth.

Getting down-to-mirth, consider "Rio Rita".

This is the biggest enterprise the King Zanies have ever graced.

Abbott and Costello are their funniest. The film is all theirs.

But one or two renowned and attractive personalities augment the proceedings. You can't not-mention Kathryn Grayson or John Carroll.

"Bud" and "Lou" in their first big Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer opus will have you rolling in the aisles.

So let's go rolling down to "Rio Rita".

Copyright 1942 by Screenland Magazine, Inc. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.
HOW FREE AND UNHAMPERED
WITH TAMPAX

WHAT would you give to go back to the months of your girlhood when you were unhampered by belts and pins? Well, you practically do that very thing when you use Tampax for monthly sanitary protection. Because you cannot feel Tampax while wearing it, and nobody else can see it or any sign of it at all. So life is very different with Tampax!

A doctor has perfected Tampax nearly and ingeniously for internal use. It is made of pure surgical cotton, firmly fashioned to hold together... Very dainty and compact and extremely absorbent... Each Tampax comes in a dainty one-time-use applicator, which makes insertion quick and easy. Your hands need not touch the Tampax at all. No odor and no disposal problems!

Tampax is so compact a month's supply will go in your purse. It is sold at drug stores and notion counters in three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Introductory box, 20c. Economy package of 40 gives you a real bargain.

HOLLYWOOD husbands are up in arms! And George Montgomery is the cause of it all. Every time a lady lifts a limp hand to take a cigarette, George all but pole-vaults across the room with a lighted match. George never fails to stand when a lady enters the room. And he's always shutting windows to keep them out of drafts. Of course the ladies love it. Husbands who have grown a little careless look like they'd like to tell George where to go. And they don't mean his native Montana! Nice guy George seems oblivious to it all.

WHEN they wheeled Mrs. Mickey Rooney in for her emergency appendectomy, her famous husband looked like anything but young, irresponsible Andy Hardy. He conferred with doctors, questioned nurses. He even wanted to stay in the operating room, the way all husbands do in the movies. Mickey wouldn't take a cat-nap until it was all over and the missus was back in her room again.

IN "Yankee Doodle Dandy" watch for that scene where Jeannie Cagney, as Josie Cohen, tells Jimmy Cagney (her brother on and off) that she is going to get married. So devoted are Jimmy and Jeannie, the scene became alive to them. Its realism grew until they started to cry every time they read their lines. Finally, Mike Curtiz called lunch and gave them time out to regain their self-composure.

WONDER if there is any Hope for Bob's wife? Poor Mrs. Hope never gets to see her famous husband. The comedian does so many benefits, works all the time, gives interviews, etc., there just aren't enough hours in the day. Recently, believe it or not, Bob made a date with his wife to meet her at a midnight newsreel theater! At eleven o'clock he called up and said he was "getting the evening off." So he'd be right home. Bob walked in carrying an old-fashioned paper bag. It contained a quart of ice-cream. He got in bed while Mrs. Hope dished it up. Then they talked until dawn.

WE SAW it with our own eyes! For a scene with Norma Shearer in "Her Cardboard Lover," Bob Taylor wears a dainty pair of ladies' silk pajamas. They have puffed sleeves, a bow in back, and feathered mules complete this confusing picture. What, no girdle?

SHE'S "My Gal Sal" in the movies, but, 'tis said, Victor Mature would like to have Rita Hayworth for his re-really real gal off the screen. According to witnesses (and you know Vic doesn't exactly whisper) he thinks Rita has plenty of everything. He's been separated from his wife for more than a month. Rita's just filed suit against Eddie Foy. One and one make two—especially when what-a-man Mature starts moving. Wanna bet?

HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD

Carolyn Lee, who is in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," decided to pose for some leg photos in order to grab space away from older girls like Barbara Britton, seen in "Out of the Frying Pan." Like the little imp's idea of "cheesecake" art?
Will He Whisper Praises about your Skin?
go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

This exciting beauty treatment is based on the advice of skin specialists—praised by lovely brides!

YES, pretty compliments can come your way. Yours can be a skin that casts bewitching magic. For the Camay Mild-Soap Diet holds this thrilling promise of new loveliness for you.

Without knowing it, you may be clouding your skin through improper cleansing. Or you may be using a beauty soap that isn’t mild enough.

Skin specialists themselves advise a regular cleansing routine with a fine, mild soap. And Camay is not just mild—but actually milder than dozens of other popular beauty soaps. That’s why we urge you to “Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet without delay!”

Tonight—and every night and morning for 30 days—give your skin this thrilling beauty treatment with Camay! Notice how much fresher it feels after the very first treatment! Then look forward to the day when he may find your complexion a joy to behold!

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.

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.

FOR 30 DAYS...LET NO OTHER SOAP TOUCH YOUR SKIN!

This lovely bride is Mrs. Charles Mathieu, Jr., of New York, N.Y., who says: “The Camay Mild-Soap Diet has meant so much to the loveliness of my skin—I’m going to stay on it forever!”
HENRY FONDA
is the worm that turns from
OLIVIA DeHAVILLAND

TO JOAN LESLIE
(Sgt. York's sweetheart)
in the hit that's got all
the priorities
on laughin'
and lovin'!

"The
MALE
ANIMAL"
It's women that make him wild!

with JACK CARSON-EUGENE PALLETTE-HEBERT ANDERSON

Directed by ELLIOTT NUGENT
Screen Play by Julius J. & Philip G. Epstein and Stephen Morehouse Avery
From the Play by JAMES THURBER and ELLIOTT NUGENT • Produced by Herman Shumlin

WARNER BROS.'
hilarity-packed hit... about the college professor who was in a class by himself with the gals!
The Courtship of Andy Hardy—M-G-M
In this new "Hardy" film, Lewis Stone, as Judge Hardy, enlists son Andy to entertain Melodie, victim of incompatible parents. She falls for him, he thinks her a "droop," promotes a romance between her and a pal, and remains true to Polly (Ann Rutherford). The picture has wide audience appeal because its many riotous situations concern not only Andy, but the other members of this typical American family. Donna Reed, splendid as Melodie.

A Gentleman at Heart—20th Century-Fox
A light, romantic comedy about a pair of racetrack bookies who inherit an art gallery. Cesar Romero enacted a suave bookie chief who interests himself in art to please Carole Landis, a gallery employee. Tricked into buying a phony Rembrandt, he starts a racket of copying masterpieces and selling them as originals. Milton Berle, as Romero's stooge, and J. Carrol Naish, an artist who "improves on the masters," furnish good comedy.

What's Cookin'—Universal
A musical with plenty of pep, concerning a group of talented men and a magician, Leo Carillo, who sell the sponsors of a radio program, Billie Burke and Charles Butterworth, the idea of giving in to the classics in favor of jive. There's no end to the musical and dancing talent in this film. It has Woody Herman and his orchestra; the Andrews Sisters, singing swing; Gloria Jean singing classics; dancing by 'Jive' Jacks and Jills.

Wild Bill Hickok Rides—Warner
A rip-roaring Western. For action and excitement it has gamplay, fast riding, cattle roundups. When Belle's gambling hall burns down, she goes to Montana with Jim Farrell to gain control of valuable ranch land, but falls in love with Wild Bill and winds up helping the settlers. Bruce Cabot makes a believable Western hero as Wild Bill; Constance Bennett, good as a lady card sharp, and Warren William, effective as villain Jim Farrell.

Lady for a Night—Republic
A melodrama of the old South with Joan Blondell as Jenny, gambling boat operator, and John Wayne, as Morgan, political boss who loves her. Jenny crashes society by marrying into one of Memphis' first families, but returns to Morgan when her spouse is killed by poison meant for her. Joan's fine acting, Wayne's smooth performance and a capable cast make up for a poor story. Best of all is the comedy supplied by Hattie Noel, as Chloe, Jenny's faithful, colored maid.

(More reviews on page 13)
“A Whole Week Without Polish Chipping” Mrs. Mervin Lane

Hand

MRS. Mervin Lane

Polish

NEW CUTEX “BLACK RED”

Time 7 DAYS AFTER MANICURE

After a whole busy week Cutex Nail Polish was still wearing like a dream—still sparkling like a dream on Mrs. Mervin Lane’s lovely, long nails!

Mother of four active children, a successful illustrator and now a busy war worker . . . Mrs. Mervin Lane. No wonder she’s so enthusiastic about the way Cutex stays on her nails! “At the end of a whole busy week there wasn’t a chip or peel in my polish!”

Wear Cutex Sugar Plum, Gingerbread, Lollipop, Butterscotch, Sheer Natural, Black Red! See if you aren’t thrilled with the way their beauty lasts! Only 10¢ (plus tax) in the U. S.

Northam Warren, New York

APPLY 2 COATS FOR THAT PROFESSIONAL LOOK AND LONGER WEAR

SCREENLAND
FIRST PRIZE LETTER

$10.00

It is all so much clearer now! That sounds like a cryptic statement, doesn't it? Here's what I mean: Previously, the motion picture stars appeared before the public eye in a different light. To us they were essentially entertainers—men and women who read lines which someone else had written for them, acted in a way which the director instructed, or, in other words, they gave us their "ticket's worth of amusement."

But the national emergency has changed all of that. We now know the movie stars as they really are—flesh and blood human beings, lovers of freedom and tolerance, haters of tyranny and oppression. When our film favorites go from camp to camp entertaining our boys, or when they follow mapped-out tours for the purpose of selling Defense Bonds, they aren't saying what someone else has written for them, or "putting on an act" because it says so on the paper. No! They are saying what is in their hearts, displaying gestures and actions which are impromptu, natural, their own.

We know one film star gave her life for our glorious land. That wasn't written in any script—it wasn't a publicity stunt—no expert directed it. Carole Lombard gave her life for her faith and trust in an ideal, an ideal which bespeaks her own greatness. Life Through Freedom. Never again will we be able to look upon motion picture stars as mere celluloid representations, because the national emergency has taught us to feel immediately for them—they are truly one of us—they love freedom as we do.

RUTH MAY KNELL, Bellerose, L. I., N. Y.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER

$5.00

Once in a long time, a picture is produced in Hollywood that touches the very soul of man. Such a picture was produced a short time ago—"They Died with Their Boots On."

This picture was not only an excellent production, but has proved and will prove to be a constant inspiration to the men in the armed forces of the United States. However, the main factor in being such an inspiration to the men in the armed forces was its leading star, Errol Flynn.

Only Flynn could have portrayed the character of General Custer in such a dynamic fashion. Flynn and only Flynn could have made the wills of men indomitable, men who have seen and will see this immortal characterization of General Custer. All pictures are made-believe, but it is evident that in this picture, Flynn more than realized the character.

He symbolizes the vision of what every soldier dreams of being. Great stars often play in great pictures, but those that Flynn play in just have to be good. So in closing we will say, "Hats off to Errol Flynn."

CORP. CARL R. FOSTER and CORP. GERALD J. CROWDEN, Stockton Field, Calif.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS

$1.00 EACH

I am a mere man, but I am a movie-lover. Further, I happen to be a foreman.
Lady in Distress—Times
Filmed in London, this melodrama does not concern itself with war, but tells of the plight of two couples whose lives cross when Peter (Michael Redgrave) thinks he sees magician Zoltini (Paul Lukas) stab his wife (Sally Gray). Sally and Michael become friends and in a fight, Michael thinks he has killed the jealous husband. Redgrave particularly fine where he returns to his wife, played by Patricia Roc, believing himself a murderer.

Hidden Hunger—F. S. A.
Here’s a timely two-reeler with a message, presented as part of the National Nutrition Program. The idea behind it is to keep America healthy during war time. Walter Brennan plays farmer Link Squires who starts out on a one-man crusade to change the nation’s eating habits and ends up in court charged with being a public nuisance. Although the subject is about better eating, for sound health, it is entertainingly told. You must see it!

This Time for Keeps—M-G-M
Robert Sterling and Ann Rutherford are featured in this domestic comedy as a young married couple who have “in-law” trouble because the wife’s well-meaning father, Guy Kibbee, interferes in the husband’s affairs. The action is pokey, the story is dull and uninteresting, and although the cast, including Virginia Weidler, works hard, it fails to put the picture over. Too bad, because so much could have been done with a comedy along these lines.

SAYS LARAINA DAY
(American Beauty Blend)

“Find a Lovelier Skin”

As Told to Louella Parsons, famous Movieland Commentator
“I’m a Yankee blend of blond and brunette strains. My skin’s hard to match! So once I had to have my powder shade ‘handmade’ for me.

“But no more! For, lo! In that thrilling new Woodbury Color Controlled shade, Windsor Rose, I’ve found my exact ‘Skin Twin’!”

Right, Laraine! Working with Hollywood directors, we found there are but five skin types. Then by the magic of our new Color Control process, we styled new shades for every type. There’s one for you. A shade of new life, new radiance, new longer-linging beauty!

Study the chart in every fragrant box to find your type, your shade. (Regular sizes are 50¢ and $1.00. Introductory sizes are 25¢ and 10¢.) Smooth on your “glamour dust”... and see new interest in his eyes!

Woodbury
Color Controlled Powder

FREE: 6 NEW GLAMOUR SHADES & CHART
Post this on penny 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., 9123 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada: John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.)

Name ____________________________
Street ____________________________
City ____________________________
State ____________________________

Screenland 13
What A Wife Must Know To Safeguard Happiness

Safe New Way in Feminine Hygiene Gives Continuous Action for Hours

It is all too true that ignorance of physical facts can wreck any wife's married happiness. Yet thousands of women, instead of informing themselves regarding feminine hygiene, either place their dependence on weak, ineffective "home-made" mixtures, or resort to over-strong solutions of acids which can burn, scar and desensitize delicate tissue.

Today such risks are needless. Informed women have turned to Zonitors—the safe, new way in feminine hygiene. These dainty, snow-white suppositories kill germs instantly at contact. Spread greaseless, protective coating. Deodorizes—not by temporarily masking—but by destroying odors. Cleanse antiseptically and give continuous medication for hours.

Yet Zonitors are safe for delicate tissues. Powerful—yet non-poisonous, non-caustic. Even help promote gentle healing. No apparatus; nothing to mix. At all drugstores.

FREE: Mail this coupon for revealing booklet of facts.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY

Now that it's Spring, the stars are moving their parties outdoors! Enjoy this barbecue at Fibber McGee and Molly's home

By Betty Boone

ANYTHING can inspire that famed radio and screen team, Fibber McGee and Molly, to stage a party. All they need is an excuse.

Not so long ago their good friend Pat O'Brien, about to leave for New York for personal appearances for Uncle Sam, mentioned that he'd miss his wedding anniversary, the first time he and Eloise hadn't been together since they exchanged their bridal "I do's."

"Let's celebrate the O'Briens' anniversary!" chorused the Jordans. (In private life Fibber McGee and Molly, stars of "Look Who's Laughing," are James and Marian Jordan.) So Eloise and her friends came out to Encino to the Jordans', Pat was reached long distance for the party's high spot, and everybody marked the evening with a red star.

But the favorite festivity at the Jordans' is the barbecue, because of the food, informality, and their ideal set-up for cooking outdoors. Theirs is a two-and-a-half acre place, formerly an orange and walnut grove, with a crooked little stream running through it, a few grand old live oaks, and flowers enough for an entire Rose Parade. Enough walnut and orange trees have been removed to accommodate a white Colonial house with a gallery across the entire upper story, several flagged patios and terraces, a circular drive, and a swimming-pool complete with shining white guest house and dressing rooms. The original little frame five-room cottage is now the playhouse, reached from the main house by a rustic path over a bridge that spans the stream and winds among giant ferns that are massed on the banks.

Fibber didn't have to move any fruit or nut trees for his barbecue pit; it has been
built under one of the live oaks, the largest
tree in all California, with a spread that
will take care of as big a party as the Jor-
dans could hope to throw. In nice, sun-
shiny weather, guests eat as well as cook
cut by the pit. If it’s cool, rainy, or begin-
ing to get dark, they move into the play-
house with their trays. A barbecue usually
begins in the afternoon so that those who

That droll fellow of radio and screen,
Fibber McGee, actually likes to turn the
ice-cream freezer. Reason: He likes va-
nilla. At right, Molly and Fibber (Mr.
and Mrs. Jim Jordan in real life) in
their cheerful and informal rumpus room.

want to swim can swim, those who prefer
to loaf in the sun can loaf, and those who
like to toss horseshoes, play badminton,
croquet or run races can exhaust them-
selves as they please.

"Croquet sounds like a kid’s game," com-
mented Fibber, looking sadly up from the
barbecue pit where he was building a fire.
"but the way they play it over here, looks
like it’s sort of a prelude to murder. They
choose up teams according to how many
want to play; sometimes they have six on
each side. Each team takes one ball and
every member of a team uses the same ball.
You don’t have to go by turns, your cap-
tain puts you in whenever he likes. If you
are the sort of player who can get a ball
out from behind a wicket, or manage a long
shot so the ball leaps the lawn and lands
in position, or nicely through its wicket,
you get that chore. Of course each side has
alternate turns and they have a rule that
a captain can’t use the same player twice

(Please turn to page 70)

Identical Twins prove...

PEPSODENT POWDER

makes teeth

TWICE AS BRIGHT

For the safety of
your smile...

use Pepsodent twice a day...
see your dentist twice a year.
CALL IT
"GOOD TASTE"

One purely feminine slant on that great question, "How can I do my part?" inspired by Brenda Marshall

By Courtenay Marvin

Become very important, and who knows but what something far more desirable in the way of fabrics, foundations and the turbelbows of beauty will come to answer our need? But whatever the future, our girls, if we know them, will take what there is, adapt it to their needs and emerge with a fashion charming if, perhaps, original. They have this great knack of adaptability and good taste.

In casting about Hollywood for one of the younger players who seemed to display a perfect sense of taste in dress, Brenda Marshall loomed foremost on a long list of possibilities. And so on her last visit, up went your reporter for luncheon at the Hotel Madison. Brenda appeared in her suite simple but chic in a black crèpe dress with two beautiful and brilliant clips in place of buttons closing the shirt-waist type front. If you have beautiful clips, try using them in this manner on any closure where there is invisible fastening. Her black suede sandals were studded with brass nails, and these she volunteered were maybe a little chi-chi. They weren't because the rest of her was so restrained but with a smartness. The same lovely pompadour you see here in her portraits was smooth and shining, her dark brows and lashes were obviously au naturel, she wore no rouge but her lips and nail tips were husky red—hot-house rose would be this guess. As she picked up her fingertip-length silver fox coat, studded with one huge and sparkling ornament, hair, skin and eyes blended into rich tones of sepia, all soft, soft brown, as if the same crayon held firmly, then lightly in an artist's hand might have drawn her.

Over a poached egg on toast for Brenda, a curried lamb for me, we discussed clothes. Brenda believes that a girl will look smarter with a few good clothes and many changes in accessories than she will with a wardrobe of pretty, unrelated frocks, alone. She believes you should think out your wardrobe (Please turn to page 67).

Clothes may not make a girl but they can certainly mar her. Mix a crèpe afternoon dress with a beret and saddle shoes, or take a sweater and tweed skirt with high-heeled suede pumps, a little hat and a veil, and something inside you will actually cry out. That's your good taste offended—and how! Happily, such "take it or leave it" cases grow fewer and fewer. The American girl knows how to dress, and dress as few others throughout the world know how. Business girls do it on salaries from $15 upward, and the housewife early learns the art of spreading Joe's, say $35, to include canapés as well as clothes.

This is a great day for American beauty, in spite of the forecast of shortages in silk, rubber and imported luxuries. It is a great day because every little quiet wren of a girl as well as the bird of paradise type has suddenly

"Much more beautiful than she photographs," is true of Brenda Marshall, unless you see her in Kodachrome because of her brown and topaz tones.

Brenda's face is beautifully sculptured, especially with that dawning smile, typical of her. Here in detail is that pompadour, and favorite jewels.

16
For Girls Who Want More Glamorous Hair
SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO ARRANGE!

Amazing difference due to hair conditioner
now in new, improved Special Drene Shampoo!
Leaves hair lovelier, easier to manage!

You’ll be thrilled by the difference in your
hair the very first time you use new, im-
proved Special Drene Shampoo! For that
wonderful hair conditioner now in Special
Drene gives simply amazing results right
away... leaves hair so much silkier, smoother,
far easier to arrange right after shampooing!
Just try improved Special Drene once, and
you’ll see!

Unsurpassed for Removing Dandruff?
Are you bothered about removal of ugly,
scaly dandruff? You won’t be when you
shampoo with Special Drene! For Drene
removes ugly dandruff with the first ap-
lication. And besides, Drene does something
no soap shampoo can do—not even those
claiming to be special “dandruff removers”!
Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre and
color brilliance.

So, for extra beauty benefits—plus quick
and thorough removal of loose dandruff—
try improved Special Drene right away.
Or ask for a Special Drene shampoo at your
beauty shop! You’ll see an amazing difference!

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 which
never leaves a clouding film. Instead,
Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre! Re-
member, too, that Special Drene now has
hair conditioner in it, so it leaves hair
far silkier, smoother than ever before!

Special DRENE Shampoo
with HAIR CONDITIONER added

Screenland
“All that... and You, Darling...”

THIS was the beautiful hour of triumph for a woman who took from life a "double brush-off," as Broadway puts it—and came back.

Through the warm dark she could see her name glowing in lights... a rising star at 27. Holding her close was the man she loved and was going to marry.

"Darling, darling," she whispered. "It's all too wonderful to be believed! Just think, Jim, only a year ago I was broke and unknown... and patting his arm, "and unloved, too."

She never spared herself the truth. Only a year ago Smedley, the producer who was starring her now, left orders that she was not to be admitted to his offices again. "Sure, she may have talent... but she's got something else, too!" he said flatter.

And Jim who now held her so tenderly had once publicly declared, after dancing with her, that she was simply impossible.

And, like Smedley, he explained why.

"Sure, the shocking truth got back to her—and she did something about it. Later she actually forced herself into Smedley's office and read the part so beautifully that she got it. Then she trapped Jim into a dare which showed him that his first estimate of her was wrong... that she could be completely desirable.

**Two Strikes Against You**

Sometimes fate hangs on the thinnest of threads. Habits and personality are weighed against ability.

Make up your mind to one thing, however: if you have halitosis (bad breath)* your good points can be lost sight of before this bad one. And, unfortunately, if you are found guilty only once, you may be under suspicion always.

Any one—you included—might have halitosis at this very moment without realizing it. So you may offend needlessly.

Since you do not know, isn't it just common sense to be always on guard? Why not let Listerine Antiseptic look after your breath? Why not get in the habit of using this amazing antiseptic and deodorant every night and morning and between business and social appointments at which you wish to appear at your best?

**Be At Your Best**

Fortunately for you, while sometimes systemic, most cases of bad breath, according to some authorities, are simply due to fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors which it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, purer, less likely to offend.

Always bear in mind that people who get places and go places after they get there are usually the ones who are careful about such things as their breath. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Dear Reader:

There's a new spirit in Hollywood these days. Movie stars are no longer a race of rarefied beings set apart from the rest of the world. They are thinking in the same terms as we are. The new spirit is the spirit of "saving"—saving people's lives; saving the principles of Democracy, the right to free speech, free worship, free assembly and all the freedoms included in the Bill of Rights. And they are thinking in terms of others so that they, too, may be free.

Speaking of saving—no longer are screen celebrities saving up for that new swimming pool or that new wing for the house in Beverly Hills. No, sir! Take the case of the Ronald Reagans (Jane Wyman). They were going to "do their house over" what with a new baby and all. Instead, baby gets Defense Stamps for his future, much more important than a new nursery. Brenda Marshall's brand new husband, William Holden, is going into the Army. Brenda does her bit selling stamps and bonds for freedom.

Comparatively few Hollywood stars make those much-publicized huge salaries, you know. Joan Leslie's salary is still a modest one. The little heroine of "Ser-
OUT Hollywood way, and out your way too, we bet, the women are up to their ears in defense work. And we mean work. You know, work! That thing that brings out sweat on the brow. No longer does high noon find Hollywood women stretched out languidly between their silken sheets, extra size, dawdling over their breakfast coffee and the silliest of silly conversations—you know, what the Countess di Frasso, dear Dorothy, said to Elsa Maxwell, dear, dear Elsa, at Ciro's, and that positively spunky (Please turn to page 56)
KEEP YOUR FIGURES FIT FOR DEFENSE WORK!

THE BROWN DERBY DIET

Keeping fit is the order of the day! You're no good to your country in any kind of defense work unless you are in condition. Slimness, now more than ever, is here to stay. Those dreary pounds must go! The Brown Derby (there are really four of them now) is so much a part of Hollywood as studios, stars, and sunshine. So it was only to be expected that the Brown Derby should do something about keeping Hollywood women fit for defense work. Robert Cobb, manager, called in a dietetics consultant, the two of them went into a huddle with the famous chef of the Vine Street Brown Derby—and THE BROWN DERBY DIET, presented here, exclusively, for the first time, was the result.

And the Brown Derby Diet works! It has been tried by Dorothy Lamour, Betty Grable, Phyllis Brooks, and dozens of others. They followed it carefully from Monday through Sunday, and they all lost three pounds. Try it! You may substitute tea for coffee, but be sure to use saccharin instead of sugar. Drink lots of water between meals—and take plenty of exercise!

TRY BROWN DERBY DIET

Movie stars in uniform! Above, Lieut. Ida Lupino, slim as a sapling in her ambulance driver's uniform. Dorothy Lamour, left, active in her stamp-and-bond selling work. Left below, Kay Francis and Myrna Loy are a credit to Lieut. J. C. Cook as they serve food at canteens.

FOR DAILY MENUS PLEASE TURN PAGE
MONDAY

BREAKFAST
1/2 grapefruit
Poached egg on rye toast
Black coffee

LUNCH
Sliced breast of chicken on rye toast with garnish of radishes
Sliced tomato on lettuce with lemon juice (or mineral oil dressing)
Glass of milk
Black coffee
Recipe for mineral oil dressing:
2/3 cup American mineral oil
1/3 cup of lemon juice
Season with salt, pepper, and
dash of Worcestershire sauce.

FIRST DAY

DINNER
Celery (6 stalks)
Steak (fat trimmed off)
Whipped baked potato
Black coffee
Recipe for "whipped baked potato": Take inside out of baked potato, mix with salt and pep-
per and warm milk, whip, put back in shell, and heat again
in oven.

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST
Grapefruit julep
Scrambled egg with 2 strips of bacon
1 slice rye toast
Black coffee

LUNCH
Broiled patty of ground round steak
Green salad, sprinkled with lemon juice (or mineral oil dressing)
Glass of skimmed milk
Black coffee

SECOND DAY

DINNER
Broiled lamb chops (2)
Julienne of string beans
Small banana
Black coffee
Recipe for "grapefruit julep":
1/2 cup of grapefruit juice and
1/2 cup of grapejuice, mixed.
Recipe for "green salad":
Mixed greens (lettuce, water-
cress, parsley, etc.) and fresh vegetables.
Recipe for "Julienne of string beans": 1/2 cup of cooked string beans seasoned lightly with salt,
pepper, and butter. Julienne re-
fers to the way beans are cut.

WEDNESDAY

BREAKFAST
Broiled grapefruit, Vermont
Cinnamon toast
Black coffee

LUNCH
Fruit cocktail
Current jelly omelette with 2 strips of crisp, brown bacon
1 slice rye toast
Stewed tomatoes
Green salad with lemon juice
(or mineral oil dressing)
Black coffee

THIRD DAY

DINNER
1/2 glass tomato juice
Breaded veal cutlet
Spinach purée
Plain buttered, diced beets
Pineapple sherbet (made with milk)
Black coffee
Recipe for "broiled grapefruit,
Vermont": Tablespoon of maple syrup on 1/2 large grapefruit.
Broil lightly in oven.
Recipe for "spinach purée":
Cooked spinach, seasoned with
salt, pepper and butter, and
chopped fine.

THURSDAY

BREAKFAST
Small fresh fruit
1 slice French toast
Chocolate

LUNCH
Clear chicken broth
Green salad with lemon juice
(or mineral oil dressing)
Fresh fruit compote
Black coffee

FOURTH DAY

DINNER
Broiled lamb chops
Eggplant
Fresh peas
Apple sauce sweetened with saccharin
Black coffee
Recipe for "French toast":
Whip up egg, pour milk into it,
salt and pepper, dip bread
into batter, and sauté in butter.

That glorious Hollywood figure en-
viied by other women is illus-
trated here by Carole Landis, who
prides herself on
keeping trim, fit for
her defense work.
FRIDAY

BREAKFAST
Sliced orange
1 New England codfish cake
Black coffee
1 slice rye toast

LUNCH
Green salad, extra large, with lemon juice (or mineral oil dressing)
Baked apple
2 crisp rye crackers
Black coffee

FIFTH DAY

DINNER
Any broiled fish
Carrots
Julienne of string beans
Tomato stuffed with cottage cheese
Mixed fresh fruits
Black coffee

Note: The difference between New England codfish cake, and any other codfish cake, is that New England codfish cake has potato in it.

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST
½ grapefruit, or its juice
Soft cooked egg
Rye toast
Black coffee

LUNCH
Broiled patty of ground round steak
Green salad with lemon juice (or mineral oil dressing)
Fruit compote
Black coffee

SIXTH DAY

DINNER
Clear chicken broth
2 slices broiled liver
Buttered fresh green peas
Baked potato
Fresh fruits mixed
Black coffee

SUNDAY

BRUNCH
½ grapefruit, or its juice
2 scrambled eggs
2 strips of broiled bacon
Cinnamon toast
Black coffee

SEVENTH DAY

DINNER
½ glass tomato juice
1 cup of clear chicken broth
1 crisp rye cracker
Broiled lamb chops
Green salad with lemon juice (or mineral oil dressing)
Julienne of string beans
Baked potato
Mixed fresh fruits
Black coffee

Betty Grable tried the Brown Derby Diet—what an endorsement! Left above, popular Bob Cobb, manager of the four Brown Derby restaurants, with Dottie Lamour. Below left, Gene Tierney and her husband lunching at Vine Street Derby.
"I, Clara Lou, Take Thee, George"

HOLLYWOOD'S NICEST "GAG"
First day back from honeymoon George Brent was supposed to "marry" Barbara Stanwyck in scene for new film, "The Gay Sisters" at Warner Bros. He had a pleasant shock when his real bride, Ann, appeared in Barbora's dress!
It was a hectic courtship and a whirlwind elopement—but now that George Brent and Ann Sheridan are Hollywood's most home-loving honeymooners they break down and give us the first, exclusive story of their romance

By Ida Zeitlin

On Friday night, January 2nd, a man who looked like George Brent but was booked as Pat Watson, phoned a girl in Waco and boarded the eleven-thirty sleeper plane at Los Angeles.

He and the girl waiting in Texas had planned to be married at his sister's Palm Beach home on New Year's Eve, so they could start '42 together as Mr. and Mrs. Fate, in the shape of rain and a war, stepped on that one. First, he had to hang around Hollywood till the rain stopped, to finish a little number called "In This Our Life." Then he couldn't get plane reservations, because soldiers came first. He was lucky at that, he decided, when they finally found him a place on Friday night. Smooth sailing now. Only an air flight between him and the great day.

Except for two brief cases, his luggage had gone on ahead. "Which of these will you keep?" the stewardess asked. Didn't much matter. The one with the ring might be safer in the baggage compartment. She took that one. When they reached Fort Worth next morning, she and the brief case were both gone. She got off at El Paso. Where the brief case got off, nobody knew.

He made for the waiting room where a girl rose to greet him. Her nose was nice, but that was as far as you'd go, since you couldn't go farther. A black slouch hat pulled down, a black coat collar turned up, covered everything between. Glasses covered her eyes, a snood covered her hair. "Mr. Watson, I believe—?" she said.

A few minutes later he was at the desk. "About my brief case—"

"We haven't been able to locate it yet, Mr. Watson. We'll be glad to wire back. It may have been taken off by mistake at El Paso—"

"But I need it now, not three days from now—"

Sorry, Mr. Watson, we'll do our best, Mr. Watson, double talk, Mr. Watson, till there was no time for breakfast and only a minute to catch the Florida plane. Noon

found them grounded by a blizzard in Memphis. They'd have to wait for a weather report. No, they couldn't wait in the plane, it had to be locked. Nice and warm in the waiting room, though. Hot coffee and stuff—

There was no hot coffee and stuff for the wedding party. The lunch room was jammed. If Ann had turned her coat collar down far enough to slip anything between her chattering teeth, she'd have been caught. The crowd was already catching on to George, giving him the look and then the double-take.

They stuck to the waiting room. They kept moving to keep from freezing and, when stares grew too pointed, admired cracks in the wall. George made a flying trip to the desk. "About my brief case—"

"No word yet, Mr. Watson. If it turns up, where shall we send it?" They were very cheery. George felt he ought to be too.

(Please turn to page 58)
OF ACTION and drama there was a-plenty, and there was even a Hollywood star aboard ship in the North Atlantic to take the leading rôle. But the film world missed out on this one.

This was the United States Navy's affair, and nobody realized it more than Lieut. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who felt with his shipmates that this was every man's show in the daily business of winning the war on "shoot on sight" orders given by President Roosevelt before Pearl Harbor.

He had good reason to feel that way, and to shy away from playing a star rôle, even if his junior grade lieutenant's stripes had been substituted for the gold braided sleeves of an admiral.

Four months on active duty on a destroyer and a battleship as a reserve officer, called into the Navy's front line, Doug has seen the grim side of war, has sighted the menacing periscope of the Nazi U-boat in the cold gray waters of the North Atlantic. Heroics in the movies are nothing compared to this new rôle which Doug has played without benefit of cameras or script.

Acting has not been forgotten—just put in moth balls for the duration. But when his career as a film star is resumed, Douglas says that he wishes public reaction would be—"Look at that officer being an actor," instead of vice-versa. That was what the blue jackets aboard his destroyer had to say when they viewed aboard ship his latest film, "The Corsican Brothers."

Down in Washington the other day Douglas told me that his men evidently were not movie fans. The sailors, accustomed to meeting the tall, lean actor only as an officer, were unable to disassociate the Navy from the man they knew. In the dueling scene, Fairbanks reports, the men shouted "Go get 'em, Sir, go get 'em."

Now temporarily on shore duty, Lieut. Fairbanks took a few minutes off recently from his work at the Navy Department to tell me a few facts and impressions of his trick with the Navy at sea. By the time this article reaches print Fairbanks may be standing on the bridge of another ship in either the Atlantic or Pacific, as Navy orders come without advance warning.

So they came to Lieut. Fairbanks last October. He had not long been back in America from a special mission to South America, where he was assigned by the State Department.

Substituting active ill-will toward the axis for good-will to our Southern neighbors, Doug turned to the anti-aircraft batteries in the "sky forward" of his ship, which must remain unnamed due to necessary censorship. Needless to say, Doug gained more than practice in giving the order, "Men, ready, fire!" This was before Pearl Harbor, but don't forget the Presidential order of "Shoot on sight in defense of our hemisphere."

But when war did come to America in the form of the Japanese attack, December 7, every ship on the Atlantic was informed by code that the hour had struck. When the words came rattling off the ship's code set, Douglas was standing by in "Radio Central"—the communic-
tions room. He was one of the first to read the words, “Air raid on Pearl Harbor. This is not a drill.”

The message was then delivered to the ship’s commander, who was not long in telling his men about it. There was a silence aboard ship as the men crowded around the loud speaking amplifiers. There was only the wash of the waves against the grey hull of the ship and the roar of the turbines below deck. Then—suddenly—the booming voice of the skipper swept out across the decks and out to sea. “We are now at war with Japan.”

There was no sound from his listeners, not even a nervous cough. The words were only words, “In a day or two, we may expect to be at war with Germany and Italy.”

There was still no reaction from the men. “And let us sink every damm enemy ship we see. We’ll send every one of them to the bottom of the ocean.”

That little piece of the Atlantic was churned with shouting, screaming—the battle cry of the Republic. The men could not contain themselves. All those months of fighting and yet wondering when the real declared war would come had now ended. This was the real McCoy, with all the trimmings. This was the real business for Lieut. Fairbanks, too. The fighting would get even more vicious.

As Douglas turned away to take his station by the anti-aircraft guns, he pulled his blue overcoat around his ears and looked up at the blue sky and wondered how long guns would be pointed skyward and bombs would be dropped in this great world conflict. For years, he had seen it coming. And at last he was on hand to do his part.

The movie actor, who scorns the word “glamor,” told (Please turn to page 82).
ONE early evening last fall, an ashen-cheeked lone lady climbed shakily aboard a plane in Hollywood. She flew through murky skies to Minneapolis where her husband lay gravely ill with pneumonia. She stayed with him until he was well out of danger, then she flew back to Hollywood.

Because the lady was Bette Davis, Hollywood's greatest actress, all this was duly recorded in the newspapers. When you read the dispatches, you were certainly glad Arthur Farnsworth recovered, and your reaction to Bette Davis' dramatic

(To page 60)
TO PAY or not to pay—that is the question.
The question, at least, confronting many young girls throughout the country. In the most ecstatic state of love and friendship, a gal often wonders whether she should let the boyfriend reach for the check slowly or whether she should engage him in a drawn-out race for it herself. Okay. She does try to get the check first. The boyfriend scowls and looks unhappy. Well, then, let him grab it. And suppose he looks as though he were reaching for the government debt? What to do?

Well, ladies, if you really want to know what to do and what not to do, take a tip from the glamor girls of Hollywood and then—well, use your own judgment.

Linda Darnell seemed a likely subject to me, for she is both young and popular enough to have some pretty definite ideas on the subject.

"As far as I can see," Linda said, "a girl should never have to pay the check. There are

We started something when we asked this leading group of glamor girls a very personal question! See if you agree with their pert answers

By
Jack Holland
too many ways of avoiding the embarrassing situation. She can see to it that her boy friend takes her only to places that match his income. She can be considerate enough of him to want to help him save his money. But she should never feel that it is right for her to pay the bill.

"If a boy and girl are frank with each other, there’s no need for any embarrassment when it comes time to pay the check. In my own case, I have gone out with a chap who hasn’t made the salary I do. When he has suggested that we go to some very fancy restaurant or night-club, I have tried to suggest some other place. It’s an easy thing to do.

(Please turn to page 68)
COLUMBIA PICTURES CORPORATION. PRODUCER, B. F. SCHULBERG. DIRECTOR, RICHARD WALLACE. COMPLETE CAST AND CREDITS ON PAGE 29.

JOAN BENNETT FRANCHOT TONE "HIGHLY"

Making love right under the noses of the Nazis!
CHRIS grinned as he looked at himself in the mirror. It would have seemed strange enough to see himself out of uniform again, that R.A.F. uniform he'd been wearing ever since he arrived in England from his native America. But these clothes he had just put on, cut to fit a man at least two inches shorter and many more than that wider, made him feel he was wandering through a fantastic nightmare.

"Highly irregular!" he said to himself, mimicking his squadron commander's Oxford accent down to the last clipped syllable. He'd always laughed more or less ruefully at his superior's pet phrase but this time it seemed particularly apt. For nothing had seemed regular on that last flight which had sent him dashing from a parachute down to a deserted Dutch roof top. He had been alone in the plane, flying on that secret mission to Holland, and when he had soared over the city which was his destination an anti-aircraft gun had spluttered its fire.

He had just managed to free himself of his parachute, to send it flying over the roof tops when the dormer window had opened and he saw a man staring at him through the dusk, a man with ruddy cheeks and penetrating blue eyes, dressed in a butler's uniform. There was that breathless moment wondering if he were friend or foe when voices from the garden below shouted to the man at the window.

"Have you seen anything of the English flyer?" they demanded.

"No," the man said, "there's been no sign of him around here." He waited until the footsteps below vanished into the distance. Then he beckoned cautiously. "This way, sir," he said, indicating a window further along on the roof. "I'll let you in there!"

Chris felt the breath gushing back into his lungs in warm relief as he crept towards the window.

"Thanks for not giving me away," he said, using the perfect Dutch which was the reason he had been chosen for this mission.

"It's nothing, sir." The butler smiled. "But you cannot stay here. A German officer, Major Zellritz, is billeted here and . . ."

"All I need is some civilian clothes so I can get about," Chris interrupted. "I've several contacts which I must make."

"There you are, sir." The butler indicated the dress clothes neatly spread out on the bed, "All prepared."

"Now, look," Chris grinned. "This is just an informal escape. Haven't you anything less conspicuous?"

"Oh, yes indeed, sir." The man opened a closet door.

"It's just that we were expecting Mrs. Woverman's son home from the sanitarium to-night. Mr. Hendrick," he coughed delicately, "has had a nervous breakdown. I'm sure my mistress would want you to take anything you can use."

"The moths must have been saving this for a rainy day," Chris grinned at the dozens of suits hanging there. "This one should do all right," he held it in front of him. "Will I pass as a Dutchman?"

"A bath should aid the deception, sir." The butler returned his grin as he opened a door. "The bathroom is in here, sir."

He had taken his bath and had time for that one rueful glance in the mirror when he heard the voices downstairs and then the footsteps following them coming closer and closer. There was that tense moment as he heard the steps outside the door, as it opened and he saw the man with close cropped hair and bristling imperial moustache, dressed in a German army uniform, standing there; and behind him was the old woman with the bright, kindly eyes—and the girl, the girl with soft dark hair and lovely deep blue eyes, that he was staring at so intently he didn't see Jan, the butler, making frantic signals to him.

"Hendrick!" the older woman said. "Stop making faces at your wife."

It took a split second for Chris to realize he was Hendrick and that the lovely girl was his wife, by generosity of that same Hendrick (Continued on page 78)
For the first time Glenn Ford gets coveted "top billing" in "The Adventures of Martin Eden," with Claire Trevor and Evelyn Keyes (above).

Glenn gets the critical works from his best, and severest friend, Holden!

THIS GUY FORD
By his Pal
WILLIAM HOLDEN

THIS guy Ford—I don't quite make him out. He's an actor who talks like a fan, behaves like an extra, and performs like a star.

Count that day forever lost when he isn't telling you, all excited, that he's just seen Nancy Coleman in "Kings Row" and, golly, is she good! Or a fellow named Alan Ladd in "This Gun for Hire" and, say, there's a real actor for you! He's been Henry Fonda's number one admirer for years, although they've never so much as met. He's had dinner out at Joan Crawford's house, and I think I've heard about that dinner a dozen times, but always with the same enthusiasm. He hasn't told me (although someone else has) that when he called her up a few days later to inquire whether she'd consider having lunch with him and was told she'd be happy to accept just as soon as she finished her picture (ten days hence) he was so amazed that he mumbled a hurried "thank you, goodbye, I'll call again." That was eight months ago and he hasn't called yet.

That he behaves like an extra (and just how much) you can learn from almost any studio cop. Studio cops to this good day are either demanding that he show his card (Please turn to page 71)
RITA HAYWORTH AS "MY GAL SAL"

She sings, she dances, she looks like this in her latest film, "My Gal Sal," romance of the Gay Nineties, with cast including Victor Mature and John Sutton.
Imagine Mr. Eddy sharing this piquant scene with sirenish Jacqueline Dalyla! Better than that, see "I Married An Angel" for more scenes like this one.
Now before we get the Eddy-MacDonald fans up in arms, we'd like to explain: In their new co-starring film, "I Married An Angel," Nelson abandons his usual dignity to play a gay playboy who's a very devil with the girls until he meets — you guessed it — the angelic Jeanette. BUT — best scene of picture has her confessing: "I lost my wings!" Well!
HAPPY BRIDEGROOM
"The Courtship of Andy Hardy" is Mickey's new picture; but it was his courtship of Ava Gardner that excited his fans, who are hoping that the gorgeous 19-year-old Mrs. R. will soon be seen with Mickey on the screen. How about it, M-G-M?
New season calls for new suits, new spirits, new hair-dos!
Cute starlet of Cecil B. De-Mille's film, "Reap The Wild Wind," is in tune with the times.
Dream dresses, these two for evening worn by Susan Hayward. Above, filmy white net over crisp taffeta, with snug bodice of bright cerise, and feather birds on shoulder and nestled in the folds of the full skirt. At left, bold morning glory print skirt topped by Grecian-draped bodice of kelly green silk jersey. Facing page, large picture: appliqued service medals on blouse and jacket, pillbox hat, and tiny angel earrings are highlights of Susan’s smart navy wool Spring suit costume. Natural colored shantung fashions the suit shown full-length, with gay print blouse. And how do you like Susan’s new coiffure, designed by Wally Westmore, which combines the pompadour and clusters of curls?
JOAN FONTAINE
As the brave, beautiful, British heroine of “This Above All”
RANDY SCOTT

Has the situation well in hand in “To The Shores Of Tripoli”
Abbott and Costello clown for you in a big, new, bright musical movie.
and LOVE
"RIO RITA"

Kathryn Grayson and John Carroll warble and woo in the romantic scenes.
Young Bob had better become accustomed to polite puns on his name, for he's acclaimed every day as "most promising" newcomer at M-G-M. Above, with Ann Rutherford in his best rôle to date, in "This Time for Keeps."

A STERLING CHARACTER!
It wouldn't be a big, rugged Western if it didn't feature big, rugged John Wayne! Whether he's ridin' and shootin', or making masterful love to Marlene Dietrich, he's sure to enthrall his femme following in "The Spoilers."

WAYNE OF THE WEST!
This charming nine-room Early American home in Brentwood, right, was converted by Brian Donlevy from the 35-year-old California frame house, right, below. It now has all the charm of New England and, in addition to the flower gardens, it has orange, lemon, avocado and grapefruit trees growing on the four-acre grounds. Above, Brian and Mrs. Donlevy beside the hearth with its old copper fittings. Royal Doulton mugs, Dickens pieces, an old hunting gun, and a powder horn are the mantel ornaments. Below, Donlevy in a corner of the combined playroom and den which has cabinets and furniture of old pine and hooked and rag rugs. The walls and ceiling of this informal room are done in dull redwood with off-white beams. Note the keg-shaped lamp base.
Above, Mr. and Mrs. Donlevy at the gate to their Early American Brentwood home. The remodelling job took almost two years, and the home is now the essence of charm and suburban good taste. Left, above, Mrs. Donlevy in a corner of the French bedroom with its hearth framed in French tile. The color scheme is peach and white with touches of pale blue. An old French clock and fine Dresden pieces are the mantel decorations. Left, the Donlevys in the playroom-den. The pine love seat is upholstered in yellow nubby wool with contrasting flower pattern. Below, left, Brian working on the roof of the house during reconstruction. Below, they are pictured in the window seat of the playroom-den. The rooster lamp with straw edged shade is an interesting feature.

First, exclusive pictures of the new home of Brian Donlevy, that picturesque performer whose acting was applauded in "The Great McGinity" and whose latest achievement is "The Remarkable Andrew"
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

Priscilla Lane and Robert Cummings
in Alfred Hitchcock’s “Saboteur”
By Maude Cheatham

"The most adorable quality I have ever found in a woman is sincerity. Perhaps its very rarity makes it so highly desirable." So said the fascinating French actor, Jean Gabin, new romantic challenger.

Jean Gabin! It is well to learn to pronounce this name. Very patiently, but with an impish glint in his blue-green eyes, he slowly spelled out the English pronunciation—Zhahn Gab-beh. Already, he has an American following, for several of his French pictures have been shown here, notably "La Grande Illusion" and "Pepe le Moko." Hero-worship is in the air!

During the two hours I was with him the phone rang constantly. Fifteen calls came from women, some locally, several long distance, with one coming from a feminine admirer in New York City. She had just seen "Pepe le Moko," and had pulled many strings to secure information as to how to reach him by telephone. Her conversation contained every extravagant phrase known to our language, and Jean was a little breathless when it ended.

I asked, "Does adulation please, or disturb you?"

A moment's hesitation, then he replied, "Naturally, it is the most flattering, but it is amazing, very amazing. I've seen nothing like the American enthusiasm. In France, we are allowed more privacy, and our affairs, apart from the screen, are our own."

"But," he hastily added, "I find all American women charming, most intriguing! I would say that on an average, they are more beautiful than French women. Those in France are most sophisticated, more subtle, while in America the women put their glorious national freedom into gracious and wholesome living. I admit, I admire feminine sophistication, but I'm beginning to wonder if that is as important to me as seeing a girl with a beautiful sun tan, and her hair blowing freely in the breeze as she takes active part in outdoor sports."

"They are vivid, stirring (Please turn to page 76)"
Your GUIDE at a GLANCE

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

"TO BE OR NOT TO BE"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: BRILLIANT!

APPEAL: Occasion for cheers—because Carole Lombard's last picture also turns out to be her best, Jack Benny's best, director Lubitsch's best.

PLOT: Scintillating satire of the Nazi domination of Poland, in which leading theatrical troupe of Warsaw, and particularly the matinée idol star and his beautiful wife, outwit the invaders by clever impersonations of Gestapo spies and officers, and finally escape to England. Hilariously funny in some scenes, intensely exciting in others, the story shifts from high comedy to melodrama, but thanks to Ernst Lubitsch's masterly direction the result is never confusing, always entertaining.

ACTING: Exit laughingly, as she would have wished it, for Carole Lombard—in her best rôle, in her best mood and manner. Your sincerest tribute to the memory of this gallant girl will be your enjoyment, your appreciation, and your applause of her witty, vibrant performance. Jack Benny plays the "hammy" Hamlet with rare zest; in fact, "Jackson" will surprise you with his smooth trouping. Robert Stack, screen's handsomest juvenile, is refreshingly forthright as a daring young aviator; while Stanley Ridges is excellent as the Gestapo spy who gets his. Sssss!

Korda-United Artists

"BAHAMA PASSAGE"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: SULTRY!

APPEAL: For incorable romanticists, especially those who have been brooding over Stirling Hayden ever since "Virginia"—here he is, and Madeleine, too.

PLOT: Gosh, do we have to go into that? With Hayden and Carroll going native, blue skies and bluer water, and the call of the tropics in Technicolor? Background of real Bahamas is so beautiful, and the co-stars in the foreground so highly decorative, the plot, what there is of it, won't bother you much. Scene is Dilda Cay, a small island owned by Hayden and invaded by Miss Carroll, who, quite understandingly, sticks around despite his objections. Whew, it's warm!

ACTING: Screen's two most gorgeous blondes treat us to a photogenic field-day with Stirling Hayden in particular standing up spectacularly under the dazzling sun and the color camera. This is the last Hayden film for the duration, girls, or so they tell me; so take a good, long look at this stalwart character who had the courage to walk out on Hollywood. [Imagine Miss C.'s feelings—from Hayden to Bob Hope.] In the supporting cast, Flora Robson and Leo Carroll are as convincing as their roles permit; while little Mary Anderson is provocative in a smaller part.

Paramount

"THE INVADERS"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: IMPORTANT!

APPEAL: Grave an exciting movie? Want something serious and substantial in the way of screen fare these days? This picture meets both requirements.

PLOT: It can happen here! In this film it does. A Nazi submarine penetrates Canadian waters, is sunk by the RCAF—but not before its commander and crew have landed. From there on it's melodrama—with a meaning. As the first Germans to set foot on Canadian soil the ruthless bond pillages and plunder, until one by one they are captured. Here's all the suspense, thrills of the man-hunt—powerfully directed, intelligently contrived—with the terrific impact of reality.

ACTING: For once "all-star cast" is no exaggeration. You'll be glad to see Lawrence Olivier again in a striking portrayal of a French-Canadian, accent and all, who gives his life for freedom. Anton Walbrook is splendid as the leader of the Hutterites, actual colony of "good Germans" in Canada. His is the eloquent and moving "voice" of all oppressed peoples. The inimitable Leslie Howard plays the dreamer who is brought face to face with brutal fact by the invading Nazis. Eric Portman is excellent as the "leader" whom lanky Reymond Massey, as an everyday Canadian soldier, finally defeats.

Columbia Pictures
to the BEST CURRENT PICTURES

Delight Evans

"ROXIE HART"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: SHOCKER!

APPEAL: Strictly for loud, hearty laughers, the slap-the-knee, burst-the-seams kind—though what some Ginger Rogers fans will think—tch, tch!

PLOT: From "Chicago," sensational play of the early 1920's by Maurine Watkins, Nunally Johnson has fashioned a raucy screen version with little regard for the finer feelings of the Ginger Rogers Fan Clubs, but every consideration for the visibilities of less sensitive moviegoers. Character study of a distinctly giddy type who enjoys the spotlight as Chicago's cutest "murderess," especially when she goes on the witness stand. Courtroom scene is funniest of the month.

ACTING: Ginger Rogers displays daring—to say nothing of those legs in long, lacy silk stockings—when she plays the bird-brained but bewitching Roxie Hart. She is always completely in character; she never attempts to apologize for Roxie, she simply plays her, cheap, flashy, flamboyant. It's probably one of her finest performances—but you may hope she won't do it again soon. Adolph Menjou is in character, too, as the pompous counsellor, but George Montgomery is colorless as the reporter who falls in love with Roxie. Handsome, maybe—but a rather dull actor, so far.

United Artists

"MISTER V"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: FINE!

APPEAL: Particularly to those loyal Leslie Howard fans who may have been wondering what he has been up to—here's your answer, and it's magnificent!

PLOT: Both timely and timeless, it concerns the heroic adventures of one supposedly absent-minded Cambridge professor of archeology who rescues victims of Nazi persecution right from under the noses of the Gestapo. A modern Scarlet Pimpernel, he takes incredible risks and always wins—which makes for exciting entertainment. He pokes at the deadly fun of Hitler's right-hand men; he doesn successful disguise as an American bond leader; he walks into a Nazi concentration camp—and walks out with the prize prisoner. His rescues include a damsel in distress, thus there's romance, too.

ACTING: Triumph for Mr. Howard—not only as star, but as producer and director. Professor Horatio Smith is his most interesting performance since Pygmalion; the good Professor is ingratiating, noble, amusing, but never too whimsical. Applause for Mr. Howard, the producer, for picking such a story and starring in it. Applause, too, for Howard the director—for imagination, humor, and encouragement of unusual photography. Francis Sullivan, Hugh McDermott, Mary Morris—fine.

Caesar and Dione

"THE MALE ANIMAL"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: FUNNY!

APPEAL: Take the family, round up the neighbors, and a fine time will be had by all—especially if you want to get away from war films just for tonight.

PLOT: The play was a Broadway success. The picture is even funnier. Perhaps the fact that Elliott Nugent, director-star of the stage play, also directed the film explains it. Anyway, it is a shining example of a comedy which achieves every type of laugh from giggle to guffaw without descending to slapstick. It's intelligent, true to life, and terrifically funny, in its depiction of life in a young professor's household when the wife's old beau, the college football hero, comes back for the big game.

ACTING: Henry Fonda, Jack Carson, Olivia de Havilland and Eugene Pollette, in the order named, are responsible for most of the fun. Fonda as the liberal young professor who persists in reading Vanetti's last statement to his class despite all opposition; Jack Carson as the brush ex-football player; Miss de Havilland as the practical young wife who is still not immune to romance; and Pollette as the ram- pagous regent play to perfection. Joan Leslie and Herbert Anderson, and especially the eye-catching Joan Ames as "Hot Qarters" handle the young romance division.

Warner Bros.
High honors to "The Invaders," most stirring motion picture of this war

Leslie Howard, Laurence Olivier, Anton Walbrook, Raymond Massey, Eric Portman—fine actors give great performances in this exciting film picturing the invasion of Canada by a band of ruthless Nazis. "The Invaders" will thrill you, move you, awaken you to realization as no other war movie has done. It's a film you must not miss!

Filmed in Canada and in England, "The Invaders" is released by Columbia Pictures. Crammed with excitement from the first scene which shows Nazis landing from a submarine in Canadian waters, it is a series of spine-tingling episodes.
Luxuriously enough for a princess—soft-smooth Pond's Cold Cream is priced for thrifty purses! Use this smooth-as-silk cream for your daily Pond's glamour care. Slather it thick over your face and throat. Tissue it off. "Rinse" with lots more Pond's. Tissue it off again. Do this every night—for daytime cleanups, too. Lovely how Pond's takes off every little smitch of soil—leaves your skin so much softer, so much smoother!

Gossamer-light Pond's NEW Dreamflower Face Powder! Your choice of 4 flattering new Dreamflower shades, each blended to give your face a magic touch of glamour-soft color. New smoothness that lends a dreamy "misty-soft" quality to your skin. Adorable new Dreamflower box! The 28¢ size is free with your purchase, at the regular price, of the medium-large jar of Pond's Cold Cream in this Pond's Twin Beauty Special!

Get these Two Delightful Beauty Aids—for the Price of the Cream alone

You’ll find this Pond’s Twin Beauty Special at your favorite beauty counter—the Cold Cream and Powder conveniently packaged together to take right home. Don’t wait—this offer is for a limited time. You pay only for the Cold Cream (the medium-large size)—the 28¢ size box of Pond’s Dreamflower Powder comes with it free—a gift to you from Pond’s!

• "I just love Pond’s Cold Cream. It makes my face feel so fresh, clean and soft," says Ann Swanson of Washington, D. C.—one of Pond’s lovely engaged girls.

• "I’m so pleased with Pond’s new Dreamflower Powder! The texture is lovely—fluffy as air—but so clinging! And the box is simply sweet!" says beautiful Geraldine Spreckels, of the famous California family.

Free 28¢ size Pond’s Dreamflower Powder with purchase of medium-large jar of Pond’s Cold Cream at the regular price. Such a large jar for so little. At your favorite beauty counter. Sold only in this convenient package, this Twin Beauty Special is for a limited time only.
Hair-do Norma Shearer wore at Virginia Zanuck's party, and the superbly delicious sauce for cracked crab at the Ronnie Coleman's, and that perfectly thrilling new mail polish Joan Bennett was wearing at the David Selznick's, and those exciting, simply exciting, ski instructors at Sun Valley, you really must take up skiing, darling.

By high noon these days, and we wouldn't fool you, the Hollywood women have washed dozens of cups and saucers, scrubbed floors, made bandages by the hundreds, and trussed up Itchy Lamarr so thoroughly at their First Aid class that it'll probably be weeks before Miss Holly's blood circulates normally again. In the afternoon they work even harder than they do in the mornings, and at night, when they are just about to fall dead in their tracks they dash down to the Coast and serve coffee and cookies to the Army and Navy until the cold grey dawn. Nothing is too difficult for them to tackle, nothing too messy, nothing too exacting. They really work hard, these Hollywood women. (And we're sure that the women in your town are working hard for defense too.)

Well, naturally, the women of Hollywood—you'll be booped right on the head if you call them glamorous girls these days—can't do all this exhausting labor if their bodies aren't in condition. If they've been doing all the wrong things, those wonderful goopy things, then they'll puff over their dishpans at Fort MacArthur like the Super Chief coming over Cajon Pass. If they have extra-generous upholstery there is certainly no room for them in the smart up-to-date ambulances of the Women's Ambulance and Defense Corps. If they think that "spare tire" around their middle imagine their embarrassment when they become a "patient" at the Red Cross class, and Ann Sothern and Rosalind Russell just have to be part of their middle trying to find their floating ribs. And besides—well it's not the whole night down and being feminine about it—a lady who in any way slightly suggests a stevedore simply looks like the devil in uniform.

Keeping fit is the order of the day. You're not good to your country in defense work unless you are in condition. We might as well face it, Slimness, now more than ever, is here to stay. Those dreary pounds (but weren't they fun putting on?) have to go.

The Brown Derby (there are really four of them now) is as much a part of Holly-

doors as studios, sunshine, and Cecil B. DeMille. So it was only to be expected that the Brown Derby, shrouded in something about keeping Hollywood women fit for defense work, Robert Cobb, the handsome and likable manager of all the Derbies, called in a dietetics consultant—you know, one of those super-intelligent people who knows about calories and calcium and those most amazing vitamins. The two of them went into a huddle with the famous chef of the Vine Street Brown Derby. THE BROWN DERBY DIET was the result. And THE BROWN DERBY DIET works. It has been tried by Dorothy Lamour, Betty Grable, Carol Bruce, Phyllis Brooks, and dozens of other Hollywood women (and Bob Young and Pat O'Brien and Stu Erwin, to drag in a few males). They followed it carefully from Monday through Sunday, with absolutely no nibbling on the side, and they all lost three pounds. And three pounds, please, is all you are supposed to drop in one week. More than that isn't healthy. If you try for more than that all kinds of dreadful things will happen to you, like acidosis, dizziness, jitters, weakness, wrinkles—really, you'll look like an old dog. And what's even worse, you will have the nastiest disposition this side of Brooklyn and lose every friend you have to your name. Seriously now, please, don't try to lose more than three pounds a week.

Hollywood women have gone for this diet, hook, line and sinker, though we really shouldn't mention anything as indigestible as sinkers in the same breath with THE BROWN DERBY DIET. On Monday nights you'll see Gracie Allen at the Derby munching celery and attacking her steak, fat trimmed off. And on Tuesdays you'll see Doris Lamour, back from a most successful food selling tour, pitching into lamb chops and string beans, and eying, but only eying, a chocolate eclair.

For those women who want to keep fit for defense work, but who cannot take their meals at the Brown Derby, for quite obvious reasons, with Robert Cobb's permission we print his popular BROWN DERBY DIET. No reducing diet should be undertaken without the authority of a doctor, so it's certainly all right with Mr. Cobb if you want to take this diet to your doctor and get his approval before starting it. Well, kiss the pounds goodbye!
DURA-GLOSS nail polish
contains Chrystallyne*

Your fingers will be as lovely as jewels; and this polish “stays on” amazingly

Thousands and thousands of women know the special brilliance and beauty and luster and life, of Dura-Gloss Nail Polish. No other polish ever became so popular, so quickly. The blessed way it sticks to your nails—the happy surprise that it doesn’t get dull and ugly-looking for days on end—doesn’t “peel” or “fray”—is all because of a special ingredient in Dura-Gloss, CHRSTALLYNE*. This wonderful substance gives Dura-Gloss its lovely sparkling highlights, and unparalleled adhesion-qualities. Dura-Gloss is a remarkable nail polish. No other polish is like it. Enjoy its wondrous gleam and sparkle, now, today. Have the most beautiful fingernails in the world, with Dura-Gloss.

*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.

3 New Colors for Spring
Blackberry
Mulberry
Wineberry

It's DURA-GLOSS
for the most beautiful
fingernails in the world
“Palm Beach,” he smiled, “any time before ground-hog day was all he could take. "Trains move too," he decided grimly, bundled her into a taxi, got her to a warm hotel, found there was a train out at eight P.M., engaged a room, ordered food sent up, and registered as Pat Watson. The clerk’s bland stare managed to call him a liar.

Their four o’clock breakfast was broken by two phone calls. "Sorry, Mr. Watson, there won’t be a train till seven in the morning. The storm, you know," George looked at Ann. Her lips quivered. Was she going to cry?

"Trains don’t move," grinned Ann. So George grinned too, and ordered a room for Miss Gray, his secretary. Also would the clerk take care of accommodations on the seven o’clock? The clerk would.

Next time he picked up the phone, a feminine voice said: "Mr. Brent?"

"What?"

"Oh, I know you’re George Brent. Miss Sheridan’s with you, isn’t she? If you’ll give me a little statement for the paper, I’ll see you’re not bothered.”

He explained that he’d rather not. He explained why. In George’s book, the Memphis press gets four stars. They kept mum. Brent’s no sleeper. If he gets four hours a night, he’s doing well. So he took a couple of tablets to ensure some rest, turned in at six thirty and woke to a furious baying at the door. "Japs!" he concluded, a little confused.

The voice sounded American. "Come right down. We’re leaving.”

"Who’s leaving?"

"The plane."

"Leave, brother," he slid back under the covers. "I’m crawling, not flying."

It took him three hours to get back to sleep, but from then till six forty-five all went merry as a marriage bell. He slept, he woke, he dressed, he had breakfast with Ann, he paid the bill and asked for the train tickets. "They’re down at the station."

"But I thought—"

"We took care of the accommodations all right, Mr. Watson. But you’ll have to pick the tickets up yourself. Oh, and here’s a wire for you."

It came from Ft. Worth. It said that a brief case had been found, initialed G.B. It assumed that said brief case belonged to Mr. George Brent. They were forwarding it, however, to Mr. Pat Watson at Palm Beach. Kind regards.

Watson snatched Ann from the background into which she had melted, as per- standing instructions, and they got to the station at five of seven. It was crowded with the military. A long line waited at each of the three windows. Nobody, including the ticket sellers, hurried. With each ticket, they supplied free conversation re weather and pheasant-shooting.

"How do you catch the train?" George asked a redhead.

"Very simple, sir. It waits."

Hearing shaken that one off, George steered Ann to a corner. She was to watch like a beagle and, the minute he had the tickets, duck out and join him. With George safely on line, the redcap produced a happier thought. The lady’d be bettuh off in the waiting room. He’d stick by the gentleman a’nd bring him back to the lady. "All right," said the lady, "but stick like glue."

So when George turned from the ticket window, looking for his bride to light like a homing pigeon on his arm, there was no Sheridan. No redcap either. He’d snagged another couple of customers. By this time the boys had spotted Brent. They rushed him for autographs. With soldiers on his coat-tails and wrath in his eye, he made four round trips of the station, scribbling as he went. Then he spied the porter.

"Where’s the lady with the bags?"

"Hidin’ in the waitin’ room, suh."

"Hidin’," he told her as he scooped her up, "is a good idea."

The rode forever through Tennessee and Georgia. The snow turned to rain. George bumbled about Florida, the sunlight, the miles of Hibiscus, the fishing trip they’d taken in Tampa. He’d get to Winter Park, Florida, it seemed, then would they get to Palm Beach, he asked the conductor. The conductor wouldn’t know. He didn’t go that far. "Depends if they think you on to them," he added. Nineteen-thirty at Jacksonville. Goin’ bird-shootin’?"

"Youghta go bird-shootin’. Fine pheas- ants round these parts—"

Could he maybe find out when they were due in Palm Beach? He’d try. They never saw him again. George thinks he went bird-shootin’.

At Jacksonville they were hooked on to something-or-other. It was still raining. Next morning it poured. George apologized. "Nothing of it," said Ann. He promised it would stop before they got to Palm Beach where, according to the porter, they were due at eleven. George had wired his sister to go ahead with the wedding arrangements for that evening.

At twelve they were still in the canebreaks. George sent for the porter. "What is this?" he inquired with the calm of despair.

"Well, ah tell you, suh, Ah thought we wuz on the othuh train—"

He got in at three. It was pouring. George’s nephew, the real Pat Watson, met them with news that the brief case had come.

For Ann the worst ordeal lay ahead. She tried to be nonchalant, which is difficult. People are petrified if a horse loses a shoe. She’s taken care of a picnic, compared with the drive to China. It’s a home run.

They call George’s sister China because somebody once said she looked Chinese. She’s the widow of Mr. Tom Harris and, till his death, the best-loved man on Broadway. George adores her. George’s secretary adores her. Ann had heard her praises sung and thought, "That’s swell, she’ll be charm- ing to me, but Brent’s her only beloved brother, and I’ll know the minute I see it if it’s charm with an edge."

China couldn’t wait till they got out of the car. She reached a hand in to each, then leaned over to kiss Ann. It took just a moment to say, as the best-loved man had been, "China Harris—this is Ann. A weight rolled off her heart, and China had increased her string of admirers by one.

They’d had as much as they could have in Beach to buy a wedding gown. As it was, China had some dresses sent out. None of them was right. "Looks like you’re going into a rumble," snorted Connie, Talmadge. "Take it off. Put this one on." As China’s close friend, Connie was one of the guests, the other two being China’s lawyer and his wife.

In the bags she’d sent ahead was a champagne tulle Ann had never worn, yards and yards of chiffon, a skirt and blouse. They finally dressed her in that. Over her head they draped a mantilla of Chantilly lace, ivory with age. Reporters dreamed up the pretty fiction that it had been designed by her grandmother’s, but the fact is prettier. It was a gift from George.

She came down on the lawyer’s arm, float- ing in chiffon and old lace, velvet gardenias and orchids, and a face to match. But she didn’t feel poetic. Her hands were clammy. She was simply grateful for the hand that was holding her. She wished it were over, this slow pacing to the wedding march, every- one facing her, waiting for her. There was George in his white dinner jacket, with Pat beside him. Dead-pan he looked, but his hand was as clammy as hers when they touched."

"Do you, Clara Lou, take George—"

“I do—"

Continued from page 25

Defense stamps and bonds sold like hotcakes at the booth conveniently set up in the Warner Bros. studio commissary. Above, Lorraine Gottman has just sold some stamps to Dennis Morgan. These two popular players urge you to buy, buy, BUY bonds and stamps, too!
SMOKING MEANS INHALING—
INHALING MEANS YOU NEED
what PHILIP MORRIS alone provides!

All smokers sometimes inhale. But—your throat needn't know it. Here's a vital difference you may not know exists.

Eminent doctors compared the leading favorite cigarettes

...found and reported that:

SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING POPULAR BRANDS
AVGEMRED MORE THAN THREE TIMES AS IRRITATING—AND
THEIR IRRITATION LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS
LONG—AS THE STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS!

That's proved protection—exclusive with PHILIP MORRIS
—added to your enjoyment of the finer-quality PHILIP
MORRIS tobaccos. No worry-about throat irritation . . .
even when you do inhale!

CALL FOR
PHILIP MORRIS

AMERICA'S FINEST
CIGARETTE

"Then repeat after me—"
I don't remember it, she thought wildly,
and only when she realized he was saying it two words at a time so she couldn't miss,
did she stop quaking.

George was putting the ring on now—a
double diamond band, linked by pear-shaped
diamonds. For a long second his jittery fingers couldn't get it on her knuckle. She
fought down an impulse to help him.

Then it was over—all but the kisses and
cake and champagne. George drank
one to his bride, though he hates the stuff,
calls it bum seven-up. Somehow a couple of
photographers sneaked in, and the spirit was such that no one had the heart to throw
them out. And George carried Ann across the
threshold of the cottage China had pre-
pared for them. And it rained.

It rained for two and a half days. They
wired the studio to find out how much time
they had. The studio wired back that Ann
would be needed on the 12th for "Shadow
of their Wings," Brent on the 16th for "Gay
Sisters." "So what shall I do?" he
demanded. "Send you on ahead? Look, why
don't we go back to La Quinta, where at
least the sun's shining."

By some mix-up, the black coat she'd
worn on the plane was packed off in
Ann's trunk. In Chicago it was eight below,
so Henry, George's valet, suggested she
wear his coat, he'd keep plenty warm run-
ning around with the bags. If you saw the
pictures of Ann taken in Chicago, you saw
Henry's coat—a good-looking affair, though
a little long for style.

At San Bernardino, the boys turned out
in force—press, studio and Danny, George's
Kerry Blue, who indicated his pleasure in
the whole thing by jumping on Ann and
washing her ear. They had three days at
La Quinta. Gwennie and Rita, their secre-
taries, were on hand to welcome them home.
"Hey, you did that once," sneered Ann, as
George picked her up to carry her in.

"This is a new place. I have to do it
again!"

For the time being, they're living at
George's house, since his lease has another
year to run. Ann wasn't planning marriage
when she bought her place at Encino, so
they'll have to wait till priorities permit
the building of additional quarters.

As everyone knows, they didn't enter
marriage lightly. Both had been burned
before. Both were aware of the hazards—
perhaps too aware. Ann had assumed
obligations—the house she'd bought, people
who worked for her—which she felt she
didn't even the right to drop or unload
on anyone else. Their tastes didn't meet at
all points. Ann liked to go out. George
didn't. In the end, they discovered that none
of these things mattered enough to keep
them apart.

George had been misconquited as saying he
hates people. It's crowds, not people, and he
doesn't hate them, they scare him. He's
scribed of strangers. This, he says, may sound
like nonsense at his age, but remains a fact.
He's anti-social. He likes having people
around whom he knows well, people he can
relax with, whose interests he shares. To
waste time and effort on social patter for
its own sake seems to him folly.

On the other hand, if Ann wants to
go out, he goes. Only she doesn't want to, Ann
who used to count that night lost which
wasn't spent dancing, says now: "Oh, we
go out often enough—once every six
weeks." There's no mystery involved but
the mystery of happy marriage. Annie looks
radiant these days. She always did, But the
serenity in her eyes is something new.
"Can't even get myself a glass of water,"
she grumbles, "I'm a pampered darling,
and I love it."

Because of makeup and hairdo, she
must be at the studio by seven. George gets
up first and turns on the heat. She hates
to think of food till it's set before her.

George orders the meals, and started the
innovation of lunch at home. "She used to
sit in that green room at the studio, enter-
tain every visiting freeman that showed,
swallow a chop and work all afternoon
with a lump in her chest. Now she eats in
peace, with nobody knocking her out of
her chair."

He calls her. Red and Tex and FYute.
She calls him Keoki—Hawaiian for George—and Don José, a gag started by their
director friend, Lloyd Bacon. After dinner,
he reads aloud from the paper while she
knits Army sweaters. Or they turn on the
radio for war news and political forums.

Their dinner guests are Danny and Amos,
the poodle, who yaps his head off when
George puts his arms round his wife. "It's
the French in him," says Brent.

Since they've both worked steadily since
getting back, they've been out only twice—
to Cesar Romero's housewarming, and to a
dinner given by a friend in their honor.
As a special treat, "Kings Row," was shown
dinner. This embarrassed Ann. Till
then George had never seen her on the
screen. She scattered all the way home
ward off comment. At last he got a word
in. "About the picture—"

"Don't tell me what you think"
"I think you're photogenic," he remarked.
She gets a bang out of ASP on her not-
paper, and she thinks Ann Brent is a lovely
home. As for the more significant aspects
of marriage—"If I'd known it was going
to be like this, I'd have done it long ago."

Like what? She wriggles. Ann's no
slinger of gush. "Oh—the friendliness, the
warmth, the companionship, the nice feeling
that you're needed. Even if it's only to be
spoiled, still you're needed."

As for George, he can't get home from
the studio fast enough. Which is under-
standable. Sheridan, knitting in a corner of
the sofa with the lamplight on her hair, is
no bad thing to come home to.
flight was probably, "What's the fuss? It's no more than she or any other wife should do." Nor was it.

You would not know, of course, the story behind that hurried cross-country flight. That it was Bette's first. That with it she conquered a deathly terror of flying which had hampered her for years. Nor could you possibly estimate the shining victory that relatively minor event meant in her life. But then you may have forgotten that beneath her screen glimmer, Bette Davis is human after all. That, even as you and I, she is cursed with useless fears and phobias, complexes and blown-up bugaboos that have and occasionally still do make her miserable.

"I've just learned a lesson," Bette told me the other day across the luncheon table. "And for the hundredth time," she added, a bit sheepishly, "Foolish fears are the most poisonous things in the world!"

It was hard, off hand, to associate any fear, foolish, or otherwise, with Bette Davis. Except maybe fear the priorities board might shut off the supply of brass Bandeau. The bright, gregarious, alive every minute and always bursting with beans. But I have learned that when Bette Davis makes a statement she can usually bank on it being a true one.

"If I were a man," continued Bette, "I'd like to be a psychiatrist. I'd like to find out how silly, ingrown terrors start and how to banish them. I can't think of a more worthwhile job in the shaky world today. There's enough real danger without imaginary mental goings. Foolish fears satter happiness and ruin careers. They destroy health, warp minds, breed failures, and take all the joy out of life. They cause more torture, uncertainty and despair than anything else in the world.

"I don't mean," Bette hastened to state, "that one air-plane trip did give me years of mental misery. That I finally tossed it to the winds was just an incident, a small thing. But in my life I have been ridden and seen my friends ridden by phobias. Occasionally I've felt that's the most absurd thing about fear complexes—the worst mental monsters usually spring from the tiniest trikles."

Bette reflected moodyly for a minute. "I've never told anyone this," she began. "That's the trouble, when you nurse silly fears and complexes the last thing in the world you want to do is to tell them. If I had only had sense enough to tell them and get them off our burdened minds, they'd probably vanish, like germs brought into the sunlight. I don't know why that's so hard, but it is.

"When I was a small girl, I went to the Boston theater once to see Tharston, the magician. It was a gala occasion and I'd stuffed myself unwisely with lobster for lunch. In the middle of the act, I lost all interest. Dicey spots danced before my eyes and in a minute I was a violently sick little girl. The experience was humiliating enough, but to make things worse, the lady sitting next to me couldn't understand sort. In fact, she bawled me out in no uncertain terms, for all the row to hear. I crept out of there sick, hurt, humiliated and I think was the most disgusting creature alive.

"Right then a useless, absurd, but powerful phobia seized me and all my life I've tried to fight it. I still do, not nearly as often as before, of course, but it's still lurking around. I'm afraid to be in any place where escape isn't handy. I'm afraid I'll get sick. I've felt that terror strike coldly more times than I can remember. When I've been on stages, in audiences, on trains, at parties, or just in city crowds. I think it's probably what fabricated my absurd terror of air-planes. I've never been physically afraid. The thought of being high in the air, the consideration of a crack-up never bothered me. Nothing nearly so valid as that. It was the silly, picayunish fear of—getting airsick in a closed plane. When I thought of that I trembled with imaginary mortification.

"Most foolish fears are every bit as trifling in origin and facts," reflected Bette. "But to the person they affright they're terrible, invincible nightmares often quite capable of ruining all happiness and hope, even life itself."

Bette told me about two girls she had known. Both were inordinately tall. Both were extremely self-conscious about their height. Both were beautiful and intelligent. Everyone liked them—but they didn't like themselves. One managed to overcome the silly worry about her tree-top figure. She became a famous fashion and artists' model. She had an important New York career, married well and now has a family. But the other girl stewed and brooded about her long legs (she was perfect in every other department) until her mind actually became unbalanced. Pretty soon she lapsed into melancholia, there were suicide tries—and finally one of them took. A tragic twist to a foolish fear.

"It exasperates me," said Bette almost angrily, "when I think how idiotic fear robs people of so much happiness, so many friendships, so much opportunity to live. Take any small example. How many people are terrified at horses, scared of the water, of mountain slopes? How many have reason to be? Horseback riding is a healthy, thrilling sport. So is sailing, so is skiing. None are really dangerous. How many mothers have ruined their sons' chances for popularity, strength and friendships by forbidding football? How many children, incidentally, have lived on through nervous, idiotic fears? I just think it's a hell of a many of a million over-cautious, parent don't?"

"Think of the adults who have gone through life feeling guilty about almost everything normal they did. Think of children forced to nurse their childish tragedies out of all proportion and into a complex,
because they didn't dare to 'tell their folks.' Thank goodness, I could always tell my mother everything that happened to me—no matter what it was. That's one thing I've always thanked her for. Of course that didn't keep me from building scarecrows of my own.

"No girl is satisfied with her looks, for instance, and I was no exception. All of us could still easily order a remodeling job if we had the choice. Like every other girl I went through stages when I firmly believed I was a complete mess and a frightful apparition to behold. Every girl born, I suppose, has worried about her looks. It's agony—but it's all right. It's normal. It's only when the worry turns into a poisonous fear so that it destroys every capacity for enjoyment that it becomes an evil, menacing thing.

"Once," said Bette, "I knew an elderly woman almost seventy. She was—and this is hard to believe—in mortal terror of growing old—at seventy, mind you! As a girl and a young woman she had been very beautiful. Instead of making her happy, her beauty ruined her life. She grew agnostic at the thought of losing it. As she grew older, she devoted every minute of her time, all her intelligence, every thought in her head to staying beautiful. She lived in constant terror of being seen unlovelorn. If any tiny thing happened—a skin blemish, a deep wrinkle, anything—to mar her beauty she shut herself off from all her friends. She spent tortured hours daily working over her face, her figure, her hair, her clothes. She became a complete slave to an absurd fear—that someday some one would say, 'So—and-so isn't as pretty as she used to be.' Which, of course, they did anyway.

"Her life became a vacant room in her an introverted eccentric. She never really lived because of that absurd complex. Even in her advanced age she refused to go to bed at night until she had prepared every detail of her beauty toilette. Why? Because the phobia had developed until she was actually afraid she might die in her sleep and be found—dead but unbeautiful!"

Bette shook her head sadly. "The point is," she said, "so many of us worry so much about what other people think of us, when we'd all be surprised how little people are thinking about us. Then too—I suppose it springs from egotistical human nature—but all of us regard ourselves as very special cases, as particular, persecuted people fate has picked on to be blighting with something or other. If we could realize that everybody else is exactly the same boat! No one is perfect. No one else expects perfection.

"The tragic part of useless worry is that you waste valuable hours stewing miserably which could be devoted to accomplishing things. I know writers who fret themselves sick about their work instead of working. I know actors who worry about parts until they're too exhausted and nervous to do a good job. They defeat themselves. Hollywood is one of the most psychologically terrorized towns on earth. That's why picture people are haunted with nervous breakdowns and ulcers. Fear can do terrible things to you physically, as everyone knows. Worse than that, it can bind you with chains of despair.

"Bette is vitally interested in people, and I discovered that she has almost a doctor's shrewdness in diagnosing and filing away case histories.

"I knew a woman in this town," Bette recalled, "who was miserably unhappy with her husband. He was rather a bad egg and there was no earthly reason for her putting up with him. Only she was afraid to cut loose. She was convinced she was a social parish and would surely fail to make a living anywhere because—think how silly this is—she had a prominent nose! Behind the

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Is your hair light in some places and dark in others? Is it streaked and faded — straw-like in color? Then put it back on the "gold standard" with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash!

For years, lovely women everywhere have been using Marchand's to give their hair that lighter look! Blondes praise Marchand's for the lustrous sunlights it brings out in their hair. Brunettes use it to give their hair contrasting highlights.

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is quick and easy to apply. It gives perfect results. Use Marchand's, also, to lighten hair on arms and legs. At all drug counters.

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Enliven and highlight the color-tone of your hair—with Marchand's thrilling new "Make-Up" Hair Rinse! Not a bleach, not a permanent dye! Made with Government approved colorants, it goes on—and washes off—as easily as your face powder or lipstick. 8 Buttering tints for every shade of hair. 5c and 10c at all drug counters.

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There are many glamorous girls who can radiate so much of the stuff once labeled "oomph," as can that gorgeous starlet, Adele Mara. But we don't have to sell her to you—just examine this picture of her. She's appearing in "Shut My Big Mouth," typical Joe E. Brown laugh film.

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash can help you get the same results. It's the perfect way to keep your hair looking its best, no matter what hairstyle you choose.

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*Screenland*
“I was a Wife in name only”

A NEGLECTED WIFE REGAINS
HER HAPPINESS BY OVERCOMING
HER “ONE NEGLECT”

1. Our marriage started out like a story-book romance. We were so head-over-heels in love. But soon my romance faded. Jim’s love turned to cold indifference. I suffered agonies.

2. Mrs. M. dropped in one morning and caught me crying. She dragged the whole sad story out of me. “My dear,” she said, "don’t mind my frankness—you see, I used to be a Registered Nurse, and I understand your trouble. So many wives lose their husbands’ love because of carelessness about feminine hygiene.

3. “Our head physician set me straight,” continued Mrs. M., “He advised his women patients to use Lysol for intimate personal care. Lysol, you see, is a powerful germicide; used according to easy directions, it kills all vaginal germ-life on instant contact . . . yet can’t harm sensitive tissues. It cleanses and deodorizes, too.”

Why you can depend on Lysol

GENTLE YET POWERFUL—Used as directed, Lysol is gentle, safe for delicate tissues (not an acid—no free alkali) yet there is no germ-life in the vaginal tract that Lysol will not kill on instant contact. SPREADING—Neither widely advertised douche preparation has the wide spreading power Lysol has—Lysol solution searches out germ-life deep down in tiny folds other liquids may never reach. ECONOMICAL.—Small bottle makes almost 4-gallons solution. CLEANLY Odor.—Soon disappears. HOLDS STRENGTH to last—drop-play safe with Lysol.

4. I’ve used Lysol for feminine hygiene ever since—with never the slightest worry about its effectiveness. Lysol is so economical—it never dents my budget. And—oh, yes, Jim is once more “that way” about me—and am I happy!

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard to Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Dept. S-342, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

SCREENLAND 65
Look who’s laughing now! And it’s no wonder. That tank helmet Linda Dorell is trying on Joe E. Brown fits kind of quick. This bit of fun, left, took place while the boys were visiting the camp of Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, with USO Camp Shows to entertain the boys. Lower left, Fluffy, the soldiers’ mascot, reciprocates by entertaining Linda.

Curvacious Diana Dorell, right, plays a showgirl in Republic’s “Sleepytime Gal.”

**Here’s Hollywood**

**IT WAS** a long, heart-breaking struggle. But Hedy Lamarr’s mother finally reached this country. When Mrs. Keisler got off the train, she surprised her famous daughter by speaking perfect English. However, she doesn’t always understand it—especially the way it is spoken in Hollywood. For example, she complained to Hedy: “Why are you always saying ‘Oh brother’—when you haven’t a brother?”

SUSAN ANN GILBERT retains her name but legally gets a new father. He’s J. Walter Ruben, married to Virginia Bruce, who was once married to Susan Ann’s own father, John Gilbert. Eddie Quillan, one of the best comedians in the business, forced to open a bowling alley to eat. Hollywood producers should hang their heads in shame... He’s in such demand, Gene Autry is introducing his “Flying Rancho Rodeo.” Tony Martin in uniform, doing a swell job of recruiting men for the U. S. Navy. Passionate Pola Negri back in Hollywood, looking for a movie job... Bette Davis interrupting her vacation to sell $30,000 worth of Defense Bonds in Rutland, Vermont, hometown of hubby Arthur Farnsworth.

Left, comedienne Judy Canova, all dressed up in lace stockings ‘n’ everything, ready to sing the Barrel House Bessie number in her starring picture “Sleepytime Gal.”

**CARL ALSOP,** the inimitable husband of the inimitable Martha Scott, tells this one on his wife. When it became time for Martha to go to the hospital (she had a seven-pound boy) she refused to take along a suitcase carrying her things. Instead, Martha insisted, the houseboy could drop it by a little later on. Carl couldn’t understand why they should wait, especially when it would be so simple to take the suitcase along right then and there. Finally, he pinned Martha down to an answer: “If I don’t take it,” she explained, “then I won’t feel so conspicuous walking in!”

**HERE and there and in your hair:** Richard Travis and Jeanne Cagney, looking like they were made for each other, dancing on a dime... Robert Cummings beaming and admitting they’re expecting the patter of little feet... Strange sights in Beverly Hills: Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper on a bicycle built for two... Betty Grable and George Raft burning the midnight oil but it’s not what you think. They’re reading scripts like mad because they want to act together... Sad-eyed Clark Gable back on the set. Name of the picture is “Somewhere I’ll Find You.”

**By**

**Weston East**

BERT DE WAYNE MORRIS, JR., and Miss Patricia Ann O'Rourke are now man and wife. All of which means in Hollywood that Wayne Morris (now an ensign in the U.S. Navy) and Pat Stewart have finally done it. Amusing highlight on the wedding was this: Wayne was so nervous when he got around to kissing his bride, he went at it like it was a movie closeup. They almost had to yell "Cut!" to stop him.

Hollywood's best bet for good taste

Wolly Westmore is head of Paramount's make-up department. His good taste is tops in the art of make-up. Here's Wolly—behind the scenes, working on a shot for "Dr. Broadway."

Hollywood's and all America's best bet for better taste is Pepsi-Cola . . . finer flavored and pure all the way, first sip to last. And when you want a lot, those 12 full ounces do the job for a nickel. Give yourself a big treat today . . . a Pepsi-Cola.

Purity—in the big big bottle . . . that's Pepsi-Cola!
Do's and Don'ts about Tampons

Don't be old-fashioned
A few years ago, the very thought of tampons was startling—today millions of women know they make sense. Every month, more and more women discover the wonderful freedom of internal sanitary protection. So don't be timid—but do be wise! Choose a tampon that's right for you.

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Meds, the Modess tampons, are scientifically correct. They were designed by a leading woman's doctor—after years of scientific experimenting with all kinds of tampons. Comfortable? You're as free as any other day! No pins. No odors. No bulges. Easier to use, too. Each Meds comes in a one-time-use applicator that eases old difficulties.

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Protection depends on how fast, how much a tampon absorbs. Meds absorb faster because of the "safety center." No other tampon has it! Meds are made of the finest, pure cotton—they hold more than 300% of their weight in moisture.

Don't pay more!
You don't have to now! Meds cost less than most other tampons in individual applicators. No more than leading sanitary napkins. Try Meds! Compare! You'll be glad you did!

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Meds
The Modess Tampons

RAY MILLAND was talking to Gary Cooper shortly before he won an "Oscar" for his performance as "Sergeant York." "I don't suppose it would mean a great deal to you," said Ray. "But I think you deserve the award and I sure hope you get it." Gary looked serious, blinked his eyes, gulped, and in typical Cooper style replied, "Oh, I'd sure like to get it, all right." Then he waited a few seconds. "But I'm sure glad to have to go up after it!" he mused.

CESAR ROMERO's first (and his last, he vows) big party was enjoyed by everyone but the host. In honor of his sister visiting Hollywood, "Butch" really knocked himself out planning the whole thing. The Brown Derby catered under a huge celo-plane tent erected in the back-yard. There was a five piece orchestra, complete with portable dance floor. Jack Benny, by the way, walked in, took one look and exclaimed: "I haven't heard an orchestra without a violin when you knew I was coming!" Only at a Hollywood party could you find such intrigue. Loretta Young, now Mrs. Tom Lewis, sat next to her one-time boy friend, George Brent, now married, to Ann Sheridan, Irene Hervey, now married to Alan Jones and formerly Bob Taylor's big moment, nodded (and not too eagerly) to Barbara Stanwyck. Joan Crawford brought her knitting in a pillow case that was plainly monogrammed JCT (Joan Crawford Tone). Madeleine "Fieldy" Lang was there because Carole Lombard would have been the last person to want her nearest friend to sit apart and mourn. Anne Shirley, sad-eyed and lonely, dropped by late in the evening. So did Tyrone Power, who had worked until midnight. He needed a shave and in his dinner clothes the contrast was pretty exciting. When the first high wind in three years suddenly sprang up and blew down the tent, Cesar all but ran screaming out into the night. No one else minded it a bit. They just moved into the house and kept right on dancing!

ERROL FLYNN might just as well put a "For Rent" sign on his bedroom door. His favorite room in his house is his library. So he put a large double bed in it and there he sleeps. Comes in handy if he wants to get to one of his reference books in a hurry!

JOAN FONTAINE's acting in "Suspicion" won her an "Oscar" for the best performance of the year. But there aren't any statues being given for her popularity with her co-workers on the sets. Joan herself is reported to have said they disliked her so much out at 20th, they wouldn't even drink the Coca-Cola she bought for the troupe. There's a story making the rounds that Tyrone Power gave Charles Boyer and Ronald Colman a preview of what "histrionics" they may expect when they work with Joan. True or false, there's no denying that Olivia de Havilland's little sister can act. What's more, she's always had good scripts and fine directors to help her prove it—except when she was Queen of the B's at RKO.

ALMOST greater than the interest in the Academy Award winners this year, was the problem of what the ladies were going to wear. On account of war time conditions, formal attire was ruled out. Just below-the-knee cotton dinner dresses were quite in evidence. Linda Darnell were a black and white one. Ann Sothern's outfit was a cotton gabardine dinner dress, but-toning from throat to floor hem. Instead of its ermine or mink wrap, around her shoulders Ann quaintly wore a modernized version of an old-fashioned cotton shawl.

GENE RAYMOND has received a commission as a first lieutenant in the air force combat command. Gene has been an aviation enthusiast for years and holds a pilot's license.

ANTI-AIRCRAFT shells roared while powerful searchlight beams swept the heavens! The report of unidentified aircraft gave Hollywood its first horrifying taste of what war can really be like. The blackout lasted five hours. But even in the face of near-tragedy comes an amusing story. Patsy Kelly was driving down the coast, after making a radio appearance with Bob Hope at Camp Roberts. When the alarm sounded all traffic came to a halt. Patsy hid in a clump of bushes with some soldiers. She didn't get home until eleven o'clock the next morning. Patsy had told the boys so many jokes to amuse them, she couldn't speak above a whisper!

SEVEN straight years with no options, reads the new contract Warner Bros. presented Humphrey Bogart. For being a good boy, is the reason. With the possible exception of Robert Taylor, Bogey's new deal is the only one of its kind in these tough times. The Bogeys man of the movies only asked one concession in return: "Please don't make me play romantic stuff with dames!" he pleaded.

FREAK accidents seldom happen in front of the camera. But Priscilla Lane got choked on the head by a microphone, while making a picture at Universal. She insisted to be a good sport about it. Later on, it is said, they discovered she had a mild concussion. A few days rest and Pat was in there pitching again.

Watch for Fay McKenzie when you see the new Gene Autry picture, "Heart of the Rio Grande." Fay is known as the Camera Appeal Girl.
before you purchase, so that everything has a definite role, that it is smartness-suicide to buy something just because it is a bargain or so pretty. In other words, you ought to go about buying as you would in making a budget—if you can! Brenda believes we have never known a day when bright colors are so beautiful, so very right and so varied that there is some sparkling tone for every type. Make-up solves the dress color problem for everyone, from the white-haired to the fiery red-head. Brenda's favorite colors are black, white, beige and red. Some greens could be good on her, but the blue shades are out, because her own brown tones are so beautiful.

Some sidekicks on this young person are in order. It is obvious from her appearance that her mind works in clear, orderly fashion, and she also evidenced when she said: "There are a great many calls on a Hollywood person's time. One is always being asked to appear at this or that function, for this or that cause. And this I truly like to do if I can only know in advance and plan for it." Ah, that touches a chord in us all. If we could only know and be prepared. And we just can't. But the game isn't lost by any means. There is some groundwork in good looks that is almost infallible. It sounds prosaic but it will make you look awfully pretty when the need for your utmost in prettiness arrives. This is a day of sudden dates, of blind dates on the up-and-up, so let the flash of a uniform be a signal to you to be ready for any emergency. The girls are marrying so fast it is impossible to keep track of who is who. Romance is blossoming, diamond rings are flying thick and fast. It's the emotion and urgency of war. But we're getting romantic when we should be prosaic and down to business!

Get yourself organized. There's a quota for your jewels and stamps (and are the girls coming through!) and there's a quota for your wardrobe and your make-up. Decide just what costume or costumes will give you the utmost in appeal and good, long wear. Maybe it's that navy blue with white touches and a saucy flower hat. Or maybe you'll choose a grey suit and a simply irresistible red sailor. Whatever, buy with an eye to pleasing the boys as well as yourself. Men don't really know what they like in a woman's clothes, they only know when they like her in them. With warm days ahead, you may as well make up your mind that you have to keep on closer terms with your tailor and dry cleaner and with your soap flakes and basin. You had just as well right now make a date weekly for each—and keep it. If you are one of the girls in a uniform, then go frivolous and feminine (still in good taste) for your hours out of uniform. Fill the evening hours with real glamour by both being and looking different from day. Dress up evenings as much as you can. Maybe this might have appealed "him" when he drifted around the old verandah in slacks and sports shirt, but never in uniform! The uniform goes anywhere as correct evening dress.

Brenda has us only started but the page ends. You carry on from here. Good times and good looks and good taste go together. They are any girl's recipe for doing her part in a purely feminine way. And more than often a sidelight is the engagement ring and its successor, the wedding band. You help more than you know by appeal in person and personality. You are the relief from grim war; the personification of the ideals, love and home for which men give their lives.
Should A Woman Pay the Check?

Continued from page 31

asked Miss Lamour before stating her views.

"Make it practical."

In that case I'd say that no girl should pay her own way—and definitely not the

man's. It, however—"

I waited for the qualification. I never knew girls were so anxious to offend a

man's ego.

But if she is sure of the circumstances, it's right," Dottie added.

"What circumstances?"

"No smart girl need ever find herself in the spot where she has to pay the check.

If she has a boy and he hasn't an edge on the U. S. mint, what's she doing with

her asking him to her home for dinner?"

But what if she hasn't a place of her own to entertain?

"Well, almost every girl has a girl friend who is able to entertain at her home.

Then, why shouldn't the girl and her friend get together and invite the boy to dinner?

The two girls can share the expenses involved. So, you see—the girl should never

have to pay the check when she goes out with a man.

"But what if she is engaged to a fellow—at what then?"

"If a man and a girl are going to be married, it's only fair for the girl to pay

for her own check. After all, she can get her money back with interest when she is mar-

ried. Tailors haven't stopped making pocket-

books in a man's trousers yet.

Thinking that over, I sought out Michele Morgan, the sensational new star of "Joan

of Paris," and found her alone for a change. We talked about the picture for a

while, and then I began the barrage.

"Michele, you're French," I observed—oh, so softly.

"I beg your pardon," she said quickly, "I am practically a full-fledged American. I already have my first papers."

"Well, then, what do you think about paying a man's check?"

"A woman and her ideals are the same in any country if that's what you mean.

So the situation is the same. Suppose a

woman and a man were out to lunch to-gether.

And supposed they were discussing business. In such a case, where it's prac-
tical and sensible, a woman can very easily pay the check without bringing about a

crisis. But when five o'clock rolls around, it's a different thing altogether. At five

and after, a woman is supposed to assume her more glamorous aspects. She is sup-

posed to become intriguing. And she def-

initely drops her business personality. Well, she can hardly have glamour or intrigue

any man if she allows herself to pay the check. She had better close her purse when the

clock strikes five.

"There is one important qualification now, though. With so many of our men in

the armed forces, a girl has an even more difficult and picturesque job. If she is asked

out by any man who is serving his coun-

try, it is her duty to see that he doesn't

spend too much on her. In fact, she should

really foot all the bills—if he will let her. She can keep an eye on his finances in

such a case and still retain her own in-

dependence.

On this matter of dating men in the

armed forces, I think Phyllis Brook's solua-
tion very good. She has thought up an

organization known as Parties Unlimited, a group that entertains service men once a

month. The number so entertained is about 150. But when it comes to one man

instead of 150, here is her idea: Go to

inexpensive places. And remember, every-

time he takes you out it's your pleasure to

invite him to your place or to take him out

out.

"There is only one alternative, and it's the only one I have ever used, for I feel a

man wants to pay the check at all times. In my group of friends, occasionally three

or four of us girls will decide to go to

the beach or to a roller-skating rink. But when

we make such a decision, we tell the boys

very definitely that we will pay our own

bills for the evening. They usually try to

argue with us, but we stick to our guns.

Going Dutch isn't so bad—provided it
doesn't lead into a continual state of the

girl paying for her check and the boy paying

for his. No man will remain interested in a

girl long if that keeps up.

"What about the twenty-one-dollar-a-

month men in the armed forces?" I asked

Linda.

"They are almost more sensitive than

other men. They don't want a girl to rub in the fact that they only have twenty-one

dollars a month. They'd rather spend every

cent than have a girl pay their check. But this can be avoided, too. A girl can invite

a soldier to her home for dinner and then

let him take her to a movie. If she wants
to, she can always find ways to give him and herself a good time without his spend-

ing a lot of money.

"Speaking of soldiers and the war, I

think more girls should put into practice what might be called out the 'Defense Fund.'

The idea is simple. Once a week, every

girl should turn down a date. Instead of

going out, she should invite the young

man to her home. With the understand-
ing that the money he would have spent on entertainment be placed in the
girl's Defense Fund. She, in turn, should

match his money with what she might have

spent on other things. The combined total

should be used to buy Defense Bonds."

Betty Grable was shaking a couple of

mean hips over on the set of "Song of the

Islands" when I managed to talk to her

for a few minutes. Of course, Betty is

going with George Raft now, and George

is hardly the kind of fellow to let a girl

pay a check, but don't forget that la Grable

has been plenty popular with the gents

for a long time.

"I've never been invited out by a man

who didn't have enough money," she said

to me frankly. "Not that I only went with

wealthy boys. But I worked hard for my

money and I like the feeling of respon-
sibility and independence it gives me. Well,

if I feel like that, think how a fellow feels.

He has twice the pride and sense of re-

sponsibility that a woman has. He is the

head man—or so he likes to believe.

"Frankly, the only man who deserves

such consideration is the only man

whose check a girl should pay—is the

fellow who has gone into the armed forces
to serve his country. It should be her duty

to take the boy out and do it in first

class. Not enough girls in the country are

considering the men in our armed forces.

Lots of us are still too interested in fol-

lowing our own peculiar codes of womanly

independence. We forget we owe them

consideration."

Next, I caught up with Dorothy Lamour.

"Dottie," I yelled with all the tact of a

steam-roller, "are you paying any man's

check now?"

She looked at me as though I had sud-
denly lost my mind, I explained to her

as subtly as I could what I was after.

"Shall I be philosophical or practical?"
How Do You Like Your Love?

LOVE SCENES in movies reflect situations in real life. Screen Guide for May shows the greatest and most interesting love scenes Hollywood has ever produced; shows why they were true to life; why audiences loved them—and remembered them in their own affairs. This is love as you'd like it—a thrill seldom seen in a magazine!

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MAY ISSUE
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Screen Guide

two and three times. A simple ratio of 3 to 1. And it works.

I've always liked Carole Landis. She's a frank person but sincere. I caught her on the set of "My Gal Sal." It wasn't long before I realized that even though Carole likes men, she was the last person I should have seen to talk about a guy with an empty wallet.

"I think it's ridiculous for a girl to pay the check! It's not only embarrassing to her, it's embarrassing to her escort. I'd never pay a man's check under any circumstances."

"Not even if you were in love with the guy."

"Most certainly not then. Love is based on respect, and how can a girl respect any man who lets her pay his—or her—check? And how can a man respect a girl who does? He should see to it that he's far-sighted enough not to put a woman in such a position. And he shouldn't think that their love is enough to make such a situation okay."

"If a man can't afford to take a girl any place, and if she understands his financial condition, whatever with the two of them sitting at home listening to records, going for a walk, or having a hamburger?"

"This may seem harried-boiled, but I've found that it works. I've never paid a man's check, and, as a result, I've not only flattered a man's inherent ego—his lord of the house idea—but I've kept my own—and his—self-respect."

Priscilla Lane is just about the most career-minded person in Hollywood today. So much so that she recently broke her engagement to John Barry. I felt that she might have some ideas on this paying the check subject, since she is such a definite-minded person. She was on the job in "Arsenic and Old Lace" when I found her.

"I can't imagine any date important enough for a woman to foot the bill," Pat answered my question firmly. "Women today are pretty independent. Certainly Hollywood women are. And, why shouldn't they be? They should, therefore, observe conventions—conventions which, by the way, men have established for themselves. Sure, some may say that the situation itself is so important that it warrants a violation. But when you come right down to it, you won't find many situations that important."

"Going Dutch isn't too bad, and if a girl is really in love with a man and he hasn't much money, I suppose it's all right for a girl to pay her own way, but take my advice and never be the woman who pays and pays. It doesn't pay!"

Equally unjust but on the other side of the fence was Susan Hayward, the fiery tempest of "Reap the Wild Wind." Susan spared no spades in giving her views.

"Certainly a girl should pay the check," she said. "Why shouldn't she? It's time we girls got over the idea that the world was fashioned only for our benefit and that men must shoulder all the responsibilities. In these days, we should be more than willing to help the men, especially since they are being called upon for so many sacrifices."

"As for the men in the armed forces, it's poppycock to think that their pride would be hurt if a girl paid their check. Their $31.00 a month doesn't go very far, and every girl owes it to them to dish out for their benefit."

"But service men or no service men, no girl is going to lose her independence by paying a man's check. And she certainly won't lose his respect. We've already lost a lot of respect by thinking that men, despite their circumstances, owe us everything while we just can't conceive of the possibility of our helping once in a while."

Alexis Smith, who was working on "The Constant Nymph," had the same idea as Susan. She and Craig Stevens, her admitted heart-beat, are probably the most democratic couple in Hollywood. And Alexis certainly feels that girls are expecting too much from the men.

"I fail to see how any harm can be done by paying a man's check occasionally," Alexis said very definitely. "We girls thrive on independence, and when we can afford to pay our own way and maybe his at times, we are simply gaining more independence. We've talked too much about being able to handle our own problems and being our own bosses—and yet we are continuously being dependent upon men, just because some custom has so decreed it."

"Just because a man thinks that he must run things as he has always run them is no reason for girls to think they must continue to abide by such rules," Alexis said firmly. "When two people are in love and the fellow isn't as well equipped financially as the girl is, I think she should be more than glad to share the expenses for their good times. If she and the fellow understand each other well enough, there is no cause for embarrassment. After all, there is such a thing as being practical. I'd never feel embarrassed if I paid a boy's check—and mine, too. Not if I cared for him. Of course, if it were just another date, then I'd say the girl would be a fool to pay the check."

"This talk about pride, honor, and convention doesn't mean a thing when love is involved. What's such a little thing as paying a check matter to two people who share the same feelings?"

"We girls mustn't forget one thing—the men who are serving our country are giving up a lot. The very least we can do is to dip into our purses occasionally and lend a hand."
in succession. Anyway—booy! do they get into scraps over that game? Your own side is ready to beat you up with a mallet if you miss a tricky shot.

Fibber, in case you don't know, looks so heartbroken when serious that it's like break of day when he smiles. Probably a tramp's trick, but a swell one. You feel as if it's Christmas when you win that smile. Molly (whose right name is Marian) looks like the kind of neighbor you wish you had. Her eyes are as blue as the deep blue cotton dress she was wearing. Daughter Katherine, who had just electrified the household by getting herself an audition at NBC and grabbing off a nice little part in a radio serial, looks like her mother and she's as attractively shy as girls used to be in the heyday of Alice Ben Bolt.

Barbecued meals at the Jordans' are never the same. "Sometimes we have steaks, sometimes chops, sometimes hamburgers," Molly informed me, "then we serve a salad—mixed green, fruit, or some nice crisp French bread spread with garlic butter, and homemade ice-cream and cake."

"Other times we go for oven dishes—baked pork and beans, with spiced fruit, watercress salad—spaghetti, or my special tuna dish. Corn souffle is a grand hot dish to serve with little sausages or bacon, and my folks can handle quite a few hot cakes." A salad that has its points is Romaine and canned asparagus, cut up and garnished with strips of pimento, served with a good thick dressing that has chopped olives in it. A delightfully rich dessert is composed of bananas, sliced lengthwise, spread with thick strawberry jam, a little butter and brown sugar, and lightly broiled. The Jordans don't broil this at the barbecue pit, but in the kitchen. Why don't you try it tonight? It's wonderful!

The barbecue pit consists of a fireplace, an oven set in a bricked wall, a roomy pit and grill on one side, and a sink with running water and plenty of working surface, on the other. Molly likes to use the oven for her pork and beans which are concocted from this seasoned recipe presented to her on her wedding day:

MOLLY'S BEANS

2 lbs. Great Northern white navy beans
1/2 lb. pork loin
1 cup brown sugar
Salt
Pepper
Soak beans overnight; drain in morning, then boil in fresh water for ten minutes. Drain.

Place seasoned pork loin in center of roasting pan, spread half the beans around the meat, sprinkle with salt, pepper and 3/4 cup brown sugar. Spread rest of beans around and sprinkle with salt, pepper and 1/2 cup brown sugar.

Put enough hot water in the pan to make the beans float. Place in very slow oven for 5 hours.

Do not stir. Leave pan uncovered. When water boils, add more hot water.

The barbecue oven also comes in handy for spaghetti and to keep the tuna dish hot. The tuna dish is something different and can be served as a whole dinner by any housewife who would save time and yet have something interesting.

TUNA DISH

1 can Campbell's cream of mushroom soup
1 can Heinz peas

I can flaked tuna
Potato chips

Put peas, tuna and chips in alternate layers in your casserole, pour soup over them, cover with broken chips and bake in oven until hot through and brown.

"I like to serve spiced fruit with any creamy dish like spaghetti, tuna dish or beans," said Molly, "so I always keep a variety on hand. Spiced figs, prunes, apricots, pears, peaches—sometimes a section of baked orange—makes a welcome addition to each plate. We use grapefruit marmalade with piping hot biscuits with such dishes, too. It has a slightly bitter taste and the only time I care for it is when I want to cut that too-smooth taste." Molly's corn soufflé is very simple to make and simply delicious.

CORNSOUFFLÉ

1 can Del Monte cream style corn
3 eggs
Salt and pepper
1 cup milk

Bread-crums

Beat the eggs lightly, pour into corn, add milk, salt and pepper, mix and put in buttered casserole, cover with bread-crums and bake in moderate oven for 45 minutes, or until well-browned.

Making ice-cream is Fibber's delight. He always wants vanilla, so it's usually vanilla, but now and then one of the kids breaks him down and they get peach or strawberry or chocolate. This is the basic recipe:

FIBBER'S ICE CREAM

1 cup milk
1/2 cup sugar
3/4 teaspoon salt

2 cups coffee cream
2 teaspoons Burnett's vanilla

Scald milk, add sugar and salt, and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Add cream and vanilla. When cool, turn into freezer and grind until frozen.

It was Fibber's idea to turn the small frame cottage on the place into a playhouse. The big Colonial house is lovely with its formal living room, its entrance hall with graceful stairway and old grandfather clock on guard at the foot, its dining room, kitchen and breakfast room, sunny bed-rooms on the second floor and den beneath,
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Screenland 71
Yours for Loveliness

Advance thoughts for Mother's Day, bridal showers and prospective sweet girl graduates now boning up

SPRING Morning! That's the new fragrance of an inspired group of bath beauties by Bathasweet. There is the famous Bathasweet, wonder water softerner, which we formerly had only in Garden Bouquet and Forest Pine. And there's Bathasweet Bubbles, for a luxurious bubble bath; and Bathasweet Shower Mists, plump cushions of terry cloth filled with powdered soap, wonderful for a real friction shower. And the grand soap, scupltured with violets, looks good enough to eat. All in pink, enchantingly sweet and delicate.

HELENA RUBINSTEIN is an art collector as well as a great chemist, and here she blends both artistic and scientific skill in a truly charming box of Mexican inspiration. It's hard-done, snowy white with bird and flowers in Cochinelle, a brilliant, flattering semi-pink, newest Spring make-up tone. The box holds a Cochinelle lipstick of a satiny sheen and texture, compact rouge, nail grooms (lacquer) and waterproof mascara in glassine case, convenient for carrying. Gift thought #1. All who see it, cover box and superb make-up.

THE Early American Old Spice creations pull at our heartstrings now and then. They're frankly sentimental. Take the Token Box sketched, for example. It's so undeniably American—Independence Hall decorates the box top, which you can't see, and padded picture frame is just the size for your favorite snap of that man in uniform, to say nothing of spicy toilet water, talcum, soap and sweet pillow sachet. Later, the box will hold your trinkets, etc. From sixteen to sixty, any creature in skirts will adore this. So nicely priced, too.

ALEXANDER KODA's production of "The Jungle Book," by Kipling, and featuring Sabu, is the rage d'etre for some good-looking scarves by the Edgar C. Hyan Co. We sketched "Elephants on Parade," a twenty-six inch square of spun rayon, gorgeous about head, neck or hips. It's vivid tomato red and green, a regular bit of siren snare, if you ask us. There's another colorful Malayan jungle scene that somehow invites conversation. The scarves are original, gay, pleasantly priced. Found in department stores all over the country.

"THE JUNGLE BOOK" also suggested some striking costume jewelry. This is by Rice-Weiner & Company, and we show you a bracelet and earring (there is also a necklace) resembling silver, turquoise and ivory in bizarre and beautiful design. And there is our pet, an ebony black native beating a brilliantly enamelled tom-tom designed to light up any lapel and bring the jungle closer to civilization. The jewelry inspired by this picture all bears an Alexander Korda tag. In department stores.

MOTHER'S DAY means perfume, and Irresistible has taken its two famous scents, Blue Waltz and Irresistible, and put them in some sweet, sentimental frills as tuck-in gifts along with Mother's own defense stamps or nylon. This is just that little extra to touch her heart. Both are tidbits to look at, are sure to delight her day. The price, as you may know, does not hurt in the least, and you will find them in chain stores everywhere. Irresistible!

Courtney Marvin

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SCREENLAND
Fans' Forum

Continued from page 12

in a defense plant and I know how other men feel on this subject. I am voicing a protest which has been voiced many times before, and which may some day may have an effect upon the movie make-up departments.

With a few notable exceptions (any movie-goer knows who they are), we poor men cannot tell one actress from another. They all look alike, their hair, their features, their clothes, spell perfection, but perfection does not touch our emotions. A few years ago, I had the good fortune to hear Mary Martin in person sing her famous song, My Heart Belongs to Daddy. Not a bit pretty, but she had a peculiar exciting way of putting that song across—a mixture of sex and naivete.

Last night I saw her in a movie. Alas, she was just another movie doll. I was completely bored. She is only an example of what happens to most of them.

I have this dialogue with one much hour between two men in the plant: "I'm tired, I think I'll drop into a movie tonight." "What's playing?" The first man named that "beautiful" movie that's acting in a theatre and then came the answer, "What's the difference? I can't tell one from the other."

And after what the make-up department had done to standardize Mary Martin, I remembered that conversation, "What's the difference? I can't tell one from the other."

MELVIN ROSENBAUM, Jamaica, N. Y.

Why do the studios spend time and much money building up a star, making her into a glamorous girl with plenty of oomph 'n everything and then turn around and undo their work by showing said star as an old wrinkled woman?

We must all grow old of course, but I, for one, don't go to the movies to look at old wrinkled faces. I see several shows a week and have many favorites among the stars, but just recently I have had two good pictures literally spoiled for me because of this aging process before my very eyes.

First there was Merle Oberon in "Lydia," always a favorite of mine. In that picture I shall never be able to visualize her as the young, beautiful woman she really is, but the older woman telling her story. And it did not display any acting ability to act old—it only shows the genius of the make-up man.

And just this week I saw "Remember the Day," with another favorite, Claudette Colbert, and in just a short time another glamorous girl had gone—for me at least.

Maybe I am wrong, but when I pay to see beauty and youth it's disappointing to see it fade before my very eyes. There must be plenty of stories to fit these lovely girls without making the girls over to fit the stories.

BETTY TOLES, Denver, Colo.

Thank goodness we finally got to see Veronica Lake's other eye! The long hair was beginning to get on my nerves. For a time there I wondered if maybe she had only one good eye, that perhaps she only used the other one whenever she was haunting houses or playing nursemaid to Dracula. Then came "I Wanted Wings," having received no Academy Award, should get a certificate of honor or a merit badge or something for daring to bring Veronica Lake out into the open and show movie audiences what an attractive, talented and personable young woman she is. Preston Sturges not only writes and directs like a genius, but he also has sense enough to know that too much glamour is not better than no glamour at all.

T. N. PAPPAS, JR., Memphis, Tenn.

When men of the movie audience get audible sniffs, that's really something. But it did happen here at the showing of "How Green Was My Valley." I think it was because this was a "feminine" movie that appealed to adult emotions. Somehow its sincerity and poignancy struck deep chords in the human heart. It was sort of like reading the birth, marriage and death records of the dear old family Bible.

I think people are moved by this picture because its drama reveals how truly great ordinary families are. They have to solve most of the conflicts of human history. They have to fight most of its everyday battles. They have to labor, to love—sorrow and frustration are their lot. What a clean, strong, valiant, beautiful and victorious fight it is.

I consider this a timely movie. Oh, no, it isn't a war picture. But the blackness and grimness that crept over the valley are today creeping over the world, and this conflict will be met with, and dealt with, by all the ordinary Morgan families all over the world, with humble and determined heroism.

MISS ALMA JOHNSON, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Here's an "Odie" who is getting fed up with the "cracks" and "dirty digs" we get in the movies about our state.

At first it was amusing. In fact, in "The Awful Truth," the type character Ralph Bellamy played was even funny because I had never seen such a character in Oklahoma. But it has grown and grown until now you can expect any "hick character" or unfavorable remark to be pointed to Oklahoma.

The last straw came when I saw "A Yank In The R.A.F." If you didn't see it, fans—fine, but if you did we "Okees" would like to get a few things straightened out.

In Oklahoma we eat with forks, wear shoes, engage in other dances than the "war dance," yes! and we even have plumbing, which may be a surprise to a large number of people. We have a high educational system, good churches. We go to the movies—in fact, we are civilized human beings, which may be hard for you to believe after the conception you must have gotten of us from the movies.

We are a state in this great United States, and proud of it. We're also proud of our new state and the progress it has made and is still making. So let's devise some fictitious whereabouts or let some other state take the "beatings" for a while.

NEWTON EADES, Ada, Okla.

SAVE THIS MAGAZINE

—AND ALL PAPER FOR DEFENSE!

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Paper plants already are strained to capacity. America needs every available ounce of paper.

Save all your paper, and give it to the defense agencies in your community.

KEEP 'EM FIGHTING!

SCREENLAND 73
This Guy Ford

continued from page 34

from Central Casting or simply shooting him away on general principles when he moseys up to the main gate to try to get on a set. And him only the leading man of the particular period.

“Ninety-nine times out of a hundred you can spot a leading man at a glance, even if you’ve never seen him before,” the studio gendarmes tell you by way of explanation. “There’s something about their look, their walk, and their talk. But this guy Ford...”

They seem hard put for words. For my money, it’s that old hat quality, that air of going places rather than of having arrived; that absence of strut, pose, or gesture and that unwillingness to talk about himself that makes his behavior more like that of an extra rather than a star.

That same kind of star is almost too obvious to need underlining. His fans range from Mickey Rooney to Joan Crawford and from Thomas Mitchell to Jean Gabin. They tell me that only the other day Victor Mature saw his first movie, a forlorn and forgotten B called “Heaven With a Barbed Wire Fence,” and sent him a telegram congratulating him on his performance. He is constantly being flobber-gasted to learn that Miss Gwendolyn Gorgeous or Dolores Dumpydoodle spent fifty cents to see him and that they could have seen Cary Grant for the same money.

I hope I’m not leaving the impression that this guy Ford is a Little Boy Blue who doesn’t know from nothing. If I am, I hope that someone throws my Underwood out the window before I do myself in with my writing. If there is anything that Glenn Ford isn’t it’s a Patsy. Only the other day did I confirm that fact (for the ninety-third time). As follows:

On a Monday he dropped by and talked me into selling him a saddle I owned for the sum of $25. It was a steal, but what can you tell a man who’s got a yen for a saddle you happen to own, especially when he has none and you have three? On a Tuesday he was selling it back to my wife for $35.

True, there are times when he isn’t what you’d call a wampum wizard. As witness the morning when we were en route to location for “Texas”—a little more unusual with Ford. We were poking our way along at a mere snail’s pace, to hear Ford tell it later, when a motorcycle vaquero drove up alongside, suggested that Glenn pull over to the curb, and promptly wrote him out a ticket for driving in some forbidden zone or other. The fine for the offense is standard: $5. I would have paid it and got it over with. Not Glenn. It seems that he hadn’t been using the zone in question.

“Tell it to the judge,” the trooper suggested.

Glenn said it would be a pleasure. Well, the case came up before the judge, all right. And Glenn won the case. Naturally he didn’t pay the $5 fine.

P.S. Ford had a lawyer-fee of $75.

Anyone but Glenn would admit he’d been a sucker. “I was fighting for a principle,” he maintains to this good day.

This whole “principle” conversation brings up an incident that happened last week. To fully appreciate the story you almost have to know the make-up of this guy Ford: soft-spoken, slow-to-wrath, tolerant, and leveled-headed, he is the last man on earth you’d expect to turn in such an out-of-character, but nonetheless human, gesture. The point is that for a long time Glenn had been taking undeserved verbal abuse from the action of a studio official who is no better nor worse than studio officials tend to be. Well, on the day in question Glenn was passing through the department supervised by the junior earth-shaker when that mighty mite let loose with a topper to all his previous jeers and stings.

They tell me that Glenn turned white, said not a word, and took off for Brittingham’s Restaurant where he generally eats lunch. He never finished that meal. Halfway through, he got up, hurried back to the studio, said his eye, hunted up his tormentor, grabbed him by the scruff of the neck, dared him to say just one lone word on pain of semi-annihilation, went unchallenged, and departeth the next day the grips and gaffers sent him a telegram commending him for his deed. Script girls signed. And the publicity department did double-takes all over town brooding about a terrific campaign on the “new Glenn Ford.”

This, to be sure, is an isolated instance of Ford’s fur. If it is a fur, an important point: He will take a stand, when the time comes, no matter who opposes him. You average actor doesn’t go grabbing scions of executive brass by the scruff of the neck, no matter how he’d like to. Self-respect is a luxury. There’s the paycheck.

A decade may pass before such an episode happens again. But by nature Ford isn’t a brawler, even though he is an expert box-office hero. He’s more the man of peace. You can tell it the minute you step into the Ford living room out at Santa Monica. It is a large living room lined on two sides with book cases and overhung by a beamed ceiling. Above the radio hangs an autographed picture of the President. On another wall is his gallery of portrait photographs, four of the gentler sex and two of the less gentle. It is an open secret, although Ford will deny it vehemently, that this crushes on all his leading ladies. Be that as it may, Rita Hayworth, Margaret Sullivan, Claire Trevor and Evelyn Ankers are the ladies on display. All are former leading ladies except Miss Turner. When Joan Crawford presents him a picture of herself, it’s going up there, too.

Ford’s folly, as some of his friends call his house, is that they think of it as the Cam- bamo, the Public Library, and the Legion Stadium, etc., etc., rolled into one. Here he spends at least three evenings a week by himself. He’s an inveterate night owl and as only reason that he doesn’t read a book a day is that he’s an actor, which means he can’t lie awake until two or three and get up in the morning having read fresher than a daisy. Mostly he reads with a musical background, preferably Debussy, Tchaikovsky, and Gershwin. He’s not much on radio. He would be, though, if Bob Hope could air the waves oftener. When he isn’t reading or studying his lines for the next day, he’s looking at old photographs of himself in Hollywood, unless it’s Joan Crawford, devotes more time to fan mail. He reads every letter, answers those that require an answer personally. He’s kept every letter, two trunks full.

Hobbies? I don’t think he has any hobby, although he gets mad when I tell him that.

“Why’s it wrong with collecting pipes?” he wants to know. “If the President can collect stamps, why can’t I collect pipes?”

He owns, at last report, 163 pipes. Number 103 came in as a gift around Christmas. At least, that is just about the time Brenda, my wife, and I began to sense the pipe. It was the strong, positive type of pipe, the escape-you-never-model.

“Did you ever think of having that thing regulated?” Brenda finally got around to asking Glenn.
Glen didn't say anything. He just looked hurt.

He has a "collection" of guns (if you could call three a collection) a rifle and two pistols. He's a crack shot. He likes to pick off walnuts from our trees at fifty paces.

I suppose his most prized item—next to the autographed photograph of the President which he bought while he visited Washington last year—is his badge making him a captain of police at Santa Monica. He's a constant yellowing about Santa Monica and that goes double. Everyone in Santa Monica from Mayor Claude C. Crawford to the men who sweep the streets looks low in Glenn Ford's book.

I think he hammed it in every one of Santa Monica's little theaters, a baker's half dozen, to the tune of 100 plays or more, working the angles on local merchants, painting fences, delivering telegrams, and minding babies for a quarter an hour.

Romantically, as far as I know, he's footloose and fancy free, despite the rumors. He doesn't plan to get married for three years, possibly four. It will take him all this time and will cost him his home and is financially secure.

Lately, I notice, he's been seeing a lot of Evelyn Ankers, the beautiful blonde actor, typing star of Universal. It tells me they are "merely good friends." I don't understand the "merely." Miss Ankers is a lady of looks, parts, charm, background, and all the other things that are a whole bunch of scuttling the engagement rumors. The romance—I mean friendship—started in the old movie formula fashion, the tried and true boy-meets-girl method. As follows:

Glen was halfway through his entrée one Sunday night over at Ella Campbell's Restaurant when he managed to wheedle his way into her. She was sitting across the room with a lady who was apparently her mother. He was still looking at her two minutes later when Mr. Mander, the English actor, and a friend of his dropped by the table. "Lovely girl, isn't she?" Mr. Mander said.

Glen said it was very warm for May or something like that. And Mr. Mander went away chuckling.

Well, later in the week, Mr. Mander, a friend of Glenn's, is "hustled" back to Glenn's second or third picture, "Babies for Sale," called up and asked if he'd like to come along when he called on some friends of Glenn's who were staying in a house Glenn said he'd like it fine. So they went calling.

Mr. Mander presented Glenn to the hostess with a fetching British accent. She looked very chic. Also familiar.

"Mr. Ford, I want you to meet my daughter, Evelyn," she said a moment or two later.

It was the beautiful blonde who had dazzled him over at Ella Campbell's Restaurant a few nights back.

As of now, so far as I hear, they renderless three. They've been sworn to records of the hour, catch all the double features, and drive along the beach. They've never seriously thought of going to town to this good day. They hadn't even been out dancing a single night until Harry Owens and his Royal Hawaiians checked in at the Blossom Room of the Hotel Holladay, and Glenn said he didn't know how they happened to be there the opening night, but they were. And every single night after that as long as Senator Owens was in town, that is how it is with Glenn and his enthusiastic.

Mostly he doesn't like blondes or actresses generally, although he has taken out once or twice in Palm Springs, Judy Canova, Carmen Miranda, Michele Morgan, and, as I recall, Patricia Morison. When it isn't Miss Ankers (who, by the way, presented him with that corn cob pipe) it's apt to be either Mildred or Donna, two Santa Monica belles who work as secretaries. He likes them fine and again it's mutual. A couple of years ago he made a test with Lana Turner for the part that Jimmy Stewart later got in "The Great Ziegfeld." He never followed it up.

His personal habits and whimsies intrigue me. At last report the inventory of his finery reads as follows: Three suits (top price $90), a dinner jacket outfit (a handmade affair), a set of tails (Gary Grant wouldn't be caught dead with them on), and a sport jacket. This fabulous sport jacket is the one luxury. Every once in a while when we get on the subject of economy and what's the use of it all, Glenn will look at me proudly and say, in the manner of an old philosopher: "You're right, Bill. You sure can't take it with you. Only the other day I stepped out and bought me a sport jacket and paid . . ."

"Yes," I tell him, "I know. You paid $65 for it. Only it was a couple of years back and not the other day."

Then Glenn and I both laugh.

The point is that Glenn Ford knows the value of a dollar. Lord knows he ought to. I have heard friends of his from down Santa Monica way tell about the days when Glenn was just beginning to feel the acting urge in him and had to hitch-hike—either that or walk—all the way from Santa Monica to Los Angeles because he didn't have the forty cents bus fare, round trip. Glenn Ford has his Impulsive moments.

There was the time, not so long ago, when he fell in love with a beautiful necktie, French hand-painted, in display in a store window on the street. It was priced at $5, and naturally it gave him pause. Nevertheless, every time he'd pass the shop, to and from lunch, he'd take a lingering look at the tie. You could buy a Tschaikovsky symphony for $5, he'd reason to himself.

Well, finally in a moment of weakness he bought the tie, admired it all the way home, couldn't wait to put it on. I don't remember whom he was seeing that night, Donna or Mildred. Whoever it was, she didn't like the tie. Mildred she even snickered. I don't know. All I know is that I've never seen the tie on him. I tell him that he sent it to a colored fan who wrote in from the country to Tuscaloosa.

Then again there was the time when biveauacked at Miami for the world premiere of "Ends Our Night," he found himself stargazing in advertising an overnight flight by Pan-American Airways to Havana and back. In his pocket he was a telegram from the studio instructing him to leave Yarri for New York on the five o'clock flyer the following afternoon—without fail. He eyed the poster languidly, pulled out the telegram, read, and eyed the poster again. When the plane took off late that afternoon Glenn Ford was a passenger. He dropped him off one hour later at Havana a little before twilight.

That night Glenn Ford will never forget for several reasons, but mostly because of a beautiful exciting girl named Elaine with whom he tossed her in the middle of the street, and while she was running about that it was morning when he got back to the hotel and found that his plane was leaving in exactly thirty minutes.

A cab was called from outside the hotel, Glenn jumped in, gave orders. So that in one minute with the automobile horn squealing like a wounded banshee he was racing for the airport. He got there in time to see the plane fade into the horizon.

Like frantic Glenn hustled around, found the manager of the Airways. Was there another plane leaving for Miami in time to catch the five o'clock flyer? Yes, Senator there was. But, unfortunately, it was all

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booked up. Booked up? Impossible. Didn't the Señor know that he had to be on that plane or miss a letter of life and death? The Señor was sorry. Very sorry. Am I dragging the story out? Did Glenn get on that plane? He did. But through bribery. What he did was to promise the manager of the Airways the snazziest picture of Linda Darnell (one of those 11 x 14's) that he could. That did the trick. Only don't ask me how. P.S. The man got his picture, although Glenn has never met Linda, P.P.S. Don't ask me how.

As an actor he is no more of a stereotype than he is an individual. His technique is entirely his own, for all the world like a SCREENLAND like is generous is comes around stipation. Tablets.

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Screwland

Gabin Looks at the Girls! Continued from page 51

personalities, these American women," he went on gaily. "Personality is an elusive something, difficult to capture with words, but to my way of thinking, one of the most interesting properties of a woman, the very way she moves, and speaks, and holds her head; the way she makes up and dresses; her smile, the expression on her face, that utterance of feeling, of mien, in fact, that makes her different from anyone else."

Gabin is not the sleek, matinee idol type, not at all. He's coarse, rugged, a real man, strictly a son of the soil. Despite his charming chivalry, you feel he could easily go primitive. Yet, in his middle thirties, he's still not hardened, he's still not brooding, not serious, with brooding manners. His unruly hair, once ash blond, is now streaked with gray, the memento of experiences during the fall of his beloved France.

In September, 1939, he was back making a picture in a Paris studio when the war started with Germany, and he immediately rejoined his former regiment. As a marines stations aboard a minesweeper operating from Cherbourg. For many months he was on steady duty, then during a brief leave of absence on his estate at Dreux, some seventy miles west of Paris, the Germans broke through and he barely escaped with his life. Friends in Mexico offered him up as he was without money or luggage, all his possessions having been confiscated; and later, he went to Toulon, where he was formally detained. He was without a country; his France war-torn and shattered.

For years Hollywood had been seeking Jean Gabin and now, in his emergency, came another offer which he gladly accepted, and eventually he landed in New York. He still bears the imprint of his experiences, the creases of the face to talk about them, and quickly brushes them aside. He wants to live in the present.

With a grin, he confessed his regrets at not having studied, and his vocabulary consisted of exactly four words—choice ones, at that, when he arrived at the Twentieth Century-Fox studio, where he is under contract. At once, he was given the best instructors and started an intensive study of English. Today, he has finished making his first American picture, and has, one down, down for his next. In "Texas," there was no opportunity to wear a modern necktie so he carried it around in his pocket. In "Martin Eden" he wears it all through the picture, although it is plowed away around the edges. And he manages to carve, without detection, apparently, the initials O.F.C. on at least one set in every picture he's ever faced. In "Texas," he gave his full play for his talents. This preparation cost the studio something like $85,000, but it was well worth it, for in a world of fast-moving stars, he has made amazing progress, speaking with scarcely no accent, and easily understood. "Thinking in another language is very difficult," he confided. "Yes, yet I can understand what you are saying in order to give sincerity. An actor doesn't think about himself when acting, but he gives his energy to feeling, feeling as the character he is portraying would feel, so as to bring him vividly to life before the audience.

"I am strictly a man of the people. I know hardship, financial insecurity, and the sensitive viewpoint of those who have never had what they want. My understanding grew out of my own sufferings."

Again, I turned the conversation for I wanted to learn more about how a Frenchman looks at women. He responded instantly, saying, "In any language, to be attractive a girl must be feminine. This means she must always be conscious that she is attractive. They could know what a tremendous power they wield over men by simply keeping this one fact uppermost in their minds, that would be more happiness in the world. When once they do realize their feminine power, every woman becomes alluring."

"Such a woman has always been a woman, rather than one who is forever gay. Gaiety is more appealing when it comes from one not essentially frivolous.
“Hollywood is paradise!” he exclaimed happily. “Each moment is adventure, with everybody so ambitious and working so hard. I could be happy here—if only world conditions were different!”

He was silent for a moment. I wondered if he was walking through the dusk on the Champs Elysées when the chestnut trees were white with bloom, or, perhaps, watching the twilight silhouettes of the aperitif sippers at shadowy sidewalk tables!

Presently, he went on. “Yes, American women are beautiful, almost too beautiful—I’m afraid of them. They’re well-groomed and smartly dressed, too. French women have the instinct for simplicity, and while many Americans understand this, as a group they are apt to go a bit frilly. For example: If a French woman has ten gowns, you can wager that eight of them will be black. She knows no color can compare with black for chic attire.

“Over here, there is a camaraderie that is delightful. In France, the whole social set-up is different. There is not the freedom between the sexes, so when men and women meet it is romance, not friendship they seek.” Then shyly he added, “American women talk a great game of love. French women don’t talk about it!”

Gabin is single, so I asked, “What about romance, marriage?”

“Ah, I’m waiting for my Lady Eve,” he replied. “I’ve met her yet. But marry? With an expressive shrug he added, “I’m afraid I would make a very bad husband, for I would hate to give up my freedom even for a beautiful woman.”

He made it sound convincing but I wouldn’t put any bets, for he has an eagle eye for feminine charms. Since arriving in Hollywood, he has been much with Marlene Dietrich, whom he knew in Paris. He has also been a frequent escort of Ginger Rogers. He insists it is all mere friendship. Then, a moment later, he told me he didn’t believe platonic friendship could exist between a man and woman because it defied all human laws. “At least,” he smiled, “not until they are ninety!”

Gabin is easy-going, tolerant, surfeited with attentions, so he sits back and waits for the lovely dears to make the advances. And Marlene, a true Continental herself, understands him. She has helped him with his English and has done much toward banishing his accent.

Now that he has mastered English and can readily talk to the girls he meets, is Dietrich fearful lest he wander? Anyway, she spent the first four days of the filming of “Moontide” on the set, quietly sizing up all feminine contenders. The fifth day, Gabin and his co-star, Ida Lupino, lounged together in the famous studio Café de Paris, chatting like magpies, and gaily greeting other stars, directors, and producers who stopped at their table.

Gabin is serious about his work. The glamour of fame and money mean little to him; what really counts is the sheer joy of that living, driving fire that years for an outlet in acting. The elder Gabin was a great comedian and he hoped his son would follow him, but one thing in comedy convinced Jean that it was the intense passions he must portray.

He explained, “Of course, in real pathos there is always the hint of comedy, and in comedy there is an element of sadness—they intermingle, just as they do in life. I think of little else when I’m making a picture for I must become—what do you say? —transubstantiated, with the feelings of my character. This requires study and much time, I am not suited to play every kind of role, so I insist on doing only those that appeal to me and in which I can find complete sympathy.”


SCREENLAND
who had already loaned him his clothes. He felt bewildered until he saw Jan flicker an eyelid in a comatose wink and realized the butler had managed to warn the family.

"Darling," Chris whispered in a low, rapturous voice, making a quick step toward the girl. He put his arms around her and kissed her and knew he was playing in luck. "I'd forgotten how lovely you are!"

"Please," the girl gasped, pushing him away.

"No, don't," Chris whispered, avoiding Jan's vigorous warning look which told him he was doing the wrong thing. "I need you so, I want you so. Every night at the sanitarium was a far, a far cry of torture without my angel."

"Poor, poor Hendrick." Mrs. Woverman sighed, but somehow she managed to inject more warning than pity into that sight. "Anita is divorcing you tomorrow."

"What, so soon?" Chris asked involuntarily.

"You must excuse how he acts," Mrs. Woverman turned to Major Zellfritz and then with a glance at Chris's ill-fitting clothes, "and how he looks. The sanitarium, you know."

"Yes, of course." Zellfritz gave him a measured glance. "My dear fellow, you must take all this in your stride. After all, a woman is a woman and..." He broke off abruptly as he smiled at Anita. Chris didn't like that smile at all. It showed he and the Major were enemies in more ways than one.

"Not my Anita," Chris said staunchly, taking advantage of the situation to seize her hand and press his lips hungrily against it. "Darling, look into your heart. Surely I must still have a place there. For the sake of all of us. To each other, for all those unforgettable moments, let us try again."

"No," Anita said firmly but she sounded a little breathless and her voice didn't match her eyes at all. They were just a little too eager.

"A moment ago you loathed him," Zellfritz said casually.

"She still loathes me," Chris put in quickly. "I've been a beast. But at least we can talk it over."

Zellfritz gave him another zero glance and turned to Anita. "Reconciliations are often very unsatisfactory. Don't be hasty, my dear." He clicked his heels and bowed to the others. "I shall see you all later."

Everyone breathed easier as the door closed behind him and Chris turned gratefully to the girl. "You were magnificent," he whispered. "Thanks, thanks to all of you. Now I'll have to be pushing along."

"But you can go now," Mrs. Woverman said quickly. "Everybody in town is searching for you. That's why the Major came up here to Hendrick's room. He insisted on searching the entire house. And we'd have to make explanations. It would put us in a dangerous position."

"But I've got a job to do," Chris insisted. "I must get in touch with..."

"Of course, I understand." Mrs. Woverman said helplessly. "And I mustn't keep you from your duty."

"Our aiding you, sir," Jan said quietly. "has put us all in serious danger. Can't you stay until morning? It would be safer for you too, sir. The searching parties will have gone."

Chris hesitated. He looked at Anita and knew he couldn't go. "Very well," he said. "Until morning."

"Then that's settled." Mrs. Woverman breathed a sigh of relief. Then she tensed. "But there's one important thing we are overlooking. Hendrick! He may really arrive any moment. What shall we do about him?"

"You'll have to stick him in a closet," Chris said. He grinned ruefully as he looked down on his oversized suit. "A large closet," he amended.

Chris met the rest of the family before dinner: Thomas, the elder of the Woverman sons, a pompous little popinjay of a man, and his blonde wife, Maria, neither of whom seemed in accord with Anita's intention of divorcing Hendrick. And afterwards when they were having coffee in the living room, Chris felt a little uncomfortable under Thomas's polite scrutiny as he devoted himself to Anita. But that was nothing to what he felt when Zellfritz turned and stared at him with hostile eyes.

"You two," His glance included Anita now, too, "I watched you very closely at dinner. You hardly touched your food. You seemed worried about something. Your divorce, maybe?"

"You're exceptionally observant, Major," Chris said dryly.

"Naturally," The officer smiled complacently. "It's my training. I rank very high in the Division of Propaganda. Do you know that in the first three weeks of the campaign I scattered three million leaflets over England?"

"Three million leaflets!" Chris pretended awful innocence. "Did they do any damage, Major?"

"Irreparable damage," Zellfritz said smugly. "They informed the misled people of the true situation."

"Ah, but you can never tell about the English," Chris risked a wary wink at Anita. "It would be just like them not to believe a slandered word of it."

"Then I pity them." The German shrugged. "They are lost to the New World Order."

Mrs. Woverman seemed to shrink at his words, even though she managed to keep her polite smile steady on her lips. "Don't you think we should be going to bed?" she asked. "We'll have to get up early tomorrow morning."

"Yes," Thomas said sententiously. "The divorce case is the first on the docket. I warn you, Anita, I shall fight it every inch of the way."

"I'll be free tomorrow morning," the Major said. "I shall be there to lend you both my moral support."

"But Major," Anita said in sudden panic, "you mustn't put yourself out."
"Nonsense," the officer smiled. "I shall enjoy it."

"There ... there might not be any diverce," Chris was groping for words, any words at all that would keep the officer out of court the next morning when the real Hendrick would have to be there. "My wife and I are going to talk it over tonight. Aren't we, darling?"

"Why, yes." Anita smiled, grasping at any chance.

"We will still go to court in the morning," Zellfriz said grimly. "Come, don't take it so seriously. You all look as if you were going to a court martial." He sniffed rather as the doorbell rang, springing to his feet and hurrying so that he could reach it before Jan.

"Hendrick!" Mrs. Woverman gasped in a frightened whisper. "What if it is Hendrick?"

"I'll take care of that," Chris said, taking his place behind the door, his fists clenched and ready. Then he relaxed when he saw the Major come back with a telegram which he gave to Thomas.

"Aunt Sofie won't come in from the country for several days, Mother," Thomas said, crossing over to Chris and giving him the message. "She isn't feeling very well."

Chris glanced down at the telegram signed by the doctor of the sanitarium, saying that Hendrick would not be home for several days as he had suffered a relapse. Then he crumpled it into his pocket as if it had been the most casual message in the world. His eyes fell as relieved as the rest of them looked.

"Isn't that wonderful!" Mrs. Woverman forgot her caution in her relief. Then she went on more carefully, "What I mean is," she said with an apologetic little laugh, "in a few days Hendrick will be back in the sanitarium and there will be room for Aunt Sofie. And now if you will excuse me I really must be getting along to bed. Don't worry too much about tomorrow, Hendrick. We'll all be there to see you through." Chris knew what she meant. He was getting as used to necessary codes as the rest of them who had learned to speak in riddles since their freedom had been snatched from them by the Nazis. He'd have to show up for the mock divorce to save the rest of them from Zellfriz's suspicion. But first he must get to the Savoy Café and the Embassy Hotel where the British agent he had come to Holland to meet. Every moment lost was dangerous and he was too hideous to attempt it that night with searchlights and police patrolling the city.

But even though he got up at dawn the next morning he realized that Zellfriz had been before him when he saw the two Gestapo men fall into line behind him. He tried to elude them but it was hopeless, and he arrived at the courthouse to know the morning a total loss.

"Have a nice walk, Hendrick?" Zellfriz asked.


"Not at all," Zellfriz's cold blue eyes seemed to stare right through him. "I was afraid you might get lonesome."

"Hendrick!" Mrs. Woverman falted a little seeing that stare. "Did ... did you make any stops? See anybody?"

"Oh, yes, I made a couple stops," Chris said easily. "Once for a shave, once for a cup of coffee and once for a cigar."

He stood as a clerk called the court to order and seated intently as the Judge gravely looked at him and Anita and inquired if they were certain they wanted to go through with the divorce.

"Your Honor," Chris said then, going up to the bench, "I'd like nothing better than to drop the whole matter and take my wife home with me."

"No!" Anita put in quickly. "My mind is made up. My husband is impossible. He's done everything possible to hurt and humiliate me. He's cruel, tyrannical, fiendish."

She stopped for breath and tried to glarce at Chris but only succeeded in looking so absurdly young and wistful and tender that the Judge shook his head in bewilderment.

It was the strangest divorce case he had ever heard.

Chris thought so, too. Again the feeling of nightmare swept over him as he listened to Anita's charges, her story, that now she had pulled herself together again, punctuating her testimony with those hurt indignant glances at Chris. It made Chris feel he was really the innocent one who had been a Dutch official in Sumatra and had married the French officer's daughter Anita, that it was he who had become drunk on his way home and had never drawn a sober breath until the day he had been sent to the sanitarium as a hopeless alcoholic and that he had even beaten her.

"I wouldn't hurt a hair of her lovely head!" Chris protested indignantly, while Thomas who was defending him beamed approvingly at his "Your Honor, they are trying to make me out a beast, a dastardly, a ..."

Anita flushed at that. "What else would you call a man who buys two bushels of peanuts for his pink elephants?" she demanded tardily.

"Your Honor," Thomas said pompously. "Does this young man look like a confirmed alcoholic?"

Chris seized the cue as the Judge looked at him dubiously. "All I've got to say is that I forgive her."

And then he added, "She never looked to me like a complete picture of outraged innocence. "Your Honor, look at me. Look at my clothes, at the shirt I wear. Nothing fits me. I've lost all my indigestion worrying about her. But," he looked at her magnanimously, "I still forgive her."

The Judge had to wipe a tear from his kind, sentimental eyes as Anita's flushed when he suggested that she and Chris retire to his private chambers to talk over a possible reconciliation.

"A fine mess you made of things!" she said indignantly, as the door closed leaving her alone with Chris.

"I'm sorry," Chris couldn't hold back his exuberance over being alone with her like this. "I guess I just lost myself in the moment. I can't sit there and have you call me a wife bearer."

"Why not?" she asked. "Do you think I'd like about my life with Hendrick?"

But you were looking straight at me when you said it," Chris pointed out. Then, permissively, "You are lovely!"

"Oh, talk sense!" Anita begged. "And please don't hinder my divorce. I've got to have it."

"But I'm not Hendrick," Chris said.

CAST
HIGHLY IRREGULAR
(Columbia Pictures Corporation)
B. P. Schulberg, Producer. Richard Wallace, Director.

Chris ................. Franchot Tone
Anita .................. Joan Bennett
Zellfriz ............... Allyn Joslyn
Mrs. Woverman ....... Georgia Caine
Thomas ............... Lloyd Corrigan
Maria .................. Barbara Brown
Jan ..................... Erskine Sanford

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“Why you cannot get a divorce by proxy.”

“Thomas promised me that Hendrick would stand by the court’s decision,” Anita said. "But he would never agree to that. Hendrick himself would sign the final papers so that it would be legal. Don’t you understand now?"

"You will, Chris" nodded emphatically. "Consider yourself a free woman. But first I’ve got to get out of here. There’s some business I must contact at the Savoy Café. I tried to see him this morning but he wouldn’t lose those two Gestapo men. I’ll only be gone for a short time, but if the Judge should call us, cover up for me, will you?"

"Wait until after the trial, Please," she whispered.

"Look." For the first time Chris looked like the good-looking man who had been entrapped with a daredevil passion. "I’ve been kidding around and clowning because I didn’t want to upset your family any more than necessary. But I’m on a spot. With good luck you’ll be divorced from your Hendrick but with bad luck I’ll be divorced from my head."

"I wasn’t thinking." Her voice came soft with contrition. "I was being selfish. Go and take care of yourself. Good luck!" And she was so breathtakingly, so softly with her eyes locked on to him that he couldn’t help himself. He had to take her in his arms and kiss her before he made the dash to the window and climbed down to the street.

He was back in less than an hour. But that hour had seemed endless. Everything had gone almost too perfectly in the beginning. He had made up his mind to divorce him to his contact, Gustav, the big sleep-eyed waiter no one would have suspected of being a British agent and had received the sandwich with the code hidden between it, when a German officer had suddenly appeared from the next booth and demanded to see it. There had been a fight with four Gestapo men, but Gustav mostly hadn’t dared to join, with the officer watching him so suspiciously but Chris had managed to break it up, though his clothes were hanging in shreds on his lean body. And now as he came into the courtroom he saw the trial was in session again.

"There he is, Your Honor!" Anita said indignant when she saw him, though her eyes looked frightened, questioning, as she realized something had gone wrong. "He’s drunk again!" The Judge was obvious to Chris. "You said you would take only one drink. You meant a dozen!"

"I appeal to you."

"Chris took a stagger- ing step toward the voice of the court. The judge was thick and unsteady. "Do I look like I’m drunk? Your Honor, I love her!" He almost fell as he drew himself up with exaggerated dignity and pointed at Maria. "I’ll never let my wife go out of my life."

"But I’m not your wife," Maria giggled coquettishly. "You see!" Chris laughed triumphantly. "She doesn’t even recognize me. She’s even dyed her hair to deceive me. Look at me." He hiccoughed violently. "I’m sober as a judge!" His eyes rolled as he started at the startled courtroom and for a moment he still stood there swaying as he saw the four Gestapo men come in the door. Then he lurched toward Anita, holding her in a desperate embrace, "Oh, my darling, my sweet angel," he begged. "Don’t divorce me!"

"Still hold me!" Anita begged. "Don’t pull the sandwich out of his pocket and give it to her, to whisper urgently. "This is what they are after. Hold it for me.

He turned to the court. "What does this mean?" he demanded. "Your Honor, this man started a riot in the Savoy Café," the leader said curtly.

"Sure I did," Chris broke in. "They wouldn’t let me eat my sandwich. They were trying to arrest me, from me."

He glared at the men who had began to search him. "Food hoarders!" he said scathingly, and glanced quickly at the handbag Anita was holding, too tightly and looked a little easier as he realized she had managed to conceal the evidence which would have been his death warrant.

"That’s the man who had been searching him reported. He turned to Zellfritz who had been watching, his cold eyes wary and suspicious. "But we have ordered to take him to Gestapo there, dangerous. He started a fight. He assaulted Captain Shmutnik."

"Leave him to me," Zellfritz ordered. "I’ll take care of him."

The Judge and fixed his icy blue eyes on him. "Do you still deny Mrs. Waverman her divorce?" he demanded.

The Judge, fixing a hateful eye on the grinning Chris, banged his fist down on the bench. "Divorce granted!" he shouted.

It was less than a half hour afterwards that Chris went back to the Waverman home, only to find that Anita had gone and no one knew where she was. But it was nothing new, Chris thought, hard as that was. He had to find her to get Chris. Then when things looked most hopeless Jan motioned to the telephone and there was his voice, the voice that she had gotten a position as housekeeper in the Wilhelmina Home for Gentlemen and that if he come there right away she would give him back the little souvenir he had entrusted to her.

That was how Chris met the Countess Oldenburg, with her hatchet face and tart tongue, and her heart that was nothing less than pure gold. That was how he met the other inhabitants of the home, too; Mrs. Brant and Miss Updike and the twin sisters who, although they were so curiously childlike and naive, and all the other ladies giggling as they crowded around him standing there with Anita, their faces shining in this victorious meeting with romance, even a romance that had burnt itself out such as this one had.

"It must be time to get married!" Mrs. Brant whispered.

"It wasn’t very pleasant," Anita said, her eyes glowing as she looked at Chris.

"I beg your pardon?" The Judge was suspiciously. "Then why do you look as if birds were twittering in the trees?"

"Maybe it’s because it’s all over last. And you have become so nicely smug and don’t seem to care about anything, but she didn’t succeed very well.

Humph!" The Countess shrugged. "You don’t look as if something were over. You look as if some kind of bad news was happening!"

They were over it all, out of love, but she didn’t succeed very well.

"It’s over!" The Judge exclaimed as he was, could keep Zellfritz from intruding. With a sinking heart Chris realized their trial was now going to be taken from them. "You’ll have to excuse them. We never have a man in the house."

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"Just what are you doing here?" he demanded.

"I don’t care," Chris grinned, "I just got lonely for my beautiful wife."

"Nonsense! You forget she is no longer your wife," Zellfritz frowned. "Now, look here, Waverman. I’m completely out of patience with you."

"Really?" Chris looked at him mockingly.
"And how do you think I feel about you, Major, hanging around my wife like a house-contractor and our divorce hardly cold yet?"

"Can't expect her to retire to a convent just because she's divorced," Zellfrith said coldly. "As a matter of fact, you should rejoice that I take such an interest in her. She'll have the protection of my racket you know."

"With her looks," Chris said, "she can get herself better protection. A colonel, at the least." "I'm really more than a major!" Zellfrith reddened with annoyance. "I have very high connections. My uncle is commander of the U.S. Navy! Things are different with me, Niedermeyer, I'm the Marine Engineer, is my cousin."

"Now I'm really impressed," he said. "I'm beginning to see your point. Yes, you may be quite right."

"What about what?" Anita demanded furiously. "About your going out with him." Chris smiled. "Dining, dancing, fun. Darling, why should you deny yourself any pleasures the Major can give you? Of course, it will be excruciating to think of the two of you together after my grief like a man, wandering the streets, heartbroken. But I'll endure it somehow. Take her out, Major. Let her be gay!"

"I just slapped Chris heartily on the back. 'I'll take her to the opera. There's a special performance of Wagner tonight, exclusively for German officers. Excuse me a moment.' Again that exaggerated bow as he turned to Anita. 'I'll phone right now for tickets.' Anita turned to Chris as the door closed behind her. 'What's your idea of showing me off on that swine?' she demanded.

"A sheer stroke of luck, Anita," Chris whispered excitedly. "Niedermeyer is a submarine expert. He ties up with some information I've got. Don't you see?'"

"What's that?" Anita asked breathlessly. "Major chopped Chris heartily on the back. 'I'll take her to the opera. There's a special performance of Wagner tonight, exclusively for German officers. Excuse me a moment.' Again that exaggerated bow as he turned to Anita. "I'll phone right now for tickets.' Anita turned to Chris as the door closed behind her. 'What's your idea of showing me off on that swine?' she demanded.

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Above, Lynn Bari and Cornel Wilde, as they appear in "The Perfect Snob." Darryl Zanuck was so pleased with Wilde's work in this film, he presented him with a new contract.

"Sorry, my friend," he said with exaggerated sympathy. "Last night we both had bad luck!"

"Yours wasn't fatal," Chris said dryly. "No." The Major shrugged. "But my propaganda plane was shot down over Channel. All my beautiful pamphlets were lost."

Lost! Chris managed to keep back the exclamation as he took Anita's hand and faced the Chaplain. So everything had been for nothing then, after all. He had failed in everything.

Suddenly he tensed as the shrill warning of the air raid signal filled the room, as it was echoed from the other signals outside, blaring through the city, sending crowds fighting their way through the streets, making the old ladies scream with terror as they obeyed the Countess's orders and flung themselves terrified against the soldiers trying to calm them. And in the confusion Chris heard the Countess's urgent whisper and taking Anita's hand followed her through the room, down the stairs into the street, taking the rusty old gun she drew out of her pocketbook and bringing it down with a crash on the head of the guard who tried to stop them.

Anti-aircraft guns began booming, adding to the terror of the night, and the street was deserted as the three of them made that last desperate dash to Zellfrith's car and started for the airfield.

They saw the waiting plane when they stopped and Chris, taking the bag of leaflets, held it up on his shoulder so that his face was hidden as he made the lunge for the plane where the pilot stood waiting. Again he was thankful for the rusty old gun that had not been fired in over a century as he brought it down with a crash on the pilot's skull. There was just time for Anita and the Countess to make the dash for the plane when they heard shouts and saw the guards running toward them. But Chris was calm now. He was no longer a plane again, the stick was in his hand and already it was lifting, lifting to the skies and freedom.

It was almost before they looked down and saw the white cliffs lying below them, the brave cliffs that were Dover. And then as Chris whispered the one word, England, they saw thekipper all mocking them and Chris reached toward the plane's radio.

"I'd better speak to them," he whispered. Then aloud, "Hello, hello, I'm not an enemy. I've just escaped from the English."

"Are you Goering," a mocking voice came from the radio. "Or Goebbels?" Then as Chris shouted a denial, "Shoot him down. He's nobody!"

"I'm English," Chris explained desperately as shots whizzed past him in the darkness. "RAF pilots downed in Holland!"

But only the mocking laughter answered. "Listen," Chris said desperately. "You fellows are from the Coastal Command. Your Squadron Commander is Major Carlyle Wilson, Lieutenant Wilson. I can tell you more about him. His pet phrase is 'highly irregular!' He always says it."

The laughter with then there was a whispered consultation in the other plane, and then a wary voice saying: "Let him land. But stay right with him."

Well, enough, the Countess smiled, settling more comfortably into her seat. "That's really nice, isn't it? Even Hess didn't get a military escort."

But it was more than an escort. The Squadron Commander himself was waiting as Chris taxied his plane to a stop and jumped out.

"We've located a new submarine base at Ysalmunde!" he shouted. "They're assembling a fleet. It will have to be bombed at once."

And then as a pilot went dashing for headquarters to report the news, Chris helped Anita and the Countess to alight from the plane.

"Major X, this is my wife," he said. "I met her the night before our divorce."

And then seeing the Commander's amazed look, he went on quickly, "I mean, we weren't married before the divorce but we are now!"

The Commander shook his head in bewilderment and Chris grinned as he swung Anita down from beside her before all of them. Then he caught a glance at the Commander's shocked face and heard his bewildered voice.

"Highly irregular!" he was saying. "Highly irregular!

War Time Experiences of Lieut. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Continued from page 27

me that with the coming of the war, he felt that fighting here was the moment to be remembered in the lives of men who ordinarily would have been clerks, film stars, farm boys, electricians, captains and lieutenants, and soda jerks. For them, and for him, there were some words for this instant. They could say with Winston Churchill, "Let them say in 1,000 years this has been their finest hour."

The finest hour also leads to death and suffering. Douglas knows, but he won't talk about it at the drop of a hat. But when his ship was docked in Iceland, he saw men in the base hospital who were dying or worse still, waking up to the grime, reality, that they will never be able to walk again or pitch a baseball back on the home diamond.

"Whatever it was," the serious film star told me, "the men took it so well. Those kids just lay up at you with sweet pouring off their brows, and then grin."

He told of one boy, just 17, whose legs had been amputated, but the doctors and nurses were waiting when he came back to the news. Finally the doctor told him, expecting to hear the great despairing shriek of the man who has lost hope or either the deathly dull silence of the man who has lost all will to live.

Instead, Douglas related, "The kid said, 'you don't have to tell me, Doc. I could see in the mirror across the room that you had taken them from me. But you can fix me up, can't you, Doc?'"

"The doctor listened and could not speak. This was worse than what he expected, for here was a boy saying, 'I've gotta get back in there and fight.'"

Once Lieut. Fairbanks started remembering, the lines around his mouth began to creep. Then another wound was added, as he rubbed his hand across his cheek as if the sting of memory was still burning... "that kid was about to die. I was sitting there, waiting to tell him that I told him what a swell welcome he would get from the folks back home when he returned. He died, believing me."

These brave lads who left a leg behind in Iceland or died in accidents in that northern base were victims of the shelling of the Kearney. When the commander of the Kearney visited the hospital, the boys told him that the boys goodbye, Douglas told me that the boys and some of the older sea dogs actually wept.

In Iceland Lieut. Fairbanks met and mingled with the British officers and observed the good fellowship between the Yanks and the British tars. Fairbanks, who was a British subject and who has known Prime Minister Churchill since he was a little boy, didn't have to be sold on the British. He has seen them in all the way for a good long time now.

He saw things that convinced him that every American blue jacket in Iceland would think the rest of his life that the English are "square guys." He pointed out that the English lads in pea jackets thought the Americans were O.K. As an illustration, Douglas has told me that the lads were so grateful for all the courtesies and attention paid them when they visited the United States, they wanted to show in some way at least how deeply they appreciated it.

"So they invited the American sailors from a certain nearby ship, and you know, the American Navy is bone dry on shipboard. Not a drop to drink, you know. The British sailors get a daily ration of rum—just a terrible." "Well, this is what they did. They got together and decided not to touch their rations for three weeks. This amount piled up a barroom place a little party they threw. By the time it was over I wouldn't be surprised if our boys didn't mistake that Icelandic moon for the Carolina moon."

While in Iceland, Douglas discovered there was a movie-struck group of blonde young girls in the population, but they were a hopeless group asking for his autograph, since they had no practice, as have our home vintage.

On shipboard the officers and men steered away from the subject of films and Hollywood, as much as possible. "It was a month before the word moving pictures was mentioned," Douglas relates.

Lieut. Fairbanks, the only interested in the war and Navy career now, but recognizes that such a short term with the fleet and Navy Department cannot make the public understand that his chief claim to fame is the films. But he is doing absolutely nothing to make them remember, as he thinks it is, to "relieve a mere boy." In this reason, he hesitates to appear in public places as if he were showing off his uniform.

But not busy at the Navy Department, where Lieut. Robert Montgomery is also working. Douglas lives quietly in a sub-rented house in crowded Washington with his wife, baby daughter and Flannery and a group captain of the Royal Air Force.
NOW! ALL YOU’VE LOOKED FOR IN A LIPSTICK
In Tangee’s New Improved Satin-Finish

AN ANNOUNCEMENT
by Constance Luft Huhn
Head of the House of Tangee, Makers of the World’s Most Famous Lipsticks

Are you one of the thousands of women who have longed for a lipstick with a softer, glossier sheen—a satisfying satin-finish? A lipstick, not too dry—yet not too moist—that strokes on so easily, so smoothly, it almost applies itself? A lipstick that stays on—I really mean stays on? After two years of almost ceaseless effort to blend all these qualities into a single lipstick, we, at Tangee, are happy to offer you our new and exclusive Tangee satin-finish!

Satin-finish, we believe, is the most important announcement Tangee has made in years. Satin-finish means that you now may have—not only Tangee’s gloriously clear shades that blend so perfectly with your complexion; 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.

So whichever shade you like best—whether it’s Tangee Natural, the lipstick that changes on your lips to produce your own most becoming color—or the more brilliant Tangee Theatrical Red—or Tangee Red-Red, the rarest, loveliest red of them all... each now flatters your lips with a new and alluring Satin-Finish.

TANGEE RED-RED
...“Rarest Loveliest Red of Them All.”...harmonizes with all fashion colors.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED
...“The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade.”...always flattering.

TANGEE NATURAL
...Orange in the stick, changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush rose on the lips.

TANGEE Lipsticks
WITH THE NEW SATIN-FINISH

"A company that has pleased the women of America with over 100 million lipsticks can’t help but learn every possible lipstick requirement," says Constance Luft Huhn, head of the House of Tangee. "We’ve listened eagerly and patiently to thousands of suggestions and comments—yes, and criticisms, too. And we are constantly seeking to improve our Tangee—to give it exactly those qualities you tell us you want in a lipstick. That is how our new and exclusive SATIN-FINISH was created. You wanted it—we produced it!"
Help your **Beauty** bloom this Spring!

Give your skin

Ivory “baby-care,”
doctors recommend

Help yourself to a fresh complexion... to go with your new spring clothes. Use as your model of skin perfection the Loveliest Complexion in all the world... baby’s own!

Do as you do for baby... take doctors’ beauty advice! Give your skin, too, the gentle daily care of New “Velvet-Suds” Ivory Soap... now milder and faster-lathering than ever!

What finer beauty-care could your complexion have than that advised by doctors for baby’s lovely skin?

---

Avoid WINTER-DRIED

“flakiness”

Help bring spring’s bloom to your skin by “babying” it this way **every night**:
- With New Ivory’s creamy, quick lather (lukewarm, never hot) gently massage your skin upward, following facial contours. Warm rinse. Pat dry. Since your skin is “winter-dried” apply lightly a little cold cream.

---

Avoid OILY-SKIN

drainness

Since oily skins tend to hold dirt, give yours this thorough spring-cleansing each night and morning:
- Work up a cleansing-mask of quick, thick Ivory lather on your face. Then scrub with a washcloth. Rinse. Repeat Ivory-mask cleansing. Warm rinse, then cold. Let New Ivory be spring to your beauty!

---

**I’M MOSTLY COMPLEXION—**
To help keep my sensitive skin perfect, Doctor recommends New Ivory Soap. It’s an improved Ivory — milder than ever, and contains no dye, medication, or strong perfume that might be irritating.

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**ENJOY “BABY-CARE” ALL OVER!**
Sink back into a caressing sea of “velvet suds” that quickly creams off your big white floating Ivory cake. Every pore responds to gentle Ivory! Then you step out to untroubled sleep...and waken with “Spring-Fresh” beauty!

---

“Baby-care” is

Beauty-care... use New Velvet-suds **IVORY**
VICTORY!
BUY UNITED STATES DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS

— TOMMY DORSEY

FOR VICTORY!
BUY UNITED STATES DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS

Rita Hayworth

RIKE UP YOUR OWN BAND! — TOMMY DORSEY

HAVE YOU LOVE INSURANCE? TYRONE POWER HAS!

W FASHIONS! VERONICA LAKE, PRISCILLA LANE
"It Takes a Girl Like Rita to Play a Gal Like Sal!"

Like old tunes? You'll get 'em.
Like new tunes? You'll get 'em.
Like laughs—riots—fun—stars?
You'll get 'em!

The great once-a-year-musical in Technicolor. See it! It's swell!

Theodore Dreiser's

MY GAL SAL
IN TECHNICOLOR

Rita HAYWORTH
Victor MATURE
John Sutton
Carole Landis

WATCH FOR
THOSE
2 GREAT
HITS!

Jean Gabin
Ida Lupino
in MOONTIDE

with Thomas Mitchell
Claude Rains

Six famous Paul Dresser songs! Including "ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH" and "MY GAL SAL" plus four new smash 1942 model hits including: "OH THE PITY OF IT ALL" and "HERE YOU ARE"
For a smile that wins friends, invites happiness—help keep your sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

THUMBS UP, plain girl! You don't need beauty to make your dreams come true.

You can win what you want in life, if your smile is right. You can be popular, successful—a star on the stage of your own special world.

But your smile must have magnetic appeal. It must flash freely and unafraid, lighting your face with beauty. It must be big, warm-hearted, winning!

For that kind of a smile you must have bright, sparkling teeth that you are proud to show. And remember, sparkling teeth depend largely on gums that are healthy, gums that keep their firmness.

Never take chances with "pink tooth brush"

So if there's ever the slightest tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, see your dentist right away! He may tell you your gums have become tender and sensitive, robbed of exercise by creamy foods. And, like thousands of other modern dentists, he'll probably suggest Ipana and massage.

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.

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 your gums to new firmness.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste from your druggist today. Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling and attractive.

Start today with Ipana and Massage...
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Cover Portrait of RITA HAYWORTH, Columbia Pictures star, loaned to 20th Century-Fox for "My Gal Sal!"
What's your biggest query about Tampons?

It's smart to ask questions about a new idea like internal sanitary protection. For whether you already enjoy the wonderful freedom of tampons, or haven't even tried them yet—there are always new improvements, modern advantages you should know about. Are these the sort of questions you would ask?

"I don't want to worry... can I be sure?"

Yes—if your tampons absorb quickly, surely. Meds—the Modess tampons—absorb faster because of the "safety center." A modern feature no other tampons have! Meds hold more than 300% of their weight in moisture.

"Do they really fit?"

A leading woman's doctor, designed Meds. They're scientifically shaped to fit. That's why Meds are so comfortable. Insert Meds properly and you can forget the time of month. No bulges, belts, or odors! And Meds are easier to use, too. Each Meds comes in a one-time-use applicator that ends old difficulties.

"Will I have to pay more?"

Not on your life! Meds cost less than any other tampons in individual applicators. In fact, no more than leading sanitary napkins. Try Meds and compare!

BOX OF 10—25¢ • BOX OF 50—98¢

Meds

The Modess Tamper

ATTENTION, Jeffrey Lynn fans! Your favorite is now stationed at Camp Crowder, Missouri, if you care to write to him. The meticulous Lynn who used to worry himself sick over the part in his hair, or how he looked in photographs, loves the Army. No petty worries are developing him into a much nicer uninhibited person. By the way, Burgess Meredith was at the same camp. Either he confused the Army or vice versa. Or sumpin'. He's been transferred back to the coast again!

"Uncle Sam" Crosby, top, leads a bevy of beauties in a patriotic sequence in Paramount's "Holiday Inn." Above, Bing plays gin rummy with co-star Fred Astaire [winning go toward purchase of a Defense Bond], Crooner Crosby's son, Gary, left, pulls o "stick-up" on Dietrich on "The Spoilers" set at Universal.

BOB HOPE pulled this on Bing Crosby—so don't blame us. Bob rushed up to Bing all out of breath. "Have you heard we won't be able to get shoes after June first?" he exclaimed. "My gosh, I'll have to lay in a good supply," cried Bing. "But why would they want to take away shoes?" "Everything for defense," Bob cracked back—and nothing for defeat" (de-feat)! Ouch!

IT'S a temporary victory for Marlene Dietrich. She's convalescing at Palm Springs and Jean Gabin has forsaken Ginger Rogers to take on a little sun tan. Don't think Ginger is having blues in the night. She just learned she's going to do a picture with Cary Grant for RKO. There's always another romance. But only
BARBARA STANWYCK says:

"There's a woman like me in every great man's life!

... living in the shadows, taking my romance when the world isn't looking!"

BARBARA STANWYCK and JOEL MCCREA in "THE GREAT MAN'S LADY"

with BRIAN DONLEVY

Produced and Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN • Screen Play by W. L. RIVER
Original Story by Adele Rogers St. Johns and Seena Owen • Based on a Short Story by Vina Delmar • A Paramount Picture
Lustrous! "Soaping" Dulls Your Hair!

For Hair He'll Adore... Lustrous! Brilliant! ... Try Modern Halo!

THOUSANDS of women miss out on having glamorous, seductive hair, by making one simple mistake. They're still "soaping" their hair.

The trouble is that all soaps, even the finest, leave dulling soap-film on hair. Drab film that's like washbowl scum.

That's why Halo Shampoo is such an exciting find. Halo contains no soap, leaves no soap-film. Thanks to a patented new-type ingredient, Halo's billowing lather rinses away completely, even with hardest water. No bading with lemon or vinegar. And besides, cleaning hair of dust and excess oil, Halo removes loose dandruff.

So for fragrant, shining-clean hair, alive with highlights, bright with rare color, get Halo today! Generous 10c and larger sizes at any toilet goods counter.

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Reveals The Beauty Hiding In Your Hair

Don't be a Hide-out use Hide-it

See how skin-blemishes vanish from sight.
No need to let either temporary or permanent blemishes spoil your charm. HIDE-IT conceals pimples, blemishes, freckles, dark under-eye circles, most scars and other blemishes, lasting... harmless... used by millions of women.

Perfect for Powder Base
Makes skin look smoother. Holds powder amazingly long.

$1.00 at Drug and Department Stores. Purse size at 10c counters—or send us 9c and gram wanted. (Light, Medium, Rich, Kodak, Plus-tan).

CLARK-MILLER SALES Co.
308 W. Erie St., Dept. 462, Chicago

When Hedy Lamarr became engaged to George Montgomery, they rushed right over and told Ann Sothern. So Ann in turn called up Bob Sterling, who rushed right over and they cracked open a special bottle of champagne. Hedy is redecorating the home she is now renting to Franchot Tone. So Franchot has to move out to make way for another bride and groom.

With a safety box loaded with jewels, Hedy is so excited about George's diamond ring, she won't even take it off for movie scenes. Yes, it's love in bloom!

News happens fast in Hollywood. Myrna Loy announced her final separation from Arthur Hornblow, Jr., and the Fred Astaire baby arrived, both during the same hour. Hollywood isn't too surprised about Myrna. Their second try at it has never seemed to work out. The Astaires, with two boys in the household already, are that thrilled over their new daughter. Fred, the proud father, moved right in the hospital and lived in a room next to his wife—in the maternity ward.

Norma Shearer startling Hollywood with the first military motif tailored suit. Gold braid and brass buttons make Norma look like a cross between the head usher at Grauman's Chinese and a page out of Harper's Bazaar. But on her it's smart.

Even high-salaried stars are readjusting their lives because of war conditions. Mary Martin is the first to sell her big Bel-Air home. With taxes soaring, the future so uncertain, Mary isn't taking any chances. She's moving into a small place that requires just one servant. Mary keeps plenty busy in her triple career of actress, housewife, and mother.

Torrid twosome: Olivia de Havilland and Clifford Odets. Olivia, who is on suspension at Warners because she didn't want to stooge for Jack Benny in "George Washington Slept Here" lunches daily in the Green Room with Odets—despite her studio difficulties. Keep your eye on 'em.

Glenda Farrell, who recently appeared in "Twin Beds," is shown, above, wearing a smart suit of pale green wool, with set in yoke, dolman sleeves and rolled collar.

Anita Louise is back on the Warner lot again. She's making a series of tests with the possibility of signing a new contract. It's a different, more mature Anita. She's lost that starry-eyed beauty, but in its place is a quality richer and warmer.

What a gal is Barbara Stanwyck! At a Hollywood dinner party a rival star was telling Barbara she had seen those Dutch magazine pictures of her in her "Ball of Fire" costume. The star wasn't being on the level and Stanny knew it. "You know," she cracked, "those were really Crawford's legs they used. It was Goddard's body. They just put my face at the top and made a composite picture!"
sister against sister!

Love made them hate—each other!

THE MEN IN THEIR LIVES

BETTE SAYS:
"What I want I go after—and I get it!"

OLIVIA SAYS:
"I'm going to be hard—just as hard as she is!"

BETTE DAVIS • OLIVIA de HAVILLAND • GEO. BRENT • DENNIS MORGAN

"In This Our Life"

with
CHARLES COBURN • FRANK CRAVEN • BILLIE BURKE • Directed by John Huston

Screen Play by Howard Koch • Based Upon the Novel by Ellen Glasgow • Music by Max Steiner
Hollywood! I'm proud of you! You haven't had a cycle in ages. With the eyes of filmdom seeking fresher fields, even a fan dares to suggest:

Why not film Eric Kelly's "Trumpeter of Krakow"? It's the juvenile yarn of the century, with thrills and action that would make the grownups crowd the kiddies into the lobby. A perfect co-star vehicle for a juvenile actor and actress.

I yearn to see Katharine Hepburn play Mary Read, the woman pirate. It would be a super success, with splashing waves and flashing swords, and Katie a female Errol Flynn.

Take Isabella Jewel out of moth-balls and put her into "Portrait of Jenny." Her exquisite quality matches that of Robert Nathan's book and these two, plus a sensitive director, could make screen history.

Take a squint at the Bible, and don't look for morals, but adventure. Start with David, who was warrior, giant-killer, poet, great lover, and the greatest success story of all time a biographer could want. But no costume pageant, please, David had hash.

And Mr. Disney, have you read "Dr. Dolittle"? If you haven't, hurry to the library! When I read it to the kiddies in my third grade class, they practically cheered in the exciting parts. It has whimsy with a whim.

MAE H. ASHWORTH, Elgin, Ill.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER

$5.00

I have always been more disgusted than amused by the kind of publicity that Hollywood has continued to turn out the last several years. And I admit I looked upon Hollywood as a gaudy, cheap, money-mad metropolis. But something lately has made me change my mind. For the first time, although I have always been a movie fan, I find myself feeling a sincere admiration for the men and women in Hollywood. When Bob Hope and Mickey Rooney and Merle Oberon and dozens of others give freely of their time and money and talent for charity, then they are made of the "real things." Now, I dismiss all the cheap, tawdy movie stars. I find something in many of my movie favorites to admire and be grateful for. They have shown themselves to be real and you can believe me that my enjoyment (and support) of the movies now is doubled when I realize that the actors and actresses are human and "good guys," with much concern and care of what is going on outside the Coconut Grove as Mr. John Doe.

DAVID E. LEWIS, Halifax, N.S., Can.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS

$1.00 Each

We women have in our minds and hearts the men whose return we are awaiting. We are going to make up from now on, more and more, the movie audience. And when we want relaxation from household tasks and Red Cross work, we want to see the same thing we want to see comedies. And, naturally, we're going to pick the comedy which has the biggest, handsomest, nicest looking hero!

Personally, I feel that there's going to be a new, as yet undiscovered young man, who will become the ideal hero for war comedies. We want our American hero to look nice above all—remember he represents us all over the world now.

MRS. M. JACKSON, Hyattsville, Md.
First impressions are lasting!
Always guard charm with Mum

WHO KNOWS when a chance meeting—an unexpected introduction—will bring you face to face with romance. Are you ready to meet it—sure of your daintiness—certain of your charm—certain that you're safe from underarm odor?

Millions of women rely on Mum. They trust Mum because it instantly prevents underarm odor—because it so dependably safeguards charm all day or all evening.

Remember, even a daily bath doesn't insure your daintiness. A bath removes only perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of underarm odor to come. Let the daily use of Mum insure your charm. Get a jar of Mum at your druggist's today!

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—Mum is the preferred deodorant for this important purpose, too, because it's so gentle, dependable.

Stay popular with the friends you make this summer. Give romance a chance. With confidence Mum you never need risk underarm odor. Mum's safe for clothes, safe for skin, cool.

After every bath, and before dates, use Mum! Then you're sure underarm odor won't spoil your day or evening! Mum takes only 30 seconds—grand when you're in a hurry!

Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Screenland

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ABRAHAM GURVITZ, D.M.D., Boston, Mass.

A prize-winner in one of your recent issues, who gushed and gooed over Bette Davis, made me get out my typewriter and punch and peck a protest to you! This prize-winner stated that Miss Davis was the character she played. There is where my kick comes in. Never, never is Miss Bette Davis anyone but Miss Bette Davis which is getting mighty tiresome.

In “The Little Foxes,” she was supposed to be a sinister, scheming woman of the deep South, but was she? Ah, no, she was the usual, neurotic, fast-talking, jerky-moving Miss Bette Davis who quite forgot her Southern accent after her second line! You call that being “a great actress?” She'd have been carreotted and turned in the old days of real actresses.

I recall going to see a Bette Davis film with a physician friend of mine. After the show was over I asked him what he thought of her as an actress. He replied, “As an actress I didn’t think of her because she isn’t one, but, as a patient, ah, yes!”

T. M. ROSE, San Francisco, Cal.

Like nearly everyone else, I have been enjoying the films concerning Army life, but I’m inclined to think that the movies have been overshotting the comic angle, which may give the public the wrong impression as to the present military mode of living, its purpose, its spirit regarding that purpose, its sacrifices, loyalties, etc.

Therefore, I feel it is proper and fitting and that it is Hollywood’s duty to get more serious in presentations having an Army background.

PVT. TOM T. PLESE, Everett, Wash.

Maybe he is cast only in Hitlerite roles but despite that, Conrad Veidt deserves a few brass band tests for his own merit. I'm more excited over seeing a film in which he appears than I am when I go to a Melvyn Douglas, Robert Taylor or Gary Cooper picture and heaven knows they're all favorites of mine!

But there's something about the suave, polished Conrad Veidt that thrills me, even when I'm delighted to see him liquified. He's always convincing and charming. Although he always portrays sinister characters, he can make you see and believe in the philosophies of those characters even while you're rooting for the hero. He was so charming in “Escape” that I almost didn't care that he was threatening the happiness of Norma Shearer and Robert Taylor. And as the madman lover in "A Woman's Face," I couldn't help but toss him a tear or two of sympathy!

Surely as fine an actor as Conrad Veidt will be remembered long after we've forgotten about the glamour boys and girls.

MARY DONER, Seattle, Wash.

It seems just a short while ago that producers and theater owners were deploring the drop in patronage and were trying to find the reason and the cause for such public apathy. They hated to admit that they themselves were all the time at fault. For the failure of interest on the part of the public was due entirely to an inferior schedule of production that was an insult to public intelligence. There has been no complaint recently. The answer: Such productions as “Citizen Kane,” “Sergeant York,” “Philadelphia Story,” “Man Hunt,” “Night Train,” “Suspicion,” “Target for Tonight,” “Tobacco Road,” and “How Green Was My Valley.” This last picture is definite proof that the industry has at last grown up and is showing a commanding respect for the appreciation of the average movie fan. Here’s hoping they keep up the good work. We’ll need it.

ABRAHAM GURVITZ, D.M.D., Boston, Mass.
The Great Man's Lady—Paramount

In this sentimental saga of the Early West, Barbara Stanwyck ages from 16 to 100 as Hanna Semple, who sacrificed her own happiness to help Ethan Hoyt, the man she loved, attain greatness. While Hoyt City honors its founder, she relates her life story to a biographer. The flashback method of telling it slows up the action. Barbara's is a great performance; Joel McCrea, splendid as Hoyt; and Brian Donlevy, good as the other man. See it.

The Turtles of Tahiti—RKO

This South Seas comedy-romance is a refreshing bit of screen entertainment. It’s light-hearted and gay and never gets too deep or serious, making it the ideal movie for these troubled times. Its star, Charles Laughton, is good as the improvident head of a large, happy-go-lucky Tahitian family whose philosophy of life is big and make merry today and let tomorrow take care of itself. Jon Hall and Peggy Drake do nicely in the romance department.

Always In My Heart—Warner

Here’s a sentimental film for feminine fans. Gloria Warren, teen-age girl with a beautiful voice, is introduced in this drama. When Walter Huston, her ex-father, whose children think he is dead, hears his ex-wife, Kay Francis, is about to remarry, he doesn’t tell her about his pardon. His family learns the truth and there’s a happy reunion. Fine acting by entire cast. Borrah Minevitch and his Rascals furnish music and good comedy.

A Gentleman After Dark—United Artists

This is the story of Heliotrope Harry, a crook who goes straight when his baby is born, but whose wife (Miriam Hopkins) continues her life of crime. Harry murders her lover and goes to prison, but escapes to stop his wife from blackmailing the Judge (Preston Foster) who has raised their daughter. Harry is splendidly portrayed by Donlevy. Performances by Miss Hopkins and Foster are noteworthy. Exciting. Has suspense.

Mokey—M-G-M

This film is a touching story about a motherless boy, Mokey, who has a penchant for getting into trouble. The boy’s father remarries and his young stepmother, played by Donna Reed, fails to give him the affection he craves. His misdeeds are due to misunderstandings, and neglect on the part of his father, Dan Dailey, Jr. Bobby Blake, a lad whose only other film work has been in Our Gang comedies, proves he’s a fine little actor. This is a good study in child psychology.
away, and there's a paper shortage, anyway.

Pockets are snug enough so that the napkins in them won't blow away while guests get their food. And I'm having a pretty basket filled with fringed napkins in solid colors so guests can take fresh ones after they've tangled with the corn on the cob. After the shower, I'll have the tablecloth and napkins laundered and give them to the bride.

The bride-to-be of the ranch shower will pull her gifts from a huge hay basket where they will be hidden. Small ropes will dangle over the edge for her to pull, and controversy is now going on over whether or not the bride will be able to untie rope. It's unlucky to cut the ribbon or string on a bride's gift—she must either untie it or break it!

"The first gift drawn is supposed to come from the next girl to be engaged, the third one from the next to be married, and the seventh from the next to be a mother," related Ann, "so you can imagine the shrieks when those particular gifts are opened.

Ann's own gift won't be in the basket but will preside over it. "I'll take a broom and an O-Cedar mop and bind them together with Scotch tape," she planned, "the broom for feet, the mop for head. I'll use a man's overcoat hanger for shoulders, a small frypan for face and a large one for chest, all fastened in with Scotch tape, twisted tea towels for arms, rubber gloves for hands, chaps for girls for hair, dish cloths to stuff fingers and neck, and a big overall apron to cover the whole figure.

"Mother's gift will be a household repair kit. Usually a bride has faucets but no washers, lamps but no fuses, pictures but no nails, so the kit will hold plenty of those things, a small hammer, tacks, pliers, screwdriver, wire, string, all a bride needs to fix up her new home."

Another gift sure to be received gratefully by any bride will be a feature of all three of Ann's showers.

"Each guest will be asked to bring a typed copy of two of her very best company recipes and I'll have a menu file ready to put them in, and the bride will start with at least two dozen special recipes. Emily, our cook, has some any girl would love. I'll give you two for SCREENLAND's June brides."

**STUFFED BAKED POTATOES**

Bake potatoes, then slit them lengthwise and scoop the inside into a bowl. Butter the shells. Add butter and milk, grated Kraft American cheese and seasoning to the potatoes, with 1/2 teaspoon

(Lead to page 81)

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Who would have dreamed that you would be in uniform? You and Sis and a million other girls.

You've learned lots. About discipline and teamwork... things a girl can't get from just hockey and basketball. The thrill of helping America! And knowing that Dad's plenty proud of you!

But it wasn't easy at first... remember? Especially on trying days of the month. You felt you just couldn't carry on! You wondered how other girls managed... why you were different.

**A lesson worth remembering**

It was Sis who came to your rescue! Did she sail into you the time you wanted to ditch the big reception for the boys at Camp?

"Why be a deserter?" she said. "Change to Kotex sanitary napkins!"

Why?... because Kotex is made in soft folds so it's naturally less bulky... more comfortable... made to stay soft while wearing. A lot different from pads that only "feel" soft at first touch.

Then Sis put you wise to the flat, pressed ends of Kotex that keep your secret safe. To the moisture-resistant "safety-shield" that gives extra protection.

So now you know why Kotex is more popular than all other brands of pads put together. Now you can keep going, keep smiling... every day!

**Be confident... comfortable... carefree**

—with Kotex*!

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The Skin of an Angel

Jeanette MacDonald's skin routine reduced to minimum time—and helpful to everyone

By Courtenay Marvin

WHEN Jeanette MacDonald was assigned the feminine star rôle in "I Married An Angel," the studio went into a huddle over a fake halo and wings but unanimously agreed that her skin was, indeed, like that of an angel. Miss MacDonald is one of those fortunate with a passport to heaven, according to many a girl's notion, in the way of a divine skin.

Miss MacDonald has red hair and blue eyes, and so you might expect an extreme in her skin, either very good or definitely bad. So it seems to go with redheads. But this star has that rare and altogether beautiful translucent quality, that light under the skin that reminds one of candles gleaming through ninon curtains. And it seems the result of cooperation between nature and correct, simple care. In this day of little time for foibles and fixings, it is encouraging to know that correct care is not a long, involved, intricate business, but a quick, simple, common sense routine. So down-to-earth, so time-saving and so budget-saving are Miss MacDonald's "secrets" that we reproduce them for the (Please turn to page 62)
New Beauty Shampoo Leaves Hair More Alluring
SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO MANAGE!

The minute you look in your mirror you'll see the difference... after your first shampoo with new, improved Special Drene! You'll be amazed at how much silkier and smoother your hair looks and feels... because of that wonderful hair conditioner now in Special Drene. And you'll be so delighted, too, when you discover how much better your hair behaves, right after shampooing!

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!
Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Special Drene! For Drene removes ugly dandruff with the first application. And besides, Drene does something for your hair no soap shampoo can do—not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers"! Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre and color brilliance than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!

So, for extra beauty benefits—plus quick and thorough removal of flaky dandruff—try improved Special Drene right away. Or ask for a professional Drene Shampoo at your beauty shop!

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 which never leaves a clouding film. Instead, Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre! Remember, too, that Special Drene now has hair conditioner in it, so it leaves hair far silkier, smoother than ever before!

Special DRENE Shampoo
with HAIR CONDITIONER added

Glamour for Gala Nights... Enchanting new hair-do! Front hair parted in the center, then swept up and forward into two smooth, sleek rolls. Hair shampooed with improved Special Drene.
"I hate to see the sun come up"

A NOTHER day of making the endless rounds, getting the same disheartening answers: "The position has been filled..." "We'll file your application..." "Sorry, but the decision was very close." Then back to the cheap room, sometimes so dog-tired she didn't even trouble to undress. Was it for this—to have her pride slit to ribbons and her courage kicked to fragments—that she had left Spring Haven and Todd Smith? Was this the reward of a girl who everybody back home—even Professor Latimer—had said, "was simply cut out for a career"?

And now she was just about at the end of her rope. Another week and the money that Mamma had given her would be gone. "I must get a job!" she sobbed. "I must! Any kind of a job! Why can't I? What's wrong?"

Poor little, small-town Muriel! It was a long time before she found out what every big-town business girl knows by instinct:

That if your breath isn't O.K., the breaks are against you when you are looking for a job or trying to hold one. Abilities being equal, the position is likely to go to the girl whose breath doesn't offend.

You May Offend Needlessly

Since you yourself may not know when you have halitosis (bad breath), isn't it just common sense to guard against this offense with Listerine Antiseptic? Bad breath can be systemic, but when it's due to the fermentation of tiny food particles (as some authorities say it usually is) Listerine Antiseptic immediately halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors that it causes. The breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

When you want to appear at your best, socially or in business, never omit this delightful, freshening antiseptic and deodorant precaution.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

**Before all engagements let LISTERINE look after your breath**
The morning I saw Ty Power on the set of "This Above All" he was drinking coffee like mad in a desperate effort to keep awake. The hand that held the cup wasn't the steadiest I've ever seen, and I was certain that his eyes were going to close up tight any minute. Ty greeted me between gulps of coffee with the quite obvious statement that he'd had less than an hour's sleep the night before. Naturally I jumped at conclusions, after all I'm only human. Uh huh, I thought, so Annabella goes on a trip and Ty goes on a bender. Well, I couldn't have been further from the truth. It seems there had been a blackout in Brentwood the night before and air raid warden Power had been on duty until six in the morning. "I had dinner over at Cesar Romero's," Ty said, "and after dinner the Walter Langs dropped by and we played gin rummy [there is no doubt in my mind but that next to Annabella Ty Power loves games] until about one o'clock. I must have just gotten to bed when the phone rang and I was told to get on duty at once. I put on a pair of old pants and a bedraggled raincoat, hopped on my bicycle, and started pedalling toward the Old Ladies' Home."

I don't know why that should seem so funny to me, but it does. Tyrone Power, Mr. Darryl Zanuck's number one Glamor Star, and the idol of American womanhood, cold, tired and disheveled, knocking on doors at the Old Ladies' Home—which happens to be on his beat.

Anatole Litvak, who is directing the screen version of Eric Knight's best-seller English war novel, called "Ready," and Ty hastily (Please turn to page 83)
Strike up your own.
TOMMY DORSEY cut his first tooth on a trombone!

As a matter of fact, the announcement of his birth was printed under the heading:

"TOWN BAND PLEASE NOTE:
To Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dorsey, Sr.
A Boy, November 19, 1905,
In Mahoney Plains, Pa.
Weight, 8 pounds, 5 ounces."

"The only way to get up a band," advises the sentimental gentleman of swing, "is to round up kids in your neighborhood, and start to play!"

By Emily Torchia

Before he was a day old his Dad enrolled him in the town band. There was nothing unusual about this because Dorsey, Sr., was its leader. He was also the instrumentalist, organizer, and community music teacher. That’s why Tommy’s teething ring was a slidehorn.

When Tommy was a scant three and his brother, Jimmy, not quite five, the family moved to Shenandoah, Pa. His father, leader of the military band, de- (Please turn to page 60)
IT BEGAN in such a commonplace, average-American, you-and-me everyday way, the story of little Susan Hayward of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Her father worked for the I.R.T. in New York. Her mother, a housewife. A sister two years older, a brother a year or so younger. A comfortable but unpretentious apartment in Brooklyn. Public grade school, then Girls' Commercial High. Movies Saturday afternoons. “We had our favorites, of course, were fans. I thought Clark Gable and Charles Boyer were wonderful!” Roller-skating. Ice-skating. Making fudge in the kitchen. Birthday parties. Summers at the beach. Nothing in the least unusual or dramatic about this background. Nothing, except—a line in a little girl’s diary which read, “Some day, when I’m a famous actress, everybody’s going to be sorry for the way they treated me.”

“And so,” said Susan, facing me (it was three in the afternoon, an hour or so after luncheon) over an enormous piece of cake topped with a mound of ice-cream, a gauntlet flung, no doubt, at her days of near-starvation, “and so, I must always have wanted to be an actress. She added, smiling, “I still do! But except for that entry in my diary I don’t remember that I gave it much conscious thought when I was a youngster. I know I didn’t DO anything about it. I didn’t stage little plays in the attic or cellar. In high school, I took a course in commercial art, not dramatics. But when, at eighteen, I finished school and went to New York to look for a job, it was a job on the stage I wanted. Somehow I had only that one thought in my mind—and knew that I had always had it in my heart.

“Of course I didn’t get one. A job, I mean. Not even a nibble. They just smiled at me and turned to the next girl.

“It’s the impatience,” said Susan suddenly, stormily, “that really gets you down. You go home and read of actresses—Helen Hayes, for example—who were great stars at eighteen. They all did it young. What, what, what, you think,” said Susie, who has reached the

Struggles

Looking at lovely luscious Susan Hayward today, you would never believe that she suffered heartbreak and even hunger to achieve her ambition. Her true story, told here for the first time, should give other girls new courage to keep on struggling.

By Gladys Hall
crumbling old age of twenty-two, "is the matter with me!"
"There was something the matter with me. But I didn't
know what it was until—until a man, a very life-loving
and life-wise man, shoved me. But that comes later—
after Ups that bumped my hopeful head against the stars
and Downs that nearly starved me to death. After sieges
of inaction and impatience that nearly drove me mad with
frustration and the feeling of futility. After despairs,"
Susan said quietly, "that were very real."

"Not that I blame anybody," Susan was saying, "it's
nobody's fault that I didn't get good parts sooner. I am
difficult to cast, I know. I look like an ingenue and am
not an ingenue. My voice is too heavy. They can't have
me say, 'Daddy, may I go out with John?' No one would
believe it. I have to say, 'Pop, I'm going out with John!'
"My face is young," Susan said, "but what comes out of
it is not young. Not long ago (Please turn to page 51)

Stardom!

For

Stranger than any fiction is the success story of Susan
Hayward. Just when success would seem to be within her
grasp, Fate would shew her back to the bottom of the
ladder, and she would have to start all over again! After
winning attention in "Adam Had Four Sons" (above)
and "Beau Geste" (right above) she was forgotten. Then
some a colorful rôle in "Among The Living" (right). But
it remained for Cecil B. DeMille to give her the best
break—in "Reap The Wild Wind" (see Shirley Temple-
lis costume pose from that film on facing page).

("She will be a great star in a couple of years," one
of the men in the Paramount publicity office told me, "but
in ten years she could be—a great statesman. No fooling.
She has force and presence. She can sway people when
she speaks. Her mind functions with power and precision.
There is iron in her. She is an unexpected person."
(A first glance at Susan and you could scream with
laughter at thought of her as a solemn Solon. Publicity
man's rave. I thought, meeting her. Why, she is as
feminine as chiffon, cute and cuddly, teedrilly red hair,
tip-tilted nose, ridiculously adolescent figure, the helpless
type, she help me. But looking at her again, at the amaz-
ingly dark brown depth of her eyes, the straightforward,
no-nonsense expression in them, hearing the voice which
is more like Garbo's than Susan's, I realized how decep-
tive, in the little Hayward's case, are first impressions.
And when Susan begins to talk, forcefully, without frills,
you think there has been a mistake. Susan doesn't match!")
AN ALARM clock rang... the hands pointed to three forty-five A.M. Instinctively I started to turn over for another few winks. But the ticking of the clock seemed to say, in a low, melodious voice, "If you're going to be made up and on the set by seven o'clock, you'd better get going: Your obedient servant, Orson Welles."

Hurriedly I dressed to meet adventure, as working for Orson Welles in "The Magnificent Ambersons" proved an adventure, packed full of fun. Orson has two slogans, by which he lives. The first is, "If there isn't fun in what you're doing there's something wrong." The other is old but very good,
"There's no such word as can't."

I first learned about his fun idea when I was making the test for Isabel in his new picture. The test consisted of the three most difficult scenes in the film. It had been two years since I had appeared before a camera. Needless to say I was nervous, to put it mildly. I hadn't had sufficient time to study the part, consequently, I felt I didn't know a line. I confessed this to Mr. Welles. He was kind enough to tell me not to mind, and we started rehearsing. Every time I went through the scene I muffed a line. Finally, Orson told me to rest. Then, he began doing impersonations of various well-known people. It was the most hilarious one-man show I'd ever witnessed. Suddenly, his mood changed. He said quietly, "We'll shoot the scene now."

To my surprise, I went through the entire scene without making one mistake.

When I left the studio at the hour of two A.M. (for when Orson Welles works, time means nothing), I told Mr. Welles that whether or not I got the part of Isabel, I wanted to thank him for a very amusing evening. An example of his indomitable determination against the word "can't" occurred during the shooting of "The Magnificent Ambersons." Orson had an idea that he wanted to get a shot of a man walking up a staircase having several landings and sharp turns, all heavily padded with carpet. Everyone connected with the picture insisted it couldn't be done. Well, the young director likes nothing better than a challenge to attempt the impossible. He ordered the camera strapped firmly to the cameraman's chest, then instructed the camera-carrier to follow the actor as he walked up the stairs. But his idea didn't work. The cameraman's shoes kept slipping on the heavily carpeted stairs, throwing the camera a little out of focus at each step.

Orson ignored the technical crew's quizzical looks, which silently screamed, "I told you so." To everyone's amusement, he ordered the man carrying the camera to remove his shoes and socks and to try the scene again, working in his bare feet. The idea worked perfectly, as the man's bare toes could grip the rough surface of the carpet. Once again, the "Boy Wonder" had proved there's no such word as "can't."

Please don't get the idea that Orson Welles is a "smarty-pants" who thinks he is infallible. He is the first person to admit it when he is stumped. Once when we were preparing to shoot an extremely emotional scene, I hadn't an idea how it should be played. Orson asked me how I was going to do it. I kiddingly told him I was searching. Orson, with a grin, said he was "searching" on the scene, too; so we'd better search together. We went into a huddle and decided how it should be played. I rehearsed it several times until Orson thought it was ready to shoot.

By this (Please turn to page 78)
There was magic in the earth in those days when a country was in the making, magic that brought men and children in covered wagons across a continent, magic that sent others on crude sailing ships rounding the horn, taking months to make the trip to California from Eastern ports. And for some the magic was the rich, virgin soil and for others the magic was gold and for the rest it was love of adventure that sent them off on those new, far trails.

But it was none of these things which had brought Tom Craig from Boston. Stories had drifted East of epidemics that had swept the new settlements, of people dying for lack of drugs and medical attention. Tom was no doctor but he was a druggist and there was need of men like him in the pioneer settlement at Sacramento.

The trip was almost over now. San Francisco was the last stop-over, and his heart quickened as he heard the boat whistling down at the docks and his steps quickened too so that the small boy carrying one of his bags had all he could do to keep up with his long strides.

"We’d better run, youngster," he grinned.

"Nope." The urchin shook his head. "The Mary Anne always whistles her head off to git folks outer the bars. We got time."

Suddenly a voice broke over the babbling of the crowd hurrying toward the docks, a compelling voice used to giving orders and to being obeyed. Tom was to remember that voice, Britt Dawson's voice.

"Make way there, folks!" he bellowed. "Make way!"

He was tall and swaggering, was Britt, his face hard with the ruthlessness of a man used to making his own
NEW FASHIONS ARE FUN!

Paulette Goddard, star of Cecil DeMille's important new picture, "Reap The Wild Wind," models, here, her new white Carolina bathing suit with bright red lobster decoration. Paulette's gay play shoes of matching red with wide ribbon lacings extending to her pretty knees are tricky.
THE BRIGHT, GAY
MEXICAN INFLUENCE!

Designed especially for Paulette Goddard, by Monica, is this Mexican scarf dress—the scarf, in bullfighter design of vivid colors, used in its entirety as a bodice, with an opening cut in the center for the neck of the dress. Paulette’s shoes are red patent in the same bright shade as the cloaks of the bullfighter figures in the bodice. Her hat, red and white.
Most "covered-up" evening costume in Miss Goddard's wardrobe is pictured at top left: Very fine wool in a bright patriotic red with long plain bodice flowing into a straight wrap-around skirt, high owl neck with attached scarf to be drawn over the head. Above, soft, body-moulding crepe in a striking fuchsia shade. Right, white crepe with full skirt.

THE "COVERED-UP" LOOK FOR EVENING!
Younger set's pet, Veronica Lake, poses in her new Spring clothes.
Evenings at home, hostess pajamas are in the picture. See Veronica’s, below. Wide shantung trousers of bright Chinese blue, long-sleeved white crepe blouse trimmed with a large, hand-painted blue bow. Her clogs are natural wood and bright red jersey.

Pan-American color scheme, left. Miss Lake’s silk jersey dinner gown incorporates the yellow, red, and green loved by our southern neighbors: Bodice of bright yellow, girdle of scarlet, harem-draped skirt of vivid green. Her only jewelry, two ornate little horses on shoulders.

Dramatic white braid, big off-the-face white chenille hat with scroll pattern to match the braid highlight Veronica’s Lake’s eye-catching costume at right. Another beau-catcher is black straw hat at left, designed by Leslie-James, with veil and two pink posies the only color note.
"South of the Border"

Styles, Sponsored by PRISCILLA LANE
For fun-and-sun fashions, give it the Guatemala touch!

Facing page, chili-pepper red soutache trims the sleek white gabardine shorts ensemble worn by Priscilla Lane. Adapted from the Guatemalan costumes worn in the national dance, the "Tambrito," is the bolero-collared black and white linen play suit modeled at lower left. Below, on this page, Priscilla tops her crazy-quilt skirt of many colors with white lawn peasant blouse. At right, bright-flowered shirt over softly draped and tied scalloped shorts.
Yes, right out of the pages of John Steinbeck's great story of the picturesque paisonos of Monterey, California, come these characters: Spencer Tracy, as the lazy, happy-go-lucky rascal, Pilon, Hedy Lamarr as Dolores (Sweet) Ramirez, fish-cannery worker who makes a good citizen and husband out of the carefree Danny (played by John Garfield). True to the spirit if not to the letter of Steinbeck's book, the three stars of M-G-M's powerful and daring picturization lend new lustre to their own careers in assuming rôles utterly different than any they have ever played before.

Photographs by Clarence S. Bull, M-G-M

A new and vital Hedy Lamarr, a Tracy not afraid to undertake an all-too-human rôle and a John Garfield getting his great screen chance at last—they guarantee Steinbeck's "Tortilla Flat" will never bore you.
She was your idol as "Little Miss Marker" of yesterday; who knows, she may be your glamor girl of tomorrow! Meanwhile Shirley Temple stars in "Miss Annie Rooney" as she grows up gracefully.
"I dood it!" says Red Skelton as somebody challenged him to think up a new photographic gag—and the black cat gave the audience the bird. Red finished a new film between radio shows: "Ship Ahoy"
John Sutton as a gentleman of the early nineteenth century in movie, "Ten Gentlemen from West Point"
PORTRAITS

Victor Mature as an elegant, dashing man-about-town of the gay nineties in new film, "My Gal Sal"

Hayworth, at special "My Gal Sal" shares a sizzling scene with controversial Mature. Incredible ashes, incidentally, are real.
Meet "Mrs. Miniver"
And Her Family
Greer Garson plays the title rôle, with Walter Pidgeon as her husband, in M-G-M's stirring picturization of Jan Struthers' best-selling book about the bravery of an average British family in war time.

Breakfast as usual despite the blitz in the Miniver household, with Miss Garson as the gallant mother, Christopher Severn as her son and Claire Sanders as the smallest of the Minivers.
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH
Maureen O'Hara in "Ten Gentlemen from West Point"
SO-0-0-0-0,
We Women
Talk Too Much?
NO!
Says
Gracie Allen

By
Charles Darnton

She looks quiet. That’s the astonishing thing about Gracie Allen. Just to see her close-up you’d never imagine she could talk an auctioneer to a standstill or turn a running conversation into a speed contest. At a glance she disarmingly seems still as a mouse, offering no likelihood of more than a little squeak or two.

Of course, those of you who have heard Gracie on the screen and on the radio—and who hasn’t?—would hardly suspect her of being tongue-tied. Yet, judging her in comparatively silent repose, that might well be taken to mean merely her professional side, her own particular way of earning a living. Granting that appearances may be deceiving, Gracie at first gives the impression of having nothing up her sleeve nor, for that matter, down her throat.

Frankly, I had expected to be met with a rush of words that would sweep me off my feet. Not at all. There was only the polite how-do-you-do-please-sit-down sort of thing in almost halting speech. Just a shy little thing, I reluctantly concluded. However, it was most pleasant to meet this comely, demure young woman, more like a dainty housewife than a windy actress, who somehow suggested that at a sewing-bee she would drop only an occasional word as she might a stitch.

But no, I desperately argued, that surely could not be the case. It was inevitable that presently this famed lingual phenomenon should be giving, not an interview, but a Gracie Allen conversazione. That conjecture was to prove true. But at the moment she, soberly and admirably, emphasized a timely matter of vast importance, saying:

“What strikes me as most significant of all in women today is the fact that there is no need to warn them against talking about anything vital concerning the war which may have come to their knowledge. On this subject they are so tight-lipped that it is impossible to get a word out of them. They not only know how to keep a secret, but they do keep it. I know personally of many such cases. A friend of mine who’s doing closely-guarded war work won’t even tell me (Please turn to page 85).
THE native Times young the understatement shy be enthusiastically still color-
chance velvet Gil in mother is

APPEAL: movie
PLOT:

ONE-WORD GUIDE:
TERRIFIC!

APPEAL: For fans of the big, spectacular, and exciting Cecil B. DeMille melodramas—which means practically all movie fans.

PLOT: Enough for ten pictures—take it as adventure, as romance, as a colorful slice of American history a century ago when pirate wreckers ruled the Florida Keys—you still have enough plot left over for a dozen serials. There’s never a let-up in the breathless action; for once the love scenes are as exciting—almost—as the climactic battle with the giant squid at the bottom of the sea, for the fair heroine is besieged by two suitors and continually fighting off one or the other. Oh, it’s fine!

ACTING: And I mean acting, for producer-director DeMille doesn’t believe in under-statement and to encourages Paulette Goddard to give a fiery performance which should establish her as a spirited star; John Wayne to appear especially robust, and Ray Milland to cast off his habitual aloofness for a real characterization, “iron hand in velvet glove” fellow who fights his way through chicanery to triumph, and the hand of the lovely Loris. Susan Hayward is charming, Raymond Massey appropriately sinister, Lynn Overman magnificently comic in supporting roles.

Paramount

AKLING'S JUNGLE BOOK

ONE-WORD GUIDE:
CLASSIC!

APPEAL: For children of every age, whether they ever read Rudyard Kipling or not—a fantasy that will never “date” or die in its appeal.

PLOT: The story of Mowgli, the little Indian boy who wandered away from his mother and his native village, into the jungle to be reared by the wolves with all the animals as his friends and brothers, so that he grew up wild and fearless; but when he was captured by civilization he had to fight off man’s cruelty and treachery until the jungle claimed him again. All in brilliant technicolor, with all the Korda extravagance in staging, and the Kipling animal characters all you could hope.

ACTING: It is young Sabu’s picture, and the handsome boy performs nobly as Mowgli swimming and swinging from tree to tree and confronting the beasts of the jungle with all the authority of a juvenile Tarzan but minus the Hollywood touch. Sabu’s sincerity shines through his work, and more than any other contribution makes the “Jungle Book” the refreshing entertainment it turns out to be. Except for Sabu and his jungle brothers, the actors are inclined to heavy theatries, even Joseph Calleia; but perhaps a fantastic picture like this requires flamboyant gestures.

Alexander Korda-United Artists

THE FLEET’S IN

ONE-WORD GUIDE:
GAY!

APPEAL: So much fun what with Dottie Lamour and Jimmy Dorsey and his band and grand vodvill acts—even sailors are sure to enjoy it.

PLOT: Bill Holden as a shy sailor who through a chance encounter with a movie actress becomes the envy of his ship-mates who bet on his future conquest of a hitherto unattainable café singer is the innocent victim of circumstances which become more hilarious as the plot thickens. Just as it is in danger of getting too thick, on comes a famous act which has wowed ’em at Paramount’s Theater on Broadway, and movie audiences find themselves applauding the screen shadow of Gil Lamb, Lorraine and Ragon, and Cass Daley as enthusiastically as Times Square ever cheered them in the flesh.

ACTING: Field day for the adorable Dottie, who’s a more believable target for nice, naive Bill Holden’s affections than you might imagine. Betty Hutton as her girl friend is a tornado of jitterbug talent, who leaves herself as well as you breathless but makes you like it. Since La Hutton is one of the very few genuinely funny comedienne who is still pretty enough not to make you gag on her gyrations, it may be she is headed for stardom if she can keep up the pace, or if we can.

Paramount

Pick your pictures here and guarantee yourself good entertainment without loss of time and money.
MY FAVORITE BLONDE

ONE-WORD GUIDE: CLEVER!

APPEAL: Can you imagine anybody to whom a combination of Bob Hope better than ever AND beautiful Madeleine Carroll would not appeal?

PLOT: Fooled you this time—there is a plot, and a good one, which involves the great white Hope in a ring of Nazi spies with a gorgeous blonde British agent who depends upon him—on Bob, mind you—to help her save the code and the cause. What's more, Bob does, against his better judgment, and against a background of crazy and screamingly funny misadventures. There's real suspense with all the laughter, and Bob conclusively proves what I've long suspected, that he can be just as romantic as John Payne when the occasion calls, in his own way, of course.

ACTING: Call it luck, call it shrewd casting by Paramount that gives this film its zest; but I call it Bob Hope, a great comedian who is uncannily clever in selecting and dispensing his material, and unique in resisting the temptation to act like a star. He is unselfish enough, or smart enough, to share his scenes; he is versatile enough never to let himself be typed—the Bob Hope of "My Favorite Blonde" is a fresh character, not the Hope of "Louisiana Purchase." He is not ridiculous as a successor to Stirling Hayden as Madeleine's screen lover; he—say, what is this? A fan letter?

Paramount

"TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: STIRRING!

APPEAL: Take it from the Marines, everybody! Tribute to those fighting men who, we all know, need no Hollywood glorification.

PLOT: What it means to be a Marine, what it takes to be a Marine, and why the Marines have commanded the respect of the world is set forth in this rousing record—sure, it's a Hollywood version, but in its essentials it is sincere and authentic. Maybe a private doesn't always meet up with a nurse-lieutenant; or get away with the murder that John Payne accomplishes—but what of it? The tough training, the responsibilities and recreation, and, yes, the high ideals of the Marine Corps are faithfully presented, in swell and exciting entertainment.

ACTING: Super-photogenic John Payne registers not only for torso but technique this time, as the cocky private who has most of the impudence knocked out of him by the going over that the Marines have in general, and his sergeant in particular, give him. Randolph Scott is splendid as the first really believable sergeant in screen history, neither too tough nor too picturesque, a fine performance. Maureen O'Hara has the hilarious mustard-plaster scene long to be remembered. Roxy audiences howled and so will you.

M-G-M
I went out with a very important man here in Hollywood. A man of considerable prestige and power. Suddenly, as we were dancing, he said to me, ‘You frighten me to death—you’re so strong!’ That rather frightened me, you know. It’s not good, I’d been made to believe I was never once in all men that way. If so, maybe that’s why I’m still a spinner!

“But let me try to tell you my story,” Susan said, then it may interest, perhaps, be of help to other girls. No one wanted me for the stage. I had my living to make, and so I did some commercial photography. I had been made some pictures of me to illustrate a Saturday Evening Post article, ‘How Models Come To New York.’ Producer David Selznick and Director George Cukor happened to be in New York the week the magazine appeared upon the stands. They were in the thick of the search for a girl to play Scarlett O’Hara. They saw my pictures. They sent for me. They tested me for the part in New York, then brought me to Hollywood to continue testing here.

“That was the first dizzy Up. One of the greatest producers and one of the greatest directors in Hollywood sending for me. We didn’t suppose three people in the theatrical world had ever heard my name, and two of them had forgotten it!

“My father, who was in the hospital at the time, told me, ‘I hope you don’t get it, Susan.’ What a thing to say, I thought, with such a Cinderella chance and, besides, my first trip on a train and all. What a wise thing to say. I knew, in my heart. For I never believed it would happen. I realized my limited capabilities. When Mr. Cukor was directing the tests (he was so very kind to me) I didn’t know what he was talking about. And I could not get out what I knew had, inside.

“I didn’t get it, as everyone knows. I was another little headstone marked ‘Scarlett O’Hara.’ I realized I couldn’t have done it but I was disappointed just the same. Improbable as it had been. In Hollywood, I’d heard, anything can happen, the improbable is the commonplace.

“My struggle had begun. Mr. Selznick suggested that I go back to New York, do some stock, gain experience. But—it was nice and warm here in Hollywood, my sister had come out with me, and train fares cost money.

“While I was making the tests in New York, several of the high-powered Hollywood agents had written and wired me, promising me gilt-edged contracts, rich opportunities, and their own invaluable services in obtaining same. When my tests failed, the agents failed, also. Lost interest.

“One afternoon I had a slight but fortunate accident. I rode my bike straight through the window of the house next door. Three young men lived there. They were entertaining a fourth young man, Ben Medford, the agent. My entrance, bloody but unbowed, startled him, I am sure, in taking me on.

“He took me, first, to Warner Brothers. I got a contract, at once, that very day. I started at $250 a week, which was too bad for me. Because it is so easy to believe that things are easy. I was overpaid for doing nothing. I did one bit in a picture called ‘Gangster Probation,’ and I was grateful. I still didn’t know what number was up. Then there were months of posing for leg art, bathing suit art. More months of doing nothing. I had the heartbreaking experience of standing on the sidelines, watching other

girls, Priscilla Lane, Ann Sheridan and others, doing things, getting places. Then they threw me out.

“I was squaring off for my next Down. In the Spring of that year my father passed away. My mother, brother, and sister were here in Hollywood with me. I was the only one earning, and—I wasn’t earning. Nor had I saved any money. With $250 a week coming in and those gay, glib little options promising raises I had gone out and bought That Little Velvet Suit.

“We went to every studio in town, my agent and I. I made tests. More tests. My hopes rose and fell like a seesaw. Nothing came of them. Weeks became months. Every month looked more like a wolf. My mother sold all of her insurance. We locked everything we had to hock. My sister could not get a job. My brother got work in a skating rink but, by that time, debts were too big for that small help. We were dispossessed. Sometimes we were hungry. There were five months of it.

“Meanwhile I met a man—Frank Beck- with—who knows more about writing and, what is more important, about life, than any man I have ever met. He made me grow up.

“For that was the matter with me. I was not grown up, I was like a child, green, lacking warmth and fragrance, lacking all the real sympathetic things. He took one look at me and saw just a frustrated youngster who had not got anything she wanted, and didn’t know why.

“In school we learn things out of books, by rote. Listening to Mr. Beckwith, I learned things out of life, by heart. The sudden realization that we are in the world and we’ve got to work and by something or we’re not worth much, so we study—that is what he taught me. After I knew him, I just SAW, that is the best way I can explain it.

“I have never been in love. Not deeply. That is. If I had been, I suppose I would have grown up sooner. I’ve had crashes, nothing more.

“After my talks with Mr. Beckwith, I felt I was ready for work, felt I could

---

Ann Sheridan visited Fort Francis E. Warren, Wyoming, with the USO Camp Shows musical, "Funzafire," and not only danced and sang for the soldiers, but got right behind the fountain, below, and mixed sodas for the boys. Right, Pvt. Alton McCarley explains the workings of a milling machine to Ann in the motor maintenance shop while Lieut.-Col. R. T. Bennis, director of motor maintenance schools, looks on.
“So, then, it was very nice, what with food on the table, the rent paid, my car refinanced and me headed—oh, surely, surely, this time—for terrific big stardom!”

“After 'Beau Geste' I went, quickly, into 'Our Leading Citizen' with Bob Burns, into $1000 a Touchdown' with Martha Raye. Then—no pictures for eighteen months!

“They were very bad, those eighteen months. I was terribly self-conscious all that time. I wouldn't go into the commissary where the stars eat. I ducked around corners when I saw someone coming. I felt I was a robber and a cheat, accomplishing nothing and getting paid for it.

“I'd hear of new pictures being cast and think, they'll put me in this one, I know they will! They didn't. Time after time, picture after picture, they didn't. I watched option times, my hands and feet cold, a little sick inside.

“Now and again the columnists who—and especially Lonella Parsons—were very kind to me, would ask, 'What has become of Susan Hayward? When will Susie have her chance?' No one answered the question. I couldn't answer it. I didn't know what had become of me. I felt somewhat as a ghost must feel when it walks among the living.

“My only activities were tours—out of town and out of pictures. It was kind of a downslide, I was Among Those Present at out-of-town premieres. I made speeches to help present the vehicles of other players. But I had only one or two friends—and one of the most important things that happened to me, then, was when I went with Lonella Parsons on her first personal appearance without me. I remember that, in New York, I stopped the show. If I did, it was because I loved what I was doing.

“Then there was a sales convention here in Los Angeles. I had met a lot of the boys. 'How are things?' they asked me, 'What pictures are you doing?' 'Got any money,' I said, 'I'm not doing anything.' 'Why not?' they asked. 'I don't know why not,' I said, 'in fact, I don't know why I'm in the business at all, come to think of it. Maybe I'd better ask the boss!' So I did.

“Right then and there, at the convention, standing on the platform, I up and asked Mr. V. W. Beckwith Freeman why I was not making any pictures! 'Holy smoke,' people said to me later, when they heard what I had done, 'how did you dare?'

“It wasn't quite as courageous as it sounds. In the first place, I had nothing—except money—to lose. But I had been without money before, and had survived and, if I had to, could be without money again, Mr. Beckwith had made me see that to make the most of our abilities, to be the most we can be, is the reason we are in this business. I was not making the most of my abilities. I was not being anything at all. So I had nothing to lose. Besides, I knew that Mr. Freeman was my friend. We had worked together many times. And I had heard that, when my options came up, it was always Mr. Freeman who said he wanted me to stay.

“So then Mr. Freeman told the boys that I hadn't worked because they had not had the right parts for me but that, soon I would be working so hard I would wish for a vacation.

“It was not the studio's fault, as I said. With a baby face and an un %+1pil by temperament to deal with, casting is a problem.

“But soon, then, my struggle was on the upcurve again. I was loaned out to Colombia to make 'Adam Had Four Sons.' My first big break. The critics were good to me, very good. Then, in fairly rapid succession, I made 'Among the Living,' 'Out of the Frying Pan' and 'Reap the Wild Wind.' Now I am—going into 'Forest Rangers' and Damon Runyan has made me feel wonderful by specifying that he would like me for his picture, 'Little Pukes.' '

“Now I feel good! Now I am much encouraged. Now I have a base from which to work. Now I dare to hope that the upcurve will stay up, that I am, at least, in another phase of the struggle. Because we must, of course, struggle as long as we live. But when we are getting somewhere, feel we are accomplishing something, struggle is fun.

“Now," Susan laughed, "I have bought a new car. I have had my bedroom done over with white wall-paper covered with fat pink roses. I waxered for some time between buying a new bedroom set or a mink coat. My mother suggested that a bomb might get the bedroom set so that, rather incongruously a mink coat might be more practical. Only in Hollywood," Susan laughed again, "only in fabulous, glamorous Hollywood, which I love, could a mink coat ever be called 'practical.'

“But when I wear it—we, well, now I am beginning to feel like," Susan laughed yet again, her rich and chuckly laugh, "like a movie star," she said.
Not only Hollywood and New York honor Cecil B. DeMille on his 30th anniversary as a motion picture producer, but screen audiences throughout the country. At left, the maestro cuts a huge birthday cake; at right, guest of honor at luncheon with Gloria Swanson, one of his most glamorous discoveries, in gracious attendance.

Sincere homage to Cecil B. DeMille, great screen showman who is celebrating his 30th anniversary as a producer with the release of his 66th feature film, "Reap the Wild Wind"—thrilling entertainment in the lavish and lusty DeMille manner. The master movie-maker has done more than any other one man to keep the incredible and colorful Hollywood legend alive.

DeMille produced "The Squaw Man," first feature-length film made in America; "The King of Kings," seen by more people than any other picture ever produced anywhere, and still playing; and "The Ten Commandments," which holds the record, to date, as biggest money-maker of all time. More power to DeMille, pioneer who is still one step ahead of all the rest!

"Reap the Wild Wind" is DeMille at his most flamboyant—and entertaining. Paulette Goddard is the heroine, with John Wayne (lower left) and Ray Milland (in scene below) as dashing rivals for her love.
SALLIE HAMILTON and her fiancé, Ralph James White, will have a
military wedding—in the famous West Point chapel. Sallie is descended from
one of the old and distinguished Hudson River families. She is another lovely
engaged girl who uses Pond's Cold Cream to help give her skin a flower-soft look.

HER RING is a large solitaire with baguette diamonds on each side of the perfect center stone, exquisitely set in platinum.

SALLIE HAMILTON HAS DELICATE WHITE SKIN, FRESH AS SWEET-PEA BLOSSOMS

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— it's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's Cold Cream
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**SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle**

By Alma Talley

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**ACROSS**
1. Co-star, "The Great Man's
tone"
2. "The Great Man's
Index"
3. Co-star, "Wild Bill Hickok's
Roses"
4. Roast
5. Beer
6. She's featured in "Bullet
Basket"
7. Cotton fabric
8. Soldiers' equipment
9. Luck
10. Upon
11. Made a home (as birds)
12. Redeyed
13. Bird
14. Herb
15. Co-star, "Kings Row"
16. Golf term
17. Sense
18. Help
19. Her last film was "To Be or
Not To Be"
20. For fear that
21. Tuft of feathers
22. Sticky substance
23. Roofing material
24. He's featured in "Frisco Lid"
25. She's featured in "The Glass
Key"
26. To plant
27. "Dreams" (abbrev.)
28. "Dudes and Pretty People"
29. An old vaudeville comedy
30. What the audience does at an
Abbott and Costello film
31. To pass a law
32. Up top
33. Her new one is "He Kissed
The Bride"
34. To jump again
35. Bright
36. She used to co-star with Marie
Dressler
37. Scarlett O'Hara's home
38. He plays "Jitters" in "The Night
Before the Divorce"
39. Type of poem
40. Roughly elliptical
41. White (obs.)
42. A native East-Indian soldier
43. Birds' beaks
44. A part or character taken by an
actor
45. To let fall
46. Edge of a roof
47. Gamin
48. Friends (slang)
49. Fuss

**DOWN**
1. Co-star, "Twin Beds"
2. Mythical monster
3. Shade trees
4. Comic strip character
5. Play by George Bernard Shaw
6. Fruit drink
7. Malt drink
8. Ancient
9. Having made a will
10. Co-star, "Lady for a
Night"
11. Leaves
12. Put up stakes, as in
Jocky
13. "Lady Be..." with
Eleanor Powell
14. Oswalt
15. Anger
16. A musical composition with slow
movement
17. Bag
18. Enigma
19. The Adventures of
Martin..." with
Glen Ford
20. Lively
21. She got an Oscar this
t year (best supporting role)
22. Bolts slowly
23. Cuts of meat
24. Facilify
25. Co-star, "The Great
Man's Lady"
26. Sacred (French)
27. Is suitable
28. Co-star, "Kings on Her
Fingers"
29. "A Yank in the..." a
movie
30. Film comedienne, now on the
New York stage
31. Artist's stand
32. Figure of speech
33. Bird's maw
34. A part or character taken by an
actor
35. To let fall
36. Edge of a roof
37. Gamin
38. Friends (slang)
39. Fuss

---

**Answer to Last Month's Puzzle**

CABLE USE DAVIS
ALOE'S SAL ALERT
RINSED CARY TE
BEDS OAKIE TONE
ON FILL IN FEAR
EMAIL INVOICE RAG
SAM E TCH MOORE
ALAS HEINE YEL
COUNTRY LORAL
EAR BERGER
ME REAR MEND OL
ANN CESAR WARD
RUG SENT STARE
CROSS DON WRIT
HENIE APE ODDER
Your fingers will be as lovely as jewels;
and this polish "stays on" amazingly

What causes the exceptional brilliance, the luster and life, of Dura-Gloss Nail Polish? How is it that Dura-Gloss brings you such pretty compliments? Dura-Gloss contains CHRYSALLYNE.* Chrystallyne gives Dura-Gloss all its own glamorous brilliance and blessed powers of adhesion. Chrystallyne is the reason Dura-Gloss makes your nails glisten with shimmering highlights, radiate light and life! The reason Dura-Gloss stays with your nails not just one or two days, but many. The reason Dura-Gloss has carried the United States like a landslide! It transforms your fingernails into ten fabulously beautiful jewels! Make Dura-Gloss your polish . . . for the most beautiful fingernails in the world! Twenty shades. 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.

3 New Colors for Summer
Blackberry Mulberry Wineberry

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It's DURA-GLOSS for
the most beautiful fingernails in the world

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Screenland
Strike Up Your Own Band!

Continued from page 25

ceded to put his offspring's excessive energy to some use. The two little boys were as fond of Lawrence as they were of each other. So he banished them to the cellar for six hours every day. They had one saxophone between them. Jimmy got the sax. Tommy the black eye. That black eye, however, helped "strike up the band" for the Dorsey brothers. As a matter of fact, Dorsey got him the trombone on his fourth birthday!

"But," advises Tommy, "unless a youngster is training to be an acrobat, I'd recommend saxophone between them. Jimmy got the sax. Tommy the black eye. That black eye, however, helped "strike up the band" for the Dorsey brothers. As a matter of fact, Dorsey got him the trombone on his fourth birthday!

Tommy alternated between his trombone, a clarinet, and trumpet. Jimmy stayed with his saxophone. The boys' parents—Lawrence, Tom's mother, and the late Ida, Lawrence's mother—had no idea the boys knew anything about music, although they had always been interested in the idea of putting on a show.

At the age of twelve, Tommy and Jimmy started a band of their own. They had a few spoons, a violin, and a gong. They played for dances and parties around the neighborhood. They were a hit! People began to come to their performances just to hear them play. It was during this time that Tommy and Jimmy really began to develop their musical skills.

In their early days, they played for dances, parties, and even for small engagements such as weddings and birthdays. They were known for their energetic performances and their ability to keep the crowd entertained. They played all kinds of music, from classical to jazz, and were often praised for their talent and showmanship.

As they grew older, the boys began to experiment with different types of music and began to develop their own style. They started to incorporate elements of swing and jazz into their performances, which was a new and exciting sound at the time.

In 1936, the Dorsey brothers signed their first recording contract with Decca Records. This was a major milestone in their careers, as it allowed them to reach a wider audience and to finally gain the recognition they deserved. Their first single, "I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire," was a huge success and helped to establish them as one of the leading bands of the swing era. Since then, they have continued to be a popular and influential band, with a string of hits that have stood the test of time.

Today, the Dorsey brothers are remembered as one of the most important and innovative bands in the history of music. Their contributions to the world of swing and jazz have left an indelible mark, and their music continues to be enjoyed by people of all ages. Their legacy lives on, and their influence can still be heard in many modern genres of music.
SALUTE YOU INHALE
...SO PLAY SAFE
with your throat!

You can’t avoid some inhaling—but you can avoid worry about throat irritation, even when you do inhale. Doctors who compared the leading favorite cigarettes report that:

SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING POPULAR BRANDS AVERAGED MORE THAN THREE TIMES AS IRRITATING—
AND THEIR IRRITATION LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG—AS THE STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS!

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AMERICA’S FINEST CIGARETTE

world. And the screen fare of today re-

ests this popularity. It started with Paul Whiteman and his “King of Jazz” back in 1920. Those were the days when Bing Crosby was one of Whiteman’s “Rhythm Boys,” and Tommy was the unknown trombone player in the same outfit. Then came Waring in “Varsity Show,” Benny Goodman in “Hollywood Hotel,” Horace Heidt in “Pot of Gold,” Artie Shaw in “Dancing Co-eds,” Jimmy Dorsey shared chores with Dorothy Lamour in “The Affairs In,” Gene Krupa divides them with his Cooper in “Ball of Fire,” and of course, by now, Kay Kyser and Red Ball are definitely movie personalities among the big money class—all start small town school bands.

Today, swing bands have developed into highly organized industry. Dorsey has a band of sixty people. These include saxophonists, arranger, press agents, maids, a bookkeeper, publicity men, valet, and even his salary places him in the top twenty-five cents out of every show going to the Government. He has a sixty-acre farm in Bernardsville, N.J., where his pride and joy cabin, designed by Bing Crosby, a duplicate of his own pool in Hollywood. Dorsey, the kid who used to drive a meat truck in a little Pennsylvania town when his “Wild Canaries” lived the life of a country squaw, is a trombone player. He uses his skill with a whisk, a bite at barbecuing spareribs, . . .

The darkened night. Instead, Venuti lit a

Some of the tiny cigarette point gleamed and shut out Whiteman’s electrically equipped bata
t. The million dollar effect was ruined, but the boys still laugh at the mix-up. But they didn’t laugh when a huge Greyhound bus backed over their instruments. Another night they were to record a "hit."
Lucky dog! Joan Leslie had a bomb-proof house built in the backyard for her pup. "Mike" doesn't quite get the idea of the sand bags. Joan will soon be seen in film, "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

P.S. Dorsey didn't have the nerve to sign it—but the record sold over a million!

He did sign Once In Awhile, My Reverie, I'll Never Smile Again, the three hits which played on the Hit Parade for fifteen weeks, a record never equaled before or since. Of course, Marie and Song of India are Dorsey trademarks.

They take their recording very seriously. Tommy warns: "A wise bandleader must do this if he wishes to keep on top. We frequently play a hit number as many as twenty-five times before the record company or the band itself is satisfied. In recording Free For All, we sweated over the three and a half minute musical for three days before we got what we wanted. Then, I caught a trumpet toot that sounded sour. It might not have been noticeable to the ordinary ear, but it was to us. The boys unanimously decided to rerecord. We did it the next day and recorded it again.

 Waltz time, Henry Busse, Horace Heidt, Ray Noble, all came in for a razzing on the record.

Continued from page 16

benefit of débutante and mother alike. I think they are good, that they will all use them. The budget for bonds and leave some beauty, too; that they will leave plenty of time for the Red Cross, volunteer defense work, as well as play and good time. Here goes:

Soap and roaster and a brush: "I was my face with soap, then a compound ion brush." Comment on this is that more people, especially the young, did just this, with emphasis on the complex brush, there would be far less problems oily skin, coarse texture, blemishes a blackheads, to say nothing of a dull, sall tone. And comment on soap—fear no soap or no clothes, your home. Use it lavishly. For yourself, your clothes, your home. Use it for beauty, health, and because soap manufacture is the most economical form of glycerine, necessary in the making of munitions, and millions of people are going to be using it. Use it on soap; combine your pots. If patriotism in this practical way. The soap:

Free: After the real washing just me ed, Miss MacDonald will always apply an oily cream, then thoroughly insert it. For those who suffer a "drawing after soap and water, this is effective. When using make-up of a screen or the usual, Miss MacDonald always remove that with mineral oil, or a cream with 'an almond. She explodes the old wives' tale that cream can possibly grow hair. I would like to add to her conclusion this theory is just one of the many, the moon being made of green things.

For a truly well-groomed, clean skin, it seems to me that the use of soap and water and cream is a matter of personal point. The idea of the skin is the ideal.

The skin of an Angel:
neck, and arms before sun-bathing. Before the horn in make-up, if my face has been washed and oil-cloth applied, as mentioned, I wiped it on with powder. This seems to give my face a better shape. Then comes cream — I use the tip of my lipstick, a tiny bit on each cheek. This assures me perfect coordination. Then I put on powder, with a little dry rouge if necessary, and mascara.

Try to look natural! "Blending of make-up is most important. I wipe excess powder off my lips with a tissue, and with a soft powder or baby brush and tissue I blend powder over my face so that not one check of it shows. The very best test of a finished street make-up is to look at myself out of doors. This is a perfect test because the dressing-table mirror is deceiving."

Now to stay that way: "The well-blended make-up will last for hours. If I'm going to be out all day, I take a little cream and change make-up to keep looking fresh and clean. "This is the secret of more than one lovely complexion — fresh, truly fresh, make-up.

Quick facial: "About once a week I give myself a quick facial. I put dampened wash-rag all over my face, rub it into the nooks and crannies, and allow it to remain on about five minutes. Then I rinse off and scrub my face with a brush. If you don't go for the fast meal idea, there are splendid pick-me-up creams, wonderful for quickly making "tired" skin look fresh and vital."

The eyes get it: "As I said, I like oil for taking make-up, so when I've been working under blinding lights or exposed to hot sun, I use castor oil about my eyes, which is softening to dried or strained skin."

Creams designed for this purpose are very helpful."

This," said this angel star from Hollywood, "is my routine. It is successful for me, perhaps others have more successful methods. But beauty is like religion each one works out his own salvation."

So very! But lacking a better plan this general one gets a high rating from this department.

---

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-spread 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 #3 comes in three sizes — 50c for extra-large jar; 35c for generous medium jar; and 10c for handy travel size.

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Original gown by Nanty, Inc., New York
in his arms, and there was a froth of lace petticoats, the rustling of taffeta as she struggled, her small fists pummeling his broad shoulders. "Put me down," she insisted.

"Nonsense," Tom laughed. "The mud's ankle deep. I think I'm going to like the West. Up to now, it's mostly corny hillbillies," she grumbled.

"Put me down," she said imperiously. "Unless you want lead in your back."

Tom turned and saw Britt thrust down the planks he had ripped off the street and start after them. But he only held her the tighter as he started up the gangplank.

"I always finish what I start," he said.

Only when he reached the deck did he put her down and as he did he was struck off guard by a hard blow from Britt which sent him staggering against the rail.

"That'll learn you to lay hands on the lady I aim to marry!" Britt roared.

"I'm sorry I'm so ignorant of the customs here," Tom looked at him quietly. "Back home in Boston it's considered only good manners to carry a lady across a muddy street. Anybody see my hat?"

"Yes," Tom asked caustically and then as the boy who had carried his luggage ran over to him with it, he took a silver dollar out of his pocket. "Halt," he said as the boy reached for it. "I'll bend it for luck."

Britt stared at him unbelieving and Lacey caught her breath as he held the coin between his fingers, bending it as if it were a bit of rubber. Then with another grin he swept Lacey a mocking bow and went down to his cabin.

It had been an uneventful journey but now adventure was crowding in on him. First there was the huge frontiersman, Kegs McKeever, driven to madness by an aching tooth, who had been hustled on board at the last minute by the barmen of a saloon where he had practically wrecked in his agony. But after Tom had applied medicatne the pain was gone and with it the fury which had possessed the man and he became as gentle as a dog who had found his master.

Tom heard more about Britt from Kegs, heard how when a homestead was going good and the profits were rolling in, Britt and the rest of the Dawson gang would force themselves into a partnership, paying a tenth of what it was worth. For there was no law in Sac-rameuto, only Britt Dawson's rule of terror.

Knowing that made him understand the better his luck took place the few hours afterwards. He had heard a shot and taking his first aid bag hurried to the cabin down the corridor. Britt was standing there, his face white with the shock of the gun he had pushed back in his holster and another man, white and desperate, faced him, his trigger finger shaken and bleat- ing and on the crude table lay a deed to the wounded man's property, just needing his signature to turn half of it over to Britt.

"How did this happen?" Tom asked as he bent over to examine the finger. Britt flashed a warning look to the other. "The clumpin' gamin' the gun up by the barrel, knocked it against something and it went off in his hand. That's how it happened, isn't it, Carlin?" Then as the homesteader didn't answer, he grinned. "Folks as careless as that ought'n to own a gun, so watch yourself in the future, Pal." And with another long, warning look he left the room.

Tom looked searchingly at Carlin as he began bandaging the wound. "Now, how did you get shot?"

"You heard Dawson," Carlin looked sullen and beaten. "You better believe him, if you know what's good for you." "Funny thing, I don't believe him." Tom straightened and closed his bag. "Keep your hand in a sling for a while and if I were you I wouldn't sign that paper."

It was Lacey who saw him first as he stepped out on deck again, Lacey who had never been frightened of anything in her life, frightened now as she felt that singularly terrifying look as he looked at her. No man had ever made her feel like this before, not even Britt whom she had promised to marry. Now looking at Tom she knew it wasn't love, that thing she had felt for Britt. Pride in his ruthlessness maybe, his strength, pride in knowing he was a swaggering man who had regard for no one adored her so much he could deny her nothing, pride in the thought of the house he had promised to build for her, the house which would have the first porcelain bath tub to reach the West, the house that would have red carpets and lace curtains in every room, the house with the cutters and the doorknobs he had promised her, the house which would make all the things she had ever dreamed of come true. But somehow they didn't matter now, grabbing at Tom. None of them mattered. She would go to this stranger without a house or food, she would beg for him or steal for him if he wanted her. But he didn't. There was no amusement in his glance as he looked at her.

Britt saw the hot color flame to her cheeks and his eyes hardened as he walked over to Tom. "Are you aiming to stay in Sacramento?" he asked.

"Yes," Tom answered steadily. "I intend to settle there and open a drug store. They'll need it all right if you continue to be so fast on the draw."

"How do you mean that?" Brit asked darkly.

"I don't see how even a clumsy gatoot could shoot himself in his own right hand," Tom said quietly.

"Is that a polite way of calling me a liar?" Britt's hand went to his holster and Lacey gasped.

"Now, Britt, he didn't call you anything," she said placatingly but the man only gave her a warning look.

CAST
"IN OLD CALIFORNIA"
(A Republic Picture)

Screenplay by Gertrude Purcell.

Tom Craig ............... John Wayne
Lacey Miller ............. Binnie Barnes
Britt Dawson ............. Albert Dekker
Ellen Sanford ............. Helen Parrish
Helga ...................... Patsy Kelly
Kegs McKeever ............ Edgar Kennedy
Joe Dawson ............... Dick Purcell

"Don't mix into this, Lacey," he cautioned brusquely. Then turning to Tom again, "I asked you a question." Tom looked at him deadly. "Let's say your version of how it happened shows a lot of imagination, shall we?"

"That's fine, Lacey, if you don't believe me?" Britt demanded, making a quick motion to his men.

"Yes," Tom said, and he was facing Britt, for he did not need to creep up behind him, making it easy for them to catch him off balance and throw him over the rail. But as he struck the water he heard Kegs bellowing.

"Keep going, Pardner! I'm stayin' with you."

And there was another splash as Kegs dove after him.

Lacey ran to the rail, her breath quicken- ing as she saw Tom swimming toward shore. Then she heard Brit's voice behind her and knew the warning in it was meant as much for her as for the others.

"Take your choice, folks. Anyone here can have a bath or a drink on me." Then as the crowd hesitated he went on grimly. "It'll be drinks. I see. And understand, we don't want that pill peddler in Sacra- mento. And if he shows up any friend of mine, well..."

People from Sacramento listened when Britt talked and when Tom and Kegs arrived there at last there wasn't a man in town who didn't rent them a store. Even Tom was almost willing to admit defeat when he discovered the last empty shack in town belonged to Lacey. But on a last desperate chance he went to Brit's saloon to see her.

"I had a feeling you'd turn up," Lacey said quietly as he came over to her.

"Does that mean I can sit down?" Tom grinned and then as she nodded, disregarding her maid's whispered protest, he took the chair facing her. "There must be some- thing queer in the air here. I've been all over town and there isn't a store owner here who's not afraid to rent me a room."

Lacey looked at him. "Listen," she said, "I own the shack next door and I'm not afraid of Britt Dawson. I don't have to be afraid. I do as I like. Boston, and a drug store ought to be a real gold mine here. You could charge a dollar a pill."

"That's not the idea." Tom smiled. "To only charge a fair price makes a fair profit. I'd give half the profits as rent. We'd be partners."

Lacey held out her hand then. "It's a deal!" She smiled.

It was ridiculous going against Britt this way, taking sides against him for the stranger. It was what they'd done against herself, but Lacey didn't care. She who had always taken before

FOR VICTORY
BUY UNITED STATES DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS
was giving now, she who had always
demand and the chance
to be near this man, she scarcely knew,
to help him in any way she could.
She went to the store the day it opened,
dressed in the beruffled gown she had
bought in San Francisco, that she lifted
so coquettishly as she crossed the street,
showing the lace flounces of her petticoats.
And her heart skipped a beat as Tom came
to meet her at the door.
"It looks grand, Tom," Her eyes shone
as she glanced inside. "What'll I buy, for
luck? What would you say I need?"
"I can't think of a darn thing," Tom
grimmed. "You look absolutely radiant."
Lacey blushed like a school girl at that
and her heart lifted to her eyes as she
looked at him. For a moment the spell that
held her held Tom too, so that he came
closer and there was that look in his
eyes she had seen in so many men's eyes
and that had meant nothing until now.
Then suddenly the spell was gone, for a
carriage was stopping outside the store
and Lacey saw Rosita and Maria Alvarez,
dughters of one of the Spanish dons who
considered themselves the aristocracy of
Sacramento. But it wasn't they who held
her attention; it was the girl sitting on
the seat between them, the girl Lacey
recognized as their guest, Ellen Sanford,
whose father was a power in San Fran-
cisco; the small girl with the smooth hair
which made her own seem too brilliantly
yellow and elaborately got up, and wearing
the simple dress that made her own look
suddenly vulgar and pretentious. And the
girl was looking at Tom.
She whispered something to the others
who gave an order to the driver and he
stopped and she looked so helpless and
appealing as she started to get out of the
carriage that Tom went over to her and
lifted her down to the crude sidewalk.
"May I have a glass of water?" she
whispered, and then she caught Tom's arm
and leaned against him, "I'm afraid I'm
going to faint."
So this was what being a lady meant,
Lacey thought, as she saw the amused
glances of the Alvarez girls as Ellen
slumped against Tom. It meant getting
away with silly frauds like this to demand
attention. It meant gule and cheating and
trickery that Lacey would have scorned.
And she was getting away with it; Lacey
knew that when she saw how tenderly Tom
carried Ellen into the store.
"Get some water, Lacey, quick! " he said
and she felt her fury rising as she obeyed.
But when she brought the water back the
girl's eyes were open again.
"How stupid of me," she whispered. "It
must have been the sun.
Lacey knew she shouldn't lose her temper
but she couldn't help it. "There's not sun
even out to warm a rattlesnake," she
said contemptuously, and then she tried
to hide the tears smarting against
her eyelids as she saw Tom's frown and
the girl's triumphant smile.

It was torture for Lacey after that,
to have to stand aside knowing Tom and
Ellen were together, seeing them ride out
to the hill country, and go to church to-
tgether Sunday morning; Ellen so small
and demure with her eyes downcast under
her small bonnet that looked like Spring
itself with its small wreath of flowers
matching the pink and white of her skin.
And it didn't help that day Ellen left on
the stage for San Francisco with Lacey
knowing she had promised to marry Tom
before she left.
Then came the night Brit and his gang
went on a mad land-grabbing spree, burning
down some homesteads and driving families
off others and Tom hearing what was
happening rode furiously through the coun-
tryside, rallying the settlers to the Higgins
place where they all made a stand together, a crowd of angry, determined men defending their land and homesteads. And because they had got together now and hadn't waited to be attacked singly, they drove off the marauders.

The triumphant settlers rode into town to celebrate, choosing Britt's own saloon to make their victory the more marked. Lacey was singing when they came in and her voice faltered as she saw Britt give Tom that long hard look before he beckoned to his brother and went out.

She sang so fast then, the piano couldn't keep up with her, and though everyone shouted for an encore she only smiled and put her head. She had to know what Britt was going to do. That look he had given Tom frightened her. But she seemed casual and unconcerned as she walked over to Kegs.

"Keep Boston in here, if you have to hog-tie him," she whispered. Then cautiously him to silence she samtered toward the door. It was only when she reached the street that she began to run and her heart skipped a beat when she saw the two men pressed close to the wall of the drug store, their guns drawn and ready.

"Britt!" she demanded breathlessly. "Who are you waiting for?" Then as he didn't answer Britt, she didn't answer tensely, "I'm warning you, if you do anything to harm Tom, you're out of my life for good."

Britt's jaw tightened as he looked at her. Then reluctantly he put the gun back in his holster.

"All right, Lacey," he said slowly. "You win. You know I wouldn't do anything to lose you. And such being the case," he grimmed dismally, as he crooked his elbow with an elaborate flourish, "allow me the honor of escorting you back to the Mirror Palace, stylish, like they do in Boston."

It was Whitey, the town drunk, who hurched against them as they went into the saloon, who gave Britt his idea. There were more ways of killing a man than shooting him, ways in which no other, even Lacey, would suspect him of having a part. Hadn't he pulled smart tricks before, such as the time he incited a riot against an unruly settler and had him lynched for stealing his own cattle? And couldn't he pull one again? What if that tonic of Tom's which was so popular with the whole town should be poisoned and someone died because of it—Whitey, say, who would drink anything, wouldn't that be enough to make the people who were hailing Tom as a hero today turn against him tomorrow? Britt grinned as he decided it would.

It was Kegs who discovered Whitey's body the next morning when he opened the store, with the empty bottle of Craig's tonic lying beside it. Then Tom came in and there was an ominous silence from the crowd which seemed to have sprung from nowhere as he examined the body, and somebody whispered tensely as he took up the bottle and smelled it, his narrow eyes as he put a drop of the liquid on his finger and tasted it.

"Poison," he said then. "There must have been enough laudanum in that bottle to kill a mule."

"How'd it get there, Craig?" someone shouted.

"I don't know," Tom's voice sounded hopeless as he stared around the room. "And I don't know how Whitey got that bottle either. I didn't sell it to him."

"Yeah," someone shouted derivisely. "An' if it hadn't been for Whitey's mighty thirst, it might have been Tompkins here who got it, for it's too hot with his name."

A huge settler grabbed the bottle and his face blanched as he read his name on the label. "It might have been my kids!" he whispered.

"It could have been any of our kids!" someone else shouted. "Wonder we ain't all dead like Whitey."

"Hang him!" a voice roared and then all the others took up the cry. "Get a rope, separating Old Bill from them, I can connect him out to the street, "Run that buckboard there up to that big tree."

"No! No!" a woman screamed and Tom turned to see Lacey run after the men who had started unthiching the carriage.

"You're not going to use my buckboard for any hanging." She tried to pull them back, fighting like a wildcat. But they only laughed at her. Then as she turned entreatingly toward the crowd, she saw a man on horseback coming.

"Gold!" he shouted, curbing his horse.

"They've discovered gold at Sutter's mill. They're pickin' it up in chunks. There's a rush on!"

A breathless excitement swept through the crowd and Lacey seized on it in a last desperate hope.

"Hoist me up on the wagon, Kegs," she ordered. And as he did so she flung out her arms for attention. "What do you want with a lynching, that some of you'll be certain to swing for when the law gets word of it?" she shouted. "Gold's been discovered. What are you waiting for? Are you going to stand close here and let all of California get there ahead of you?"

She stopped, almost afraid to believe it when she saw the first men leave. Then she knew she had succeeded. The crowd was breaking up, their lust for gold stronger than any lust for revenge. Even Joe Dawson was caught by the excitement her words kindled as he turned to Britt who had been standing unobtrusively in the back of the crowd. "What in tarnation are we hangin' around for?" he demanded. "Come on, let's get in on this gold grab."

Come out of it, Britt. Craig'll keep.""That fellow has the devil's own luck," Britt spat disgustedly as he saw the crowd swell. "But we'll come back and get him. And I'll bring a gold mine for Lacey to dry her eyes on so she won't feel too bad."

He was swaggering as he said it but he didn't swagger when Lacey came over...
to him, her eyes flashing as she took off
the necklace he had given her and flung
it at him. For Britt knew that all of his
plans had gone wrong as he followed her
into the saloon and up the stairs to her
room off the balcony. He had lost her,
there wasn't any doubt of that as she
faced him over the suitcase she had dragged
out of her closet.

"I got to know the reason of this,
Lacey," he said.

"The reason of it is the way Whitey
died," she said evenly. "You were behind
that because you were the only person in
town who had anything against Tom. And
I don't want that necklace or anything
else from you, from now on."

"Listen here, Lacey," Britt's eyes nar-
rowed. "I don't admit monkeying with that
medicine, I don't admit anything. But what
gets me is why you're taking on like this.
Thunderation! I've killed men before."

"I know," Lacey lifted her head. "But
shooting it out in the open, face to face,
has something honest and square about it.
Killing with poison is sneaky and low-
down."

"Lacey," he went over to her, catching
her by the shoulders and forcing her to
look at him. "No matter what you think
has happened, let's forget it and start all
over again."

"Let me go!" She tried to break away
from him. "If you held me here forever,
it wouldn't make me different. I'm
through."

He looked at her as if he were going to
stand again. Then suddenly he pushed her
away so violently that he flung her half-
way across the room. "Go to him then," he
said harshly. "He can have you and wel-
come."

But Lacey only went to Tom to say
goodbye. He was alone in the store when
she came in and his eyes brightened when
he saw her.

"Why, Lacey, don't you look grand!" he
smiled.

Lacey was the closest she had ever come
to being self-conscious as she glanced down
in the simple dress she was wearing, the
dress that was almost a copy of the one
Ellen had worn that day she had come to
the store. Silly, that hope she had in the
beginning that dressing like a lady might
make Tom like her.

GEORGIA CARROLL
BEAUTIFUL NEWCOMER AMONG HOLLYWOOD STARLETS

"Now, you smooth on Glamour"

"My first puff-ful of Woodbury's
new Color Controlled Powder told
me—here's the most knowing glam-
our-accen't I've ever smoothed on
my skin!

"Woodbury's new Flesh shade
gives my very fair coloring a new
clarity, a new velvet smoothness.
It's sheer glamour!"

Glamour is right, Georgia! Holly-
wood's leading directors have di-
vided all beauty into 5 skin types,
and now Woodbury has created
new glamour shades for each type.
There's one for you. A clearer
shade, for Woodbury Color Control
eliminates color dots, makes you
look super-smooth.

Get finer, softer, longer-clinging
Woodbury. Only $1.00 and 50c;
introductory sizes are 25c and 10c.
(A chart in every fragrant box tells
you your type, your shade.) Behold
in your mirror—new allure!

WOODBURY
Color Controlled Powder

FREE... 6 NEW GLAMOUR SHADES & CHART
Paste this on paper postcard. We'll send you, free, all 6
shades of Woodbury Color Controlled Powder. And a help-
ful little color chart so you can find your type. Address
John H. Woodbury, Inc., 9124 Alfred Street, Cincinnati,
Ohio. (In Canada: John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.)
"It's just a little travelling outfit Helga and I made." She smiled shyly. "Do you like it?"

"You're not leaving town?" Tom protested.

"Yes." Her voice came almost gaily now. "I'm headed for the gold camps, like all the rest of the world. But I'm going to dig it the easy way, out of miners' pockets. I figure there's nothing they need at the camps right now as much as entertainment. Suddenly she couldn't pretend any longer and the tears came as she ran over to him and tall as she was, she had to stand on tiptoe to reach his lips as she kissed him. "I don't regret any of it, Boston," she whispered. Then without a backward glance she was gone.

For a moment there was that wild pounding in Tom's heart, then that sickening down-beat as he saw her across the street and get into the buckboard beside Helga. Kegs had already gone to the gold fields and now she was going, the last friend he had in Sacramento. It seemed useless staying on in this town that hated him, but Tom knew he would have to stay or he could never look himself in the face again.

But it was useless. None of the townspeople who had remained came near him and at the end he had to acknowledge defeat and close the store.

He was packing his supplies when a soft voice hailed him from the doorway and he turned to see Ellen standing there. Ever since she had left, her letters had urged him to come to San Francisco and he had always refused, feeling he was needed so much more in this small town. Now her small triumphant smile came as she thought she had won. Then before she could say anything the door burst open and Kegs came in, his clothes torn and mud-stained.

"Hey, Boston, glad I caught you." His words came in an exhausted breathless flood. "I've been ridin' day and night. Corral all the medicine you kin, they need everything. Lacey sent me to get you and there ain't no time to waste. You gotta come along pronto!"

Ellen's eyes narrowed. "What in the world are you talking about?" she demanded petulantly.

"Him." Kegs jerked his finger toward Tom. "They want him up to the camps, there's fever and nothin' to cure it with. They've got a doctor but he needs medicine — fast."

"Here." Tom dragged out another packing box. "Get to work, Kegs. It's a good thing I've already started packing."

"You mean you're going?" Ellen's voice rose shrilly. "What business is it of yours?"

"It's my job to go," Tom said quietly. "Make it my job, too, Ellen. Come along and help me. Please."

"Are you completely out of your mind?" She stared at him incredulously. "Do you think I'd risk my life for people who mean nothing to me?"

"Do they really mean nothing to you?" Tom asked steadily.

"You and your high ideals!" She laughed scornfully. "Where did they ever get you? Would you really help people who turned against you as this town did?" And then as he nodded, "I'm going back to San Francisco. Are you coming with me?"

"I'm going up to the gold camps first," he said.

"Then don't bother to come back — ever."

And as she turned and left Kegs shook his head.

"I seen that same look in a rattler's eye," he said.

It was late that night before the wagons filled with supplies rolled out of town, manned by the volunteers Tom had persuaded to help them. And as they kept that steady pace toward the camps they passed the other wagons and the men on horseback and on foot rushing desperately away from the epidemic.

The Dawsons had been among the first to leave. Their eyes narrowed as they pulled their horses up beside the road to let the wagon train pass. Britt spurred on his horse as the last wagon rolled by and shouted a question to one of the drivers.

"It's medicine going up to the camps, he told the others as he rode back. "Listen, there's a fortune in it for us. The folks in the camp are rolling in gold and if we corner all the medicine we can swap it for every nugget they've dug. Let's head 'em off and wait for 'em as they go through Digger Pass."

"I got to hand it to you, Brit," Joe laughed. "You're the meanest coyote this side of the Rockies."
"But remember," Britt grimmed, "I claim the pleasure of picking Craig off myself. Let's get going!"

It was almost sunrise when the wagons began going through the Pass and just as the last one entered the narrow chasm between the mountains the first shots were fired and they saw the outlaws on the rocks above them.

"Unhitch the horses! Take cover!" Tom shouted, trying to quiet his own plunging horses. But it was useless. Fighting back against those uneven odds, Tom knew that when he saw one driver after another fall.

"I'll have to take a long chance and go up and parley with them," he said grimly. "Unless we can get into the open, there won't be a driver left to get the wagons to camp."

"Boston, you're crazy!" Kegs tried to hold him back. "They'll load you full of lead!"

"Let me go, Kegs." Tom shook off his restraining hand. "It's our only chance, Dawson!" he shouted. "I'm coming up to call to you! Hold your fire!"

The firing ceased as he climbed up the rocks. But as he reached the summit and Britt stepped forward to meet him, he saw that he was covered by every gun in the gang.

"Order that train to surrender, Craig," Britt shouted. "Or we'll shut your mouth for you permanent. You got five minutes to make up your mind!"

"I don't understand you fellows at all," Tom said quietly. "Most of you need what's in those wagons as much as anybody in the camp. You've been drinking the river water at your claim. That's where the fever comes from. Why should you escape out of all the camps? Don't you know they're dying like flies at Bear Claw and Shimbone Creek and Brandy——"

Britt stared at him. "Bear Claw!" he repeated dully. "That's where Lacey is. Maybe he's got it, too——maybe she's dying."

He turned wildly to the others. "Let those wagons through!"

"No!" It was Joe who had shouted.

"Rush them, boys. And you, Craig, talk yourself out of this!"

Tom ducked as he fired. Then he heard the other shot and saw the outlaw reeling, and as he turned he saw it was Britt who had fired that shot. Britt staring at Tom now with that sickly grin on his face.

"Joe — had it — coming," he whispered as he fell. "Get the wagons to Bear Claw, quick!"

But it wasn't the last thing he did for Lacey, that gesture which sent the wagons rolling on with no more interference; there was that other thing he knew he was doing for her too as he whispered his guilt of Whitey's murder before the others crowding around, the whisper that cleared Tom of all guilt.

The sun had risen full in the sky when they reached Bear Claw at last and it was shining so clear and strong it made a halo of the smooth yellow hair of the woman running to meet them, the woman in the plain calico dress with her sleeves rolled up above her elbows. It was only when she stopped in front of him Tom saw it was Lacey.

"You — you look so different," he whispered.

"Do I?" she whispered. And then shyly, "These are going to be my working clothes from now on, Tom."

It was almost as if he were seeing her for the first time again, seeing how beautiful she was, even though her face was white and haggard with the fatigue of those sleepless days and nights she had spent nursing the fever victims. He had found the real Lacey at last and he felt as if his heart was kneeling to her as he caught her in his arms.
By Weston East

Rita Hayworth takes the notion's slogan, "Keep Em' Flying," as seriously as the rest of us; but when the cameraman caught her in a playful mood she couldn't resist giving her personal interpretation. Handsome Bill Edwards, screen newcomer, seems to be flashing her a smile from below—but he's taking his new career pretty seriously too, since he's been told he could be another Sterling Hayden.

How about it, girls? See him in Warners' new picture, "The Hard Way" and make up your minds.

WHAT'S with our he-men of the movies? When Dietrich and Bruce Cabot worked together, he insisted she was too heavy for him to carry her in a scene. Now Melvyn Douglas, who is working with Joan Crawford, seems to be having similar trouble. When you see him carrying Joan up the stairs in the picture, actually she'll be sitting in a hidden wire seat. Invisible wires from the ceiling take away most of the weight. Wonder what Sir Walter Raleigh would have thought?

CHARLES BOYER may not appreciate this, but the girls were being anything but sarcastic. It was on "The Constant Nymph" set. Joan Fontaine, Jean Muir, Brenda Marshall and Alexis Smith were gathered together in a group. It was their first day working with Charles Boyer, so naturally they were pretty thrilled. An actor you all know walked up and asked them if they were disappointed in the fabulous Frenchman. "Not at all," they chorused. "Not only is he very sweet, but he's so helpful—and fatherly!" All this, and fatherhood too!

EVIDENTLY Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton have at last decided to take the big step. She's renting the Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., home on the Hollywood Riviera. 'Tis rumored the future Mrs. Archibald Leach (Cary Grant to you) retains a staff of seventeen servants. At that rate, it shouldn't be too difficult to find someone around the house to brew an extra pot of tea.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND and Jimmy Stewart were back together again. But only briefly. Burgess Meredith now lives in Jimmy's house. Burgess was back on furlough, so Olivia went over to have dinner with him. While they were at the table, they heard a key in the lock. The door opened and in walked Jimmy, also on furlough. It was the first time Olivia and Jimmy had met since they broke up nearly two years ago. That dreaded moment had come. Olivia was first to rush forward and greet Jimmy warmly. He was so happy to see her, he stammered for words. Later on both boys accompanied Olivia to her broadcast. That was all. Jimmy went back to his world. Olivia to hers.

NO MOVIE mama is Joan Blondell. When she took her two children to Sun Valley recently, Joan didn't drag along a retinue of servants. She dressed, bathed, and fed the kiddies herself. What's more, she loved every moment of it.

SO ANXIOUS is Rita Hayworth to get her mind off her marital troubles, she called up Fred Astaire and asked if they couldn't hurry up the rehearsals for their next Columbia picture. According to reports, Rita has found it necessary to seek restraining orders prohibiting her husband, Edward C. Judson, from disposing of community property and from talking, communicating with her or molesting her, pending trial of her divorce suit. Overnight Rita has changed from a happy, laughing girl into a brooding, miserable woman.

TWINKLE, twinkle little star, said Warner Bros. to Alexis Smith. And that's exactly what they made her—a star in one year's time. Because she has studied hard, cooperated with everyone and possesses unusual charm and poise for a twenty-year-old girl, stardom is her reward. Craig Stevens, the heart throb and doesn't care who knows it, commemorated the occasion. He gave Alexis a solid gold star to attach to her bangle bracelet. In the center of the star was engraved a small heart. Catch on?

DENNIS MORGAN has his own kidding name for Errol Flynn. Dennis calls him, "The Male Animal."
"The Pride of the Yankees," Sam Goldwyn's big new movie based on the life of Lou Gehrig, has Gary Cooper in title rôle—see him with Teresa Wright, playing the bride of the loved Yankee; and below, with his father, Judge Charles B. Cooper, who visits the set daily when scenes are filmed with Babe Ruth, Bill Dickey, Bob Meusel and Mark Koenig of famed Yankees' "Murderers' Row."

Red Skelton had to cry in scene and Red couldn't cry. They played sad music. They sprayed menthol in his eyes. They told him sad stories. Red still couldn't cry. Finally, the director asked Red how he'd feel if they took away his radio program. The tears started to come. They gushed and they gurgled. Red all but moaned and wailed. When the scene was over he was still blubbering. Now the director is just praying there won't be any retakes.

UNIVERSAL really have hit on a unique idea for presenting their new version of "Broadway." This time it's actually the story of George Raft's life. The picture opens showing George talking to the night watchman of a vacated night club. This is the night club where George actually got his start. The story unfolds on the screen as George tells it to the night watchman. Mack Grey, George's pal and best friend, plays himself. It's Universal's picture of the year, so watch for it.

Brenda Marshall is a mighty proud girl. No less a personage than Sam Goldwyn himself is raving over her performance in "Captains of the Clouds." The mighty producer has even gone so far as to say he wishes he had Brenda under personal contract. He feels she has one of the biggest futures in pictures, if handled properly. News like this in the face of hubby Bill Holden's leaving for the Army any day now, is cheering to Brenda, to say the least.

Good taste on the job

Miss Betty Wynne, art director's private secretary, whose job calls for good taste in every way, every day.

Pepsi-Cola is on the job all over America. In offices, factories, shipyards—millions prefer its finer flavor and purity, the better taste of those 12 full ounces. Pour yourself a Pepsi-Cola today... for a nickel.
They can't stop talking about the NEW

**Revlon Lipstick COLORS**

"1942" and "1952"

Women rush to tell their friends about how marvelously Revlon Lipstick stays on...like their beloved Revlon Nail Enamel. They tell about how Revlon gives lips and fingertips that "made-for-each-other" look. And now half the girls in 48 states are talking about Revlon's new nail enamel and lipstick shades. First "1942", gallant, vibrant red. Then "1952", a completely different lilac rose to remind you of a perfect spring to come. Try "1942" or "1952" lipstick. Or any of the sixteen fashion-making lipstick shades. Wonderful!

only 60¢ also $1 size

**Revlon**

world's most famous nail enamel

---

**THE** near loss of a finger suffered by Henry Fonda can be directly traced to the evacuation of the Japs from the Pacific coast. Losing his Japanese gardener, Hank decided from now on to do his gardening himself. Being rushed for time, he caught his finger in a tractor and almost tore it off. For his next two pictures, he'll have to keep that one particular hand away from the camera.

**HOLLYWOOD** took brief time off from war activities to attend the première of "Reap the Wild Wind" at the new Paramount Theater on Hollywood Boulevard. Because of duration orders, all spotlights were turned on buildings, never into the sky. It was like old times to hear the fans cheer and see the stars in their gala getups. Judy Canova, arriving in an all-white carriage drawn by white horses, stole the show. Biggest hand was shared by Ray Milland and Bob Hope. Jinx Falkenburg was dressed like a fugitive from King Tut's tomb. Mary Martin's hair was parted in a V—for victory. Next to Paulette Goddard's diamond necklace, Bob Stack's teeth were the flashiest. The Paramount features love seats with removable arms—in the balcony! They're looking forward to Greater Movie Seasons.

**DR. JOEL PRESSMAN**, Claudette Colbert's husband, can never quite get used to the ways of publicity. Now serving in the Navy, the good doctor happened to listen in on a newscast. Imagine his upset to learn that his famous wife had been seriously hurt in a skiing accident in Sun Valley. When he finally got Claudette on the phone—he learned she was recovering from a sprained ankle!

Ann Rutherford recently concluded a guest-star tour of Army camps and Naval stations with the USO-Camp Shows musical comedy revue, "Razzle Dazzle." Top, during Ann's stay at Camp Lee, Virginia, she helped cheer up hospitalized soldiers; and, above, gave Pfc. "Joe" Joseph a hand in making up his bunk. Turn page for more pictures of Miss Rutherford.
Morale...rather than the sword!

That is our resolve—and from it no power shall turn us.

To carry it through, our minds must be as keen as our swords, our hearts as strong as our tanks, our spirits as buoyant as our planes. For morale is a mighty force—as vital as the materials of war themselves.

And just as it is the job of some industries to provide the implements that will keep 'em flying, keep 'em rolling, and keep 'em shooting, so is it the job of the American Motion Picture Industry to keep 'em smiling.

Yes, that is our war-time job. We cannot build combat planes or bombers...we cannot make tanks or guns or ships. But we can build morale...we can give America the hours of carefree relaxation which will make its work hours doubly productive, the mental stimulus that will carry us on and on with heads up through dark days and bright, through good news and bad...to victory.

We can—and we will!

THE AMERICAN MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY

SCREENLAND publishes this message in the belief that the vital war-time role of the Motion Picture Industry is of public interest. It was prepared by Donahue & Coe, Inc., advertising counsel to many of America's leading motion picture producers.
"For a Morning Glory Skin... try my Beauty Nightcap"

PAULETTE GODDARD, NOW STARRING IN "REAP THE WILD WIND," A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

says Paulette Goddard:

"Tomorrow, you have to face close-ups, too. So try my pet beauty treatment—a Beauty Nightcap with Woodbury Cold Cream. Special oils in Woodbury help relieve dryness—which may lead to dread lines. Try it—for beauty's sake!"

Every night, Paulette cleanses with Woodbury, then spreads on a fresh film for all night. She can trust her complexion to Woodbury, for an exclusive ingredient is constantly acting to purify the cream right in the jar.

Says Paulette, "Let morning find you lovelier."

WOODBURY COLD CREAM

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.

Follow Paulette Goddard's advice. Today get Woodbury Cold Cream. Large jars 50c to $1.25. Introductory sizes 10c and 25c.

WOODBURY COLD CREAM

Beauty Nightcap of the Stars

Screenland
E-POINT Landis, they call her, now changed her name legally from Lillian Ridste Hunt to Carole. She’s now an honorary Colonel at Odd Post Number Forty Three. And now wearing a new extremely low that caused Dorothy Parker to ask, “Who’s the girl in the turtle-neck?”

RGE BRENT’S papers are in Washington. Just what the nature of his visit will be, hasn’t been officially relayed. For the past two years George has been in navigation. Annie Sheridan is excited that her new husband may be a station place where she can at least have someone call to arrive.

A gesture on the part of Director in Huston. When Manuel Del, now with the RCAF, was given leave to visit him, Mary Astor, in Hollywood. It happened that Mary had heavy draperies to do every single day during Marchand’s brief visit. Director Huston was half the time rearranging his schedule, so that Mary could have a day off. John must inherit his actress heritage from his actor-pappy, Walton.

A long time Mickey Rooney wore a ring. Mickey’s monogram in large letters was the setting. Someone the ring was conspicuous by its absence. Mickey was asked about it. “When married,” he said, “I had to throw it in the trash.” Mickey’s simple explanation.

Marchand’s “Make-Up” Hair Rinse is not a bleach—not a permanent dye! Made with Government-approved colors, it’s as harmless as lemon or vinegar. And it leaves your hair soft, silky and more manageable.

You don’t have to be an “expert” to “make-up” your hair with Marchand’s Rinse. You simply dissolve the rinse in warm water and brush it through your hair! Then...look in your mirror! Your hair is gloriously alive—color—sparkle and bright again!

Marvelous new Rinse goes on—and washes off—as easily as your facial make-up!

Makes any shade of hair look lovelier...livelier!


green of de luxe Hollywood turned out for Hopper’s party honoring Wendell Ford. A few sticks of those new checked hostess gowns (designed by Hedda) really did herself proud. Joan Crawford, who seldom goes to parties, showed up for this one. Joan had good reasons. First, to meet Mr. Second, to meet Bob Hope. Joan is a big fan of Bob’s. When she heard going to be there too, she was the first to arrive.

Mary Astor, Marchand’s hostess, showed riding in a jeep, was an honorary top sergeant at Camp Lee, Fort Sheridan, shown riding in a jeep, was an honorary top sergeant at Camp Lee, Illinois.
TO BE LOVED, BE LOVELY

The light, elusive scent of Evening in Paris sets the stage for tenderness and romance. More women turn to it than to any other perfume...for, inevitably, Evening in Paris turns a man's thoughts to you!

Big Sister Barbara

Continued from page 33

only take part in the proceedings when he was called upon to do so. Barbara wondered about this, and made inquiries around the set as to the cause of this sudden change. From then on, whenever possible, she sat near him. She never spoke of his loss, but, as he himself told me, her silent understanding gave him strength to carry on.

In direct contrast to this side of Barbara is her great love of teasing people. She rarely misses an opportunity to do this. The last I heard, Slim Talbot, Gary Cooper's lean, shy stand-in was her willing victim. She'd call, "Ss—H—iim!" in a good imitation of Zazu Pitts. When he came in answer to her call, she would throw her arms around his neck, or fall in his lap, much to his embarrassment. Personally, I'm sure he loved it. Then, at lunchtime, instead of having her ear pick her up, as many stars do, Barbara would call, "Ss—H—iim!" Slim would get out his "hike," Barbara would hop on the handlebars, and off they'd go.

But Barbara isn't always clowning with her fellow players. Many times, her sincere advice has steadied a young player's career. When she first met Bill Holden, he was new to pictures, was being given a big opportunity, and was slightly bewildered by it all. Many a morning, he arrived at the studio feeling far from the fortunate young man the public might imagine him to be. Barbara, having been in show business all her life, was able to teach him a valuable lesson she had learned.

"You pay a price for everything in this world," she said. "The price you pay for being a star is that you must learn to leave all your personal troubles behind you when you walk onto a set. Invariably the star's mood is reflected on the entire company. He or she, as the case may be, sets the pace."

This was no idle advice on Barbara's part. She herself is a shining example of any advice she might give.

Sergeant Chester S. Cizok knows he's a lucky "leatherneck" and smilingly shows his pleasure at being entertained by lovely Anne Shirley, who is appearing in "The Mayor of 44th Street."
“Who said domestic bliss?”

HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME
THE “ONE NEGLECT” THAT WRECKS SO MANY MARRIAGES

1. “Ideally mated,” people said... I thought so, too. But Jack's ardor gradually changed to... well, a stand-offish coolness. It wasn't long before we were heading for a smash-up.

2. One day, I walked home from First Aid class with our teacher, a nurse I barely knew. And — out came the whole thing! (You'll tell a stranger, more than a friend.) “My dear,” she consoled, “when contracting our marriage, it's often because a woman is careless... or doesn't know... about feminine hygiene.

3. “It's one neglect,” she explained, “most men can't forgive. And there's no excuse for it. Modern women use a safe yet amazingly powerful germicide for feminine hygiene... Lysol. Just follow directions — it won't harm tissues, but it cleanses, deodorizes, kills all vaginal germs on instant contact. I know I'm saying.”

Why you can depend on Lysol

GENTLE YET POWERFUL—Used as directed, Lysol is gentle to delicate tissues (not an acid—no free alkali), yet there is in germ-life in the vaginal tract that Lysol will not kill on instant contact. SPREADING—No other widely advertised douche preparation has the wide spreading power Lysol has —Lysol solution virtually reaches out germ-life in tiny folds other liquids may never reach. ECONOMICAL—Small bottle makes almost 4-gallons solution. CLEANLY ODOR—Soon disappears, holds strength to last drop—play safe with Lysol.

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet S.642. Address: Leh & Fink, Bloomfield, N. J.
Don't cover up a Poor Complexion!

Don’t think there’s “nothing you can do” about externally-caused pimples, ugly chapped lips, rough, dry skin! Instead, try NOXZEMA, the famous medicated cream that was first acclaimed by scores of nurses as a grand complexion aid!

Noxzema does so much for poor complexion because it’s not just a cosmetic cream. It contains medicated ingredients—not only helps smooth and soften rough, dry skin—but also helps heal externally-caused pimples and blemishes! And in addition, it has a mildly astringent action!

Try It Today!

Get a jar of medicated Noxzema at any drug or cosmetic counter today! Use it both as a night cream and as a protective powder base. See if it doesn’t help make your skin softer, clearer, lovelier! Inexpensive trial jar. Also 39¢, 50¢ and $1.00 (plus tax).

The Unpredictable Orson Welles

Continued from page 29

time, I was terribly keyed up and nervous. The cameras were about to start grinding when Orson called me off the set. He took a pack of cards from his pocket, fanned them and said, "Dolores, take a card." Then he proceeded to do a very clever card trick. When it was completed he said, "Now you can shoot the scene!" And walked away.

We rehearsed “The Magnificent Ambersons" just as you would rehearse a stage play. Every morning the company would gather in Orson's bungalow on the lot. We sat around reading the script with Orson seated behind his desk just listening. Over his head hung a framed motto which read, "You must worry and fret every day if you want to get to the top, so you can worry and fret nights and Sundays."

When lunch time came, it wasn't unusual for Orson to go into the kitchen and cook hamburgers for the entire company. Next to his work and doing magic, I think Orson likes to cook and eat better than anything else in the world.

During these rehearsals, I learned many interesting little things about Welles. A rest period found the members of the company talking about the various schools they attended. Welles asked me where I'd gone to school. I said, "Warner Brothers." He countered, "You and I are in the same class. I didn't go to school very much either."

But in spite of the lack of formal education, Orson has one of the most alert minds of anyone I've ever known. Once when we were discussing my costumes, the word "insurance" drifted to us from the conversation of two actors standing nearby. Welles pricked up his ears and immediately barged into their conversation. He learned that an insurance company wanted one of the men to take off five pounds before they issued him a policy.

"Of course, they do," Orson said. "No fat man is a good risk. Did you ever see a fat old man?" We all had to admit that we'd seen very few of them. The reason, Welles kindly informed us, was because as you grow older it puts a strain on your heart to carry around too much weight.

Speaking of weight, it was over my putting on five pounds that Orson and I had our one and only argument. Sitting around on the set (Orson insists the entire company be present every day whether actually working or not) I had gained the offensive poundage. Orson was upset over it and told me, in no uncertain terms, to take it off. From then on, there was a coolness between us until one day he came over to show me his latest card trick, which was his way of apologizing. He was like a little boy who says, "Come on, I'll let you play with my toys."

There was another time when this childlike quality appeared in Orson. It was during the shooting of a big scene with one of his old Mercury players. The actor had to walk through five communicating rooms. Welles rehearsed the action over and over again. Finally, the elderly actor, feeling tired, asked Welles to let his stand-in do the rehearsing, as he was letter-perfect in the scene. Welles refused, telling the actor to repeat the scene again. This led to a heated argument, at the end of which the actor said, with great dignity: "I'll be in my dressing room when you need me, Mr. Welles."

Orson looked at him wistfully and replied, "My best friends call me Orson, even when they're mad at me."

Now I ask you! How could anyone resist this grown man in whom the little boy quality still lingers?

Another of Welles' outstanding traits is his unfailing willingness to give the underdog a break. Any agent who has a good actor on his list whom he is having difficulty in placing, can always depend on Welles to find him a part if it is humanly possible.

Orson is credited with being a great actor, director, and producer, but along with these things I personally think that he is a great psychiatrist. His handling of people is superb. His instinctive understanding of human beings is amazing. I believe an excellent example of this was when we were shooting a funeral scene. A group of extras had to walk past the coffin and take a farewell look at the face of the corpse. Welles noticed that one woman never looked into the casket. He repeats...
Inside the Stars’ Homes

Continued from page 15

of Calumet baking powder. Beat well, put back in shells, sprinkle with cheese and dot with parsley, heat in oven at 400 degrees, and serve hot. The baking powder makes them fluff way up.

BAKED EGGPLANT

1 eggplant  1 cup cracker crumbs
2 cups milk or cream
3/4 cup grated cheese
5 teaspoons butter

Peel and cut up eggplant and onion, season, cook and drain. Beat egg well, mash eggplant and onion and whip egg into them with milk and cheese. Roll out cracker crumbs and mix for two minutes with butter.

Grease a baking dish, put in mixture, cover with cracker crumbs and cheese and bake for ten minutes in a hot oven. If you put 1/2 teaspoon of baking powder in this, it will be very light.

The shower for Mickey and Ava are invited. Ann thinks it such a pity for men to miss the fun of showers!

"I'll fix the dining room like a New York Italian restaurant, with red checked tablecloth and napkins, wine bottles with different colored candles, all draped over them to provide all the light we'll use that night. I'm serving spaghetti and meat balls, tossed green salad, French sour dough bread, toasted in chunks, California red wine, and fried ice-cream."

Yes, the heroine of "This Time for Keeps" said fried ice-cream and meant it! You get very hard ice-cream, preferably sliced, but between two slices of pound cake, dip the sandwich in egg batter, put at top heat in sandwich toaster and toast cake until cream is slightly melted, then serve at once with very hot chocolate sauce. You get that hot-and-cold taste.

Ann has a very special cook who makes her spaghetti. "Artichokes are good with this meal," Ann suggested. "Mother drops a little olive oil and garlic into the heart before putting it in water, and when she serves it, she mixes a little of French's mustard in the mayonnaise. Very tasty!"

For Ava's and Mickey's shower, Ann expects to hide the gifts around the house in small piles with an alarm clock beside one pile set for shower time. When the alarm rings, Mickey and Ava will search for the clock and bring in the gift pile, while Ava resets the clock close to the next pile. Each time the clock goes off, the couple will seek, and the one who finds will open the gifts.

"A gift any bride will thank you for is a remembrance book. You get a small address book and write in the birth dates of every member of his and her families, also wedding dates and other festivities either branch likes to celebrate. This may take some telephoning or correspondence, but it's worth it!"

The third shower is a luncheon for girls only, as illustrated. Ann made the place cards herself—they are tiny bouquets of crepe paper flowers pasted on cards.

"There's nothing specially unusual about We food, except that the first course will be indigo cocktail with bacon. You cut up a steak, with sauce of mayonnaise and going to catsup, then add bacon tried to a

use Odorono Cream...

Arthur Murray Dancers Do!

- Glamorous Arthur Murray dancer Bunny Duncan rushes through her day like a whirling dervish. Yet you’d find her still enchantingly fresh and sure of her charm at the end of her last lesson! For Arthur Murray girls trust Odorono Cream to guard them against underarm odor and dampness.

Gentle, delightful to use—non-greasy, non-gritty Odorono Cream ends perspiration annoyance safely 1 to 3 days! Get a jar! Dance and still be sweet and appealing when the orchestra plays "The Star-Spangled Banner"! Generous 10¢, 39¢, 59¢ sizes at your favorite cosmetic counter.

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ENDS PERSPIRATION ANNOYANCE 1 TO 3 DAYS

I FULL OZ. JAR—ONLY 39¢ (Plus Tax)

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SCREENLAND 81
Because of sugar rationing, Ann uses honey recipes as often as possible, and offers a choice of these. Honey apples are favored at her house, instead of sugar, fill a cored apple with raisins, dates and honey, and bake.

HONEY VANILLA ICE-CREAM
1/3 cup honey
2 tablespoons lemon juice
6 tablespoons orange juice
Mix fruit juices and honey thoroughly. Add 1 cup spring or charged water. Fill ked-tea glasses with craked ice, pour over mixture and let stand 3 minutes before serving.

Ann is the lively type, dark, slim, active, bubbling over. She and her mother and grandmother have had fun furnishing and decorating their home in Brentwood, but Ann has the more original ideas. "Let's gay it up!" is her favorite expression. The house is a two-story California colonial set in a garden that provides badminton, croquet, ping-pong, barbecues and sun-bathing for relaxation.

A friend gave me three Staffordshire pieces that had been in his family for a hundred and twenty-five years," confided my hostess. "At the same time, the artist Cristo Christy sent Mother a huge portrait of me in a pink dress from 'Pride and Prejudice' and she insisted on hanging it in the living room, while I set my pieces on the mantel, which stands Ann's miniature horse collection; similar tiny ruffles edge the shelves. The big window has drapes and the couch is upholstered in the same fabric. It may not sound effective, but it is.

The paper in the powder room was an odd silver and burgundy that fairly hit you in the face, according to Ann who wanted to tear it off. Her mother mentioned that they were already over the budget, so Ann had to cope with that paper. She draped the soft pink and burgundy net curtains crossed at the window, the same net flouncing the dressing-table and stool, the mirrored top of the table reflecting the silver in the walls in a most attractive fashion.

The tapestry wall-paper in the dining room was exactly what they wanted for their furniture, but the breakfast room was a dull spot when the Rutherfords moved in. "Let's gay it up!" cried Ann. She painted the inside of the two corner cupboards a vivid red, put soft blue paper with a tiny pattern in red and blue on the walls, and bought a glass-topped metal table and chairs. The table can be rolled out through glass doors to the patio when outdoor luncheon invites, and come to no harm in any weather.

The bedrooms are daintily colonial, with four-poster beds, delicate white net canopies and flounces, or spool beds with slender twisted posts, and pastel silk ruffles. Ann's own room has an alcoved window.
"It seemed to me I could get the effect of greater length to the room by treating that alcove," she explained, "so I had the room papered in a flower paper and did the alcove in pale blue; then I draped my organdy curtains in front of the alcove instead of at my window."

Altogether it's a woman's house. The "Only male inmate" (Ann's description) is Henry, miniature French poodle. Henry has his own raincoat, a sailor suit with a Y-for-division on it, and a tiny red ribbon to hold his hair out of his bright eyes.

"The other day, Mother and I took him for a walk," bubbled Ann. "As usual, everyone we passed was interested in Henry. One man said 'Little girl, eh?' and we said: 'Oh, no, his name's Henry.' The man shook his head and looked down at the dog. 'Son, what are they doing to you?'

Have You Love Insurance?
Continued from page 23
swallowed his coffee and jumped into the haystack with Joan Fontaine. They were taking the scene that morning where Ty, as Clive Briggs, a deserter from the British army, makes love to Joan, as Prude Cathaway, an English girl in the W.A.A.F. It was the first love scene of the picture, very tender and beautiful really, but the tenderness and beauty were thrown for a complete loss for the first few "takes" by a series of revolting noises. Both Miss Fontaine and Mr. Power, it appears, are allergic to hay.

After that they poured three hundred gallons of water per minute (a Hollywood rainstorm) on poor Ty, and I must say that opened up his drooping eyes but good. Thoroughly drenched at the end of that scene he ducked into his trailer dressing room on the set where he changed into dry clothes. It was there I found him a half hour later. He was in the midst of a letter to Annabella who is in Chicago starring in Noel Coward's "Blithe Spirit." (I hear that the first thing Ty does when he arrives at the studio in the mornings is to start a letter to Annabella, and he writes on it between scenes all through the day. Well, that's love for you.) I let my eyes wander languidly to his desk, there's nothing like a pair of wandering eyes in my business, but Ty knows all the tricks of the trade and casually, but effectively, covered his letter with his arm. I'm sure it smeared. Served him right for being so suspicious.

"I was just writing Annabella about Ma's picture," said Ty with a wicked grin—personally I think he was writing her something else entirely. "We were doing a scene yesterday afternoon where I go to Prude's house in London for the first time, and she shows me a picture of her dead mother. I took one look at the picture and did a double-take. 'Your mother!' I said—Litvak thought I had gone completely nuts—'hey, that's my mother!' Believe me, it gave me quite a jolt. But I figured it out later. When I was making 'Johnny Apollo' the studio wanted a picture for a closeup of a woman who resembled me enough to be my mother, so I told them to go ahead and borrow one of mother's pictures. The picture was evidently stored away in the property department when the sequence was finished—where it stayed until someone dragged it out for 'This Above All.' Mrs. Power certainly gets around. First she's my Ma, then she's Joan Fontaine's Ma, Next week, Don Ameche's!

It isn't difficult to get Ty to talk about Annabella. He's not one of those sourpuss

"WE LIVE BRIGHT ..!"

George Brent
Warner Bros. star of
"IN THIS OUR LIFE"

"No fooling about bright, clean teeth in the picture business... it's just part of the game that every star has to know," says Mr. Brent. No wonder many stars speak so appreciatively of Calox... a tooth powder with two ways to whiteness.

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McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

SCREENLAND

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actors who thinks it vulgar, or something, to mention his wife from nine to six, Ty is so much in love with Annabella, and he's so terribly proud of her, that you'd have to bash his head in to keep him from talking about her. When the publicity department informed him just the other day that one of the newspapers wanted to take pictures of his home for a Sunday feature, Ty said, "Without Annabella? They wouldn't be any good. Can't the paper wait until Annabella comes home?" You'll never find Mrs. Tyrone Power flustering mouse-like in the background. Ty doesn't want it that way. And he has a way of telling studio what he wants. A pretty swell guy, that Ty.

The young Powers celebrated their third wedding anniversary this past April! (Will those gloomy goons who said their marriage wouldn't last a year kindly go out in the backyard and kick themselves?) Their first anniversary they celebrated in New York, their second in Grand Canyon, and this one of course in Chicago, with all the wonderful and exciting trimmings. Take the word of their Hollywood friends that they are just as romantically in love today as they were that April afternoon in 1939 when they stood side by side in Annabella's flower-be-decked Bel-Air living room, looked into each other's eyes, and said, with a feeling close to reverence, "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death do us part."

Love has a way of settling down, like a soufflé that has been too long out of the oven, The Ty Powers do not like soufflés that have flattened out. Love has a way of getting into routines. The Ty Powers do not like routines. As a matter of fact Ty hates routines, with a grim and gruesome hate. "The only thing I like in a routine way," Ty said to me in his trailer dressing room, while he was waiting for Joan Fontaine to finish her closeups, "the only thing about which I want no change—is my friends."

Said Ty, "The best way for a married couple to keep romance fresh and alive, year in and year out, is to break the routine—though, mind you now, don't think I'm trying to put myself up as an authority on romance and marriage. Maybe I'm prejudiced. Maybe I just don't like routines. Why, Annabella and I recent routines so much that we celebrate our wedding anniversaries in a different place each year."

But Ty is right, don't you think? Nothing kills off romance quite so quickly as the dull monotony of everyday procedure, order, and habit. And, on the contrary, nothing is so conducive to a tingling pulse and a thrilling glow around the heart as the unexpected surprise. Habit is relaxing, you may argue if you're the type, but it is also boring. A famous neurologist, who boasted that he had prevented the breaking up of innumerable marriages, uttered words of wisdom when he said, "People do not understand that habitue may become the worst of corrosives."

Well, from the looks of things, you can safely bet your last dollar (the one you had left over from your income tax) that Ty and Annabella's marriage isn't suffering from any corrosion. Not even around the edges. Habits, at the Powers, seem always to be getting a sock on the jaw. Last summer when Ty had a long vacation from picture-making he and Annabella, as excited as two children, packed their bags, closed up their Brentwood house, and caught the straw-hat circuit in New England. The advice-givers of Hollywood gathered around like a Greek Chorus and muttered gloomily, "It's suicide for you to return to the stage. You are one of the biggest box-office stars in Hollywood. The critics will tear you limb from limb. It will be humiliating. Degrading. So Hollywood star has ever returned to the stage when he's on top. You'll regret it. Woe, woe, woe..."

Ty and Annabella couldn't have had more fun. Summer stock along the straw-hat circuit is no bed of roses, as you doubtless know, and their hard-earned salary wouldn't even pay postage on Ty's fan mail. They wore old slacks and sweaters, they helped build scenery, they talked "theater" with the other actors far into the night, they studied hard—and they loved every minute of it. Furthermore, their performances in "Lillom" rated raves from most of the critics. Well, of course, they could have spent the summer in Hollywood and gone to night clubs and given dinners for the same old tired faces, and yawned themselves to death.

Annabella firmly believes that her handsome husband has the right idea about keeping romance alive and fresh by breaking routine. A perfect example of that is her recent decision to leave her home and appear with the Chicago company of Noel Coward's very successful "Blithe Spirit." Of course, when Annabella casually announced that she was gathering around with faces even younger than ever and crooned a dirge which said, "Annabella is a fool to leave her beautiful, comfortable home and live in a grimy Chi-

Cecil B. DeMille, producer-director of "Reap the Wild Wind," helping members of the American Women's Voluntary Services sell Defense Bonds and Stamps for Uncle Sam.
Money Secrets of the Stars!

THIS ISN'T HOW the "other half"—it's how the "other one-millionth" lives! For here are the most revealing facts about movie stars, those remarkable, one-in-a-million people whose purses can "go the limit!" See what they spend for fun, for servants, for homes. See how they provide for their unpredictable futures; how they make their monied mistakes. Read this fascinating "inside" expose of Hollywood's mighty!

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Chicago hotel where she'll freeze in the winter and sail to the summer. Amabella is crazy to sweat and toil when she doesn't have to lift a finger. Amabella is completely mad to leave Tyrone alone in Hollywood with all those predatory females. Wo, and more woel!

But phoey, say I, to these dreary advice-givers. This separation is a wonderful thing for you, people like Ty and Annabella, who are so keen to keep their romance alive. It's really a second courtship. Ty, the lover again, writes long letters as he anticipates those long distance calls at night, he thinks up surprises for her, he spends long, but pleasant, hours selecting presents to send her, and whenever he has four or five days off from the studio he dashes madly to the airport and takes the fastest plane to Chicago. Then there's the breathless excitement of two people who love each other seeing each other after an absence. This second courtship is almost as thrilling as the first—the time he pursued her to South America and did such a fine bit of wooing that she promised to become Mrs. Tyrone Power. A marriage such as this hasn't a chance in a million of becoming stale.

Far from being crazy, as the calamity-hipped Cassandras of our village would have you believe. Amabella is a very smart young woman. She knows that this separation, this excursion into the drama, will be a chance to build her own personality. There is a belief that by the sacrifice of two individualities a joint personality can be accomplished. It's little wonder that so many Hollywood marriages fail to survive the compression. And why shouldn't a woman, simply because she becomes a wife, sacrifice her individuality? When a man marries it's because he loves her, as she is, why should she right off sacrifice her personality, thereby killing the thing about herself that intrigued him in the first place?

Keep your personality, and keep your husband interested.

But long before they started running off to straw-hat circuits and Chicago, Ty and Annabella refused to stick to routines—and had a lot of fun. Like the time two years ago when they decided to take an automobile trip through Arizona and New Mexico. "Just a short trip. No, we don't need much luggage. We'll be back in a week or ten days." Well, they went for weeks. They went to Oregon instead of Arizona, there is no one knew where they were, and they had a perfectly glorious time. When they reached a town and they were tired they stayed all night, and if they liked the town they stayed several days. Sometimes they went to hotels and sometimes they went to auto courts. They didn't try to make so many miles an hour.

This refusal to stick to routines naturally is rather hard on their servants, who have to be very understanding, very understanding indeed. Ty will come home from the studio, and with dinner practically on the table, he will suggest that they get all dressed up and join the Gary Coopers at an auto court. On the other hand if a dressy party is planned ahead at one of the night clubs it's a nine-to-one bet that Ty will say, "Let's skip it. Let's eat in." And Annabella likes to tell about the night that they were done up like movie stars, white tie, ermine, jewels, everything, on their way to a great big snooty dinner party. The car stopped for a traffic signal and Ty just happened to see a swell display of salami, goose liver, and pickled pigfeet in a delicatessen window. Well, you know what happened. The Powers ate huge rey bread sandwiches with dabs of cole slaw in their own dining room.

Lloyds of London wouldn't handle it, but believe me, you don't think you can get better love insurance than the Powers' Method of keeping romance alive.

the name of the building she's in. My sister, who's the greatest talker in the family, is giving all her time as a stenographer in the F. B. I. But the only thing she has told me is that she can write 160 words a minute. Still another tells me that she works from 9 at night till 3 in the morning, then goes home alone—that's all. I asked one woman, just to try her out, 'What is it your husband does?' She said, 'I really don't know,' but of course she did. These women, and many more, have my greatest respect for both the work they are doing for their country and their ability to keep still about it. For my small part, I've been going to various army camps and naval bases—she didn't mention names or places—with entertainment units. It's rather silly, I think, for actresses to pour coffee when they can entertain the boys, and actors don't have to do canteen work when they, in their own line, can do so much more for the soldiers and sailors. And those boys are so grateful for a little entertainment that they make the most wonderful audience in the world. But, to get back to women doing war work in offices and the like, I must say that both girls and women who have volunteered their services are so serious about it, putting their whole heart and soul in it, that they can be trusted to keep secrets. This is equally true. I believe, of women generally today. They don't have to be warned.

She remained grave in her thoughts, then. "There's no question but that women do a lot of talking, but as a rule it's en
light matters. Sometimes it makes you feel like saying, 'Come on, come on, get to the point!' But I'll confess I try to do what I dislike in other people. On the radio I always talk fast because it's easier that way to talk nonsense. Oh well, maybe I just do it naturally. I'm like all my family—walk fast, talk fast, boom, boom, boom.'

Something told me that Gracie was slipping into gear.

"I can't keep anybody waiting, and I get nervous if anybody keeps me waiting." She seemed to be getting under motion. "I first talked fast when I was fifteen and I've never stopped. But if you think I talk fast, you ought to hear my two sisters. One of them hikes such a clip that she gets all mixed up and has to start over again. When the three of us were at it, Mother used to say, 'What can you find to talk about all the time? Please let me have the floor a minute.' I don't know where the family got it from.'"

She pondered the mystery, only to turn abruptly and almost defensively with: "But look at the way men talk with baritones. How do you explain that? You don't. It's just one of those things. But men don't talk much at home. Now, there's my husband, George Burns. Why, when somebody writes him on the telephone all he says is, 'Yes—no—goodbye.' George, I tell him, 'you shouldn't do that. You ought to be nice and friendly, pass the time of day, and to show you're interested inquire about the way the person's feeling, for instance, if it's a woman be sympathetic and ask, 'How's your foot?'"

Almost any woman is sure to have something the matter with at least one of her feet, so you can't go wrong. And you know, George, how I am at the telephone. "Yes, he says, you stay on the wire till it curls up and goes to bed.' Now, George,' I point out to him, 'you are a man of intelligence who doesn't have to be told that the only kind of wire that can curl up and go to bed is the wire in a bedspring.' 'Leave it lay,' he moans. 'George,' I remind him, you know better than to use such English, a man of your education, my goodness! And, anyway, you say that just as if you weren't talking over the wire, but through the wire of a chicken coop.' But before I can say anything more to help him, George stops his ears and jumps up and rushes out to his own room and slams the door. After a while I peek at him and when I see him with his head in his hands I know George is thinking.'"

I started to remark, "Women telephoning—"

"Yes, isn't it the truth?" clicked Gracie, making a quick connection. "They're good at it. With a woman a telephone call is a social call. She has a lovely visit with her friend. Chatting away, she doesn't stay on the line just a few minutes, she hangs on anywhere from fifteen to half an hour. If you added up all her talk day by day for a year you'd probably find that most of her public speaking, as you might say, is done by phone. Now, you wouldn't know about this, but the one place where she really enjoys letting herself go, conversationally, you understand, is a beauty shop. And that's where, of all places, she ought to keep still, because it's dangerous, my, yes! She has to talk loud under the dryer, and it's a safe bet she doesn't show any sign of throat trouble. Yet for all she knows she may be right next door to the wife of the man she's talking about, and that wife is apt to hear some choice things. To make it worse, some hairdressers and manicurists tell columnists what they've heard—there's money in it, you know, oh, my yes!—then the columnists spill it, and the fat's in the fire. It's enough to make any woman's hair turn bleached. For another thing, take any party. The minute dinner's over, all the women make a bee-line for the powder room and, pff-pff, the air is full of gossip—honest, it's terrible! In New York it's not quite so bad because it's not quite so intimate, with so many dinner parties given in cafés and such, where like as not you don't know your elbow-neighbor in a powder room. But out here in Hollywood people go to other people's rooms and, good gracious, how they do let themselves go when they get there! You know, I often wonder about all this talking in the world, blah, blah, blah, tongues wagging till it's a wonder they don't drop off. The French talk an awful lot—you've noticed that, haven't you?"

"And so do the Mexicans and the Spanish. The funny thing about them is that they take a lot of words to say what we say in a few words, just as the two of us sitting here can get over what we mean without running on and on with words. But I must say that sometimes generally can accomplish great things if they didn't. Look at Margaret Mitchell. Although she simply had to write the biggest book of modern times, and by that I mean the longest book, 'Gone With the Wind,' paid her so well that she certainly didn't waste any words, did she? Now, my sister Hazel is different, just doesn't care how many she wastes, even answers her own questions, and is always saying the wrong things, but she says this is okay by her because it keeps her talking. I do all right myself.'"

Grunting as much, I wondered, "Do years?"

"Yes, indeed they do make a difference," declared Gracie, helpfully taking the words right out of my mouth, bless her. "I think that the best years of a woman's life are spent talking. And if women tried to break themselves of the habit they really wouldn't be women, and men wouldn't like them so well. Talking echoes the best in a woman.
and it's some echo!" Gracie squeezed in a
little laugh. "It grows—the talking, I mean— with years. When a girl gets to a

certain age, sixteen, say, life is grand, oh, joy! But as a talker she's just learning

her A B Cs. It's when a woman reaches

safety that she's really good, for now she

sequences in for reminiscence, and that's where she shines. She has what you call back-

round, and if she misses any part of it

you'd never notice it. She can draw herself

out, if you follow me, like a kitten with a

ball of yarn. All she needs is a man to

listen to her.

I was anxious to know, "What is she?—"

"The effect on a man," deftly supplied

Gracie, "is not so good, I'm afraid, but

that, of course, depends on the man. I once

saw a strange case, rather sad case, too, that of a man who took to eating
tails, didn't actually swallowing them whole, but kept nibbling at them.

Noboy could make out just what it was

that ailed him till an all-star cast of doc-
tors held a consultation at his house and after hearing his wife's testimony brought

in a verdict of lopacious anemia, or some-
thing like that. The doctors said he could

be kept alive with the proper kind of nour-
ishment, but the poor fellow just shook

his head and reached for another tail. Of

course, that was an extreme case. But

speaking generally, I suspect that men

give women, especially modern women, are interested in so many

things, even things outside themselves, which certainly is unselfish of them, isn't it? I don't know how true this is, but I've

heard it's extroverts who do most of the

talking and that there are more extrovert

women than men. But how in the world does

anybody know that? Do canvassers go

around asking people, 'Are you an extrovert,

or an introvert?' and then figure it all out

like a Gallup poll? To me, it's just that

women are more curious than men, and

they're not ashamed of their curiosity.

A man finds out things by himself through

text or something, but a woman likes company. And when it comes to that,

she has an almost constant desire to be

entertaining the opposite sex, which is very

sweet of her. She's awfully interested in
dress, of course, and I suppose this is her fa-
favorite subject of conversation, but don't for-

get, just the same, that she dresses, not for

herself, but for men. Some women, I think,
have too much interest for their own good, but it's a good thing they talk about them,
because talking is an outlet and it kind of

eases the pain. I know it relieves me more

than anything else, takes the strain off my

mind and gives me a nice, easy, peaceful feeling.

Not that everybody can do it, as if it

were second or even first nature. I suppose

it's a gift, and sometimes I wonder . . ."

In her nusing, a strange calm stole over

her. She sat mutely inert, her spirit dozing,
hers hands asleep in her lap. Rest, I felt,
had gently touched her like a blessing. In

the great silence, only the faint ticking of a

clock would be heard. Then, in sudden

ecstasy, Gracie sprang up, her whole being

vibrantly aroused, her face aglow with

revelation, her eyes shining with the light of
discovery.

"Wait, wait a minute!" she cried. "Now

I have it—at last it has come to me—after

all these years—just think of that—well, well, well!" She flung herself ex-

ultantly, triumph flashing from her finger-
tips. "Remember my saying I didn't know

where our family got it from, the talking?

Then, I do know, where we got it from! My

mother had two tongues!"

Amazed I gasped. "Two tongues?"

"That's right," joyously pealed Gracie.

"Mother was born with two tongues. One

was clipped off, but just the same she had

her say. And imagine my forgetting all

about it? Oh well, now I know why I talk

so much!"

---

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Pretty Margaret and Marilyn Ricke, Palatine, Illinois,

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"People always had a hard time tell-
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"But, say! After Margaret won the toss to see who'd use Pepsodent Powder, it was
different! I chose another well-known brand, thinking there couldn't be very
much difference."

For the safety of your smile... use Pepsodent twice a day... see your dentist twice a year.

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**SCREENLAND**

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Everything Happens to Kay Kyser!
Continued from page 34

"Why don't you start an orchestra, Kay?" he asked, "You're popular, and you can get a lot of fellows to join. You can't leave the school without an orchestra." Kay finally decided that he'd combine his cheer-leading activities with a band, so a few days after Kemp left, he put up a sign on the bulletin board which read: "All musicians who want to form a new orchestra report to the gym at 3 this afternoon." About fifteen showed up.

"I took six men from the fifteen," Kay said. "They all played by ear, I sort of pattered around with a clarinet, but I certainly wasn't the musician the rest of the boys were. After a good deal of rehearsal and listening to records of big-name bands, we learned six numbers. We very frankly tried to copy the other top-notch orchestras since we had no arranger or anything like that."

"We clicked at the University all right, and then we got our chance to play our first big dance at the country club at Oxford. Five days before the event, I had the bad judgment to take on an attack of appendicitis."

Kay didn't mention the fact that he decided to have a local anesthetic only so he could watch the whole operation. Four days later, he was back rehearsing for the dance.

"The dance was on a Friday night," Kay continued. "I didn't feel any too comfortable on that Friday morning. I got the most terrific case of cold feet. I was afraid the band would flop. So I told the boys that I had to go to bed early that night so I'd be ready for my cheer-leading duties the next day."

"The fellows played all right, but they played their six numbers over and over again in exactly the same rotation all evening. But since they clicked, I went to the rest of the dances myself and took over my place as the leader."

The band played all over the south for about a year. At the end of nine months, the orchestra numbered ten musicians.

"I was pretty cocky with our success in the south, so we thought we ought to invade the north." A northern booker heard of us and booked us into a dance hall in Pennsylvania. When we got there, we

"I heard let her backache be better
Now her Backache is better
Can't Keep Grandma In Her Chair
She's as lively as a Youngster—"

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.
The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help many people pass about 3 pints a day.
When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nausea, backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, setting up stiffness, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty pains with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.
Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Dean'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 Dean's Pills.

ScreEnLAND
I was in my car with a couple of boys from the band and we had gone as far as Truckee, California, when our money—and our gas—ran out. There was only one thing we could do. To sit on the road and hope that eventually one of the other fellows from the band would drive up.

"We waited almost a day when the band's manager came up with his wife. He had no money, but his wife had ten dollars tucked away. Her mother had given it to her so she would have enough to make a phone call if necessary. Well, she lost her ten dollars. We used that to go on to San Francisco.

"None of us had thought about the toll bridges in San Francisco, so when we got there we found we couldn't get across the bridge because we didn't have enough money. Finally, Sally Mason, one of the musicians and the only member left of our original band, broke his baby's bank to pay for our way across.

"When we got into town, we were hungry and tired. We managed to stay at a little hotel. The proprietor served us our dinners in our rooms—and on the cuff. I didn't feel like going to Frank Martellini and letting him know we were broke.

"As soon as we went to bed, we began to rehearse. We were to open on the following Sunday evening. We worked all day Sunday. I don't think I have ever been as exhausted or as depressed as I was then. I didn't know how we'd go over. The trip had been tough. And we were a long way from home.

"We managed to get through that first night, even though we had never played for a floor show before and had never played an hour broadcast. When it was all over, Mr. Martellini came over to me and said, "Kay, I think you're going to be a big hit. That was the most welcome news I had heard. But I was naturally curious to know how I felt. I knew from the instant I asked him, he said, "Why? Because all the musicians think you stink."

Martellini proved to be right, for Kay and the band stayed a year at the Bal Tabarin Café.

From San Francisco, Kay got an offer to go to the Black Hawk club in Chicago. It was a big change, for Chicago was the testing ground of the up and coming bands. Kay and the musicians arrived in time to begin rehearsal at the Black Hawk. Tensions were high and there was only one thing wrong. The pianist hadn't arrived. And he had the music—and the arrangements, arrangements that had helped to make Kay's band unique.

"They paid me two days past my time to see if they could find him. Two days passed, and then three days. The fellows didn't know what to do. Kay thought of buying some stock arrangements or else making some new ones. Finally, the pianist arrived. Kay probably felt like murdering the man.

"What happened to you?" he asked the pianist.

"I got lost," was the answer.

"Didn't you ever hear of a thing called Western Union?" Kay asked.

"That wasn't the end of their troubles before their opening in Chicago. The day before their debut, the drummer had all of his equipment stolen, equipment valued at $1000. Then Sally Mason had his brand new uniform stolen. But the big thing was yet to come.

"The day of the opening, the band was rehearsing when the manager over the stage looked very nice and quite luxurious. It spelled big time. And then it happened. With a deafening roar, the 2500-pound marquee came down. Only the miracle kept the boys from being killed. The miracle was that the marquee didn't fall flat. It curved as it did.

"Kay's solution had a couple of vertebrae cracked. Violins were broken. One fellow actually got a hair cut from the falling
9-year-old practically didn't result, fanatic road to pet that collapsed. They were houses. Hawk, Kyser's a tarpaulin. "Nevertheless, Kay, I thought of Kyser's band being good, but I didn't think it would bring down the roof."

"As for our being good, I didn't have any conclusive idea about that. And the first few weeks we played at the Black Hawk, I doubted our worth more and more. We played to practically empty houses. Then came Christmas week. All the kids from the neighboring colleges came to the Black Hawk. We found out later that they had liked our band on the radio, but they could never get in to the club. After they had started the ball rolling, we were packed every night."

When 1938 rolled around, Kay and the band started the College of Musical Knowledge. Their success was then firmly assured. "After that, there was no more anxiety, no more worrying about where our next meal was coming from. Our only battle was a mental battle to stay on top. Hollywood has helped us with that battle."

One night on one of his College of Musical Knowledge broadcasts, a "quizie" came up to Kay's stand and said, "Mr. Kyser, here is a present for you." Kay almost collapsed. There she was holding a black cocker puppy in her arms, and the dog was dressed in a white professor's gown and a black cap.

Kay had previously stated over and over that he would have no more dogs. His first pet almost grieved itself to death when he went away for military training some years ago. Then he was given a beautiful police dog which was stolen. Those two experiences were enough for him. But one look at that cocker changed everything. He had to have him. The pup was called Inky, and it's proved more than a trial to Kay. It went on the road with the band when Kay first got it, and everyone had a different idea as to how the dog should be fed. As a result, when the band finally arrived in Hollywood, the dog was so sick that it had to be taken to a hospital to get its stomach back in shape. And when it finally came home to Kay's apartment, it tore up furniture and rugs — and Kay paid out plenty.

While he was making his current picture, "My Favorite Spy," he got an urgent call from his home just as he was in the middle of a big scene. The cast and crew heard Kay yell over the phone, "Get a doctor at once. Don't let him die." They thought some relative was dying, for Kay was as white as a sheet. Later, they learned that Inky had gotten a bone stuck in his throat and the house boy was more than a little worried.

The only thing that has saved Kay some anxiety is that Inky has been taught parlor manners by a regular trainer. That Kay has not had to do.

Kay is still undergoing the unusual. Recently, NBC and RKO decided to give him a birthday party and to have the newscast photographers take pictures of the affair. A couple of weeks of intensive work had gone into the preparation. But at the last moment, the men needed to bring in the lights and equipment for the pictures could not get to the studio. And all because one man was picketing and they were members of the same union.

Then there was Kay's duelling with John Barrymore in "Playmates." He took enough falls to last him a life time. But he's getting more ribbing from his gang now because of his movie marriage in "My Favorite Spy." Kay has never been married in a picture, so he was rather elated when the first scene showed him marching to the altar. His "bride," unfortunately, is Ellen Drew, who was only recently married to Sy Bartlett.

Ellen's not here at all," Kay told me. "She's got moon in her eyes. She thinks she's back in Washington with her husband. It's a crime, that's what it is!"

Ask the boys in Kay's band about him and they'll tell you that he is forever losing his radio script in the middle of a broadcast and having to ad lib. In fact, he ad lib most of his shows. And they'll take special delight in telling you of the time Kay was chased by a cook.

It seems that Kay was very fussy about having his eggs washed, and in restaurants and he was accustomed to going back to the cook to give minute directions. Well, on this certain occasion, Kay went into the kitchen and came flying out a minute later with the chef after him, waving a meat cleaver in one hand. Now Kay takes his eggs as he gets them.

Yes, everything happens to Kay, but he's seen to it that some very nice things happen to other people. Take Ginny Simms, for instance.

Hollywood is still guessing about Kay and Ginny—are they married or aren't they? Have they fought, are they washed up, etc. From here, the possibilities are married cannot be too casually passed up. From many indications, it does seem that Kay is in love with Ginny and she with him. But of late, she has gone out with Helen Parrish's brother and Kay has dated Linda Darnell and others. Yet they see each other often.

When Ginny left him to work exclusively for RKO, there was talk that they had had a difference of opinion. That is far from the truth. Kay, who has spent his life trying to teach people how to be serious, had specialized in music. To occupy some spare moments, she organized a trio of girls. They went to San Francisco for auditions. Nothing happened, but Ginny stuck. Eventually, she landed an interview with Kay who was playing at the Bal Tabarin. Kay liked her voice, but told her that he wasn't in the market for any vocalist yet. He advised her to gain some poise and to keep in touch with him. "If there ever is a place for you," he told her, 'I'll see that you get the chance."

Ginny then joined Tom Gerun's band and went to Chicago. A year after her first in- deed with Kay, they came together, and Kay was hired by KFRC. Kay was playing at the Black Hawk at the time, and his radio sponsors decided that a feminine vocalist would give a lift to the program.

For the first time, Ginny will not be in Kay's new picture, "My Favorite Spy." In his other three films, she played featured roles. And both are missing each other more than a little.

Such is the story of Kay Kyser and Ginny Simms—and the authentic one. As Kay quickly tells you, he is a modest and self-effacing guy. His sense of humor is terrific. He gags continually. He is the busiest fellow in six counties, working seventeen hours a day and holding conferences at breakfast, lunch, and dinner. He is fanatic about one thing only—and that is being seven pounds under his weight a night. He is so conscientious that he drives himself twice as hard as anyone who works for him, and he worries like an old grandpa over his dog.

While he takes his work seriously, he doesn't take himself seriously. His only version is mustaches, and he will not permit any of his band members to turn to his hobby is to attend movies, and he goes for everything from Mickey Mouse to heavy drama.
See what Lux Toilet Soap Active-Lather Facials will do for you

1. "It's lovely soft skin that wins Romance," says this famous screen star. "So it's important to use a real beauty soap. Make Active-Lather Facials with Lux Soap your regular care. First, smooth the creamy lather lightly in—"

2. "Then rinse with warm water, a dash of cool . . . You'll be delighted with the satiny-smooth feeling this beauty care gives your skin.

3. "Pat to dry with a soft towel. This gentle care's a wonderful beauty aid! Try it for 30 days. See what Lux Soap Active-Lather Facials can do for you!"

Rosalind Russell

YOU want the soft, smooth skin that wins romance—a lovely Romance Complexion! Lux Toilet Soap removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics thoroughly—gives skin protection it needs.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
Nature's lovelier now... you can be, too!

"Beautiful like me!"
Baby's complexion is by far the World's loveliest. Baby's beauty counsellor is Doctor. He recommends gentle Ivory Soap for baby's sensitive skin... and yours! New Ivory—milder than ever—brings you safe beauty-care. Give your skin New Ivory's "baby-care!"

Give your skin Ivory care that Doctors advise!

For 'tween-season DRY SKIN!
Your mirror, your fingertips reveal how dry and sensitive winter months have left your skin. Refresh it with Ivory's gentle "baby-care." Doctors advise Ivory for sensitive skins. Just a daily gentle washing with Ivory's velvet-soft, lavish lather and lukewarm water, never hot! Avoid icy rinses, too. This method is approved by skin specialists. Doctor’s beauty counsel is best. He says: New Improved Ivory Soap. It's safe! Contains no dye, medication, or strong perfume that might be irritating.

"Baby-care" is Beauty-care... use New Velvet-suds IVORY

Warmer weather... OILIER SKIN!
Don't let more active oil glands blemish your beauty now. Let Ivory's mild cleansing help keep your skin looking cool and lovely instead of hot and shiny. With Ivory's thick, quick lather and a washcloth, scrub your face in lukewarm water. Follow with warm and cold rinses. Repeat this cleansing at least 3 times daily. This method is approved by skin specialists. More doctors advise Ivory than any other brand of soap. Use New Ivory faithfully, and you soon will use it exclusively!

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FICTIONIZATION

STARRING

NORMA SHEARER, ROBERT TAYLOR

"UNITED WE STAND"

Y! "HER CARDBOARD LOVER"

JIMMY CAGNEY is playing "YANKEE DOODLE DANDY"

Joanette MacDonald's Message to Soldiers' Wives and Sweethearts
Ah-h-h-h!... JEAN GABIN

...More than a glamour-boy!  ...More than a muscle-man!  ...More than a cave man!

AND... he can do more with one glance than most stars can with ten pages of script!

JEAN GABIN

... star of "Grand Illusion" in his first American motion picture... and

IDA LUPINO

in

MOONTIDE

with

THOMAS MITCHELL • CLAUDE RAINS
and JEROME COWAN • HELENE REYNOLDS

Directed by ARCHIE MAYO • Produced by
MARK HELLINGER • Screen Play by John O'Hara
A 20TH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

COMING!

TYRONE POWER • JOAN FONTAINE in

"This Above All"

By ERIC KNIGHT
Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK
Directed by ANATOLE LITVAK
A Hint to the Girl
with a Man in her Life!

HE PHONED—"It's a date with bells on, Beautiful!" To set yourself off on the right foot, you freshen up with a shower or bath—you feel gay as confetti—as bubbling as champagne. But don't expect your bath unaided to keep you dainty all evening long. Bathing only removes past perspiration. To prevent risk of future odor, to stay popular, thousands of girls rely on Mum.

ALL YOUR PLANS to conquer can be undone by even a tiny trace of underarm odor! Perhaps you've seen unhappy girls neglected after even just a few dances! The gayer your evening is—the more you'll need Mum! It takes only 30 seconds to apply gentle, creamy Mum. Yet, without stopping perspiration, Mum guards your charm for many glittering hours—from the first happy "hello" to the last dreamy waltz.

Girls who use Mum say it's grand because:

**MUM SAVES YOUR TIME!** 30 seconds, and you're through ... yet Mum protects your after-bath freshness all day or all evening.

**MUM SAVES YOUR CLOTHES!** It has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to fine fabrics. And gentle Mum won't irritate your skin.

**MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**

Screenland
Call us Nostradamus, Jr. At any rate we’re following in the footsteps of the eminence foreteller.

We are about to prophesy that the Jan Struther novel, "Mrs. Miniver" will be the First Lady of the Screen for ’42.

We have our paw on the pulse of the public when we make our startling prediction. We saw William Wyler’s production of "Mrs. Miniver" in a Hollywood preview.

Let us tell you about that preview.

Prepared for the screen by producer Sidney Franklin, who had had an editorial hand in "Goodbye Mr. Chips", there was reason to believe that "Mrs. Miniver" was an equally creditable picture.

But it was not certain what the public would say.

It was evident that William Wyler, one of the really great directors, had done his finest job.

That Greer Garson as Mrs. Miniver had been perfection itself.

And that Walter Pidgeon as Clem had been dream-like casting.

It was said that no finer supporting cast had ever been assembled than Teresa Wright, Dame May Whitty, Reginald Owen, Henry Travers, Richard Ney, Tom Conway, Henry Wilcoxon.

Still, there was a lot to be learned from the first public reaction to this most unusual type of film about a peaceful little life caught in the maelstrom of the moment.

Imagine the excitement! Only once before— it was the preview of "Big Parade"— had there been such a tremendous public demonstration in favor of a film.

"Mrs. Miniver" had joined the big parade of the screen’s noblest.

Now it’s true we haven’t told you about the story. Perhaps we should have done it, because our purpose is to arouse your interest.

Sounds selfish, doesn’t it?

But when you see "Mrs. Miniver" you’ll remember whom to thank for the tip—  

—Leo
Keep 'em pretty with Dura-Gloss

Its SPECIAL INGREDIENT Resists
Ugly “Fraying” and “Peeling”—Resists Water

Are your hands flying through many extra duties? Get Dura-Gloss Nail Polish right away. Protect your fingernails—all ten of 'em. Keep 'em pretty! Dura-Gloss is unusual because of its swell special ingredient*—stays on your nails, holds its coat of protection without “fraying” and “peeling.” Don't neglect your nails—keep 'em healthy, strong and brightly shining!

* Special ingredient is Chrystallyne, a pure and perfect resinous compound.

DURA-GLOSS

3 new colors for summer—Blackberry, Wineberry, Mulberry

Copyr. 1942, Lorr Laboratories, Paterson, New Jersey—Founded by E. T. Reynolds
DON'T take it too seriously. We mean the purported romance between Joan Crawford and Glenn Ford. It's reached the moonlight-driving, hidden-away-eating-place stage. Glenn has five autographed photographs of Joan up in his room. They spend long evenings listening to romantic recordings. But serious romance is out for Joan, Glenn, who worships beauty, has found a good oollet for his emotion.

THERE were no tears shed when Ronnie Reagan had to say goodbye to Jane Wyman and his daughter Maureen. In fact, Janie gave a party the night before Ronnie embarked for camp. She was determined to be as brave as she knows he's going to be. Ronnie gave up stardom just as his career was soaring. His fan mail is now second only to Errol Flynn's. But he'll be resuming his place soon. As Janie puts it, "Now that Ronnie's in the Army, the war will soon be over!"

WHEN you see "Mrs. Miniver" you'll learn that Richard Ney is a darn good actor—but anything but a glamour boy. All of which makes no difference to Greer Garson. The red-headed woman is supposed to have fallen, hook, line, and a pretty limp, on him! By the way, Richard isn't British. He just talks that way.

Bob Hope and Donna Drake, above right, in scene from "The Road to Morocco," which follows the pattern of former "Road" film trio-starring Hope, Bing Crosby and Dorothy Lamour. Above left, Fred MacMurray, Rosalind Russell and MacDonald Carey in "Take a Letter, Darling," hilarious new comedy. Joel McCrea, Claudette Colbert and Rudy Vallee, right, are making "The Palm Beach Story." Below, another scene with Fred MacMurray. The girl is Paulette Goddard and it's from "The Forest Rangers."

IT'S Jeffrey Lynn—legally now. The star, now serving his "Uncle" at Fort Monmouth, was christened Ragnar Geoffrey Lind. The kids at school always called him "Rags." He grew to hate the name. His girl friend, Margaret Hayes, has been having occasional dates with Leif Erikson. Believe it or not, Leif (who is ready to divorce Frances Farmer) gathers moonstones on the beach where he lives. Margaret is having them polished and made up into costume jewelry.

HOLLYWOOD gossips have tried their darndest to make a serious romance between Ann Sothern and Bob Sterling. They're good friends but nothing more. But you'd really be surprised if you knew what big star was keeping Annie's telephone ringing itself silly! We can't reveal his name (yet) because he's still involved in a fast-fading romance. When it gets to that "thanks for the memory stage," Ann will step out with him.
Glorious News
For A Glorious
JULY 4th!

THE FIRST TIME AT POPULAR PRICES!

After one whole year of acclaim, beginning with the 4th of July you may now see this greatest of great pictures at your theatre's regular admission prices! See it—and celebrate!

GARY COOPER as "Sergeant York"

Presented with Pride by WARNER BROS... with
WALTER BRENNAN • JOAN LESLIE
GEORGE TOBIAS • STANLEY RIDGES
A HOWARD HAWKS PRODUCTION
Produced by JESSE L. LASKY and HAL B. WALLIS

Screen play by Abem Finkel & Harry Chandlee and Howard Koch & John Huston • Based Upon the Diary of Sergeant York • Music by Max Steiner

Screenland
Hail the new Ladd! First name, Alan. Personality, compelling. Talent, terrific. In "This Gun for Hire" he performs the incredible feat of turning audience attention away from Veronica Lake. He's the New Man in movie town.

From his first scene in "This Gun for Hire," newcomer Alan Ladd will hold your interest and arouse your pity, in his role of a cold-blooded killer, Raven, who lives only to wreak vengeance on a society which never gave him a chance. For once the beautiful Veronica Lake plays second fiddle.

Screenland Honor Page
Don't just Dream of Loveliness—
go on the
CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

Try this exciting beauty treatment—
it's based on the advice of skin specialists—praised by lovely brides!

DON'T waste time idly envying the woman whose skin is lovely! With a little time—and the right care—you too, can garner compliments and envious glances! Now—tonight—put your complexion on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet! This exciting idea in beauty care can arouse the sleeping beauty in your skin. For, like so many women, 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.

Skin specialists advise regular cleansing with a fine, mild soap. And Camay is actually milder than dozens of other popular beauty soaps. That's why we say "Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!"

Set aside 30 days in which to give it a fair test. The very first treatment will leave your skin feeling fresh and glowing. In the days to come, your mirror may reveal an enchanting, exciting new loveliness.

GO ON THE MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!

This lovely bride is Mrs. James H. McClure, of Chicago, Ill., who says: "I'm really grateful for the way the Camay Mild-Soap Diet has helped my skin look so lovely!"

Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to the nose, the base of nostrils and chin. Rose 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 face is ready for make-up.
WIN A PRIZE
IN CAMILLE'S EYE CONTEST

You can have prize-winning eyes! Make them lovelier with Camille mascara and enter this exciting contest. Buy any three 10c Camille products at your 5 and 10c store. Send these three cards or box-tops (for reasonable fac-similes) together with your photo or snapshot (preferably face only, and the larger the better). Any number of your photos may be sent, but each must be accompanied by three additional cards. Address: Contest Director, Camille, Inc., Morristown, N. J.

FIRST PRIZE:
A round-trip ticket to Hollywood, all expenses paid, as guest of Republic Pictures, with a screen role for two weeks in a Republic film at $100 per week. IN ADDITION you will be presented with a stunning fur coat from I. J. Fox, "America's Largest Furriers.

OTHER THRILLING PRIZES:
• A strikingly original, 6-piece wardrobe from Townley Focks Inc., consisting of fall suit, daytime dress, dinner gown and lounging pajamas, all created by Claire McCardell, leading American designer.
• An exquisite diamond 17 jewel, iridium-plated platinum Wrist Watch by Gruen, makers of the "Precision Watch."
• A genuine Tecla necklace of perfectly matched pearls from Tecla Pearls, Inc., famous for the "World's Finest Culture Pearls."
• A Scholarship in Fashion and Photographic Modelling at smart Mayfair Mannequin Academy, Fifth Avenue, New York.
• And 5 gorgeous, jewel-encrusted sets of costume jewelry, consisting of bracelet, necklace, earrings and ring, by "Karo," well known Fifth Avenue jewelers.

All entries must be in by July 1st, 1942. (All selections will be final.)

CAMILLE

GLAMOR-EYES MAKEUP
Black Brown Blue Green
Cake Makeup or Cream Mascara — Eyebrow Pencil, 10c at leading 5 and 10c stores, also at many drug stores — Ask for Information Write to Camille, Inc., Morristown, N. J.

SONG POEM WRITERS

The Clean, Odorless Way to REMOVE SUPERFLUIDS HAIR!


VELVATIZE
House of Lechler, Dept. 157, 560 Broadway, New York City

By Betty Boone

Inside the Stars' Home

Gail trims the terrace, below, and one of the tables for her July 4th party.

4th of July means more than ever this year, and Gail Patrick plans a very special party

WHEN Gail Patrick was a child, her family made a tremendous fuss about birthdays. She was a queen on her birthday; didn't have to go to school, needn't do any chores, could select the day's menus, wear what she chose, while everyone else did as she suggested and a Birthday Man arrived with her birthday gifts, just as an Easter Bunny comes with Easter eggs.

Fourth of July was Gail's father's birthday when a similar excitement reigned in the family, so that, looking back, Gail can't untangle the thrills that belonged to her father's natal day and those that came with the birthday of her country.

"We spent our summers on the river, so that the 4th was always celebrated there," she recalls. "It may have been that fire-works were not permitted outside the city, or it may have been that my parents disapproved of them where there were children, but at any rate we had none. We had picnics instead."

Any of us attempting to use fireworks this year of war may be inviting Mr. Leon Henderson's wrath. Gail, for one, is going to celebrate with an informal patio picnic. Many of Gail's friends are with the armed services; any who can get leave will be found playing table tennis on her flagged court, lounging on the tiled patio, or devouring delectable dishes at white tables set around it or in the adjoining Flag Room.

Gail likes to serve cool drinks—fruit lemonade, iced tea, ginger ale, iced coffee. One wrinkle for the 4th is to put a cinnamon drop into ice cubes as they freeze; this turns the ice red or puts a red pattern through it and is decorative.

"For guests who drop in throughout the day, I'll have sandwiches, regular kind and open-faced, my special cake, and lots of cookies and fruit," planned Gail. "My open-faced sandwiches can double as canapés. If you choose. Take thin bread and fry it lightly; this keeps it crisp till eaten. Cut out with cookie cutters in stars, bars, cres-
Gail’s Special Cake

1/2 cup sweet butter
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
3/4 cup seedless raisins
3/4 cup currants
1/2 cup chopped walnuts
1 1/4 cups hot, thick unsweetened apple sauce
1 1/4 cups cake flour (Swansdown)
1 teaspoon soda (Arm & Hammer)
1 teaspoon cloves (Burnett’s)
1 teaspoon cinnamon (Burnett’s)
3/4 teaspoon Royal baking powder

Method:
1. Sift together sugar, shortening, eggs, currants, raisins and nuts.
2. Add dry ingredients alternately with hot apple sauce to creamed mixture.
3. Add raisins, currants and nuts last.
4. Mix well.
5. Fold in egg whites.
6. Bake in two 8” cake pans for 30 minutes at 350 degrees.
7. Put together with coconut butter icing.

Coconut Butter Icing

3/4 cup sweet butter
3 cup powdered sugar
3/4 cup thick cream
5/8 teaspoon vanilla (Burnett’s)
6 ounces grated fresh coconut

Method:
1. Cream butter and sugar together until smooth.

2. Add cream and vanilla and beat thoroughly. (If necessary, a little more cream may be added to make icing easy to spread.)
3. Add half of fresh grated coconut and mix thoroughly.
4. Put between layers (using plenty) and top and sides of cake.
5. Sprinkle remaining coconut on top and sides of cake.

Note: Vanilla butter icing is made with the same method and the same ingredients, with the exception of the fresh coconut.

For the 4th of July guests who remain for the evening, Gail serves an elegant buffet supper. “I may have spaghetti with a special sauce, minced ham, green salad, toasted French bread, fruit and cheese. Or perhaps I’ll serve a hot dish of creamed chicken or baked beans or perhaps toasted sandwiches and potato salad.” My potato salad is distinguished for its dressing, I use whipped cream in the mayonnaise and add chopped almonds and chopped sweet pickles. You know how potato salad packs down? This makes it nice and fluffy.

(Please turn to page 68)
DRAMA!

Blood-curdling as the icy winds that howl through the vastness of the Arctic wastes!

Romance!

In a land where emotions are wild and turbulent—far from civilization’s law!

It’s a BIG PICTURE

FIRST PRIZE LETTER

$10.00

I have a job—it’s not going to an office or punching a clock—it’s keeping one of Uncle Sam’s sailors happy and trying to make his last hours pleasant ones.

Frank’s not an officer—he’s a seaman and we’re among the millions who have to find good entertainment in the moving picture theaters. (They fit our budget.) Here’s an orchid to the neighborhood shows that make this possible and to the producers for their comedies that do so much for all the boys in the service. Please keep up the good work and give us more slapstick and comedies we can laugh out loud at and relax. And keep them about the boys in camps so they can live the leads themselves.

Thanks for your part in keeping up morale in the good old U. S. A.

MRS. FRANK HUNT, JR., Houston, Texas.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER

$5.00

Hollywood is truly miraculous. It never seems to run out of ideas or material for new pictures. In the last year, they have had another stroke of genius. That stroke of genius was the acquisition of top-flight dance orchestras for motion pictures. Orchestras in pictures, prior to this year, were for the most part a dismal failure. I believe that failure was due to the fact that at that time, Hollywood did not fully comprehend the tremendous appeal that a great band could give a picture, and for this reason, the orchestras were given a back seat. But Hollywood, as usual, was quick to recover from that momentary error, and now they appreciate the fact that a Goodman, Dorsey, or Miller is selling power plus.

The modern American dance orchestra is a big business, and has a big following. No one can prove otherwise. Because of this advantageous situation, I feel certain that the motion picture industry and the music world are going to do some fancy collaborating. Already Miller, both Dorsey, Crosby, Shaw, Herman and others have made pictures. More are to come, and most assuredly the bands will get bigger and better billing.

It is rumored that a certain large studio is planning to feature the Dorsey Brothers and their two orchestras in a picture. If this, as yet undetermined arrangement, comes to pass, it will consolidate once and

Tell it to SCREENLAND

Got a complaint? Well, you’d better tell it to SCREENLAND since you can’t “tell it to the Marines” these days—our trusty leathernecks being much too busy. And what’s more you can turn your complaints into War Savings Stamps and your Stamps into War Savings Bonds to help Keep ‘Em Flying for Uncle Sam. To put it plainly, we’re inviting you to write a letter about the movies. Complaints are as welcome as compliments. Closing date, 25th of month. First prize, $10.00; second prize, $5.00; and five prizes of $1.00 each, all payable in War Savings Stamps.

Please address your letters to SCREENLAND’s Fans’ Forum, 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y., for all America’s two greatest entertainment fields.

DEAN LUCE, New Hampton, N. H.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS

$1.00 Each

Perhaps the Fans’ Forum isn’t the place for arguments, but I beg to disagree with a letter written by Miss Betty Toles.

I see no reason whatever why modern glamour girls should not be converted into wrinkled old women, if the success and reality of a really good movie depend upon it. It would be a wonderful, if queer, world in which none of us would grow old. We all know that time passes and we grow old with time. Therefore, if it is necessary for time to pass before a story can be completed, can’t a glamour girl sacrifice her beauty for at least a part of the picture? I, for one, do not go to a movie to see a pretty face. Glamor is all right, but too much is sometimes sickening. Some fans prefer good acting to beauty. Though growing old may not show acting ability, it adds the touch of humanity and reality, without which no movie can be a real success.

One picture I shall never forget is
Jimmy Serenade." I didn't mind watching the beauty of Irene Dunne fade, as her role little daughter grew up. And, as I know, none of my friends were either of the picture.

Roxie Hart," in which George Moulton and Velma Thomasson grew old, would not have been half as impressive or funny, had he not grown and told what had happened to the audience. The story, Could Roxie have a left alone in the courtroom at the end of the picture?

So, I think anyone who objects to age-motion pictures is very wrong. I would see a stirring human story, withoutuity and glamour, if I must choose.

BEETY GUSTAVSON, Greencastle, Minn.

You have offered your Forum as a forum for expressing likes and dislikes motion production—so here I go! I have just seen another picture in the "con" series. Of all the colossal insults to the star of the picture, George Sanders, sit above anything as cheap, amateurish, as I say the "Falcon" series. I once did that John Barrymore had named Mr. Sanders "one of the greatest actors in the world." To my mind, this is no mistake. I have seen only two other people to have such a consistent ability to express as vividly the deepest emotions—they are Conrad Veidt and Madame Maria Manderskaya.

I am glad to read that Mr. Sanders is coping the "Falcon" pictures and going to bigger and better roles. I hope that "M. H. Pulham, Esq." to definitely blow the lid. Whoever was to blame for casting her as a smug, self-made working girl (who didn't even know enough to take her man—when she found him) ought to be shot at sunrise. The situation reeks of a deliberate, bold plot to crush her. Certainly there was nothing subtle about the horse-tail knotted on the back of her neck and her lovely forehead eclipsed by the same hideous hair-do. At first, I thought the brittle, top-heavy young woman was Ruth Hussey trying to imitate Hedy, Grievance No. 2: Hedy gapping with wide-eyed dumbness and awe in the face of old family grandeur. No. 3: dressed like a rag-doll for the winter sports. Her later disguise as a handsome, successful heart-hungry older woman

When Jean Ames is not needed for scenes at Warners, she can usually be found sitting at the edge of the swimming-pool, taking advantage of California's sunny weather and getting herself a nice coat of tan.

I've been slowly boiling about the welfare of Hedy Lamarr for some time but it took her appearance in "H. M. Pulham, Esq." to definitely blow the lid. Whoever was to blame for casting her as a smug, self-made working girl (who didn't even know enough to take her man—when she found him) ought to be shot at sunrise. The situation reeks of a deliberate, bold plot to crush her. Certainly there was nothing subtle about the horse-tail knotted on the back of her neck and her lovely forehead eclipsed by the same hideous hair-do. At first, I thought the brittle, top-heavy young woman was Ruth Hussey trying to imitate Hedy, Grievance No. 2: Hedy gapping with wide-eyed dumbness and awe in the face of old family grandeur. No. 3: dressed like a rag-doll for the winter sports. Her later disguise as a handsome, successful heart-hungry older woman

years ago. Miss de Havilland may never win an Academy Award—so what? Her pictures draw more fans to the theaters than pictures starring Ginger Rogers, Dorothy Lamour, Hedy Lamarr, Joan Fontaine, Lana Turner and Ava Gardner. I'm very certain. I liked the cover of Olivia on the April Screenland and found the story about her in that issue very interesting. I hope that I will continue to see more and more of my favorite glamour girl from now on.

PRIVATE JACK BARR, Port Jackson, S. C.

The first time I saw him was at the flattering disadvantage of "standing-room only," during the stage version of "The Philadelphia Story." Later, I recognized him as the memorable "maniac" in an Errol Flynn film. His deft characterization in "H. M. Pulham, Esq." gave glimpses of greatness, soon fulfilled by the idealistic, inebriate friend of "Johnny Eager." Versatile Van Hefflin has a quality of impressive naturalness and true artistry, destined to provide competition for future "Oscar-contenders", and much for the great-American-audience to justly applaud.

MARY E. LAUBER, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Please send FREE BROCHURE.
Contact! Gee Whiz! And a couple of whoopees! A new ceiling has been reached in the ever-widening field of cinema!

For those who have been yearning for some genuine, he-man, honest-to-goodness filmfare, Captains of the Clouds' will most certainly appeal to those who fly in this skyworthy vehicle, we have emoting that it is good, so good, we almost feel the ozone rushing over our faces as Jimmy Cagney soars about in the Clouds! To see him flying against the Luftwaffe, and to watch him cleverly out-wit the other pilots would seem quite enough, but there is more, much more! This is Dennis Morgan— attractive, virile and even more than when we last met. Then, there is Alan Hale, who never lets us down when it comes to extra excitement. With Brenda Marshall for something special in way of ornament, here is a picture which will set a new standard in film photography!

Contact! We're taking off with "Captains of the Clouds"! Cheerio!

RUBY M. CHAPMAN, Birmingham, Ala.

To my mind Screenland has done a great deal more than any other magazine in aiding young screen stars struggling for note in a field of immense competition. We fans love to see our old favorites in your gorgeous photography section, but give us a young player like Alda Ladd, Elaine Morey, and William Lundigan a break is a swell idea. Keep it up!

MARY COSTELLO, Denver, Colo.

I love the movies but:
Why don't they give us a rest on Veronica Lake, Hedy Lamarr, and all Hollywood's love affairs, Erol Flynn's happenings at home and abroad, Joan Crawford's voice lessons, and so on?

Why don't they tone down Billie Burke's birdlike chirps and flutterings a bit?

Why don't they make one picture with Wally Beery where his hair is not mussed all over his brow?

Why don't they give us just one candid shot of one of the movie lassies at play which doesn't show her boo-zum clear to HEP?

Why don't they let Dorothy Lamour have just ONE expression that isn't smouldering (although she smoulders very nicely)?

Why don't they allow most of the gals to gain a few pounds? Hip-bones, collarbones, and sharp angles are interesting to an anatomist, but not to the average male moviegoer.

Why don't they make more cheerful, really GOOD comedies—not zanies (we are sick of them) but movies with everyday comedy plots about people like US?

Why don't I stop criticizing the movies when I see a picture at least three times a week?

J. HENRY BOWEN, Columbus, Ohio

SCREENLAND

BOOKS AND MOVIES

LOVES Moran, screen newcomer who makes debut in "Yankee Doodle Dandy," will appear in "The Hard Way," but hopes rise to stardom won't be a hard climb.
A year ago only a printed remembrance from an insurance agent and a pair of gloves from "good old Helen." And now... all this!

There were Bill's flowers, Henry's orchids, an exquisite bottle of perfume from Loran, three telegrams, and a dozen other assurances that the awful year of loneliness lay behind her forever.

"How nice to see people and to be liked again!" she thought—and then, eyeing Bill's flowers, "How wonderful to be loved!"

Life was really worth living now... might have been all along if she hadn't been such a fool.

Looking back it didn't seem possible that a normally attractive and popular girl could have been so gradually yet so completely dropped as she had been. But that is the way gossip works—and a girl found guilty of this trouble* only once may be continually under suspicion.

And had it not been for Helen's friendly but brutal candor she might never have known what it was or what to do about it.

**How About You?**

No matter what your other good points are they may be overlooked if you have *halitosis* (bad breath). Incidentally, anyone may have it. The worst of it is you may not know when you offend this way, so common sense tells you not to take chances.

Why not get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic as a mouth rinse every night and morning and between times, before business and social appointments? This wonderful antiseptic, with its delightful effect, not only freshens the entire mouth but makes the breath sweeter, purer, less likely to offend. Countless fastidious people, popular people never, never omit it.

While some cases of halitosis are systemic, most cases, according to some authorities, are due to bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles on tooth, gum and mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors that fermentation causes.

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for oral hygiene**

*For oral hygiene and toothpaste.*
THERE has never been anything like it before and probably never will be again. I saw it and I still can’t believe it. But it’s true. The Hollywood Victory Caravan for Army and Navy Relief, twenty-two of the topflight movie stars and eight starlets, came, were seen, and conquered—and if a few Irene creations were torn and a few famous arms bruised and some celeb rated nerve systems upset in the struggle, it was well worth it to all concerned. As the elegant and fastidious Claudette Colbert told me, after the Washington and Philadelphia shows (and with eleven more cities still to say)—“What we’ve been through! But we love it.”

Master of ceremonies Bob Hope worked as hard, or harder, getting up new gags with Jerry Colonna than he works on his own high-paid pictures and radio programs—and this show was only the start of his long personal appearance tour to entertain 100,000 soldiers and sailors, the longest tour any entertainer has ever done donating his services, on vacation time, too. Of course, Bob frankly enjoys an audience; he can’t help owning wherever he is; it’s as much fun for him as for us, as he admits—BUT he’s doing it “for free” and FOR FREEDOM.

The Caravan, with Colbert, Hope, the two Joans, Blondell and Bennett, Cary Grant, Olivia de Havilland, aurel and Hardy, Eleanor Powell, the invincible Irish Gio of Cagney, O’Brien, and McHugh—and guess who’s most popular? It’s Pat they yell at—all these and many more who left their comfortable Hollywood homes and dressing rooms for a barnstorming tour of thirteen one-night stands of America’s big cities, rubbed elbows, no sulking, with their fans. Sold-out everywhere it played, the huge three-hour variety show was a sensation, each act actually doing an act, not just twittering “I’m so happy to be here.” They worked, these pampered pets, as they probably have never worked before—or since they became famous. They TROUPED, these fabulous darlings did, they took it, they knocked themselves out—but in what a cause! Something tells me that more War Savings Stamps and Bonds will be bought in the cities where the Caravan played than were bought here before. Good Americans, giving their services in a spirit understood and appreciated by all other good Americans, are a guarantee of Victory!

Delight Evans
"Men must fight, and women must WORK!" says Jeanette. "There's no time for weeping in this world today. Wives must stop being the Little Woman, and be women!"

By

Elizabeth Wilson
Jeanette without Gene,” I thought as my car climbed to the top of Bel-Air road, “Jeanette without Gene, that’s going to be pretty grim.” I sort of added this visit. And always before I had looked forward with delight to invitations to the MacRaymonds—although my poor car invariably strained its guts to be the grade. (So high on the side of the hill do my live that impetuous young aviators from Lockheed constantly have to resist the urge to fly right through Jeanette’s bedroom window. Some day she’s going to wake up and find a propeller on her dressing table.)

Five years ago Gene had brought his red-headed bride his hill-top home, and carried her across the threshold the traditional manner. It was his home—he had paid it out and he had bought it—and he loved it, every nook and cranny of it. But he loved his duty even more. Soon after Pearl Harbor Gene only volunteered in the Army Air Force and secured leave-of-absence from his studio, RKO. A pile of months ago, looking very handsome in his uniform, he left for a camp back East where he is working on his new job as a soldier. And if I knew Gene he’d work hard enough for his regiment of soldiers.

“I don’t think I’m going to like it,” I thought as I parked in the reway, so sad about it all that for first time I completely forgot to go into a rage over the MacRaymond drive which, I always snarled, “must have been built for scooters, certainly not for us.” I couldn’t help but recall all the mad times and wonderful laughs I’d had there with Gene and Jeanette. Like the night that the Very Important Thom from England asked for tea or dinner, only to be told by the new waiter, who was frank if nothing else, “Madame, there isn’t any tea in the house,” while Jeanette tried to remonstrate she was a lady and Gene spattered raspberry mousse on the tablecloth. I called those gay, chatty Sunday morning breakfast parties, which followed Jeanette’s naive discovery of the waffle iron, and how Gene and Nelson Eddy and John Mack Brown used to pretend were seized with acute indigestion, and more recently I recalled the fun we all had at “Date Leaves”—those all spend-the-day parties Gene and Jeanette had given every Sunday for the girls in the Army, Navy and Marines. If I were asked to name the ten best places in Hollywood Gene Ray mond’s wife would head the list. Casual, unassuming, easy, and as friendly as a heap of puppies, Gene was always the perfect host—very to pushing panting, like myself, up the steep hill from the swimming pool.

No, the old place wouldn’t be the same without Gene. And if I needed consoling, just think what Jeanette MacRaymond, like thousands of other American wives and sweethearts today, sent on man off to war with a smile. Gene Ray mond is now a Lieutenant in the Army Air Force Combat Command. Jeanette is now a state director of the American Women’s Voluntary Services, and she is also keeping the home fires burning by sticking to her job.
NOT so long ago a man stood in the White House, proud and humble, while his President clasped round his neck the ribbon of a special Congressional Medal. No, he wasn't a general or a diplomat or even one of those fabulous airmen this generation has bred. He was a hoofer of another generation named George M. Cohan, and Congress had awarded him the medal for outstanding service to the cause of Americanism.

Because Cohan's a good American, another good American is playing "Yankee Doodle Dandy." Ever since the older actor wrote the story of his life, James Cagney has wanted to do it on the screen—because it's the story of a typical American family like his own, papa, mama and the kids, never mind that they happened to work in show business— and because through its human weave runs the thread of a man's love for his country.

To Cagney and his producer brother Bill, it seemed that "Yankee Doodle Dandy" had something to say to the country. This was in the days before Pearl Harbor, when conflicting opinion confused and divided us. In Cohan's feeling there was no room for division. In the face of threatened danger, there was room only for America and what she (Continued on page 58)
Because George M. Cohan is a good American, another good American is portraying him in the patriotic picture of the year—the story of a typical family like yours and mine—and like Jimmy Cagney’s. Here’s a great feature with "scoop" photos!
Her hair swept across one eye and her name swept across the country. It tickles her that the reason they changed it to Veronica Lake was because they thought Constance Keane, her own name, was too theatrical. She had no trouble getting used to it, though. Her old friends call her Connie, her new friends Ronnie, so there's only a letter to choose between them.

You'd never pick her out of a crowd as a glamour girl. She doesn't look like one, act like one nor aspire to be one—off-screen. There's something almost mouselike about the demure unobtrusiveness of her appearance. The blaze is within.

She's five foot two, weighs less than a hundred pounds despite a flourishing appetite, and looks like a child despite her twenty-two years. In restaurants she's taken for a minor and has to produce identification before she can get a glass of sherry. She wears her hair tucked up or in pigtails, and gets a kick out of people who, coming to gape at the smoldering Lake, drop their jaws and mutter, "What! That infant!"

Only on second glance do you begin to discover the girl on the screen—in the cameo-clear features, the heavy-lidded eyes, the perfectly-built body. She insists that the girl on the screen is a stranger to her, that it makes her feel silly to identify her with herself. Ronnie's hair, for instance, often irritates Connie. She gets an irresistible impulse to reach up and push it away from her eye.

She refuses to play up to her screen reputation—dresses, acts and lives as she pleases, and pleases to do all three simply. She wears jackets and skirts and low-heeled shoes to the studio. Her favorite jacket of the moment is a fringed leather affair she brought back from Tia Juana because it makes her look like Annie Oakley, and she hoped if producer Pop Sherman saw her in it, he'd let her do a "Hopalong Cassidy" picture.

Round the house she wears slacks and blouses—she's firm about the blouses. Not sweaters—just sloppy old blouses you can dump into the wash-tub and at least they're fresh. She likes things you can dump into the wash-tub—that's why her summer wardrobe features almost exclusively pinafores and peasant frocks. In pinafore, sandals and pigtails she went shopping with her mother one day. While Mrs. Keane waited for a package, Veronica wandered into the hat department and tried on a couple. "Mustn't play with them, dearie," admonished a saleswoman, then to the approaching Mrs. Keane: "Oh, is that your little girl? Guess she thought she was going to buy a mummy a hat."

She can live happy without furs or jewels, hates to see small girls—like herself—drooling with foxes, and prefers a plain cloth coat to what she calls sable-dyed fish. The only fur coat she owns is a white baby lamb, peasant style, built for warmth rather than elegance, and bought because mornings are cold in California, especially at five—her rising hour since war put the studios on an eight-to-five schedule.

She thinks every wardrobe should include one really good set of costume jewelry—a heavy piece to wear with plain black, a clip and earrings for other costumes. She once heard a girl say in all good faith to an actress: "What beautiful costume jewelry!" The jewels were real, the actress got sore and Veronica giggled. Since real stuff looks like costume stuff anyway, she argues,
she'd rather have the stuff that looks like what it is.

Makeup for street and evening is the same. Her skin is pale, her brows and lashes fair. So she uses mascara, a brown eyebrow pencil and a pale pink rouge base which she works into the whole cheek to produce the effect of a faint even glow, and lipstick, of course. Lemon in the rinsing water when her hair gets washed, but she swears she'll never bleach it. Long fingernails are another abomination, and she won't use polish. An extra on the "This Gun for Hire" set admired her scarlet-tipped talons. "Mine won't grow," she moaned. "I have to use phony ones."

"What do you think these are?" said Ronnie, and popped one off.

Blue and red are her favorite daytime colors, black for night. She can't stand bare midriffs or necks cut way down, and thinks there's more sex appeal in a body beautifully gowned than in acres of nudity. She hates to see women dressed up like Astor's pet horse and, even for dinner wear, considers nothing so charming as a suit, well and simply cut, over a tailored white shirt.

She can take dancing or leave it alone. Since their marriage a year and a half ago, the young John Detlies have been out night-clubbing just three times. The last time was at Ciro's, to celebrate their first anniversary, and Ronnie's gown caused a sensation—not because of its swank. In "Sullivan's Travels" she wore a period costume of black lace, complete with hoops and pantalettes. Her husband loved it.

"Look honey," he said, "next time we go out, would you wear that dress?" So she detached hoops and pantalettes and wore it to Ciro's, oblivious of raised brows. Whatever the gals may have thought, the boys were with John. Photographers clamored for pictures. She hadn't, however, worn the gown for effect. She does as she pleases, and it pleased her to do what John asked.

On the screen she does as she's told. She knows that what's happened to her happens to few. She knows there's a quality in her—call it glamour, the life force, sex appeal, what you like—which the screen projects, which has bowled the public over. On the strength of one picture, Veronica Lake's a name, and her hair is the trademark for that name. Kids all over the country look at the world one-eyed because of her. A dust-mop falls out of a closet, and Red Skelton moos: "Veronica Lake just tumbled into my arms." A cop with imagination stops a motorist, driving by the light of one headlamp. "What're you tryin' to pull? A Veronica Lake?" She knows the value of legend. She wears her hair over one eye a couple of times at least in every picture. She'll be glamour girl, siren, femme fatale—whatever the fans want and the script calls for. Off-screen she's Constance Keane Detlies and can't be bothered.

The whole thing came about through a series of accidents or the finger of fate, depending on your viewpoint. As a kid in her home town of Lake Placid, she never wanted to be anything but a healer, demanded a nurse's uniform on her fourth birthday, hauled home all the damaged birds and beasts in the neighborhood, and did them up in splints. Only child of an artist, she spent much of her time with adults. Dolls left her indifferent. She thought play-acting silly, and never tried out for a school production. The movies were just the movies, but an operating room held magic, and when a doctor friend of her father offered to let her watch an appendectomy, she turned starry-eyed. When (Please turn to page 62)
HERE are a lot of kids who think they can be happy though married, but who are meeting a good deal of objection to their plans on the grounds that they are too young to know what it's all about. Well, if the case of Mr. and Mrs. Tim Holt is any example, take the leap, kids! If you have the common sense and foundation necessary, youth need be no obstacle. It can be an advantage.
Take the leap, kids—with a big IF! If you are as smart and sensible as the Tim Holts, for example

By Jack Holland

AFRAID TO MARRY YOUNG!

"Virginia and I were young when we were married," said Tim, son of the famous Jack Holt, as he was taking a respite from horse operas to do a lead in Orson Welles' (Please turn to page 80)
VEN here in Florida where there were no memories to plague her, no shared moments to tantalize and remember, Consuelo couldn't put Tony Barling out of her thoughts. Her love for him was like a sickness, a fever that never ended.

Night after night she went to the Casino Club in her desperate attempt to forget, plunging recklessly at the end of her life, trying to make the excitement of gambling take the place of that other excitement. But it didn't help. Nothing helped. Not even the tall, handsome young man with the humorous quirk to his mouth, his eyes so glowing as he stared at her night after night, could break through that armor she had encased about herself.

He was there now as she walked out on the terrace of the club and Terry Trindale felt his heart turning to water as he looked at her. No other girl had been able to do that to Terry, confident young song writer that he was. But this girl was different. She made all the pat phrases he had used in his songs become vital and real. Her eyes so sad, so haunted, were all the things he had ever put to music. Night after night he had come here just to be near her and always there had been that aloofness about her which was like a closed door between them. But tonight Terry had to speak.

"I love you," he said suddenly. He had meant the words to be a whisper but they sounded like a shout, with the pounding of the ocean below echoing the pounding of his heart.

She turned, startled. "You don't believe in long speeches do you?" Her voice sounded as if all life had been drained out of it. "Will you please get out of my way?" And then as he stood there unmoving, "I need only raise my voice and you'll be thrown out on your ear."

"You're not afraid of me, (Please turn to page 85)
In Portland, Oregon, Jack Carson has the distinction of being one of the most-hated men on the screen. You see, he married a Portland girl, Kay St. Germain—in August, 1940. The newspapers thereabout carried big headlines: "Portland Girl Weds Movie Actor.

Those headlines made people thereabout suddenly Carson-conscious. They looked for his name in theater ads and went out of their way to take in those pictures. They wanted to see the Hollywood catch the local girl had made for herself.

"And the more they saw," says Jack wryly, across a luncheon table in Warners' Green Room, "the less they understood how any girl—but especially a Portland girl—could sign up for life with a heel like me. Why, I was the big so-and-so who maltreated Jimmy Cagney all through 'The Strawberry Blonde.'"

Then, in further proof of his reputation, there is that incident that happened the other Thursday night when he and his wife went out to dinner. In the restaurant they selected, there was a line of standees waiting for tables. To kill the waiting time, Jack and his wife went into the cocktail lounge to have a Martini. There, they had hardly sat down, when a gent who was two-and-a-half sheets to the wind wavered over to their table and demanded belligerently, "Aren't you Jack Carson?"

Jack modestly admitted his identity. Whereupon the gent reared back and said, "I thought so! I want you to shoomin'. If you're anything like you are on the screen, I'm shory you're a Canadian—'cause I'm a Canadian." And, with that, he swung.

He missed, because Jack ducked. The gent lost his balance and would have parked his face on the floor if Jack hadn't caught him, then invited him to sit down and talk things over. After another drink and fifteen minutes' acquaintance with Carson in person, he said jovially, "I was only kiddin' before. I knew you couldn't be that rotten off the screen."

Commenting on that, Jack confides, "I must say heel-ing pays off handsomely. But once in a while I get tired of that question: 'Are you really like you are on the screen?' And," he adds, "I'd sort of like to get it across that I'm not Heel Number One. Don't forget Hitler and Hirohito."

In person, Jack has none of that brash, back-slapping heartiness, that phony over-friendliness, that his screen characters are apt to have. He's surprisingly quiet, low-spoken. He's a non-blowhard, with a sense of humor, who knows he isn't homely, but doesn't think he's handsome either. He strikes you as a big (six-feet-two), easy-going good-natured guy, with a strictly normal set of reflexes. He's such a healthy specimen that he doesn't think twice about having oysters and ice cream at the same meal. We can testify to that, personally—now that we've recovered from our consternation not to mention our awe.

How, under the Hollywood sun, did he ever find fame as a heel? It's about time he confessed.

"I didn't plan things this way," he begins diffidently, "I've never been any good about managing my future."

For two or three generations, his family has migrated back and forth across the Canadian border, so that it has always been a toss-up whether the children would be born in Canada or the United States. Jack didn't manage to be born on this side. The stork deposited him in a little town named Carman, Manitoba, 50 miles out of Winnipeg.

His family moved back to the United States when he was about three, and Jack has been here ever since, but technically he's still a Canadian. (Please turn to page 83)
Who's a heel? Jack Carson, of course, and he makes us like it

CONFessions
OF A
HOLLYWOOD HEEL

By
James Reid

But Carson can't always be a heel. Sometimes he even wins the gal, as in "Larceny, Inc.,” with Jane Wyman (below).
First comes the bruise, then comes the sprain, and then comes concuss-shun of that brain!" Completely bewildered, I carefully closed Mary Martin’s white picket gate and slowly approached the house. What a peculiar song for the My-Heart-Belongs-to-Daddy girl to be singing. I thought, maybe things weren’t so pretty-pretty in the Hollywood household. Maybe Mary was plotting a little blackmail. With a blunt instrument. Maybe I should warn Dick. “Then comes concuss-shun of that brain,” Mary gave it the old swingeroo.

But I might have known. Mary, like dozens of other movie stars in Hollywood, like thousands of women all over the United States, was merely studying her First Aid. While her family took to cover.

“Come in, come in,” she greeted me gleefully with a fanatical gleam in her eyes. “I’m cramming for my First Aid exam tomorrow. How would you like a fractured upper arm? I don’t know that one very well and I’m mighty anxious to learn.”

“I’d prefer a double brandy,” I whispered painfully. “I’m a fugitive from a First Aid class. Some dope discovered my pressure points last night and I doubt whether I’ll ever be able to talk again. My wind-pipe will never be the same. But neither will her groin. Mercy, the house is haunted!” I did a double-take and sank into a chair. “What in heaven’s name is that?”

The weirdest apparition was stretched out on the floor over near the piano. It was like something you expect to find in a Boris Karloff picture, but certainly not in a movie star’s living room. Its head was all done up in a bandage which dipped slightly over one eye—giving the impression of a Lily Daché turban with a Veronica Lake complex—its arm was in a sling, and its hip was swathéd in bandages of unbleached muslin.

“That,” announced Mary, “is Marjory Garland. She’s from Texas and she goes to First Aid class with me. Honey, is that head bandage too tight?”

Marjory said it wasn’t, but I was sure she was lying through her teeth. I know that blue look when I see
These exclusive photographs were taken in Mary's home, between studio work and radio rehearsals. Hollywood women may once have led an easy, luxurious existence, but the war has changed all that.

I taught her. But she also has a very promising voice and a definite talent for dramatics. She's either going to be the next Zorina, the next Jeanette MacDonald, or the next Bette Davis. We haven't decided which. In the meantime, big-hearted Mary (always ready to give a gal a break, even in a First Aid class) is sponsoring her career, and seeing to it that Marjory has vocal and dramatic lessons. Thanks to Mary, Marjory now has a small part in the new Mary Martin-Dick Powell-Rudy Vallee picture at Paramount, called "Happy Go Lucky." Well, if you're a protege I suppose you have to be nice about being bandaged. Marjory was doing her best to keep tears out of her one exposed eye.

"Now, honey," said Mary to her victim, "I'll just have to try that fractured upper arm bandage on you. Place the arm in a normal position bending the right angle at the elbow," Mary read from her First Aid text book. "If I hurt you you must yell, like the instructor said, but not too loudly—remember what happened to me the other night in class."

I was curious, of course, and while she was busy with her splint I wormed it out of her. Seems that Mary's instructor told all the "victims" to groan or yell with pain when they were being bandaged if the First Aiders moved an arm or a leg unnecessarily. This would give it the realistic touch. When Mary was being bandaged by Jean Arthur she gave out with a yell so blood-curdling that at least six Bel-Air families quietly retiring for the evening rushed to the telephone to report a murder. Jean said Mary didn't have to be quite so realistic with her yells, and Mary said that Jean didn't have to be so darned realistic with her knots, and a beautiful friendship (Mary and Jean have been best) (Please turn to page 66)
HI, STINKY!
The strange and stimulating success story of Robert Cummings

By Gladys Hall

Just to look at Bob Cummings casually, you wouldn't go into a tizzy. Meeting him for the first time, you would think, here is a personable young man, six feet one inch tall, weight 175 pounds or thereabouts, dark blue eyes, dark brown hair, singularly nice smile, pleasant manners. Athletic type, you'd guess, a flier, perhaps. No perhaps about it! He is a Captain in the Reserve Air Corps. He is, besides, a licensed radio operator with a station in his own ship, radio transmitter and all the blind flying instruments. He not only holds a pilot's license but a pilot's license with instructor's rating, the only one of its kind to be held by a private pilot. But you wouldn't, of course, get all this at first meeting. Probably turns in a neat rhumba, you'd sum up, is quick on the uptake—a Good Joe. A small-town boy (Joplin, Missouri, had the honor) who made good.

Who is making very good, in fact. For when any young actor is so in demand that he must sub-divide himself like an amoeba and work in three pictures at one and the same time as, while he was making "The Devil and Miss Jones," "Moon Over Miami" and "Kings Row,"

Bob did—you can bet Hollywood is Cummings-conscious. But acutely.

Directors, from the Borgen Hitchcock to the shrewd discriminating Sam Wood, cry for him. (Hitchcock, who directed him in "Saboteur," is reported to have said "Where has he been all my life? Had I known him before, I would have cast him in all my pictures. Because he is elastic, pliable. Not a mask, a human being.") Tartrumy movie queens are told "Cummings is to play opposite you" and are pacified.

Moreover, Bob's home lot, Universal, recently presented him with star billing, star dressing room, all trimmings of stardom, including salary. A smart move because, if they hadn't, five other studios would have handed him his own ticket to sign.

But it is how he made good that is the story. This story. As unusual a story as I have ever tried to tell. Because the fact is that he is an excellent actor is enough. We have quite a few talented thespians in Hollywood who are not working in one picture, let along three at once. Nor can his success be attributed to good looks which are personable. (Please turn to page 70)
Screen novelty with many famous stars in separate episodes is "Tales of Manhattan" — a picture to watch for!
CARLES LAUGHTON,
ORGE SANDERS, and EDWARD G. ROBINSON

AND
INGER
ROGERS
DISCOVERS
HENRY
FONDA!

Who doesn't look too happy about it. What's the matter, Hank?

20th Century-Fox Film Corp.
WE SALUTE YOU—
It's Captain Ronald Reagan, U. S. Cavalry, now. Ronnie worked night and day to finish his final picture at Warners, "Desperate Journey," before saying farewell to his mother, to his wife (Jane Wyman) and baby daughter and leaving, with a smile, to serve his country. Movie actor or clerk, truck driver or mechanic, it doesn't matter—all in to win!

Nell Reagan, top facing page, bids her goodbye before he departs for active duty with United States Army. An a reserve lieutenant in the cavalry, left for Presidio at San Francisco Sunday, April 19. These pictures show him, his wife and their daughter Maureen Elizabeth.
Something new in Summer fun fashions! Laraine Day takes a day off from M-G-M Studios to spend the day at the children’s playground. By an odd coincidence, a photographer went along. But isn’t she awfully cute!

Play suits from Saks Fifth Ave. and Marjorie Montgomery
Laraine didn’t miss a thing, and neither did the cameraman. Aren’t these angles something? (To say nothing of the curves.) Ferris wheel, merry-go-round, kiddle train provide novel background for Laraine.

Laraine Day is one of the 25 young players being groomed for stardom by M-G-M.
ATTEN-SHUN!
Private Burgess Meredith

Before his induction into the Army, popular "Buzz" Meredith made a thriller for Paramount, "The Black Curtain," opposite Claire Trevor (left). Good work!
GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT!

And it's right here — in Claire Trevor's shimmering hair, in her feathered friend's golden voice. The title of a recent Trevor picture is "The Gentlemen Misbehave" — who'd blame 'em?
Those sad sea waves aren't sad any more, for obvious reasons. When these beauties in their trim swim and play suits are cavorting, there can be no gloom under the sun. Marie McDonald, at left and top left facing page; Elaine Morey, above; and Jane Frazee who is featured in the three other pictures are all Universal scarlets, all wearing Catalina suits.
Lovely Fay McKenzie, who won recognition in Westerns, steps into a serious rôle in Republic’s “Remember Pearl Harbor”
DASHING!

Handsome Robert Stack plays the leading rôle opposite Diana Barrymore in Walter Wanger's exciting "Eagle Squadron"
It's more important than ever to make every rare moment of relaxation count! Carole Landis, who is not only a hard-working movie actress but also a patriotic citizen—she is a Commander of the First Division, Aerial Nurses Corps of America, and Storekeeper Third Class in Bundles for Blue-Jackets Campaign work—prefers sun-bathing to keep fit. Virginia Gilmore and Janice Carter, facing page, like to loll. John Payne and Jean Gabin agree with the girls.
John Garfield and Hedy Lamarr in "Tortilla Flats"

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH
F. IN these expansive times, there ever should be needed a colossus astride the Detroit River from Windsor, Ont., to the Ford capital, my man for the job would be that stalwart, upstanding son of the Dominion, Walter Pidgeon. The only possible drawback to this otherwise perfect choice for a faintly spectacular stretch of work is his ingrained sense of modesty.

Though an actor, and a fine one, Mr. Pidgeon has in his altogether likable make-up nothing of the exhibitionist. Perish the thought! Of this I became duly aware in my first attempt to get him to talk of himself. It happened at lunch in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer commissary, and for three-quarters of an hour that's precisely all that did happen: Not that my gracious host emulated the clam on his plate. Far from silent, he was ready and willing to discuss at length anything—that is, anything aside from himself—that came along.

And so it was that he instantly and adroitly seized upon the vintage suit I was wearing. When did I get it? He listened raptly, as one fascinated, to my moody confession of the far-distant date. Really! Then he pressed me, not unlike an iron-heated tailor, to tell him more. Well, well, think of that! With the awe that one touches an ancient relic, he felt the cloth of my coat, his fingers gentle in their respect for age. When the subject had been worn threadbare as the suit itself, I caught him glancing hopefully down at my feet. Fearful, I shoved them farther under the table, realizing that if once this roving conversationalist started on my antique shoes he would be sure to make them go a long way.

Smiling up at our pleasant-faced waitress as she turned to whisk kitchenward, Mr. Pidgeon now was moved to speak feelingly of the devoted and unselfish ministrations of womankind in general. And that recalled the experience of a good old pal of his, a hearty sea captain who had gone to a recreation center in quest of simple shore diversion. For information concerning its inner pleasures, the jolly seadog sought out one of the dutiful hostesses who, happily, chanced to be a beauteous blonde. But at his first inquiry, the poor dear (Please turn to page 78)
APPEAL: Even if you never read John Steinbeck's great story you must see the picture, for it is the cinema masterpiece of the month.

PLOT: Steinbeck's human and moving account of the vagabonds of Monterey, California, known as the paizos. They are rogues and idlers but curiously childlike and lovable, and for all their thieving and drinking they have a wholesome respect for religion and the wonders of nature. There is no "plot" as such, for which be thankful in a screen month crawling with story complications—just the simple account of the paizos' adventures from day to day.

ACTING: Best of the month by far, with Spencer Tracy's engaging portrayal of the quick-witted leader, Pilin, and Dennis Morgan's incredibly moving characterization of the old hermit—you can't believe your eyes when you see the wisecracking Frank transformed into a holy hermit, but his scene of prayer under the Big Trees will convince you that Morgan is far more than a deft comedian; he is pretty nearly a great actor. Hedy Lamar is no passive beauty as Danny's girl but a fiery human being.

ONE-WORD GUIDE: MAGNIFICENT!

"MOONTIDE"

APPEAL: If you saw Jean Gabin's French movies, or if you're curious to see the Gallic panic for the first time, you'd better catch this.

PLOT: Just a background for M. Gabin's virile personality and picturesque talents; a smart movie fan could easily write the rest after watching the first few scenes. It's that obvious. As vague and misty as the arty photography, the sluggish story creeps along recounting the adventures of Boba, a hard-drinking, hard-hitting dock-hand who is reformed by the devotion of a wolf he rescues from drowning and ends up as the peaceful proprietor of a baït-barge. There are one or two powerful interludes but for the most part it is a disappointing vehicle for a noted actor.

ACTING: Whenever possible Gabin takes possession of the scene, and then his great magnetism dominates the dull story, and American audiences, particularly the tasteless side, will not question 20th Century-Fox's acumen in importing this male charmer. One love scene alone will be worth their admission money. Ida Lupino is an undoubtedly able as the haughty singer who captures the Frenchman's fancy with her haunting sweetness; Thomas Mitchell is the month's most sinister villain as the false friend, and Claude Raines is fine in a weird role which might easily have turned to comedy in less skilled hands.

ONE-WORD GUIDE: PONDEROUS!

"IN THIS OUR LIFE"

APPEAL: Well, if you want your Bette Davis at her most menacing and neurotic, wading through great globs of gloom, you can have her here.

PLOT: One of those to make audiences ask, "Who picked this?" Doubtful entertainment value for these times is the story of two sisters, one good, one bad, and the havoc wrought by the baddie she breaks her fiancé's heart by stealing sister's husband, causes his suicide, tries to win her old beau back, and comes to inevitable grief after her car kills a woman and child by reckless driving. Believe it or not. We all know the wages of sin is death but this picture seems a gruesome and unnecessary reminder.

ACTING: What a waste of Miss Davis' fine talents, not that she doesn't do a good job of making you loathe the bad sister, but the result is simply that Olivia de Havilland emerges as star of the picture in the sympathetic role. It's simply another stunt for Bette Davis, but it's a real opportunity for Olivia and she makes the most of it. The two bewildered leading men of the piece, George Brent and Dennis Morgan, do all they possibly can to make their parts believable, but they are fighting a losing battle and seem to know it.

ONE-WORD GUIDE: DEPRESSING!

"TORTILLA FLAT"

APPEAL: If you never read John Steinbeck's great story you must see the picture, for it is the cinema masterpiece of the month.

PLOT: Steinbeck's human and moving account of the vagabonds of Monterey, California, known as the paizos. They are rogues and idlers but curiously childlike and lovable, and for all their thieving and drinking they have a wholesome respect for religion and the wonders of nature. There is no "plot" as such, for which be thankful in a screen month crawling with story complications—just the simple account of the paizos' adventures from day to day.

ACTING: Best of the month by far, with Spencer Tracy's engaging portrayal of the quick-witted leader, Pilin, and Dennis Morgan's incredibly moving characterization of the old hermit—you can't believe your eyes when you see the wisecracking Frank transformed into a holy hermit, but his scene of prayer under the Big Trees will convince you that Morgan is far more than a deft comedian; he is pretty nearly a great actor. Hedy Lamar is no passive beauty as Danny's girl but a fiery human being.

ONE-WORD GUIDE: MAGNIFICENT!
"MY GAL SAL"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: GAY!

APPEAL: If you crave an enchanting escape from today's troubles, it's right here—AND with Rita Hayworth all in Technicolor, too—whee!

PLOT: Based on the career of the late Paul Drucker, favorite ballad-writer at a past generation, whose On the Banks of the Wabash became an American classic. And quite a career he had, too—as written here from a biography by Paul's brother, the famous novelist Theodore Dreiser. It takes him from travelling medicine shows to Manhattan where he becomes a figure in the theatrical whirl, and writes many hits for one Sally Elliott, musical comedy star and toast of the town, tunes you'll be humming are My Gal Sal, by Dresser himself, and two new ones, Here You Are and Me and My Fella.

ACTING: It is Miss Hayworth's picture, and deservedly, for she is a vision in color and the gorgeous costumes of the Gay Nineties which fit her shapely chassis like the proverbial glove. One siren with sweetness, she has an innate dignity which makes friends of the women in the audience—not that Rita needs any more friends with the soldiers and sailors rooting for her as their favorite dream. Victor Mature is surprisingly good as the song-writing hero, and the stars-laden cast includes Carole Landis, James Gleason, John Sutton, Walter Catlett, Mona Maris.

26th Century-Fox

"THE GOLD RUSH"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: CLASSIC!

APPEAL: To everyone, young or old, who enjoys a good hearty laugh—but especially to those lucky kids who are seeing the great Chaplin for the first time.

PLOT: Charlie's classic story of "the little fellow" who goes prospecting in the far North and his comic misadventures with bears and brutes and a beautiful dance-hall girl—freshly cut and edited and scored with imaginative music, and best treat of all, with commentary by the great man himself, really witty chat that keeps pace with the hilarious action. Unforgettable comedy and pathos, especially the scenes of the Thanksgiving dinner of the boiled shoestring and the pathetic New Year's Eve party that didn't happen.

ACTING: Chaplin doesn't date, nor this "little fellow" you see here, for he is the real Chaplin, not the sophisticated performer of "The Great Dictator." The other performers are definitely old-style comics, but Chaplin's art is as modern as tomorrow and as mellow as yesterday, and audiences accustomed to Bob Hope will take the immortal tramp to their hearts and will be hoping that he bring back his other outstanding pictures with music and his own clever dialogue. Who wouldn't want to see "The Circus" and "Modern Times" again?

Chaplin-United Artists

"THIS GUN FOR HIRE"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: EXCITING!

APPEAL: If you like lusty melodrama and Veronica Lake, and want to welcome the new find, Alan Ladd, you'll have a good time at this one.

PLOT: All about a ruthless killer called Raven and how he got that way—and how eventually he atones by catching up with some fifth columnistists and letting 'em have it. He also catches up with Veronica Lake which makes for some swell scenes. There's plenty of excitement, most of it authentic, until the final scenes, which smack too strongly of serial stuff to belong in this Class-A thriller. But you'll be on the edge of your seat through most of the fast and furious action.

ACTING: Though Veronica Lake does her best acting so far, ironically enough it is newcomer Alan Ladd who steals the show with his bitter charm and excellent under-playing of a difficult role. He has you feeling sorry for his character of killer against your better judgment, and you won't forget Raven in a hurry. Laird Cregar commits his first screen sin of bad over-acting in a role that was flamboyant to begin with, so you may cringe as the huge guy gives with the gestures. Robert Preston is distinctly likeable as the lucky guy who wins the Lake lady.

Paramount
Hollywood's Finest Friendship

George plays gin-rummy with Harold Remer, on the patio of the new Tobias home, Rancho Rosario, Hollywood's best friends, yes, but they don't trust each other at cards—just look at those two silver-mounted guns. Left below, George and Harold at supper. Below, George, man of all work, making his bed before leaving for the studio. The small picture at bottom of the page shows Harold before his polo accident.

THIS is not a publicity yarn, but one of the few real, heart-warming stories Hollywood has to offer. Until now it could not be told. For two years it has been carefully guarded, known only to few.

For its interest does not concern the flaming romance of a Lana Turner nor an Errol Flynn, nor any one of the glamor-and-glitter set. Instead, it records the genuine sincerity and unselfishness of a man for a friend.

While Hollywood is generosity itself with money for charitable causes, it rarely gives of itself individually. This man, though an actor, did. In some way he managed to keep his real-life role of benefactor a secret. But now it can be revealed.

"Say, that's pretty tough keeping your leg strapped up to your hip," George Tobias remarked to Harold Remer. Both were working in the picture, "Hunchback of Notre Dame." It had been years since they'd met. George, having scored in the Broadway play "You Can't Take It With You," had answered Hollywood's summons. Harold had been playing bits in pictures. Now, he was playing a one-legged beggar in the Laughton film. Still pale, only recently he'd been released from the hospital.

"The leg is gone, George," Harold said quietly. "But don't mention it to anyone. I'm trying hard to keep it from getting back to Mother. The doctor says the other
You know George Tobias as one of the screen's great character actors, but you don't know him as the fine man and "friend in need" revealed for the first time in this amazing story

By May Mann

George is "chief cook and bottle washer"—below, making breakfast for himself and Harold. He's a hero who really enjoys cooking, and his coffee is something. George is the perfect host; strictly bachelor quarters, his home welcomes guests whom he regales with stage and screen reminiscences. Note his radio phonograph, right, and his collection of 4,000 records.

may have to come off, too."

"Gee, you poor kid," George gasped, his face lining with immediate concern. "How did it happen? Who's taking care of you?"

Bit by bit Harold related the story. Right from the beginning.

Harold had been impressed with the stage when he had first met George at a rehearsal at the Eltinge Theater in New York. George was eighteen, the son of a well-known Yiddish theatrical team. Born on the East Side, the melting pot of the world, he'd picked up many dialects. In fact, he was expert at speaking anything from Greek to Eskimo. Harold, a lad of fourteen, was the son of a shoe merchant on Long Island. George's role of "the ape" in Eugene O'Neill's "The Hairy Ape" had fascinated Harold. (Please turn to page 76)
IT WAS cocktail and tea time in the Hotel Algonquin, New York. Here, the teapot still holds equal prestige with the cocktail shaker, and a portly table, laden with a silver tea service, had just been rolled onto the scene. Snug in a loveseat, I watched the crowd of that fascinating lobby, interest- ing looking young men and interesting looking older women, and chic and lovely looking younger women and important looking men and now and then an uniform. I was wondering how Geraldine Fitzgerald would look when she came, because she was the reason I was there. She came, a swift moving, lithe young figure, a sports coat tossed over a simple black dress, her auburn hair hanging in a half-curl, half-longish manner, with only an amazing wealth of vitality and expressiveness in her eyes to indicate that approaching was one of the star hopes for the American screen.

Miss Fitzgerald suggested tea, and with it came generous slices of bread and butter. It was good and comforting, and we sat and talked—not of Hollywood and the latest hair-do, but of the momentous changes that are sweeping us all toward a morrow that promises to be very different from today. Her viewpoint was reassuring; we will all rise to this great occasion. Of course, we will, but it is comforting to be told this again by one who, until 1938, had spent her time in Ireland and England. I was fascinated by Miss Fitzgerald’s voice, beautifully modulated, perfectly enunciated words, yet so natural and unaffected. Mentally, I resolved to overcome a tendency to too rapid speech. I am sure that it would benefit many at this point to pause and ask: “Just how do I sound to others?” There are voices that have a lift and a life, a vitality that is like a tonic. For some reason, these girls are usually popular, though many would never rate in a beauty contest. To you who are secretaries and private switchboard operators or who, in fact, meet the public in any way, the tone and spirit of your telephone or face-to-face voice tells works about you and those you repre- sent. And never forget that many a man has fallen in love with a voice.

War was coming home to the American girls materially (of course, it had already come emotionally) when I talked with Miss Fitzgerald. Here is a good place to assure you that Geraldine Fitz- gerald is her name by right, not a stage or screen name. The WPB edicts to the women’s garment industry had gone forth. “Narrow skirts will not be good for me because of my hips,” said Miss Fitzgerald. I thought she was too critical of herself there. Her hips looked good and slim to me. There is often the silver lining to the darkest clouds, if you look hard enough for it. We agreed on that. So—I see through my magic crystal—plenty of girls with frankly too much hip and too much leg getting each of these important appurtenances in better shape for the patriotic silhouette. Maybe your new, high-gear ed life will do it for you. Maybe with no time on your hands, hips and legs will naturally reap a reward in slim- ness for your personal all-out effort in whatever you can do. If not, write to me and I will make suggestions for slimming these areas. Certainly, however, continued short skirts are going to teach us to take better care of our legs in the way of grooming. An effective depilatory is a “must” for many; and for those who go stockless, and you certainly can and be in good taste now with the sheer stocking situation what it is, a leg make-up is very much in order.

Miss Fitzgerald’s beautiful hair, which she prefers to wear coiling naturally and casually about her shoulders, has a slight curl, giving it a sculptured quality. She prefers not to have it coiffed but rather to wear it in
Yours for Loveliness

War is a challenge to manufacturers—to keep us lovely, to save needed materials. See the results!

**NYLON** is needed for war, but lovely legs are always lovely legs! So—grooming becomes most important. Lechler's Velva-Tize removes superfluous hair by a tone, neat method. It leaves this dainty dust over the hirsute area. Presto, skin becomes hairless, smooth and soft. Try the #2 for legs and arms, and the #1 for chin, check or upper lip embarrassment. In a cute compact.

**NEVER** has Miner's famous line, "Pour yourself a pair of stockings," been more apropos. Miner's Liquid Make-Up is a glamor finish to add a truly silk-like look to stockless legs. Simply smooth it on with fingers or rubber sponge. Two smart stocking shades, Rose Beige and Golden Mist, as well as usual tones for face make-up.

**IT IS** estimated that one million girls will receive engagement diamonds this year! The name, **Keepsake**, is synonymous with perfect, precious diamonds, and diamonds are a real investment, you know. Two exquisite ensembles are shown. The Keepsake rings use these Rare and Flawless Stones in distinctive and beautiful designs, enduring quality for enduring sentiment. True treasures.

**RUN**, don't walk, to your favorite shop if you want the scoop in values for the month—Revlon's "Special Delivery." With all the earmarks of an Uncle Sam delivery, Revlon's delivery holds normal sizes of nail enamels; oil remover; Adheron, a fine basecoat, and lipstick in Victory case of glazed cardboard, light-weight, lovely. All for $1.

**DON'T** break a date because of a bump. Hide it with Hide-It, and I'm not being funny. Hide-It is a real emergency aid, a skin-tone cream that is water-proof and won't rub off. It disguises blemishes, scars, bumps, freckles and skin disfigurements. Simply blend it over the offender and nobody knows. It is mild and pure, and ought to be on every modern beauty shelf.

**HOW** to be beautiful and buy bonds at the same time is simple arithmetic. For Woodbury has put a most generous supply of fine face powder, a compact of dry rouge and a lovely lipstick altogether for $1. The tones are harmonized in five basic types, so you avoid errors there. This is a fine example of pretty, practical, good-sense economy.

**EVERY** Summer, Dorothy Gray's Sunburn Cream takes a bow on this page, because it seems matchless as a sun-filtering agent. Here much and bore often you apply determine whether you remain practically tily fair or tan as you like. It is fragrant, greaseless, quickly disappears, and a joy to use. A welcome help for the real sunburns.

**THE** Hudnut people have done us a good deed. To save precious metal, and your money, also, the superb DuBarry lipstick cases now have refills for $50 each. Remember that handsom case? Hold onto yours, and replenish with the refills. There are thirteen different shades, and they are so simple to adjust to your case. Help Uncle Sam and yourself! Courtesy Marvin.
stood for, including all peoples who stood for the same thing. Jimmy wanted to crystallize that feeling in a picture.

It's over two years since the idea was first broached. No one could foresee that war would be declared a week after they started shooting. On the Monday following Pearl Harbor Mike Curtiz, the director, had a radio brought in. Mike's a naturalized citizen, with a violent hatred of the militaristic system under which he was reared in Hungary. There's no better American patriot, says Mike, than the foreigner who knows the other side of the picture.

To him, the flag and the President are sacred. An emotional guy, he makes no attempt to hide his emotion about either.

Ten minutes before the President's scheduled address, he stopped shooting, and got them all into chairs around the radio to hear Franklin Roosevelt declare war on Japan. The few fateful words over, they stood up to sing The Star-Spangled Banner, then went quietly back to work. But with a difference. As Rosemary DeCamp put it: "We'd been just a bunch of miscellaneous people. Now it was as if something terribly big—bigger than we could conceive just at first—had tied us all together into one."

There had been heavy studio bidding for the story. Cohan sold it to Warners because they had Cagney under contract. Cagney had been a hoofer like himself. He had the same kind of drive and vitality. George had never met Jim but one day he bumped into Ed McNamara at the Lamp Club. "Say, Ed, what kind of a guy is fellow Cagney?"

Asking McNamara what he thinks Cagney is like asking a bear what thinks of honey. Cohan interrupted flow. "I just wanted to make sure."

"What about?"

"That if anyone's going to do my life the screen, he's the one to do it."

He insisted on having it written into contract. To make himself believable in role, Cagney avoided impossibilities, doesn't try to imitate Cohan but only put across his highly individualized mannerisms in song and dance. They Johnny Boyle, who used to work w George M., to coach him. In the pro Boyle cracked his ankle, and for th weeks tapped out the routines for Jim with his hands.

Another clause in the contract stipul that Cohan must put the stamp of appe on those who played members of his family. The four Cohans were an Amer institution, beloved by several genera of playgoers. They were also a mit adoration society. In casting, Bill Cag and Curtiz had to consider their rel to the public and to one another, I had to find actors whom Cohan would whom audiences would like and whom each other.

Walter Huston, with a personality forceful as Cagney's, was a natural as father, whom his son called a gentler and a hoofer. Like Cagney, Huston trained in vaudeville and knows the of show business, as distinguished from theater. What's more, people love him e when he plays the devil. And he's bee friend of George Cohan's for years.

It started with Cohan's production "Elmer the Great." He wanted Huston the part, they talked it over at his house one afternoon and agreed to meet for lunch next day to sign the contracts. Cohan for a bottle of champagne, then ato and at seven next morning they were matching reminiscences.

"Silly to meet for lunch," said Geo "Let's settle it now. What's your salar "Seven fifty."

"That gave you a thousand." They sh hands on it. No further mention was m of contracts.

The show proved a tremendous hit, Cohan started avoiding Huston. "Wh the matter with the guy?" Walter as the stage manager. "He acts as if thought I was going to step on him."

"Probably does. For a raise. It's tomary, you know, with a big hit, un there's a run-of-the-show contract."

How To Balance The Budget, as portrayed by William Holden and Frances Dee in "Meet the Stewarts," a Columbia comedy, "I'm not made of money!" says the newlywed husband.

Why Jimmy Cagney is Playing "Yankee Doodle Dandy"

Continued from page 22
So Huston waylaid his producer, "Look, and I'd play this at a thousand and that's now I'm playing it. Now quit ducking out of me, will you?"

It was the growing of a close friendship which has lasted through the years. Shortly before "Yankee Doodle" went into production, Huston was in New York and was about to leave when he'd been very ill. He was announced and asked to wait. Presently out of his bedroom came George M. Cohan, topcoated, hat under arm. "Glum you ought me, Walter. Just going out for my call.

He didn't seem averse to foregoing his film Huston, but asked no questions. Later Cohan saw him to the elevator, and it was the elevator man who confirmed his suspicion. "Nice to see Mr. Cohan all rosy. It's been a long time."

Rosemary DeCamp says she was picked because they wanted someone maternal, as the pregnant woman in "Hold Back the Dawn," she'd looked maternal. Bill Cagney and Curtiz tell another story. They needed a woman who could play with dignity and sixty with grace, whose acting ability was such that she couldn't be thrown in the shade by Cagney and Huston. They tested twelve, but sent only the DeCamp test to Cohan, who promptly obeyed it. Curtiz calls her the most brilliant character actress in films. Even more than her technique, Bill Cagney was impressed by her feeling. "Without saying a word, just listening to other actors talk, she projects warmth and charm."

The notion of playing Cohan's mother scared her at first, he seemed kind of an old man, but he comforted her with assurance that she'd die before he grew too old.

Then there was Josie, the sister, who died in her thirties. George worshipped her. A superb dancer, she might have been a star in her own right but couldn't be persuaded to leave the family act. "There was never anyone like Josie." That was her brother's final word on her in his book.

As he felt about Josie, so Jim Cagney feels about his sister Jeanne—the same consuming affection, the same gratitude to her for never having disappointed him.

Curtiz was aware of this. Reading the scenes between brother and sister in the script, he kept visualizing Jeanne's sensitive face as he'd seen it in a couple of Paramount pictures. "How could we go wrong," he demanded of Bill, "if we took her? The love between them would have to come through."

At first Bill demurred. He'd feel silly selling his whole family to the film. Curtiz overrode that objection. Why discard her just because she was Jim's sister? At least let her be tested.

Fred Niblo, Josie's son, works on the Warner lot. "I don't mean to butt in," he'd said. "But please be careful whom you choose as my mother." So before mentioning the possibility to Jeanne, Bill sent pictures to Cohan and Niblo. "Perfect," Cohan wired, "if she can act the way she looks." Niblo dropped in at Bill's office.

"You didn't have to send me your sister's picture. I've seen her on the lot. I've heard the way people talk about her. I'd like a girl like that to play my mother."

Then Bill called Jeanne. "Why don't you come in and test for Josie?" Came a gasp and silence, so he went on talking till from the other end of the phone he got a faint "All right."

Jeanne wrote Jim, who was at Martha's Vineyard, all about it. The news probably gave him as much pleasure as he's ever
Joan Leslie and Jeanne Cagney are like the proverbial mailman who waits on his day off. They visit the "Yankee Doodle Dandy" set even when they're not needed in scenes with star Jimmy Cagney. Jimmy says there's no such thing as a personal call when they're around.

Known, but the Cagney boys are casual on the surface. "Good!" he wrote back. She read everything about Josie she could lay her hands on. She practiced dance steps five hours a day. When Jim got back, he said: "Look, honey, now you're really going to work." That made her snicker. Doing routines with Jimmy till she dropped was her idea of a holiday.

Joan Leslie plays Jimmy's wife and is called Mary, after Mary Is a Grand Old Name. Married twice, neither of Cohan's wives was Mary. The character Joan plays is largely fictional.

She was about to be loaned to Paramount for "Holiday Inn" with Crosby and Astaire, when some bright mind at Warners yelled: "Hey, wait a minute. If she's good enough to sing and dance for them, why not for us?" Being crazy to do the Paramount picture, she was disappointed since they wouldn't say what they were testing her for. "Nothing special. Just running off a little song number."

After days of this she pleaded, "Look, I can't stand it any more. Just give me a hint—"

"Well, suppose you go hint to Mr. Cagney that you'd like to start rehearsing with him tomorrow—" She went, squealing.

Curtiz set out with what he considered the perfect cast. More unusual, he finished feeling the same way. Jeanne's first scene was with Jimmy. In the wings of a theater, he kisses her and says: "Lay 'em in the aisles, Josie." This enchanted Mike, this was what he'd wanted—a real sister going into her first scene, a real brother wishing her luck.

Then there was the affecting sequence in which Josie tells George she's going to be married. Brother and sister ran through the lines, not daring to look at each other. "Because it's dreadful," said Jeanne, "to watch somebody crying. The fact that they were brother and sister, that a similar situation might quite conceivably arise between them, gave it added poignancy. As they played it, Mike's Hungarian tears fell. The script girl choked back her sniffs through the dialogue, and let go in the pauses.

On the set an atmosphere of warmth prevailed. As planned, Bill and Curtiz had picked people who took to one another. Richard Whorof played Sam E. Harris—a good but not a long part. Cagney kept nagging them to build it up. For the picture's sake. "You've got an actor there. Why not use him?" Huston and Rosemary, ranch owners both, spent hours discussing the merits and costs of assorted fertilizers. Joan tabulated Cagney's winks. "An authority on winks," she called him. "Every time he sees you, he winks at you a different way." When a line didn't read right, she'd turn to him.

"There's something funny about it."

"I know what you mean," and he'd ask Mr. Curtiz to change it, so she wouldn't have to. Still a schoolgirl, she ages thirty in the picture. It was a little startling to see the teacher haul off a woman, clothed in gray hair and daintiness, to her algebra lesson.

She and Jeanne talked their own language. Instead of hello, they'd greet each other with what was known as their hystertical step—the beginning of one of their dance routines. Jimmy called them the hags. He introduced Jeanne to people as his mother.

One day he kissed his hand to her as he left the set.

"Is he going home?" someone asked.

"No," she laughed, soft-voiced like her brother, "That kind of kiss means, I'll be wandering round. For going home, the goodbyes are more elaborate."

It was nice to see Jim's expression of pride in her—his grim of encouragement when she fluffed a line. Together all day they'd phone each other like kids the minute they got home, to hash over the day's doings. Jeanne hated not being on call cooled up excuses to visit the set and go in a crack in the neck from the intensity with which she followed everyone else's scenes. A neck actress, she called herself. She'd been so happy. Like joy was a parent in an overall radiance, and her set grievance that Josie fades out of the picture in her wedding gown. She'd draw up twitching little twists, all designed to return Josie to the bosom of the family with her little boy maybe—but she didn't mention them to Curtiz.

Jeanne had her seventeenth birthday while they were shooting. Jimmy was the only principal working that day—in the White House scene—but Huston and Whorof and Jeanne and Rosemary clear from Torrance where she lived. They got the unsuspecting Joan over by ruse. As she walked in, all the lights were out except for one spotlight trained on three negro butlers, dignified and stately descending the White House staircase with a huge birthday cake.

Suddenly, to the tune of Yankee Doodle they were all singing Happy Birthday to—everyone, even the juicers on the crosswalks. Thrills chased down Joan's spine and tears down her cheeks. "It feels so nice and friendly when they all sing to you," she sobbed. "Imagine how far when they're all singing for you." As she was cutting the cake, Jeanne gave her a box. It held a bracelet of braided red and yellow gold from which a locket hung inscribed Joan on one side. From the 4 Cohans and Mike. Jimmy was "right handy," so he got the first hug.

"Jeanne picked it," he told her.

"Because the colors are like your hair said Jeanne.

When they'd all been thanked, it occurred to Curtiz, "Does this really officially mean I can call you Mike?"

"Do you want to call me Mike?"

"Of course. I'll make me realize the seventeen."

Mike had four favorite scenes. The one where Josie tells George she's in love, the one where George, on his father's sixtieth birthday, gives the old man a big interest in everything he owns. The father death scene. And the Grand Old Flag production number.

The fourth was as personal to Mike as to the family scenes. It took days of endless rehearsal. Some of the weary chorus girls grew a little careless of their line, it was to keep carrying to and from the rack. Till one youngster stormed: "Those a American flags, so quit trailing them the ground, will you?" Overhearing, it patted her shoulder. The more volatile Mike cupped her face between his hand and kissed her.

It's a heart-stirring, throat-choking number—the story of the flag through all its battles—with the glorious voice of Willie Harriman, the combined break through in Glory, Glory Halileshu—and its climax, the four Cohans and Mary the head of a marching column, singing "America's Grand Old Flag," its calculated appeal to the emotions, but you don't give a damn, since the rousing app is as honest as the emotions roused. The scene wept when the picture was finished.

"There'll be other pictures," Jim co quelled her.

"But never another Yankee Doodle Dandy," she wailed, fishing for his har kerchief.

When you've seen it, you'll understand how she felt.

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ANN HARE, beautiful young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Emlen Spencer Hare of Park Avenue, New York. Her engagement to Walter Wooster Richard of New York and Long Island was announced a few months after her debut. Like Wooster, Ann is Navy-minded, works hard with "Bundles for Bluejackets" and the "Navy Relief Society." One of the season's loveliest debutantes, she made her bow in Philadelphia, where her mother's family has long been socially prominent.

ADORABLY YOUNG AND LOVELY—There's a rare-orchid charm about Ann's blonde young beauty, and her exquisite skin has a luminous satin-smooth look. Of her complexion care Ann says, "I just use Pond's Cold Cream every day. Pond's is so light and silky my skin just loves it — and it's perfectly grand for cleansing."

(right) Ann and Wooster before he was called to active Navy duty.

ANN'S RING is unusually lovely—a large marquise-cut diamond, that reflects light with sparkling radiance. A baguette diamond is set on each side of the brilliant solitaire.

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had held her she had good surgeon's hands, that settled it. She'd study medicine.

The summer she was eighteen they moved to California for her father's health. In the fall she planned to start premedical work at a fine hospital. She was trying out for "Sorority House" at RKO, and had the trying-out jitters. Would Con-
nie go to as many more auditions? Connie went along with her freckles hanging out and her hair, just washed, stuck under a tam. She liked her hair loose. But her mother didn't, her father didn't, her friends didn't, so rather than argue the point etern-
ally, she wore it tied back or rolled under a hat.

John Farrow, the director, walked over to where she sat minding her own business, and said he could use her. She said she'd just come for the ride. He had to talk her into what the average girl would give her eye-teeth for, but—proving her not too different from the average girl—by the time the picture was finished, she had the kind of screenognicity the Boston Dramatic School instead of at college. A few bits followed. Nobody singled her out even in a snap, when she ventured to un-
bind her blonde tresses, "For heaven's sake, put your hair up."

Till Fred Wilcox, talent scout at M-G-M, tried out her for "Forty Little Mothers." He was sick of looking at girls who looked as much like each other as so many tin soldiers. Ronnie came in with her hair down. She generally took it down after leaving the house. This time she rebelled. "For once I'm going to do as I like with it."

For once she wasn't snappet. "Leave it that way," said Wilcox. "At least it's different." He cast her for the picture and, as he saw more of her, she grew on him.

"There's a gal that's going places," he told people. The picture finished, he high-pres-
sured Metro into giving her a test. It left them unimpressed, so Wilcox turned it over to an agent still think she's going places.

There was an art director named John Halpin who fell in love with her. He saw her first in the café, and found himself watching for the slight figure, the blonde head, the quiet but somehow prov-
cative girl. He waited two tentative "hello's," not ever got him a tumble, so he asked a friend to introduce them. After that he made progress.

John Hornblow had been combing the country for a girl to play the little tramp in "I Wanted Wings." He'd studied every picture in every magazine, run every test, interviewed everyone. So, when the Metro test of Ronnie came his way, he ran it as a matter of course and for the first time caught a flicker of what he wanted. He went out that she was to be tested for the part next day.

Breathless with excitement, Ronnie phoned her news. "I'll send you a little goodluck charm," he said.

The little charm arrived by Western Union messenger at eleven that night, and she had to sit up a bit longer to see the boy for the box he carried. Tearing it open, she hauled out a huge panda bear.

It went to the studio with her next day. Sometimes when she was afraid, or upset over one eye, Veronica One-Eye was born through pure accident. As she moved through the scene, her hair fell across her face, and she'd put it back, both knowing what else to do, she pushed it back. If it wasn't that gesture alone that told Hornblow, it helped. He gave her the part. "And we'll play it that way," he said. "Let her hair swing free, and have her push it back every once in a while."

She took a taxi home, dashed up the stairs, threw open her apartment. "I want to star me in a picture," she gasped, "and give me a dollar thirty-five for the taxi man."

She tended to believe the panda bear did it, and started collecting them from that day. She and John were married at Riverside, while she was on location for "Shadows," to escape the big wed-
ding they knew Ronnie's mother would hold out for. Mrs. Keane picked that day for a surprise visit to her daughter. How they while her must make a good story, to judge from Ronnie's face, but she won't give it away. Elude her, however, they did and John slipped on his bride's finger a wedding ring designed himself—In the shape of a panda bear. To a comment on the difference in age between Ronnie and her husband, one once answered: "Think nothing of it, I'm used to artists around my father's age. With John, I feel that I'm robbing the cradle."

She thinks Preston Sturges, who directed "Sullivan's Travels," is the greatest thing that ever walked through a door. Few people knew her, while she was making "I Wanted Wings." She'd go to the commis-
sary alone, order her favorite lunch of pepper steak, and try to look as if she were being exclusive by choice. Sturges, who eats with the gang he works with, noted the small solitary figure and crossed to her table. "You're Veronica Lake, aren't you? I'm Preston Sturges. Is it come over and eat with us?" If only for that, she'd be grateful. But to her he's also her director, shoe-dealers, and a man who's won her wholehearted trust. His is the only movie home the Detlics visit. He thinks she's good too, he picked her for "In Time." "This Gun For Hire," her third picture, is the first in which the sultry Lake has been kissed. Really kissed. You can hardly count "Sorority House" to the pale cheek of his wife, unworthy but dead. Ron-
ie was nervous about that first screen kiss. "I thought it would be moonlight and roses and a romantic atmosphere would help. Look at the atmosphere." She sits on the counter of a shooting gallery and Bob Preston delivers. "I'm no good at this," she warned him.

"That's what you think," he retorted after the first try, and the glamour girl blushed.

What with rehearsals, long shots and closeups, the scene took most of the day. "I'm giving you day's salary to charity," Bob announced.

Ronnie jumped down from the counter. "And I'm going to ask for a stunt girl's check."

As far as possible she keeps her personal and professional affairs from touching. The studio wanted a picture of her with her favorite boy, the marriage could have been used for the box she came to pick her up to the evening, and hugged him for saying so. For as the baby, "So help me, I'll get you through that door. The baby belongs to me, not to the papers." Elaine Keenie Dette—called Punkin by her mother—wanted something bad—was born last August 21st. Her father calls her Little Bat. Veronica's Big Bat. An accomplished child, she can make silly noises, lift herself in the face and laugh when you tickle her. Ronnie says she is her sweet disposition from Clara, who in the house and the Detlics, pours eggy down. Mrs. Ron's throat—says nudes for Mistuh John, and gives daughter the core of her heart. She works in John's family for years, but Ronnie whirled her out of them. "That's right for me, she said. "That's what I need to take care of my baby."

They don't put on the dog for Hollywood. They live in a five-room apartment and were saving toward a small house, in the war put a stop to that. On workdays Ronnie goes straight to bed after dinner. In any case, the evenings are spent at home. John works on his six designs, she pastes up his scrapbooks or faxes a word. Since war broke out, been trying to learn to knit, but would insult a soldier with what she turns out. Still she keeps on trying.

She's proud of the acquisition of first driver's license. She's known how drive for some time but kept putting the test, because she was scared, had heard weird talk of how strict they are and how they tried to distract you and put it up. "But it turned out all right," said Ronnie, no dope. "The minute the man hit the car, I started distracting him and off we go, no point out, not so sophisticated fun.

She could be domestic if she had time for it, loves to cook, uses every pan in the kitchen, but cleans up less as she goes along. She'll have the truck with her, the things she needs and corners till she found the right co combinations for her living room, and, mother's help, hung her own dress. When the war's over, she and John build the simple two-bedroom house I designed on the knob they've already bought and, if it threatens her life with J to the dump-heap buy it."

She likes the way John put it, "As like as un you're happy acting, honey, act. Whether you're not, come on home."

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Jeanette MacDonald’s Message to Soldiers’ Wives and Sweethearts

Continued from page 21

it. And as for my work—well, certainly this is no time for women to drop their jobs and go running after their husbands to Army camps. This is the time for all women to stick to their jobs, and work at them harder than ever before. The difference between this war, and all other wars, is that everybody has a part to play in it, every man, woman and child.

I think it would be the worst thing in the world for us women to start feeling sorry for ourselves. A lot of crying women would upset the morale of the country but well. And morale, these days, is just as important as munitions. Jeanette poured me out a cup of tea (the MacRaymonds haven’t been without tea since that Awful Night) and shoved cake at me which she assured me she had made herself, and was it her fault that the oven had been too hot!

There’s an old saying,” she continued, “that men must fight, and women must weep.” Well, that was all right in the Civil War and the Spanish American War, perhaps even in the first World War, but in this war which we did not seek, but must and will win, it should read, ‘men must fight, and women must work’. There is no time for weeping and useless little feminine gestures in this world today. It’s high time for wives to stop being the Little Woman and be women.”

“My dear,” I said, really greatly impressed by Jeanette’s vehemence. That one wasn’t born a red-head for nothing. “That sweet, helpless Little Woman always did make me sick,” I growled. “We could do with some Scarlett O’Haras right now.”

“Do you sound perfectly revolting?” asked Jeanette. “This isn’t a lecture, believe it or not, it’s just a suggestion to women who may find themselves suddenly at loose ends. But these women might just as well accept the fact that the only paraccea for these sad times is work, and hard work. During the last war women could only knit and make bandages. But this war, with fear of invasion of our coasts, with fear of bombings and sabotage, there are all kinds of things for women to do. It’s every woman’s duty to take first aid precautions. It’s every woman’s duty to be well informed on civilian defense. As one author expressed it, ‘Woman’s place is in the world.’ The Red Cross, the American Women’s Voluntary Services, the American Women’s Hospital Reserve Corps, and the Office of Civilian Defense are constantly training women for volunteer war work. And by the way, the more a wife can identify herself with the war effort, in no matter how small a part, the closer she is going to feel to her husband.

“One of the heads of the A.W.V.S. in San Francisco is a pretty young wife whose husband is aide to an Admiral. She herself, was one of the evacues from the Orient. She doesn’t know where her husband is. She hasn’t heard from him since Pearl Harbor. When, or if, she hears anything about the Admiral she knows her husband is with him. She works tirelessly day and night in her job here and she does it with a smile. She’s the kind of wife everyone of us must be.”

Jeanette is one of the sponsors and a state director of the American Women’s Voluntary Services. During the past few weeks she has given two concerts, one in San Francisco and one in Los Angeles, with all the proceeds going to the A.W.V.S. From a third concert in San José she gave a contribution to the Bundles for Blue-Jackets for their nursery home at Long Beach. When she finishes “Cairo,” in which picture she is being most attractive as a suspected lady spy, she expects to go on a tour of the Army camps. In the fall she resumes her own regular concert tour, and, of course, Mr. Mayer’s pictures. The newspaper story that she was giving up her motion picture career for the duration was just about as accurate as a quija board. When Jeanette was in San Francisco recently she was busy as a reporter when she thought of women in uniforms. And, with all this violent discussion, pro and con, sweeping the country I think Jeanette’s answer is worth repeating. “A uniform,” she said, “brings women right down to one social level. There are no social distinctions. Judging them can look just as chic as the Colonel’s Ladies’ Press Corps. Uniforms are good too in that the influence women to keep their figures trim and to keep her husband a gal has got to keep healthy. And keeping healthy is very much our responsibility in this war, too, I don’t like uniforms, but I’m all for uniforms.”

“Then the other night I felt the shadow of the future—there were four men and eight women present. Th next day two of those men left to take up their duties, and the four who remained will get along with women,” Jeanette commented, rather sadly I suspected, “or at least they will. I hope this war will even purely cure them of their unfortunate habit of gossiping about each other. Though I suppose it would take more than war to accomplish that.”

“Well, at least the war won’t upset Garbo,” I interrupted. “She can keep on being alone. By the way, I heard she took off her dark glasses the other night during the blackout. Oh, she did, but she forgot that we women must rise above gossip in this new world for women.”

“Believe me,” Jeanette giggled, “they, too, eagerly, but we don’t have to start rising above it today, do we? Do you know any dirt?”

I assured her that my mind was as clean as a first aid bandage, and with a little pricking got her back into the story.

“Each woman will meet her problem in her own way, regardless of what there are a few musts I give myself. When I feel lonely (and my house seems awfully big these days) I don’t fall in a chair and start moaning. I sit down at my desk and write Gene a letter. I try to make it as cheerful as possible, and to pep it up I include all the jokes I heard at the studio that day. And, don’t laugh, I write him all the gossip of our friends. I always keep my letters to Gene very gay and chatty, even when I’m feeling perfectly awfully. No husband wants to be burdened with a wife’s tales of woe. Don’t burden your husband with your problems. The chances are that they will straighten themselves out anyway before he receives the letter several days, or several weeks, later. I don’t want Gene, up in a plane, suddenly to start thinking about two of my problems—he’s got plenty of problems of his own to worry about right there on the dash board. Of course every husband wants to read ‘I miss you, darling, but I’ll go on and busy myself’ there. ‘I’ve heard more wives complaining lately because they don’t receive letters from their soldier husbands. A regulation as often as they think they should. (I hate to admit it, but I even did a little complaining my self the other day.) Well, we must remember that our husbands are busy, busier than they’ve ever been in their lives. A soldier can’t say to his Commanding Officer, ‘Look here, huh, my wife will worry here if I don’t write to her this afternoon. How about giving me a couple of hours off?’ It could mean K.P. duty for months for the poor guy. All I have got to remember that this is war, and that it is a very serious matter to be a soldier. They shouldn’t fret because they feel they are lonely and neglected. Their husbands, the real stars, are being subjected to the most exacting discipline. The whole purpose of discipline is for self-preservation. Gene, I am glad to say, is the most serious of the serious.”
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"And a healthy mind," Jeanette continued, "is just as important these days as a healthy body. I don't dwell on the thought that Gene is risking his life in a plane. I didn't worry every day at home when he drove away in his car. Getting in his car and driving off to town was part of his business. Now getting in a plane is going about his business too. I shall continue to feel this way even when he is transferred, as he will be in his job, to the theater of war.

"While women are figuring out their own adjustments they must realize that their husbands are going through an adjustment too. At least women, for the most part, are working out their adjustments in familiar surroundings, in the comforts of their home, with their friends and family near them. But men are going through a different life entirely. Some of them are going to like it, and some of them aren't. The wife whose husband is inclined to fume has a fine duty she can perform to him. She can inspire him with her letters and behavior, and never stop telling him how very proud she is of him."

"How did you feel?" I asked, "when you saw your husband go?"

"I wanted to be sure of one thing," Jeanette answered slowly, "I wanted to be sure that he did not go off with the memory of my tears. The day he left for the East, I drove with him to the airport to see him off. I'm afraid I chattered rather inane all the way, because I knew if I stopped talking I might cry. When I was in San Francisco a few weeks ago I met a young woman. She said to me, 'How can you possibly stand to have your husband go to war? If my husband has to go I know I'll simply die. I just couldn't stand it.'"

"I could have slapped that girl! I'm going to keep my head, and my health. I'm not going to let myself cry or mope. I feel that I'm a part of the greatest united war effort in history. How can I feel sad? Do you want to know how I actually feel? I feel more important than I ever have in my life—because I am the wife of a man who is going to fight for his country."

SCREENLAND

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friends for ages) was just about to come to an abrupt end when a "victim" of one of Hollywood's most glamorous of glamour girls was bound so tight she had a nose bleed, and at the sight of the blood the g. of the g.g. fainted dead away.

"Unfortunately," said Mary, "our instructor was out of the room at the time. We just stood around gawking like goons. Until Hedy Lamarr had sense enough to rush for the spirits of ammonia. And someone—me, I think—shouted, 'It's chapter five in the First Aid book!'

Mary was much quicker on the draw when she was a little girl, "deep in the heart of Texas." Every summer Mary was sent away to a girls' camp, "The family looked forward to summer," said Mary. "I was a good swimmer and soon became a junior life-guard at the camp. I used to pray fervently every night that one of my little playmates would drown so I could rescue her. I never saw such unobliging girls. But one day the biggest girl in camp, she must have weighed at least 250 pounds, got cramps in the deepest part of the lake. As she was going down for the third time I reached her, dragged her to the shore and gave her artificial respiration. I don't know whether I was good, or whether it was just an accident, but anyway everybody at the camp said I saved her life, and I was never one to argue. They made a big fuss over me and gave me a medal."

That bit of reminiscing reminded Mary of her First Aid respiration so Marjory was unbound—just in time too as gangrene was about to set in—and requested sweetly to spread out on the floor on her stomach. Mary straddled her victim's thighs, placed the palms of her hands on the small of Marjory's back with fingers resting on her ribs, her little finger just touching the lowest rib, with thumb and fingers in a natural position and the tips of her fingers just out of sight. "Out goes the bad air, in comes the good air," chanted Mary.

I suppose I have a misplaced sense of humor, but there is something about artificial respiration that always makes me laugh. That was before I attended a First Aid class with Joan Blondell and her mother. Now I don't laugh, I roar, at the top of my lungs. I never see artificial respiration but what I think of the Blondells. Mrs. Blondell is very serious about First Aid, and exceptionally good at it too. The week before the respiration lesson the instructor, as usual, informed the class to wear sans to the next meeting—as artificial respiration has the most grace thing in the world. Now Mrs. Blondell plumpish. And like all plumpish women she has a horror of slacks. And besides she couldn't find any at the Beverly Hills shop (which cater to the Katharine Hepburn types) to fit her. So in desperation she dug down in her trunk and brought out pair of "teddies"—the kind that women wore some twenty years ago, with strap buttoning between the legs. We came time for artificial respiration, Mrs. Blondell, feeling very modest, stretched on her blanket, and Joan straddled her thighs and gave her the one-two-three. When the instructor informed Joan that she had saved the life of her victim, Joan pleased with her finesse, tried to unstraddle her mother, and discovered to her horror, and Mrs. B's, shame, that her foot was caught in the "teddy" strap. That, of course, sent the class into hysterics. Mr. Blondell called in the dressmaker the next day.

Mary laughed so hard over my favorite respiration story that she decided that all needed tea to revive us. Marjory, looking like a first class casualty, thought that would be a splendid idea. So spinach and gauze and bandages were cleared away for the nonce, but not too far away. I got the idea that when Dick came home for dinner he'd very likely be greeted with traction hitch of the hand.

"I hate to admit it," Mary confess quite seriously, as she nibbled on a cookie "but I started First Aid as a lark. But now that I am in it I am the most serious person in the world. I think it is every woman's duty to prepare herself for every emergency. It's so wonderful for you peace of mind to know that you can take care of your family and aid your neighbor if it ever becomes necessary in these uncertain times. Believe me, I am more than grateful for this chance to learn First Aid.

Mary Lee, who will soon be seen in Republic's "Shantytown," and cowboy Roy Rogers, whose latest western for the same company is "Romance on the Range," above, attending recent Military Ball given by the California State Guard at the Palladium in Hollywood.
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.
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FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50c for extra-large jar; 25c for generous medium jar; and 10c for handy travel size.

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FRESH, Louisville, Ky.

**Note:**

Here's the information for the Mary Martin First Aid pictures which illustrate the story on pages 24 and 25. On page 24, reading from top, the first picture shows the eye bandage, one of the funniest and yet one of the most difficult to apply. After much discussion and many tries, Mary has worked out the proper bandage for the eye. Next, Mary and Marjory seated on couch, tying square knots. Marjory has just tied a "granny" knot, and Mary is showing the correct one she has tied. The proper procedure is right over left and left over right, then you have a proper slip, or square knot. The third picture shows Mary being bandaged by Marjory. This is the traction foot bandage, bandage ready for traction split.

On page 25, also reading from top down, you see Mary putting dislocated jaw bandage on Marjory. This bandage is applied with two cravat bandages and is a network of crisscrosses and knots in the back. This is another one of the difficult bandages. The center picture shows Mary giving Marjory artificial respiration. Mary is an old hand at this and can do it in record time. She was a junior life-saver when she was a little girl. The bottom picture shows the girls discussing both ways of applying the arm sling bandage. This is the proper Red Cross way and there is also another one that is a small knot in the end of a triangle bandage and then procedure as regulation. Notice that this bandage modeled by Marjory has end tucked neatly under elbow. It is pinned there. The girls are discussing whether the other way isn't faster and quicker in emergency.
Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 13

Tomato Salad Ring is also one of Gail's favorites.

**TOMATO SALAD RING**

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1 cup cold water
2 cups canned or fresh tomatoes
1/2 bay leaf (if desired)
1/2 teaspoonful salt
Stalk celery
1 tablespoonful mild vinegar or lemon juice
1 tablespoonful onion juice

Mix tomatoes, bay leaf, salt, celery and
Cayenne or pepper and boil ten minutes.

Soften gelatine in cold water. Add to hot
mixture and stir until dissolved. Add vine-
gar or onion juice (extracted by grating
onions). Strain. Turn into ring mold first
risened in cold water; chill. (To fill 9-inch
mold, double recipe.) When firm, unmold
on lettuce. Fill center, if desired, with
Gail's special potato salad or cole slaw.

Tomato juice may be used instead of
 canned or fresh tomatoes. (Serves 6.)

An unusual dish is Pea Salad. Try it if
you like peanuts.

**PEA SALAD**

1 can Heinz small peas
10 oz. salted peanuts ground course
3 medium sized sweet pickles
3 hardboiled eggs, chopped.

Combine with cooked mayonnaise.

"Sometimes we have sweet sandwiches
of date bread spread with cheese and nuts.
Sometimes I serve graham cracker crust
pie, filled with butterscotch filling, made
not too stiff, with grated almond brittle on
top. But for war time, with sugar rationed,
it's always nice to serve fruit and cheese
as dessert."

**SPAGHETTI AND SAUCE**

3 large onions, chopped
2 cloves garlic
1 can #2 Heinz tomatoes with parée
1 can tomato paste

1 can mushrooms
1 lb. round steak, cut in inch cubes
2 pkgs. Golden Age spaghetti
6 tablespoons olive oil

Put olive oil in hot pan, add onions un-
browned, garlic and hamburger, stirr
until they are well browned. Add other in-
gredients, turn flame very low and simmer
for 31/2 hours. When finished it thickens
stir it cooked, and keep covered.

Cook spaghetti in boiling salted water for
20 minutes; drain, and serve one layer
platter, cover with layer of sauce and lay
of grated cheese. Burn 1/2 lb. of butter in
pour over cheese on last layer just be4
serving.

"We Were Dancing" is Gail's most rece
picture, and her guests can dance if th
wish on the smooth tiled patio and flag
courts around her house. There's a Cap
hart just inside the French doors to h
living room, and a portable radio usual
kept in the Flag Room.

Gail's Flag Room is unique. Because it
is a study in black and white and red, wi
her dark eyes and hair, her magnolia ski
vivd lip's and tatted nails, it makes an id
background for her.

The carpet is red and white, the drap
blue, one halfmoon conch is red, anoth
blue and white; the lamps have shades
red and white stripes, the chairs are strip
blue and white, and all the knickknac
have a patriotic motif.

The treatment Gail has given one ven
resulted in the name of the room. When G
bought the house, this wall was a va
glass-paned closet, most uninteresting. S
counted the panes and discovered they
were exactly forty-eight of them. "For
eight," she repeated, hopefully. Then
occurred to her that there are also for
eight states in the union.

"I thought it might be fun to dedi
c each pane to a state. I got little Silk fla
of each state, mounted them on panel
painted the name of the state on top, add
the capital, the date of entry into the unio
the state flower and the state nickname.
For example, my home state, Louisiana,
entered the union April 8, 1812; itflows
is the magnolia, its capital, Baton Rouge
and its nickname, the Pelican State.

"At the time I designed it, I didn't thin

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George Stevens, producer-director of Columbia's "The Talk of the Town," is shown with his
starring trio: Ronald Colman, who portrays the greatest legal mind in the nation; Jean
Arthur, seen as the girl; and Cary Grant, who enact the rôle of a fugitive from justice.
"Wake up looking lovely...try my Beauty Nightcap"

RITA HAYWORTH, CO-STARRING IN "CARNIVAL IN RIO", A COLUMBIA PICTURE

"Your complexion can grow lovelier. I know. Just have a Nightcap nightly with Woodbury Cold Cream."

"Why Woodbury? Its beauty oils help relieve the dryness that may lead to tiny lines. You'll see!"

Nightly, Rita cleanses with Woodbury. Then, removing this cream, she dabs on fresh Woodbury Cold Cream for all-night marvels. She can trust Woodbury, for an exclusive ingredient is constantly acting to purify this cream right in the jar.

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Try Rita Hayworth's Nightcap. Today get Woodbury Cold Cream. Large jars are 50c to $1.25. Introductory sizes 10c, 25c.

SCREENLAND 69
Hi, Stinky!
Continued from page 34

as mentioned, but not sensational. Besides, there is an Adonis on every street corner in Hollywood. Well, every other corner. The point is, they are standing on the corner. No, there is more back of Bob Cummings. His rise to stardom than meets the eye. Or the eye and ear, I believe the answer is to be found in (a) his theory of why, and for what purpose, we were born and (b) his method of dealing with people.

His theory "Why are we born?" he asks, "to get along with our fellow man, isn't that so? Only by our relations with our fellow man can we be truly judged. So, learn how to get along, I say!"

His method: very simple. He simply greets everybody, from Mister Producer in his pine-panelled Front Office suite to the colored bootblack on the lot as "Hi, Stinky!"
The rather gutterish words is his whole psychology of personal and public relations contained.

In other words," he told me, smiling, "I give the 'shy' approach, try to shake hands with the gloves off, right at the start. For instance, with Deanna—yes, hi-stinking of Deanna is the best illustration I can give you of what I mean. It was like this: when we made it Started With Eve, Deanna was constrained with me, restrained, inhibited... by her own particular brand of shyness. Everyone had always called her 'Miss Durbin,' No one had ever given her a chance to feel free and regular. She'd been carried along on a cushion. The 'Queen' stuff, Stiff-making, that is. She'd never done anything boisterous in her life. On the screen, she never really let her go. She had never kissed a fellow wildly, passionately. I made up my mind I had to fix that.

"I had always called her Deanna, ever since we made 'Three Smart Girls Grow Up,' but I could never let myself really go with her. I always felt she was somehow disapproving of something or other. So, when we started making 'Eve' I was, I must admit, thinking of myself somewhat. I made up my mind I would not let this frigidity limit my performance, freeze my 'assets.'

"So, I walked in the first morning, said 'Hi, Stinky!' Deanna looked at me with a frozen expression. Then, like a pianist who makes a mistake, and doesn't care, I came back and said it again. Another freeze. But good.

"Deanna was so startled I collapsed, and (I learned later) told Vaughn Paul that I had called her 'Stinky.' Vaughna laughed like hell. You think of something to call him tomorrow,' he told her. Deanna's mind doesn't run to name-calling, so they collaborated. And on 'Slug.' From then on in, it was 'Stinky' and 'Slug' and a good, all-around American pair of performances we turned in, if I do say so.

"And that's what I mean by 'Hi, Stinky!' It's rudimentary, you know, it's 'elementary, my dear Watson,' '' he laughed; then added eye grave, "and it is based on my conviction that we are all shy, all so shy, pathetically shy. Some of us try to cover it up one way, some another. But there a great many of us, in all of us, the shyness. I just try to break the barriers down when I can. I try to get the combination of every person, meet it. I make it my special business to find out how they tick. It goes both ways, too; I try to make people understand me, get my point across, make it work. It's a bit of a combination, but Jus' Well, mostly by looking people in the eye, and being honest. 'Look,' I say, 'here are my bad points, what are yours? In other words, I give them the 'Hi, Stinky' approach.'

(He does. He knows the name, the first name, of every soul on his sets. He knows how many children they have, and who, individual problem each tot presents. He's only interested in, and for what purpose, were we born and (b) his method of dealing with people.

"I've been using that approach all my life" he was saying, "with everyone, And never knew it. It was my pal Allan Jones who crystallized it for me, telling me 'You know, Bob, that 'Hi, Stinky' sales of yours is what opens all the doors. Maybe you don't know it, but it's your philosophy of life in two little sets of street jargon. I believe he was right.

"When I started working with Alfred Hitchcock on my new picture, 'Saboteur,' I'd heard from other actors that I might meet up with some strange, uncanny treat- ment from the English director. He rates badgers his actors, I was told. His method of getting results is, ah, as eerie as the results you see on the screen.

"Well, I didn't go around fretting about it, in introvert fashion. If he was going to jump at me out of hair, I was prepared to know it. I went straight to Hitch before the picture started. 'Look,' I said, 'I am a little bit timid, aren't we all? But I am on the committee. To offset this, I'm apt to scare around lot. Now, I don't want to have to scare so, having been warned that you talk to actors rather, ah, strangely. I just want to know what to expect. I just want to understand you, so that—'

"'I'm sure, old bean,' Hitchcock inter- rupted me, as affable and empty-dumpl before the fall, "that if you give me what I want, old bean, there will be no trouble old bean.'

"That was fair enough. But what did I want? If we know what people want, yo see—"

"Do you want me to learn my lines, or not learn them? I asked. When you want me to put myself entirely in your hands o think up bits of business myself? D you?"

"Don't learn your lines,' he said, 'an just be your own sweet self!'

"And there we were. Hitch is the one who's actor is letter-perfect in his part. He doesn't let you out, you have to put yourself entirely in your hands o think up bits of business myself. D you?"

"When I made 'The Devil and Miss Jones' with Jean Arthur, I had never met her. I had heard that getting along well with Miss Arthur's complexion—In a great hurry be cause I was making 'Free and Easy' a M-G-M at the time, was taking much my hands,

"I whipped around a corner of the some stage and sitting right there, smoking a cigarette, was Miss A. I said 'Gee, you're just another way of saying 'Hi, Stinky!'—se it? Disarming, that's the motive. A girl can't very well have a tantrum or turn it ice when a fellow is being so doggone pleasant.

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you're going to chip it in, out of the money you are getting today. Instead of spending it all, you're going to lend some of it to Uncle Sam. He'll put it to work for America. He will give you a written promise to pay it back in 10 years, with interest (2.9% a year). If that promise isn't good, nothing's good. But because this is America, it IS good.

How can you chip in?
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Yes! If you can't spare $18.75 today, buy War Savings Stamps for 10¢ or 25¢ or 50¢. Ask for a Stamp book, save a bookful of Stamps, then exchange them for a War Savings Bond.

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WHEN?
Our enemies have been getting ready for the past 7 or 8 years. Are you going to wait till they get nearer our kids?

This advertisement has been prepared entirely as a patriotic gift to the Government. The art work, copy, composition and plating, as well as the space in this magazine, have been donated by all concerned as part of their effort towards helping win the War.
"At that," Bob laughed, "she did have rather a 'have-we-met-before-my-good-man' expression in her eyes. So I pulled another rabbit out of the hat, mentioned some party where we'd both had such a heck of a time (a fiction, of course) and then 'Come on, now,' I said, 'let's make this thing, I've got to get going.' By this time, I had her by the hand and she walked with me, doffie as a lamb, to the set where we made the test.

"Later, Sam Wood said to me, 'Glad you got along so well with Arthur. You're old friends, you two, eh? I only met her ten minutes ago.' I said, Wood. It is thanks to this barrier-breaking, ice-thawing genius of his that Bob has worked up his reputation-extraordinary. He has something special to contribute to the making of a picture, and they all know it.

We bought books on astrology. We compared our common or uncommon Gemini characteristics. We gave each other advice. The result was a nice, friendly feeling between us on the set. And on the screen, I believe, it comes over. That we are two people who are interested in each other, I mean, not just pretending to be. Genuine, not gelatin.

"He gets along with women,' they are saying of me, in the business. That's a laugh. I was never particularly a Ladies' Man. Not even before I was married. No women breaking their necks over me, let alone their hearts.

"What I am talking about is not, at any rate, something that is happening just to me and to the people I contact. It hasn't anything to do with sex. It is not, or it should not be, an individual or local thing, but this trying to find the common denominator of your fellow man. It has got to happen in the world.

"I have always had a pet theory that the salvation of the world is in the air. The war will be won in the air. Peace will come from the air. And we could learn, if we would, all the lessons of wisdom from the air. Adaptability, mainly. Nothing, after all, is as adaptable as the air. It gets over. That is for me. In the air, too, is radio, which makes for understanding. In the air, what is more, things fall into their proper perspective. Values get straightened out. Up there, in that divinely fluid element, among the winds and the stars, you match your puny little self and all the other little, human selves to the elemental laws, and—" Bob smiled, "what can you find to say to any man but—Hi, Stinky!

"And one thing more—and here is something new under the sun, so help me—and forgive me for a big, fat boast—I even use the Hi, Stinky approach on the characters I play.

This, it seems unnecessary to say, required some elucidation. I asked for it, and got it.

"I simply predicate my performance upon the birthday of the character I am playing. Bob explained, 'and then behave accordingly.'

The script of 'Kings Row,' I then picked out a birthday for Parris Mitchell, I chose February 4th. Because February is under the Sign of Aquarius and Aquarius is the Humanitarian. Under Aquarius are all those who, like Parris, try to help mankind. Thereafter, whatever Parris did, I tried to have him do as an Aquarian. When he got mad, in his compassion for his friend, Drake, in his relationships with girls, I kept his characteristics as an Aquarian in mind, knew what his reaction would be, under this sign, and so I had pattern to use.

"Turning to astrology for help in playing consists, in fact, in believing that every part is, I believe, original with me. It is been my little secret which now, blow me down, I seem to be giving away. I should remark here, by the way, that I am not an all-out believer in astrology. I can think of many arguments against it for it is not, but I do believe that it provides a key to the general behavior and major characteristics of men.'

(He never wears make-up, I was thinking, as he seems to be different, quite startlingly different, in every part he plays. Directors have told me he looks different in different roles. Because of his 'secret.' I thought, perhaps he is different. He must think differently, feel differently, react differently in each and every part. He did not merely make believe that Bob Cummings was Parris Mitchell in 'Kings Row'; he behaved as Parris Mitchell, according to his birthdate, would behave.)

"When I made 'I Started With Eve,'" Bob was saying, "I gave myself an April birthday, Taurus and, accordingly, I tried to behave, in this part, as one born under Taurus would be likely to behave. In 'Moon Over Miami,' I used my own birthday, Gemini. I played myself, a flirtatious fellow, talkative, inclined to be a one with the girls, yet capable of real devotion, too.
table of settling down when the time for
settling comes. Yes, me!
"In 'The Devil and Miss Jones,' I used
my stand-in, Eddie Reagan, as my model.
put Eddie, a Scorpion, on the screen.
Scorpions are tremendous talkers.
are crusaders. They are table-thump-
s. I became a Scorpion and now, in
Saboteur,' I am a Sagittarian. The chap
play in 'Saboteur,' suspected of sabotage,
stantly conniving for his life, would
me under the sign of Sagittarius, I am.
Sagittarians are clean-cut, rather
ent types. What they say usually hits
ark. They have good aim in everything.
are under the sign of the Archer.
So, with each part I play, I give the
character a birthday. I then ask myself,
ow would a man born under this or that

gives up. Evidently his special brand of
itching woo isn’t in best Hollywood style,
but, he admits, sadly, that’s how I ‘do*d it.’

 survives? How would he react to this?
so that! I must do what the script calls
for, of course. But I keep the point of view
of the character’s astrological sign in mind.
find it helps me, helps me NOT to be
Bob Cummings on every foot of film.
And now you have it,” Bob smiled over
the coffee—did I mention that we were
drinking at Bob’s favorite eatery, Eaton’s
lunch in the San Fernando Valley, a mile
so from Universal? And under a spread-
ning olive tree which thrusts its pale green
branches through the roof of the enclosed
ratio. “Now you have my secret,” he said.
What it boils down to is that I try to
know people, all kinds of people, including
those men I must, for a little while, be-
come. I try to be honest with people and
hope that they, in turn, will be honest with
me. It resolves itself into one basic equa-
tion—understanding.”

Close by our windows, where we sat, under
the olive tree, symbol of Peace, Army
trucks rolled by, making a martial clatter
in the quiet valley road. There was a curious
expression in Bob’s very dark blue
eyes. After a pause: "We wouldn’t have
his war if we understood each other," he said.

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Be glamorous, too! See if gentle Odorono Cream
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Generous 10¢, 39¢, 59¢ sizes.
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ANN SOTHERN presented Hedy Lamarr with a precious engagement present. It came in a large satin-lined box, all done up in ribbons and bows. Hedy tore into it and found—five pounds of sugar! Hedy took one look and screamed to George Montgomery: “Look, darling—we're rich!”

JOAN FONTAINE and Olivia de Havilland have agreed not to buy another dress until the war is over. The money they would ordinarily spend, goes for Victory Bonds. When Livvy needed a new gown for a special occasion, she enlisted the aid of her friend, John Hambleton, the famous designer. They took an old dress, turned it inside out, cut out the sleeves and made it into a backless gown. Olivia was the belle of the ball.

PRISCILLA LANE's in love again. She may stomp her pretty foot and deny it, but there's romance waiting for her on the desert. Strange part of it is, this Army officer is stationed at the Victorville airport. In order to see him, Pat has to drive up to Victorville. And Victorville, if you're up on your Lane history, is where John Barry (Pat's former fiance) is running his newspaper. If Pat announces her engagement, she can depend on getting a good spread in the Victorville Press! Or can she?

NEVER let it be said that Charles Boyer doesn't have a sense of humor. Completing the final shot on "The Constant Nymph," he sighed, turned to Joan Fontaine and said: "Well, I guess I'll take off my carpet and go home now." Then he reached up and removed his hairpiece!

IT'S true, because they sent Annie Sheridan a picture of it. They're getting top prices for a certain hotel room, in a certain town in the middle-west. It seems Ann stayed there while entertaining the soldiers at the local Army camp. Recently Ann received a thick envelope in the mail. It contained a photograph of Ann's room. In large letters was a sign tacked over the bed. It read: "Ann Sheridan slept here."

GUESS where Jimmy Stewart heads every time he gets a free week-end? Right to Ginger Rogers' house that sits on the top of a high hill. Instead of going to the Mocambo or the Little Troc (they're the only two night clubs open now) they sit out on the patio and look down on the lights of Hollywood. Jimmy's whole life is now wrapped up in the Army. His pal Burgess Meredith (who was once referred to as "The startled chrysanthemum") is now one of the most serious soldiers in his company.

WHEN Tyrone Power gets into the Navy, he won't have to watch his waistline. Until he does, his superior studio officers will be just as pleased if he kind of counts the calories!

HARD luck dogged the steps of Brenda Marshall and Bill Holden right to the very end. Their marriage has been a series of location trips, hospital sieges, and separations. On Bill's last week in Hollywood before joining the Army, Brenda came down with the measles. The day Bill left, their prized Chinese servants announced that they were going into business for themselves. Brenda has been so upset, she's down to ninety-two pounds!

M-G-M's loss is 20th's gain. When Ann Rutherford went to Mr. Mayer an asked for her release, no one thought she'd receive it. Ann pleaded for herself. She had been on the lot too long. The break had been slow in coming. She didn't mention that every part her heart was set on, L. Tom Tyler played. Not wanting to stand in her way if she could better herself, Mr. Mayer gave her blessing. He also told Ann she could come "home" whenever she wanted. Ann went right over and signed a new contract with Zanuck.

THE Fre' Astaire's new baby girl has been christened. They're calling her Av Astaire—not after Mrs. Mickey Rooney Fred and Phyllis just happen to like the name. Wouldn't it be nice to have a second generation brother and sister dance team to follow in the footsteps of Fred and the Adele Astaire? Little Freddie, Jr., is a ready showing dancing inclinations. Maybe someday we'll be seeing on the theate marquess: "Ava and Fred Astaire, Jr., in person!"

AT THE completion of "Eagle Squadron," Diana Barrymore gave a party for the company. Instead of an informal get-together, she asked them all to wear dinner jackets. They all did—all but Edith Albert. He said he wanted to enjoy his self. Van Hoffin (who wasn't in the picture) was the only outside guest. Right after dinner, he and Diana disappeared into another room. For hours they remained away looking at John Barrymore's picture and scrap books. Finally, everyone left as went on to a night club. The next day Diana sent a note of apology. Hollywood still can't figure her out.
HEN interviewers used to ask George Sanders about his marriage, he quietly
then it was none of their business.
didn't work so well with the draft
it seems it was their business. By
date they impressed this on George, he
almost ready to admit anything! He's
ried, they say—and they also say there's
in the offing. That's one thing the
board isn't interested in. As for in-
ners, they might just as well try and
Garbo to play piggy-back. George isn't

G-M will never be the same. When
they signed Carmen Amaya, the sen-
oral Andalusian Gypsy dancer, she
ught along twenty-six aunts, uncles and
as. They gave her a gorgeous knotty
portable dressing room on the set.
In they asked if everything was all
through an interpreter Carmen ex-
ly explained that she had to have—a
s cuspidor. It was for one of the
est

HE THOUGHT we had heard every-
thing, Michele Morgan has a new farm-
se style home. There's a hayloft built
in her living room! You climb up a
ter to reach it. Yes, it's filled with real
All she needs now is Linda Darnell's
rooster. If Michele gets hay fever
ll know why.

HE ways of mice and men and Holly-
ood producers are indeed strange.
geo hadn't a job in the movies for
year. The day Lonella Parsons
ied that Paramount had sent for the
icient Mexican to test for Maria in
er Whom The Bell Tolls," every other
io wired they had a part for her. She
ed back and said: "Whatever the part
'm sorry but I'm not the type,"

HUMPHREY BOGART was having a lot
of fun ribbing Adolphe Menjou.
"Say, 'Dolph,'" kidded Bogey, "if
they keep on drafting guys like
Lynn and Reagan, they'll have to
take old guys like you and
make you up to look like young
leading men."
"Well, at least," cracked Menjou,
"for the first time in history some of
our glamor girls will have leading
men nearer their own age!" Ouch!

THE Army will never be the
same! Joan Blondell almost caused
riot when she did her sketch for the
boys in camp. Right in the mid-
dle of a semi-strip
tease number, Joan's zipper got
stuck. She asked
if there was a sol-
dier in the house
who could help a
girl out. Of course
it was all in fun.
The boys cheered
them selves
hour.

GEORGE RAFT, above, plays himself, as he was during his career
as a dancer, in "Broadway," new film which parallels incidents
in Raft's life. Janet Blair enacts his dancing and romantic partner.

HOLLYWOOD Follows GOOD TASTE
Broad-shouldered and strong as an ox, young George Tobias had women theater patrons shrinking and fainting when he came out on the stage in his hairy stage costume, bodied picked up heavy Louis Wolheim and hurled him into a cage.

Harold had followed George's progress with interest. For versatile George had also scored playing a Polish gentleman of 60 years of age in Channing Pollock's "The Foot." Harold, too, decided to try the stage.

The years passed. George became established as one of Broadway's most versatile character actors. Twice Hollywood offered movie contracts to New York, but George was George's dish. He loved Broadway with its familiar haunts and sights and smells. A man's man, he was one of "the boys" in his own gang. No one ever saw stories in Greenwich Village at Roomy Marie's. Food was charged on the cuff—between shows. When George began to get the breaks, he more often took the checks.

Feartured with Brian Donlevy in "What Price Glory?" as the ballet master in "You Can't Take It With You" (the part that Mischa Auer played in the movie version). George was finally offered more money than he had ever seen, so he succumbed to Hollywood.

Meanwhile Harold played bits in Paramount pictures in New York and then came to Hollywood. Working regularly in an unpeacable way, he had a good career. Nice house, plenty of clothes and friends, who proved to be friends only as long as he had money.

One February day in 1939 during a practice polo match, Harold's horse collided with another player. He was thrown and kicked on both legs by both horses. His crushed body was taken to the hospital where doctors shook their heads. Hopeless, they said. The girl, a blue-eyed flaxen-haired Hollywood doll, whom Harold was to marry in June, came to the hospital long enough to faint at the sight she saw. She returned his ring. Their four-year romance was over. He never saw her again.

One leg was amputated above the knee. With the loss of his leg, his future, his girl, his friends, life looked hopeless, a complete blackout for Harold.

Doctor and hospital bills and special treatments soon consumed his entire savings. His fine car, his furniture and his home were sold or given away. George couldn't stay out alone to face the world, heartache, his pride forbidding a plea for help to his mother, Harold found one friend, an extra out of work who permitted him to sleep on a living room couch. There was no money and Harold's torn body required X-ray treatments to ease the pain and promote the circulation of the severed arteries.

"How do you get around to the studios?" George asked.

"I get on the street car," Harold replied. "I can use my one leg and the crutches."

George thought a few moments. "Say, fellow," he offered, "I've got no one depending on me, I'm new out here. Supposing I drive over and take you to work and take you home?

"George began driving me in his car," Harold tells. "He'd try to pass off his kindness as nothing. But it's not easy helping a man in and out of the car, watching him his crutches, waiting on him at every turn. Still George would dismiss it all, embarrassed if I would try to express my gratitude.

"A few days later George moved me out to his house to live with him. I know sacrifices many evenings with friends, rather than leave me alone. His agent and staff and friends are always calling to invite his dinner or parties. George takes it to quiet restaurants where food is good and we spend long even over dinner.

"In the beginning George never spoke to me much. He respected my wish that mother shouldn't hear of my misfortune. It would be a terrible shock to her we knew.

"Once Winchell and then Fidler cal to verify facts that George was taking of me—but them out printing the story. He would great publicity for George, they insisted. But in they had to respect George's wish that story must not reach print; that my mot must not know."

"I need a good secretary, Harold George said, and give money freely. But I can't explain the fun I n it to see the department store. I was the one my other leg began to discolor and swell. The doctors were powerless to do anything to save it. For weeks sleep cause of the pain, George was also bringing a new doctor, some new medicin. Lots of nights he'd sit quietly by my bed. Then just before this Christmas I go to the hospital for the amputation of other leg.

"George paid all the bills. He was the hospital every minute he could, there after. When I was read to come home, George surprised me. I had bought him a house in San Fernando Valley. "It doesn't have a single step in it, Harold, George announced. "When you come home we're go on a long wheel chair and you can be able to wheel all over the place. Do you worry, fellow, You'll be good as new."

Folks wonder why George should so much for me. I can't express to say I could never tell the half George's completely unselfish devotion a fellow for me. No one else would want a man and give the money. George has given me. He might have put me an institution, or hired a servant to take care of me. He preferred to care for himself. Lifting me out of bed before moring. Cooking my breakfast. Taking me the studio with him. And to dinner at night never leaving me home alone.

"Even when he has dates with gi friends, he always manages to get the two bring another so we can be a foursome. Many actors give money freely. But all Hollywood there has never been an actor to give so freely of himself."

Now that the long months of pain past, George is beginning the rehabilitation of Harold's activities. His personal eff has given Harold new faith in himself and believed in his capacity. He has over that he is not doomed to hopeless invalidism. But as George Tobias' closest friend, not confidant and secretary, he too has a job George has not me placed his faith and trust in him.

"Got to watch the weight, Harold George will say. "We got to get you to see a doctor. We'll have to have extra weight to carry when you learn to walk again."

Encouraging Harold to diet, George the example and shed tons himself. Eating was a major interest in George
It's Tough To Be Single in Hollywood!

MANY A GIRL may think it's tough to be single anywhere—but let Lana Turner illustrate that it's tougher in Hollywood! Pursued by photographers who foresee eloipements and reporters who scent romances, an unmarried star can't even enjoy her misery in private, without being hounded by rumors! An everyday emotion for ordinary girls becomes a bane for a star—and a penetrating photo-scoop for Screen Guide!

Other Scoops in July Screen Guide:
War Comes to the Newywoods! And now Brenda Marshall will have to get along without her Bill Holden.
Squire Morgan Surrenders! Frank Morgan couldn't be photographed—but our cameramen captured him for a photo-story of his way of life and good times.
Jane Russell Still Has A Chance! The girl who gave Hollywood her all in sex appeal may succeed yet!
What Happens to War Heroes? Review the struggles of Ronald Colman to see how heroes "cane in!"
"My Fight Is Over!" says Gene Tierney. At long last, here is the finale to her family feud!

A gourmet of every type of food it always been his particular delight to go to many restaurants and spend a long time ordering special dishes and enjoying them. But I had to get Harold to diet. You'll appreciate me if you eat everything and nothing," George says. "Besides, I won't want to get typed on the screen. And, well, it wasn't all for Harold that I did it. I heard a kid say in a low one night where 'Sgt. York' was run-ning. "There comes that fat George Tobias.' I wasn't to be tied by that way.

A streamlined wheel chair with the latest conveyances Harold about the ranch. George has never left him alone at all. And during the present defense emergency George had Harold commissioned a member of the air-raid-warden squad, along with himself, Harold is desk is while George walks his horse from twelve to night.

Harold relates one call George answered. Lady said she heard planes overhead dur-ing the night. The drone of plane motors moved to be a vacuum sweeper next door. George carefully shields Harold from her. "Do you know what happened to Harold and me today?" he begins. "Well, Harold was sitting in the car in a restricted area I while I dished into a store. The cop came along and began to write a ticket. Harold pointed to his legs and said how he was just out of the hospital and a friend was driving him about. By the time I got back to the car the cop had torn up the ticket."

After the second amputation the word quickly reached his mother in the east. She immediately telephoned and demanded to know the truth which had been kept from her for two years. So now for the first time it can be told.

If it hadn't been for George Tobias, who plays those sinister or jovial roles, his memorable diamond swindler in "South of Suez," his humorous soldier in "Sgt. York," his barber in "Strawberry Blonde," his current Greek farmer in "Juke Girl," Harold Ramer today might be a charity object, a beggar with a tin cup on the street corner. Instead, he's a young man of 30 whose faith in his own ability has been restored by the faith of his friends.

When George first came to Hollywood he longed to return to New York. Often he said, "I wouldn't buy anything here. I couldn't put on the Santa Fe and ship back to New York." New York was his very life. But to insure Harold a home to meet his needs of wheel chair transportation, he purchased the ranch house built on one level without steps. Strictly bachelor quar ters is it without a single feminine touch.

"Sure, I might get married some day," George says. But actually he's had little time for dates. Usually he and Harold take a couple of girls to dinner and for a ride in the station wagon. But George has never fallen in love with any one girl. Rather he gets more enthused about his horses. He just purchased the Tom Mix stables from the Mix estate and had them moved to his ranch to house the Tobies horses.

"Whenever George gets interested in a girl and is about to pop the question, he sees a new silver saddle, or a new horse, and falls in love with it," his friend says. "When George was a child he was crazy about animals," his brother relates. "He was in love with 'Lizzie the cow.' If mother ever missed him, she always knew she'd find him out in the barn feeding sugar to Lizzie."

Because of his keen interest in defense work George's neighbors have offered to run George for mayor of Sherman Oaks in the valley. George is proud of the nomination and takes the campaign seriously, passing out cigars and kissing all the pretty babies and tipping his hat to their mothers in true old-time campaign style.

In the last war George enlisted as a fifteen-year-old youngster by lying about his age. In the present war he is doing his bit, along with thousands of others.

His hobby is western attire. He practically supports the saddlery in San Fernando Valley single-handed, has acquired all types of fancy tooled leather and silver studded saddles, belts, chaps, hats and outfits.

At the studio he goes about roping everybody. Animates or manimates objects. Once when he chased Miss Bette Davis off her feet, he apologized: "I'm sorry, Miss Davis, but when I got a rope in my hand everyone looks like calves."

George's Broadway friends warned him when he first came to Hollywood, "Don't play in 'B' pictures. Stand up for your rights. Don't let Hollywood push you around!" For six months George waited for an "A" assignment. Nothing happened. So George stepped into Ann Sothern's first "Maidie" playing the circus Barker.

"There I sat before the camera picking my teeth. That's a simple thing to do, pick your teeth with a toothpick. But I could hear the actors on the sidelines saying: 'A New York actor, isn't he wonderful!'

"I decided if picking your teeth in pictures is wonderful—this acting was pretty soft. I'd do more of it. I began playing everything they gave me. I made sixteen pictures last year, sometimes working in three at a time.

"Hollywood's all right. I'm here to stay now. I used to have a notion I'd go back to New York. But that's before I got Harold. Somebody has to look out for him. I'm alone and well, I'm able to. So I nominated myself for the job."

Which has proven to be Hollywood's greatest friendship.
He's No Exhibitionist

Continued from page 51

broke down and cried. "Come, come now, missy," he soothed her, adding a warming pat on the back, "tell your Uncle Barnacle all about your streaming face," she sobbed, "Everybody comes to me for a good time, b-but I- I never have any time.

By now our waiteress had returned with a piece of apple pie. Had I, by rare fortune, wondered its prospective consumer, ever tasted a genuine M-G-M make? I muttered something about its being the best in the world. "How right, how absolutely right you are!" was his glowing confirmation. He admired his Filipino cook could see eye-to-eye with me in this matter.

That earnest fellow, it appeared, had tried his hand at baking dough and apples, but the result left something to be desired. Accordingly, Mr. Pidgeon brought home from the studio a sample of the real thing. In the garage he put it down under his car motor, which he tinkered with the engine. Then, taking it into the kitchen, he bade the Filipino to make a pie exactly like this, and he was carried out that when the brown-crusted triumph was set proudly before the master of the house it bore a distinct and high flavor of motor oil!

As he threw back his head for the laugh on himself, Mr. Pidgeon apparently sighted a friend in need who would serve his all too urgent stallling purpose, for he jumped up and sang out, "Arthur, old boy, come over here, there's someone I want you to meet!" From a neighboring table like a lawman good English monition—to the laughter, came the noted London playwright, Arthur Wimperis, who had worked on the motion picture version of "Mrs. Miniver," starring Mr. Pidgeon with the scintillant Greer Garson. A constant play of wit flashed between the jovial Canadian and the starchy whimsical Briton until Mr. Wimperis remembered he had to work for a living and took himself off with a parting shaft.

Leaving back and drawing gracefully on his pipe, Mr. Pidgeon was content to say that ours had been a good, satisfying talk. Far from sharing this view, I could only regret his not being for a single moment he had talked seriously of himself.

"But I don't take myself seriously," he protested, visibly shocked at the mere suggestion that would mean great danger of turning out to be a pain in the neck. It would also mean the beginning of the end.

Desperately, as though to fortify himself against so dire a fate, he ordered another piece of pie. Not that this Canadian Clark Gable was in the least pern. Only his honesty, individual and professional, marked him. He simply refused, with a sort of big-boyish frankness, to be impressed in spite of the fact that within the year he had made greater strides than any other Hollywood actor. His whole-souled, forceful performances in "Blossoms in the Dust" and "Two Girls, Was My Valley," not to mention still other advances in such a short a time, had carried him forward with a swiftness which might well dazzle the actor with lesser gifts. But Walter Pidgeon had kept his head on his shoulders, rather than in the clouds, and both feet on the ground.

And now he was down to earth with: "Please understand that while I don't take myself seriously, I do take my work seriously. It's of first and last importance to me. If you're serious about that, the result will be convincing. Even so, trying too hard may prove to be a mistake. At least, that was true in my case at the start. I was sending back to Boston when, one night, I went to a party and sang two or three songs. I was asked, 'Are you with a show?' I told Fred Astaire, for it was no less than he who had put the question. "With a voice like that," Astaire was more than kind to say, 'you ought to be in music.' He volunteered to speak to Charles B. Dillingham about me. It wasn't long before a letter took me to New York. Through the Dillingham office, Arthur Hammerstein had offered me a part in one of his musical productions. But Dillingham's secretary, Vera Murray, who knew all the answers, warned me, 'Without any previous Broadway experience, you can't step into the leading role of a New York show and expect to get away with it.' She advised me to go back to Boston and wait for a less important engagement. A month or so later, Miss Jansis wrote me that Elsie Janis was going on a concert tour and that this might be a good chance for me. It was really Miss Jansis who took the chance when she opened her tour at the Hoan Hall in New York. Mine was the saddest experience a man ever had in the first half of the concert I went on to sing three songs. Standing on that platform in a cutaway and striped trousers, I must have looked a poor undertaker, and I certainly felt like one. Cold with fear of failure, I tried so desperately to overcome it that my throat went dry. During the intermission I heard Miss Jansis's manager saying to her in her dressing room: 'Wherein did you get that song strangler? He's the worst I ever heard!' That settled me. Feeling sure I was 'through' with the end of that first performance, I stopped worrying about making good and relaxed. This change of attitude toward myself was, unwittingly, just the thing to turn the trick. Going back for more songs, I sang them with no trouble at all, and to everybody's amazement, including my own, got three encores. That experience, with the happy result that I was to hold my job, made me realize I had tried too hard the first time and taught me a lesson—never again to take myself seriously."

So it was that he sang himself into a London revue with Miss Jansis as well as several that followed. For a time I assumed he had been an equally merry trouble in his earlier pictures, he just grinned at one recollection. It had to do with a 1900 picture which reassuringly advertised: "This is a picture in which it is positively guaranteed that Walter Pidgeon will sing only one song." But that really wasn't quite so bad as it sounded. You see, the public then had grown a bit tired of screen musicals and for that reason both producers and exhibitors were using soft pedal.

When I wondered whether acting had been a second thought of his, he said: "I always had it in the back of my mind. But it was put there, perhaps, by John Bar more, Leo Ditricelein and Cyril Ma. They were my gods of the theater. At one time I thought Barrymore the great actor of them all—still think so, for one thing. He can play anything, tragic comedy, farce, and play it brilliantly. Sit me another actor who can do this—there isn't one. The day I was sailing for E land with Miss Jansis this admiration almost cost me my job. Going to Barrymore into 'Beau Brummel,' I through the picture a second time just study his work and nearly missed the but Miss Jansis was anxiously hanging over to me I said the gang-plank. When I planned the reason for my delay, she Wel, you couldn't have a better excuse.

It was in a rowboat on the river at John, New Brunswick, his birthplace, a young Walter played his first imaginary parts, re-enacting stories of his grandfather who had been a sea captain. He him who has ever been a businessman had followed in the footsteps of his father, the owner of wholesale and retail general merchandize stores throughout Canada. The call of the water, mixed with that of the wild, for only an hour's walk from the house were woods that teemed with game.

And there never was a better setting inspire dreams of an adventurous future he now remarked.

As to how he had learned acting. Pidgeon merely waved aside his highly developed skill with an embarrassed gesture and observed: "Oh, acting's like swimming—you just fool around till you get hang of it. Maybe the trick of getting in losing self-consciousness. I think greatest example of this is furnished the excellence of colored entertainers. Ta are not all self-conscious, and this counts for their complete naturalness a realistic absurdity. In my short experience with men and women just starting in I led to conclude that women seem less conscious than men. Whether they have knack of adapting themselves more easily I don't know, as I don't have their charm. Cartainly this charm of theirs is a great as. In a man I don't think that looks count a thing. Personality and animation, the same animation that vitalizes entertainers, are infinitely more important. Kids, young girls, might possibly fall an actor's looks, but that's as far as goes." He shook his head vigorously at suggestion of women's susceptibility to handsome actor. "Anyway, I've never..."
ed anything of the sort. Sitting at a pre-
view of a picture in which I happen to have a
part I simply keep watching things on
a screen and thinking how differently I'd
them if they could be done over again."
It was typical of him that he had nothing
to say of his personal attributes, and when
ventured to touch upon this point, not
be overlooked in his case, he replied de-
sively: "I never have appraised my own
allyes, if any. Do you think my physique
helped me? I can only answer that by
ing your physique is something you’ve
all your life, and so you don’t think
y thing about it. If you’re sick and then
it well again, you’re thankful and go on
ith your work. And where does physique
me in with an actor when the king of
box offices is Mickey Rooney?"
That stopped me. I could only beat around
ring to find something that this unduly
olistic actor would admit as having been
good to him, and out of the attempt
ally came: "What did me the most good
the time I needed it most was the picture
th, Deanna Durbin, ‘It’s a Date.’ I’d never
a really good picture up to that time;
was the best part I’d ever had in a swell
lure with a very big star. The Nick
n pictures also were helpful in giving
me a new following among the youth
merica, and I liked them very much. As
‘How Green Was My Valley,’ I loved
he whole story. Then, of course, there
as ‘Blossoms in the Dust,’ another fine
ure bringing with it an equally fine
portunity. But I can’t take myself, suc-
 or failure, seriously. The most I can
is to think I have developed a philosophy
ife, if you can call it that, which will
ep me on an even keel through good
es and bad. And I’ve had plenty of the
nd with the good. It’s probably closer to
ne truth to say I was knocked around
ll good so long and so hard that any
d I ever may have had was completely
cked out of me. Anyway, I’m dead sure
ever have any delusions of grandeur." I,
t, felt sure of that. But please let
add that Walter Pidgeon’s confirmed
esty must not be taken to mean he eats
me pie. He prefers apple.

Only Tangee
has the New Satin-Finish

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An Announcement
by Constance Luft Huhn
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Screenland 79
"Don't Be Afraid to Marry Young!" says Tim Hollingbush

Continued from page 27

new picture, "The Magnificent Ambersons." I was twenty—I'm twenty-three now—and she was nineteen. I can certainly say that I'm more than glad that we married young. I think that if a person marries young—in his late teens or early twenties—he is less apt to be set in his ideas. He will be more anxious to make the sacrifices that every marriage involves. He won't shudder at obligations. Instead he'll be glad of them. It's been my observation that the older a person gets the harder it is for him to think of someone else beside himself, and that is the biggest adjustment to be made in marriage. Young couples who marry have time to build a life together, to find it easier to give selflessness and reason in the needs and requests of the other. They are more inclined to be unselfish and to say 'our' instead of 'my' or 'mine' when referring to the possessions that make the home. Mutual consideration, then, is very important.

"Marriage is necessarily dependent on how easily adjustments can be made. How easy it is to sidetrack your own wants in favor of your wife's or husband's. In this respect, a young person has the advantage over an older person. Marriage to him is something of a challenge instead of a way to attain just ordinary security. Each new problem that arises is just another step toward progress and happiness in the home instead of a burden that is dull and boring. And young people don't look upon the building of something to do. To them it's an exhilarating experience. A thrill. And a chance to put into effect the ideas each has had. It's something like putting concrete under a dream."

"But, above all, marriage requires good judgment, a sincere love, and cooperation. Its success depends on a desire to make it last and a willingness to share and to sacrifice for each other."

Unlike many young couples who want to marry, Tim and Virginia met no parental objection. One big problem was erased.

"Our parents felt that we knew our own minds well enough," Tim asserted. "They could see no great risk. And we definitely didn't. We knew we were in love, and that was all that mattered. I'd never advise any young couple, however, to marry against the wishes of their parents unless those wishes were obviously unwise or possessive ones. I do believe, on the other hand, that young marriages would be more successful if parents would give the child a chance to lead their own lives and to let them work out their own problems. Much of the fun of marriage is in correcting the mutual mistakes."

"Virginia and I have been let to live our own lives. And we're as much in love now as we were when we were married. We have a fine two-year-old son, and we've had the fun of watching him grow through cooperation and understanding. We have a lot to look forward to in our life together. And we've never been bored once. There have always been too many things to do, too many new experiences to confront. And, above all, we haven't stopped planning."

"For one thing, we want two more children. No marriage is complete without children. Some young people say, 'Well have a baby when we get the furniture or the car paid for.' I think that if a couple really wants to have a baby, somehow something can be sacrificed to make such a thing possible. It all depends on how sincere the desire for children is. Some kids today have the idea that marriage is more fun if it's unhampered by the added responsibility of a child. But they don't think of the fun when a baby would enrich their lives. We love it. There would be something to make it feel that the joy and fun of life has disappeared."

There is nothing like children to keep young marriage happy. They also help build security. At least, such is Virginia and my idea. We want to be able to twenty years from now, 'We haven't missed a thing. Nothing is lacking in our marriage. It is complete.'"

The story of Tim's marriage is one of those things that Booth Tarkington might have written. It's full of the 'sincerest wish and hope of happiness,' the 'patios, the comedy, and the inspiration.' In short, it's a yarn that other young people may want to pattern after. It started one evening not so long ago. Abigail, a three-year-old and a half to be exact, Tim's invited to a sorority party by his close friend, Hal Roach, Jr. When he and Abigail arrived at the house, they were greeted pleasantly and with a great amount of pleasure. Soon Hal and his girl friend found themselves engaged in a spirited game of Tug of War. Tim stood first on one side and then the other, getting more bored and disgusted every minute. Finally, his eye fell on a very lovely girl sitting by herself. She smiled back at him as he smiled at her. He went over to talk to her. And before the evening was over, Virginia Mae Acraft and Tim Holt had recognized each other's spark. When he left the house that night Tim asked her for a date. She accepted.

This dating went on for about a year. Occasionally, they'd go to a movie. On one date, they were at a party and they'd go to a dance, "whenever Virginia could drag me to one," Tim says. But from that first evening, neither Tim nor Virginia, for anyone else.

Tim was, of course, busy with his picture making. He was in his glory playing the western roles. And he had his ranch, the name of which he was putting into shape. Just in case.

He had bought fifteen acres in the Santa Barbara Ranch, and was building a four-bedroom ranch house through the help of the F.E.P. one of the few things he ever bought money for. He did all the work on the ranch himself. He built his stables for his four horses; he worked his acres of alfalfa.

He was becoming the typical rancher.
Lynn with Don Ameche, who plays the man in her movie life, Lynn is fortunate to be able to have two of the screen’s desirable leading men playing with her.

He and Virginia talked about getting married, the ranch seemed logical. While the house wasn’t the last in modern conveniences, it didn’t ring the bell for Virginia much.

Virginia turned out to be a pretty good girl.” Tim said. “She felt, as I did, that the place was there, it would be nice to move into it. So that much settled anyway.”

It isn’t likely to forget his wedding Everything that could possibly happen with a great deal of surprise happened with begin with, he met his father at the in Pasadena early in the morning. He went to the studio where he was playing “Stagecoach.” After that, Tim hied self out to Selznick to see George about playing both twins in “Gone in the Wind.” Then back to United it. After he finished there, he went to Columbia to check on some stills. When evening rolled around, he went to the one Auditorium to appear in a benefit to win. He was on the stage, some scenes that were being used in the show led to run wildly off the stage. This is help matters much, Tim and those involved spent an agonizing few moments getting the show back in running order.

Then the evening was over, Tim det that this, of all times, was the time he got married. Virginia and I had talked about getting married before,” he said, “but every time I made any plans, I’d have to go into picture and we’d have to postpone the thing. So on this night, we got into open car and drove all night until we got to Yuma. I wasn’t exactly a romantic at, what with my long hair. I wanted to get a haircut for my wedding, and my hair was in ‘Stagecoach’ wouldn’t let it. After the wedding, we drove back to the ranch. And so began our crusing.”

The date was December 10, 1938. By January 15, 1940, the baby, named Nancy, arrived. And their problems were a blessing.

Our ranch house had the very peculiar habit of unleashing all its heretofore hidden conveniences once we were settled. We discovered that in a wind storm, the electricity would suddenly go off. And that used more than a handicap with the girls.

I’m proceeding to give out with stories it seems fans would ever think possible in a life of a movie star. Such things didn’t happen, they’d say. But, surprisingly enough, they did!

More than once,” Tim continued, “we’d have to give the baby his two o’clock feeding by candlelight. When a wind storm would come up—as it often did—not only the lights would go out, but our electric stove would cease to function. So we’d have to heat the baby’s bottle on an oil stove. This probably sounds very nee this, it was a little inconvenient. But Virginia never once complained. I realize now that it wasn’t easy for her to live like that, yet when I’d look as though she was at her wit’s end, she’d say something funny and we’d both laugh. That is important to every young married couple the ability to laugh away the little annoyances and troubles that invariably come up. Once you take them seriously, they begin to grow until they are completely out of proportion. And the couple has grown father and farther apart.

The situation at Tim’s house became far from laughable when the baby was about four months old.

One day, they noticed that Lance had a bad rash all over his body. Yes, I know it’s usual for babies to be rash, but the young Holt child’s condition wasn’t exactly usual. The doctor was called in. The pronounce ment was that the baby was suffering from an allergy of some kind. Probably from the alfalfa and hay on the ranch. So the Holt family decided to move to the Pacific Palisades and to leave the ranch for Tim’s spare moments.

After we moved to the Palisades,” Tim continued, “we settled down to a normal life. We chose our present house because it suited our needs and provided the required amount of room. I still go back to the ranch often to tend to my four horses and to keep things in shape. There is time, but I like to do as much of the work as possible.

I wouldn’t think of selling the ranch. It’s too fine an investment to let go by the boards.

“Now that we are settled, it’s amazing, as we look back on our early marriage days, that we were ever able to lead a normal life. Two days after we were married, I had to go to a barrack, rough place on location. I had to leave Virginia home because the studio wouldn’t let me take her with me. When I returned home a couple of days later, I was surprised not to find Virginia about. I called her, and then suddenly, from our bedroom, I heard her scream. I ran to the room, opened the door, and was met by my Great Dane. In a corner stood Virginia, paralyzed with fright. I took one look at my dog and realized that he had gone insane. I knew that it would be impossible for me to do anything but go outside and try to get into the room from the window. On the way out, I grabbed my gun. From the window, I saw the Great Dane ready to leap at Virginia, so there was only one thing left for me to do. I raised my gun and shot the animal. Later, I learned that the dog had eaten a poisoned squirrel. I doubt if I shall ever forget those few moments.

“Virginia had never liked the dog, but she said little because she knew how fond of him I was. Her patience in handling the animal and in standing for his habit of licking her on the face really taught me how great a factor patience is in marriage.

“Even the episode with the dog didn’t seem enough for us. Two days after Lance was born, I was sent to Arkansas on a personal appearance tour. But the amusing part of our hectic marriage was supplied by Virginia’s doctor himself.

“Two weeks before Lance was born, I got a call from him. Very excited, he yelled into the phone, ‘Come over quickly. My
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MANAGEMENT.

...do's having puppies and I could use your help.' I went over and found that the mother had already dropped one puppy and had walked away from it. The doctor had called me because he knew that I was more familiar with animals than he. After the situation was well in hand, we both had a big laugh. It was an ironical business, as we both agreed.

'Things have, fortunately, been more stable recently. Yes, I've been getting home late from the studio, of course, and having to tend to my own. It's been too busy for our usual activities and socializing. You know how it goes.'

'What are you doing tonight?'

'Let's just spend the evening together. We could prepare a special meal and have a romantic evening.'

'I love that idea. Let's get ready for a delightful evening.'

And there they were, enjoying each other's company and spending quality time together. It was a perfect end to a busy day.
photography is one of my pet hobbies. "It's very important, I believe, that the life have other interests besides the baby. Her mind is occupied with other things, he told each as apt to be such a problem and task. And there won't be a tendency her part to dramatize the difficulty of her job as a mother."

The joy of their life is, of course, Lance. And what a character this two-year-old is! For one thing, he has seven girl friends and indifferent to them all. His vocabulary an item in his growth that has given him distinct personality. One of the first words he learned was "No," so now he says in answer to everything. His other accomplishment along the Webster line was uncovering the word, "Daddy." Now everyone is Daddy to him. His favorite toys, to date, aren't much interesting, are not dinky bears or the like, but kitchen utensils. Whenever Virginia is making a cake, Lance is in the middle of the affair banging away with the pan.

"It's a wonderful thing to have a baby when you're young," Tim said to me. "The husband and wife can sort of grow up with their child and can understand him better. If a couple wait too long before they have a child, they're apt to be more impatient with him and to grow away from him."

As a husband, Tim has made one mistake, at least, the one he regrets more than any other.

"One day, I got very ambitious," he said, and decided to clean our eight-room house. Well, we have big rooms and there is a lot of floor space. I worked like a Trojan when I had finished, I proudly said to Virginia, "Well, how do you like it?" She glanced off me and replied, "Fine. In fact, when it's like this I don't know how you can do the cleaning now on!"

He turned to me and asked, "Do you know anything out of such a situation?" Then he laughed at it, really. "I certainly don't want a husband to do some work around the house occasionally, though, washing a few dishes or mopping the floor to even making the baby's formula isn't going to detract seriously from his position the head of the house. And by helping the house, his wife will have more time to help him with his problems. Mind you, I'm not recommending this as a steady but it doesn't hurt at times."

Tim—whose real name is Charles John—at who was called Tim by the senior Holt Irish maid—and Virginia agree on practically everything. When they disagree, they sit down quietly without any scandal and discuss the situation calmly. When everything is ironed out. They have made it a practice never to argue even in a childish front of the baby, for they don't want him to be involved in any disagreement. On the whole, however, Tim and Virginia find little to fuss about. Their interests are the same. She doesn't care much about gardening, but she does have his version to formal clothes and parties. They seldom go dancing, but they attend dances quite regularly. They both prefer barbecues dinners to formal diners. And they both like to hunt. His gift to her last Christmas was an oil painting of the baby.

Such is a picture of a happy marriage—based on tolerance, understanding and cooperation. One begun by youth, developed in youth, and built with the ideals of one another—asked for Tim and Virginia. And it may work for you.

Editor's Note:

Tim Holt, who enlisted as a cadet in the Air Corps, has been deferred by the Army for sixty days in order to permit RKO to finish a six-week western they had scheduled and in which Tim plays the cowboy lead. Six pictures in sixty days! Where! That's some record.

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Confessions of a Hollywood Heel

Continued from page 30

He has always felt so much like an American, he hasn't taken time out to make it official.

"There was no show business in the family blood," he reveals. "I'm in the black sheep of the Carsons—the first and only one who ever went in for acting. The family didn't mention it for years, except sotto voce. They were that disappointed.

"My Dad was an insurance man. He did all right at it, too. In fact, he did so well at it, he rather hoped his son would carry on in his footsteps. His son carried on, all right, but not in the hoped-for manner. After two years of college, the dean asked me to leave. But that was where I first dabbled in dramatics, when I wasn't dabbling in football and swimming.

"I went back home and tried the insurance business. But I saw no charm in spending my life making estates for people. I guess I just wasn't serious-minded. The way I looked at it, I could have a little more fun bustling around the country as a comedian. I didn't foresee that I would eventually become a heel."

"So I bought a ticket to Chicago, to see what I could line up for myself. I met another guy—named Dave Willock—fresh out of college, who also wanted to get on the stage. We decided to team up. We spent most of one Sunday night writing an act in a hotel room in Chicago. We didn't know anything about jokes, so we concocted a couple of travesties—Courtship in the 1890's, and Courtship in the late 1920's. In our boyish innocence, we didn't realize that that sort of thing had been done to death. But also in our innocence, we didn't imitate anybody. So while we had an old act, we had a new approach. It was good for some laughs, especially with Dave playing The Girl.

"Then, by sheer accident—everything good that has ever happened to me has been an accident—we hit on something for an encore that had never been done before; an imitation of a newscaster. Which, in time, was hopped on by everybody in the business, it's still being used on the air and still getting laughs.

"Monday morning, we took our act to a booking office. Wednesday we were playing to our first audience. We got started that fast. For a while, we went along all right. Then came the debacle; vaudeville started folding. There was one spell when we didn't work for ten months. I almost went back
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The character wasn’t a dumb guy. He had a veneer of education. He was wise to the facts of life. He was even smart enough to try and understand a little. But somehow, he was completely, completely mindless, but on the g. t. he also obeying the impulses of a jealous male. And playing both sides of the fence, he didn’t come away from the experience any better. He went to the theatre and saw RKO thrup up its hands. Why, he didn’t even try to keep his head up. You don’t want him. He’s very hokey. But Milestone kept saying, stubbornly ‘He’s the guy I want!’ RKO finally gave in. And somehow they let him go. But this was right back on that lot.

“I realized it was my one big chance. Everybody knew what Rogers and Colman could— but I was somebody they hadn’t seen before, because they hadn’t seen any of those B’s I had been in, and I was playing the third most important role. I said to myself, ‘If I can hit this, the momentum ought to carry me along for another year or so, anyway.’ So, scared stiff, I gave it a try. So, you see, I had a mental picture of that character, and I knew to those lines—with an almighty amount of help from Milestone.

...everyone made a decent living—playing a diversification of roles. I think I’ve played every kind now, but the rubber kind. That’s why it baffles me when people ask, ‘Are you really like you are on the screen?’ Which heel are they referring to?

There’s one notable difference between Ceylon on stage and Ceylon on the screen. Invariably, on the screen, he points out, ‘I’m as brassy as a huggle. And, with mock modesty, I keep tooting my own horn. I suppose it’s natural, for people, if I’m a big blowhard in person, too. Everybody knows that every actor has an exhibitionist complex, of sorts, or he wouldn’t be an actor. But what everybody doesn’t know is that a great many actors are only covering up inferiority complexes. I used to ask myself, when I first came to Hollywood, ‘How can I get so much brass, so much self-confidence?’ It took me quite a while to find out that answer. It was just a bluff. Get past that bluff and they just have to be there, and the brass is just as afraid inside of not being liked. That guy over there in the corner”— he nodded toward Jingles— “is a perfect example. On the screen, he plays guys who are cocky and as hard as nails. And off the screen he beattles everything he does, he’s that afraid he isn’t getting it across.

‘Every night I tell my wife: ‘They’re going to find out some day that I’m not the actor I’ve always thought I am.’

‘But I’m a little better at bluffing than I used to be. When I first came out here, I couldn’t talk to people—I was that nervous. I was so used to having to have me meet some producer, but once we got in the Big Man’s office, I made about as much noise—and as much impression—on the furniture. My agent had to keep telling me, ‘Give more of yourself away, when you meet these big shots. Don’t be ashamed of what you’ve got to offer.’

‘And Director Jack Conway did something for me when he said, ‘You have a lot on the ball, but the trouble with you is, you’re not using it in the acting. I want to see you play a scene with a couple of stars, remember you’re just as important to yourself as they are to themselves.’ I gritted these molar together and vowed: ‘I’ll polish that up a bit.’
“But still I have my troubles, when it comes to love. It does not embarrass me when I ask the girls out, and my nerves go haywire. And it doesn’t do any good for directors to remind me that there isn’t any reason for me to feel so self-conscious—that a movie love scene doesn’t mean any more to an actress than a double-take does to a comic. I still have to give myself a big pep talk every time one comes along. I’ve tried to analyze this delirium tremens of mine in love scenes. And I think this is the explanation: when I see a guy on the screen making love to some beauty—unless he’s Boyer or Colman or somebody like that—I cringe with pity for the poor guy, making such a spectacle of himself. When I find myself in the same spot on a movie set, I’m embarrassed for myself.

“One thing that helps to make it tough, working with women, is that so many of them have built themselves up in their own minds, and other people have built them up, until they actually believe they’re super—treasures. Two exceptions, who are down-to-earth, are Ann Sheridan and Olivia de Havilland.

“The necessity for love scenes in a hero’s life, I think, is a reason, though, why I don’t want to play heroes. The other reason is: Heroes are all cut from the same pattern, but heels come in infinite variety. You have them all—and also over-act—playing a heel. All the action revolves around the louse in the story. He’s the motivator of the universe.

“In other words: Jack enjoys playing heels. As if you could doubt it, seeing him play them. Therein, probably, is the explanation for the recent avalanche of Carson fan mail. Audiences always go for actors who relish their work. Only Jack’s work is beginning to change, as a reward for his hard work. He’s no longer, for instance, the one who has him under contract and kept him busy 21 weeks last year, are turning him loose on some sympathetic and semi-sympathetic roles.

“In “The Male Animal,” he wasn’t a heel—he was simply an amusing, harmless victim of circumstances. In “Lady on a Lace,” he played a straightforward part. In “Ar- senic and Old Lace,” as the cop, he was present to supply laughs. In “Wings of the Eagle,” he started out as a coxey sort—so-and-so, but turned out right in the end and made a real putting actor. And he gave it a real shot. He was the girl (Ida Lupino, this time) in “The Hard Way,” and, in addition, has a death scene to pine over.

“Kay St. Germain—the girl he got in real life—was a radio singer when he met her. She was singing on the Signal Oil pro- gram, on which he was invited to be a comic. He’s still on the Signal Hour, two years later, but Kay is voluntarily retired, and happily involved with “the new addi- tion”: John, Jr., born last October.

“They live in a small house in the San Fernando Valley—”not,” Jack points out, “in an unpretentious place of twelve or fourteen rooms.” They have one servant. Jack plays golf on his days off, and the rest of the time stays fit with bar-bells, medicine balls and early-morning calisthen- ics, “all very depressing to think about.” He and Mrs. C. play bridge, gin-rummy and poker, read a lot, and seldom go to night clubs. (They’re such cynics, as I know from having worked in them.)

“Both he and his wife wear wedding rings. The double-ring kind of matrimony is sort of anti-Hollywood, but we went into it whole-hog.”

“They have hundreds of acquaintances in the movie business, but most of their friends are outside the movies. “In self-protection, I like to get out of the at- mosphere after working hours, I’ve seen so many people, who mean so well, get all involved with living up to a lot of publicity, not to mention the Joneses—until they’re going around in circles and don’t know where they are. And so many knives fly at Hollywood social gatherings, somebody’s bound to get hurt.”

“That from the guy who has a reputation for playing heels...

“We ask him if he has modeled any of his screen characters after actual people he has known. His answer is: “Yes—they’re composites of a lot of human nature I’ve observed. There’s a bit of chiseler in all of us. A lot of people, who are nor- mally nice, would turn a little to make a semi-honest penny. But don’t get me wrong. I love human nature.”

“Her Cardboard Lover”

Continued from page 29

Miss Croyden?" Terry asked lightly.

“Of a maniac? Certainly,” she said cooly.

“Terry grinned at that. “What’s a maniac? Humor him and he’s like a kid.” He took a step towards her and looked suddenly at the garderba on her shoulder. “Tell me, woman, that flower. That’s all. It’s not real,” Consuelo said quickly.

“Terry is not a real maniac.” Terry smiled. “We’ve been here a day and a half. It’s been sewed. She tried to get away but I was no going to let her stand there standing so firmly in front of her.

“Wait,” he begged. “You can’t go yet. Please...”

“Terry couldn’t do anything but let her go. Maybe she was right about him having made a doormat of himself but he hadn’t been able to think of anything else since the last time he had seen her. Even the new song he was writing with Chappie Champagne, his partner, had been left un- finished as he spent his days dreaming and his nights pursuing her. His watch and his cuff links and gold cigarette case had fol- lowed each other to the pawn shop and Chappie had tried to talk to him, pointing out the worst of his hotel bill was accumulat- ing, the way they both needed money. But it was useless. Terry knew those things himself.

“But he knew the other things too, the things he tried to tell Chappie, that she was the new moon in the sky, the princess

S C R E E N L A N D
a fairy tale, that she could make the sun shine when it was raining.

"Put that to music and we've got a hit," Chappie had growled. "Lay off, Terry. Forget it. Dances like that come out of ice-boxes. She's the doll in the toy shop window and you'll bust your nose on the glass."

As if Terry didn't know and as if knowing could help him. He felt sunk as he turned from the terrace and walked into the lobby and then he turned as he heard her name spoken. He felt as if it had been torn right out of his heart.

But the man who had spoken it didn't look as if he felt that way. He was big and handsome and self-satisfied, the kind of man at whom to take a cool look and invariably regret it. There was a sense of his own unchallengable superiority about him and Terry disliked him on the spot.

"But can't you at least take a note to Miss Croyden?" the stranger was asking as if he were amused at the floorman's insistence that he couldn't go into the gambling rooms unless he was in evening clothes. "Pencil?" he demanded superciliously.

The floorman shook his head as he fumbled in his pocket and Terry seized the opportunity.

"Pencil," he called, offering his own to this superior being who accepted it as a homage plainly due him, barely glancing at Terry as he wrote a note and called for a page. But Terry knew when to throttle his pride and when never around to get what you need them, he went on casually, "Can I help in any way?"

"That's very kind." The other barely nodded. "If you happen to be going into the gambling room you might take this card to Miss Croyden; any of the floormen will point her out to you. Just tell her to have a little patience if you need her. She's back. Thank you very much, old man."

"Not at all," Terry made his own voice sound as clipped and bored as the other's had but he grinned as he stepped outside the gambling room and tore the card into little pieces and thrust them in his pocket.

Consuelo waved to her usual seat when he came into the room and as usual she was winning. She was keeping the bank and there was a stack of chips and money in front of her.

"A bank of thirty-two hundred dollars!" the croupier announced, "Anyone say Banco?" But no one did. It was clear that they were not of lucky. The croupier looked at them indifferently.

Imagine anyone not wanting to play with Consuelo!

"Banco!" Terry called impulsively and then as the cards were dealt his face blanched. He had lost and all he had in his pocket was the fifty dollars the pawnbroker had given him for his cigarette case. But Consuelo only looked bored as she pushed the cards away and indicated she was through playing for the evening.

"That'll be three hundred dollars, Mr. Trindle," the croupier suggested pleasantly. "Do you wish to play Miss Croyden personally? You'll find blank checks in the box if you need one.

Terry nodded helplessly and followed her to the bar. "Will you have something?" he asked tonelessly.

"Just ink," Consuelo turned to the waiter. "And a blank check. Then as he brought them she turned to Terry. "Just sign and the desk will have the check at once."

Terry felt as if he were punch drunk. "It's like a bell," he pressed his fingers on his cheek. "You push here and it rings somewhere else, too." He pushed Consuelo. His eyes sought hers desperately. "And it doesn't ring. The batteries are dead."

"Meaning?" Consuelo demanded disdainfully and then without waiting for an answer, "I don't pay you."

"But I will pay you," Terry fumbled for crumpled bills out of his pocket. "I can give you fifty now and—"

Consuelo waved the money aside indifferently. "I almost felt a little sorry for you out there," she said. "I thought you were a fool, but now I see you're a waster. Why don't you take your money and go home?"

"Because I walked in there," Terry answered miserably. "And there you were, Nobody would play with you. You looked at me and—and—well, I couldn't say 'I love you' in front of all those people so I said 'Banco.' It was a love call."

"This place must be a happy hunting ground for you, isn't it? You look so cool it's enough to make a man cry." She looked him coldly. "Foolish women just wait for some attractive heel."

"Attractive?" Terry brightened just a little.

"Heel!" she said flatly. "I guess this washes you up with it and it doesn't matter whether I love you or not." Terry shook his head as he glanced away. "Then I might as well give you this note. Only I tore it up," he confessed ruefully. "I just tore the little piece out of his pocket. I didn't like other people sending notes to you."

Consuelo felt as if she were suffocating as she stared at the bold disinterested bits of handwriting dancing before her eyes. Tony handwriting.

"Want me to put it together again?" Terry asked, "I'm good at jigsaws.""

"No, I know what it is. Go away," Consuelo said savagely. Then as he started to leave she called imperturbably, "Come back! Put it together. Did he say anything?"

"He said," Terry couldn't look at her, "he said, 'Have a little patience and be right back."

"Patience!" she whispered. "Patience! Her cheeks flamed with the old agony, the old humiliation. She couldn't go on like this. She couldn't. Suddenly she looked at Terry. "Come with me," she commanded.

It wasn't until she had ushered him into her living room that Consuelo realized once again, "How much is a secretary paid?" she asked and then as Terry looked at her bewildered, "Never mind. You're going to be my secretary for ten weeks at three hundred dollars a week. Then the debt will be paid."

"I can't type," Terry shook his head, "don't take shorthand or keep books, I'd be hopeless."

"You don't have to," Consuelo was plainly impatient. "When you spoke to me, "CAST"

"HER CARDBOARD LOVER"


Consuelo Croyden...Norma Shearer
Terry Trindle.......Robert Taylor
Tony Bartling.......George Sanders
Chappie Champagne...Frank McHugh
Eva................Elizabeth Patterson
Judge...............Chill Wills

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is evening, what did you want to be?"

"The one man in your life," Terry an-

ounced breathlessly.

"That's what you're going to be," she

said. Then she backed away as Terry took

a quick step toward her. "No, let me

plam. On the stage, the butler brings in

chicken; at least it looks like a chicken

and pretends to be a chicken but it isn't

a chicken. It's made of cardboard. You

will fall in love with my cardboard lover. Or fiance, sweet-

heart, call it what you like."

"Oh, no!" Terry's outrage suggested

something but cardboard. "Not me."

"You must help me." Her imperiousness

gave way and she was more ravishing

than ever with her eyes looking so fright-

ened as she appealed to him. "You must

need me!"

"Why?" he asked, forcing himself to

rooted to the spot when all he wanted

to do was to take her in his arms and kiss

herears away.

"Agree and I'll explain," she said tensely,

then as he nodded, unable to deny her

pleading, the color flamed in her cheeks.

"I feel I can trust you but I'd better have

in writing." And there was nothing

terry could do but put his agreement into

words, as she dictated, the words that

were as binding as a legal document. Then

as she signed his name she took a quick

sigh.

"The man who gave you the card," she

said steadily. "He was to be my husband.

have broken with him but I still love

him. Love—it's not love, it's madness.

I told him he was getting a divorce.

We had to wait. We were together con-

stantly, with his crowd. Bermuda, Havana,

South America. He was everything to me.

But I was to him I don't know. For with

him it was adoration at one moment and

cruelty the next. In Rio one morning he almost killed a young officer

who gave me flowers. That evening he left

me in a cafe and went off with one of

the dancers."

"And you took him back?" Terry de-

manded incredulously.

"Yes, that time and the next and the

next. That was all I woke up like a sleepwalker on the edge of a roof.

There was a steamer leaving that morning

and I gathered up courage to tell him I

was through for good. He laughed and

said he would only have to whistle and I

would come running back to him. And that

card he gave you was the whistle.

"How did he know you were here?"

Terry gave her a long searching look as

if he already knew the answer.

"I wrote and told him. Her voice came

in a hushed whisper. "Oh, I can see you're

despising me and I don't wonder. I know

just what he is and I love him. He kills

every vestige of self-respect in me and yet

if I were to come in this moment—" Su-

denly she stopped and her voice hardened.

"This time it'll be different. You are to

protect me, to keep him away from me.

You are not to leave me alone an hour,

not a minute—"

"Not a second," Terry agreed jubilantly.

"You must be there between him and me

at all the time," she went on breathlessly.

"Whatever happens, whatever I do or say.

If he speaks to me you interrupt. If I try

to go to him, hold me back. Use force if

necessary. Beat me."

"Heck! No!" Terry protested.

"Yes, you mustn't miss it. I've got to

make him believe it's you I love, that

I'm going to marry you." She stopped as

the door opened and a middle-aged spin-

ster woman came into the room, chang-

ing her flamed dressing-gown agitatedly

when she saw Terry.

"Miss Consuelo," she said. "He's here.

He's downstairs paying the taxi."

"That's all right, Eva." Consuelo tried

to sound calm, but she couldn't, not with

her pulses racing like that, with every nerve

straining toward him. "Let him wait out-

side a minute, then show him in. It'll be

all right, Eva."

"I hope so, Miss." Eva sighed and looked

thoroughly unconvincing and Terry's heart

warmed toward her. He knew then that

Consuelo's maid despised Tony as much

as he did himself. But his eyes were mock-

ing as he turned to Consuelo.

"You go out on the patio," she said and

then as if gathering some last rem-

nants of pride around her, "you see, I

have to tell him about us. I have this little

triumph coming to me."

She felt as if she couldn't breathe as

Terry left the room. But she didn't see

her excitement. She must be calm, cool

and collected, she mustn't let him

guess what his coming meant. And then

that old feeling as he sauntered into the

room, the old madness coming again at

the sound of his voice, so casual and mock-

ing and tender all at once.

"What shall I do?" He smiled as if it

were only yesterday he had seen her. "One

of those wild scenes which you're not very

good at? Or a reconciliation at which

you're so adorable?"

"Tony!" She looked at him steadily.

"When I fell in love with you, I didn't

have to tell you you'd sensed it. And then

as he bowed, not even bothering to try to

hide his amusement, she forced herself to

go on. "Can't you sense that I don't love

you any more?"

"You always were a wretched liar, Con-

suelo," he said imperturbably.

"I was, wasn't I?" she agreed brightly.

"But I loved you then. That's all changed

now. Wish me happiness, Tony. I'm in love

with some one else." Then as his grin

broadened. "Hard to believe, isn't it? It's

the real thing this time. He never thinks

This scene from "Her Cardboard Lover" shows
Norma Shearer and Bob Taylor closing the
deal whereby he becomes her employee. His
job is to make her forget the man she loves.

Screenland
of anyone else. He adores me. And I adore him.

'What's his name?' Even Tony's eyes were laughing now. 'Go on. Invent one.'

Then as she told him Terry's name, the first sign of annoyance came. 'Oh, stop it, darling. I'm wearing him.'

'The joke's on you and you don't like it,' Consuelo's voice rose in her triumph. 'You don't like feeling the fool, do you? Your dear John's working tonight. I may not fall at your feet, am I?' Then as he made that quick step toward her and she felt his arms holding her, his arrogant mouth seeking hers, the joke was defeated.

'Listen,' he whispered in that old confident way of his, 'I'm on the yacht. Out on the club moorings. There's a gang with me. We're going over to Charleston in the morning. Coming?'

'No, Tony,' she said resolutely, but he went on as if he hadn't heard her.

'I'll tell Danny at the club to stand by with his lunch all night. We lift anchor at eight.'

'I won't be there, Tony,' Consuelo whispered desperately. 'I won't.' But her defenses were going. She could feel them crumbling. It was the way it always was when he was there, forgetting everything about the entire world and catching up with his transient tenderness. Then just as she was about to give in, she heard Terry's voice:

'Consuelo, darling,' he called gaily and she turned to see him coming in from the patio, a bunch of roses in his hands, with the stems still dripping with the water from the garden where he had held them. 'I picked you some flowers.'

'Oh, how sweet,' Consuelo cooed furiously from behind her clenched fists but without real force. She was too only and too adrift to get any advantage of the situation to put his arms around her possessively. It was only then he pretended to discover Tony.

'Oh, consuela, darling.'

'Yes,' Consuelo squirmed uncomfortably. 'Terry, darling, this is Tony Barling.'

'How do you do, Tony,' Tony put out his hand cordially but Tony ignored it. 'Oh, it's you,' he said coldly.

'Small world, isn't it?' Terry said brightly. 'I've just met right here!'

He turned to Consuelo then. 'Kiss for the bartender, lady?' he demanded. And Consuelo felt she had to play up to him enough to give him that icy kiss on her cheek.

'Isn't he amusing?' she said then, turning to Tony.

'Yes,' he said bitingly. 'Makes me hate to leave. But there's late.'

Consuelo felt as if her world was crashing again. The old hurt and jealousy flared again at the thought of his going to someone else but she forced herself to stand there in the circle of Terry's arm, to play her part in this ridiculous tableau, this picture of a contented, happy couple saying goodnight to their guests.

'Well, that's round one,' Terry said as the door slammed. But he took his supporting arm away self-consciously.

'Yes,' Consuelo forced. Then she forced herself to play up to him. She had to get rid of him, and fast. 'You were perfect.' She smiled sleepily, her hand putting back an over-turned tray. 'Thank you very much.' She pressed her knuckles against his eyes, overdoing completely the shaken little girl act. 'Most exhausting.'

'Comes sooner down here, doesn't it?' Terry said pleasantly, picking up his hat and going to the door. 'It's the air, relaxing, all that. Farewell. I'll report in the morning.'

'Yes, Mr. Trindale, do,' Consuelo said prettily. Then as the door closed behind her she sprang to life, dashing across the hall and taking the stairs three at a time.

'Eva, where are you?' she called wildly. "Hurry, hurry. Pack my bag at once." A shake her head. She came down the corridor. "Hurry for what? More trouble, more tears?" And she sighed as she began packing the bag.

Consuelo's heart kept doing a crazy jig as she waited. All those precious seconds when she could be with Tony wasted! And it did seem Eva was taking an unconsiderably long time at her task, as if she were stretching the moment impetuous words could hold her mistress away from him. But at last the bag was packed and Consuelo snatched it triumphantly.

"Goodbye, Eva!" The old excitement was back in her voice. "We sail in the morning." She was almost dancing as she went to the door. Then she turned and gave the anxious Eva an impulsive hug.

"I'll wire you from somewhere," she promised. "Wish me luck.

"I'll need it!" Eva shook her head dolefully.

Maybe she would, Consuelo thought. But she wouldn't think of that now. She couldn't think of that now, with joy urging her on her heart so that her running feet could hardly keep up with its mad rhythm. Then when she reached the stairs, she stopped, there on the top step, and turned to Terry, looking as if he planned to stay there forever. She pointed her fingers away, two of her fluffiest boudoir pillows propped behind his back and an ash tray, a cigarette, a plate of fruit, a magazine all within easy reach. He had prepared for a siege. No doubt of that.

Consuelo dropped her bag with a frantic thump and Tony looked up at her reproachfully.

"And if I try to go to him, hold me back!" he said, making her more furious that he had picked up her own words right back at her like this.

It didn't help at all knowing she had only herself to blame for finding herself in this horrible situation. Eva's words were worse than ever before. For weeks it grew worse, weeks in which there was no word from Tony; weeks when, if Terry wasn't following her, he was behind her door or beneath her window. No watch dog could have been more devoted, but Consuelo didn't appreciate any part of it. And then there was the time when, after she had Chappie come to the house to work on their song. Consuelo definitely didn't call that song music and in spite of all her pleading that Terry go to the hit and took advantage of the situation to put his arms around her possessively. It was only then he pretended to discover Tony.

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Terry, forcing him toward her dressing room. "Get in there," she whispered savagely. "And if you move, if you stir, I warn you, Tere..." But Terry only grinned and went meekly into the room and waited. She felt as if she couldn't breathe when Tony came in but when she ran eagerly toward him he held her off. 

"This is all very well," he said coldly. "But I've been at the Hartwells sitting next to an empty chair all through dinner, besides sitting here all night! I didn't like looking like a fool, especially in Liz Hartwell's eyes. They're too pretty."

"So Liz Hartwell has pretty eyes!" Consuelo flared. "Is all you have to say to me after a month?"

"I had nicer things to say," Tony shrugged and then as Consuelo looked at him expectantly, promising everything; that look, he brightened just a little. "Maybe you've learned something this last month."

"But if we try again you must promise me something. There are two words, two ugly little words which caused all our troubles. They are where and when and you are never to use them again. Leave me free and I think I can be rather nice. After all, I've set you a pretty good example for not being je..." He was broad minded enough not to—"

"But Terry doesn't mean anything to me," Consuelo interrupted frantically. "I know what I did was insane, but you'd hurt me. I was so desperate I hired him as a watch dog to prevent me from loving..."

It wasn't going over. Consuelo knew that when she saw his skeptical, bored smile. "You don't believe me?" she demanded. "Well, there's somebody you will believe. There is my terry." She rang the bell imperiously. "Terry, come out here at once."

The door to the dressing room opened quickly, too quickly, and Terry stood there, his uniformless, his blue satin pajamas and tetering as he tried to walk on her absent pair of mules, Terry looking his most reproachful. "Darling, the hot water fa..."

It was too much for Tony's ego. He took one outraged look and left and Consuelo and Carter were left the mystery of what she had done. Terry at least she had not heard, for she stuck her fingers in her mouth and was gone. Eva, she in the head, "I got rid of him so easily."

"It was amazing how he didn't protest."

"Well, you've been wonderful. I thought it would take months to cure me if you've done it in just these few weeks.

"And then at his question, she giggled like a school girl, "Well, Eva, says I look lovely. I'm wearing my silver dress and wrap. What did you say? Oh!"

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Suddenly actually was printed odd? called sto was

fight in the lobby. They had both been arrested, charged with damage to the hotel property and their hearing was being held the next day.

Oh, she was having her revenge at last, was Consuelo, as she sat in court, alternatively smiling at Tony and scowling at Terry, waiting for her chance to testify when Tony accused Terry of being a gigolo.

"He was nothing to me," she told the court then. "Nothing at all. He was just someone hanging around the casino, getting under foot, gambling without money. He lost three thousand dollars to me and couldn't pay so I hired him to work it out. Now, is that clear?"

Terry looked as if he had slapped him again. "You've made it very clear," he said.

"Quiet!" The judge turned on him furiously. "If there's one thing this court has no use for it's a welsher!"

Consuelo gasped at that. She had gone too far. There was a look in the judge's eyes that could only mean months in jail. Then suddenly there was a shout from the back of the courtroom and Chappie came dashing down to the bench, Chappie just off a plane from New York, gallantly coming to his friend's aid and there wasn't a thing the judge could do when he took out that huge roll of bills, the advance he'd gotten for the song, and paid the various charges piled up against Terry.

For weeks Consuelo had wanted to get rid of Terry; she had schemed and planned and now he was really going back to New York, out of her life forever, so furious he wouldn't even say goodbye. But it was strange the way she couldn't feel happy about his going. And it was stranger still how it was Terry's car she was staring sadly after when Tony came over to her, so that she couldn't look at him at all. But the strangest thing of all was that Tony was being all the things she had wished he would be, and saying all the things she had longed for him to say and they didn't matter at all.

"An amazing thing happened the other night," he was whispering. "At first I wasn't very impatient when I called and couldn't reach you. And then little by little I began to miss you more and more, wondering why you didn't answer and suddenly I actually discovered I couldn't stand another moment without you. I'm afraid you've won, darling. I'll answer all your wheres and whys. But there'll be no reason for them."

Only then did Consuelo look at him. "It doesn't work," she said in a small bewildered voice. "Isn't it odd? Two months ago I'd have died for you; two hours ago I'd have thrown everything away for you. You were the only one in the world. A advertisement made me want to buy tie for you. I closed my eyes and I saw you. There was no silence for me. Your voice filled it. But it's gone. There's no magic in it any more. I'm free, Tony—quite free."

"But you came here because you love me?" Tony, the sure, the arrogant, was pleading now.

"Yes," Consuelo said doubtfully. "Maybe I don't know. Why, I must have loved you this morning because—Suddenly she stopped and the old excitement was hammering in her veins. Only it wasn't to Tony now. "Oh, Tony, when did I stop loving you?" Her voice was wondering. "Maybe it's been weeks, maybe ever since that night on the terrace when I gave him a flower. Oh, Tony, what have I done? I've ruined everything, all because of this mania I had for you. I loved him all the time and never knew it."

She didn't even wait to bury that dead love decently, to say goodbye in a way that would salvage some of a man's ego tossing her farewell to him so casually as she ran over to the clerk and whispered an urgent message. Then the waiting again the intolerable waiting before the police car screamed to a stop outside and the two policemen came in escorting the defendant Terry between them. And the judge looked just as indignant as he turned to the clerk.

"George," he said testily. "What's the matter with you? We've finished with him. Oh," he said then as the clerk shrugged and handed up the complaint to him. "Grand larceny, eh? And you're the complaining witness?" He turned to Consuelo who didn't look complaining at all with her eyes shining like that. "So he stole two dozen silver spoons."

"Spoons?" Terry glared. "What spoons?"

"Quiet," the judge pounded the bench with his gavel. "They were your spoons weren't they?" he asked Consuelo. And then as she nodded, "And he stole them?"

"No, Your Honor," Consuelo said prettily. "He was going away." And then the judge continued banging the gavel in his amazement, she flushed. "Please, judge," she said reprovingly. "If you want an intelligent answer out of me, don't bang the hammer! You see, it was like this. I wanted so much to talk to him and he was furious with me. Oh, I don't blame him Your Honor. I've behaved very badly to him, abnormally, and now I wish to make him understand that it was only because didn't know I loved him."

"Terry's patience is wearing thin right up to those last words. Then he gasped: "What did she say?" he demanded.

"She said she loved him, Your Honor," the judge frowned. "But doggone if it makes sense to me!"

"Did you say that?" Terry demanded and as he faced him they were alone on a desert island.

"Yes, I said it, darling," Consuelo's voice was radiant. "Right out loud. The way you said, "But doggone!" And if ever again I treat you badly—"

She couldn't get any further with Terry sweeping her into his arms and stopping her words with a kiss.

"I know," he whispered. "I beat you."

And as he kissed her again he felt as if his heart was pounding so hard it was going to burst out of the courtroom and fall at her feet. Only it wasn't his heart, it was the judge's gavel pounding for order.

Scene from "Horse and Buggy" opening of Mme. Louise Bruné's new dressmaking salon in New York. Among the interesting numbers was this bicycle dress—dropped, cut and pinned by Mme. Bruné in five minutes for Corol Bruce, Universal Pictures star. Finished off with a big "sandwich pocket" on the right side of the skirt, and a wide pleat in the back, it met the approval of members of the Bicycle Club of America who were present: and also a wide-eyed committee of Nobby boys who selected names for Mme. Bruné's creations.
Paulette Goddard told me personally!

You know what she does? Takes a Lux Toilet Soap Active-Lather Facial every day—smooths the rich creamy lather all over her face...

Rinse it with warm water, then a dash of cool. Honestly, it's wonderful! Takes away all dust and dirt and helps skin stay nice and smooth!

Pat dry—that's the last step to Paulette's Active-Lather Facial. Easy, isn't it? 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap and so should we!

Let Hollywood's Active-Lather Facials give your skin protection it needs for loveliness. You'll agree with famous stars who say Lux Toilet Soap's a wonderful beauty aid!
In war time, more than ever, a satisfying smoke is a comfort and a pleasure. It means a lot to men in the Service and to men and women everywhere. Because of its Right Combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos Chesterfield leads all others in giving smokers more pleasure. It is definitely Milder, far Cooler-Smoking and lots Better-Tasting. Whatever you are doing for Uncle Sam, Chesterfields will help to make your job more pleasant. They never fail to SATISFY.

It's Chesterfield
JARGE SANDERS in "THE MOON AND SIXPENCE" sensational Film From Famous Story Fictionized

CHARLIE CHAPLIN TALKS ABOUT PAULETTE GODDARD!

ADVICE TO 19-YEAR-OLDS FROM JACKIE COOPER
"It's from Edna...

She and Bob have Broken Up"

"The poor darling! I thought they were as good as engaged. What's the trouble?"

"She doesn't give any specific reason, just says that he'd been acting indifferent for some time—then last week he up and married somebody else. But that isn't the worst of it! She lost her job again."

Aunt Vi's face fell. "It doesn't sound possible! Every letter told how well she was doing. Getting such a nice position seemed our reward for all the sacrifices we made to put her through college."

Mrs. Black's hand trembled: "Well, there it is. You can read the letter yourself. Poor dear."

"But doesn't she give any reason?"

"No, just says that Mr. Brownley told her they wanted an older woman."

"Well, one thing I'm certain of," said Aunt Vi, "it wasn't Edna's fault. It simply couldn't be!"

You May Not Know

But it was Edna's fault... just as it can be the fault of countless other women. And like so many of these women, Edna was the last to suspect it.

Halitosis (bad breath) may endanger every social charm, every business talent.

The insidious thing about it is that the victim may not be aware of its presence. Who would blame a man for losing interest in a woman, or an employer for "easing out" an employee with that kind of a breath?

Don't Risk Offending

Isn't it foolish to run the risk of offending this way when there is an easy and delightful precaution against it?

Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine, notable for its amazing antiseptic power. Almost immediately the breath becomes fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, it is the opinion of some authorities that most cases are caused by bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles on teeth, mouth and gum surfaces.

Listerine Antiseptic, because it is liquid, spreads far and quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odor that fermentation causes. If you want to put your best foot forward, never, never omit the Listerine Antiseptic precaution.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

A CHALLENGE

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of the new Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for oral hygiene
"Keep 'em Flying, Mommy!"

Yes, Mommy—YOU! I look to you. Mommy, 'cause you're the little woman who finds the money, somehow, even when there isn't an awful lot, to give me and Pop the best of food, and things.

So keep those protective wings over me, Mommy. I know you'll keep on working a little more of your budget magic, every week. somehow, won't you? And buy a Stamp here and a Stamp there, till we've bought a War Savings Bond—and then another War Savings Bond—to buy a bomber.

Babies and their Mommies in conquered lands say I ought to tell you, Mommy—"keep 'em flying"!

How to buy a share in Victory

Where's the money coming from?

You're going to chip it in, out of the money you are getting TODAY. Instead of spending it all, why not lend at least 10% to Uncle Sam? He'll put it to work for America. He will give you a written promise to pay it back in 10 years, with interest (2.9% a year). If that promise isn't good, nothing's good. But because this is America, it is good.

How can you chip in?

By buying War Savings Bonds. You can buy one today for $18.75. It is worth $25.00 when Uncle Sam pays you back in 10 years.

INSTALLMENT payments?

Yes! If you can't spare $18.75 today, buy War Savings Stamps for 10c, 25c, or 50c. Ask for a Stamp book, save a bookful of Stamps, then exchange them for a War Savings Bond.

What is a Bond?

A piece of legal paper, official promise from Uncle Sam that he'll pay you back your money plus interest. The Bond will be registered in your name. Keep it safely put away.

Can you CASH a Bond?

Yes, any time 60 days after you buy it. If you get in a jam and need money, you can cash a Bond (at Post Office or bank).

WHERE can you buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps?

At your nearest Post Office, bank, or stores all over the country.

WHEN?

Our enemies have been getting ready for the past 7 or 8 years. Are you going to wait till they get nearer our kids?

*Buy War Savings Stamps and Bonds NOW!

This advertisement has been prepared entirely as a patriotic gift to the Government. The art work, copy, composition and placing, as well as the space in this magazine, have been donated by all concerned as part of their effort toward helping win the War.
DOES THIS MAN BEAR THE MARK OF MURDER?

WHY IS HE KNOWN AS "THE MAN WHO LIVED TWICE?"

WILLIAM POWELL
in his first dramatic role in years

HEDY LAMARR
fascinating beauty who fights the shadows that haunt their love!

CROSSROADS
"where women wait to seal your fate"

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture with

CLAIRE TREvor • RATHBONE • WYCHERLY

BASIL MARGARET

Screen Play by Guy Trosper
Original Story by John Kafka and Howard Emmett Rogers
Directed by JACK CONWAY • Produced by EDWIN KNOFF
Featuring the new Dietz-Schwartz song hit: "Til You Return"
EVERY STORY A FEATURE

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Cover Portrait of BETTY GRABLE
LUXURIOUS SECURITY FOR
Fresh Summer Loveliness—
WITH A FINER BODY TALCUM
OF FACE POWDER QUALITY!

YOUR BATH has relaxed you, lulled you. Staleness has been whisked away. Your whole body is fresh... lovely.

NOW—make sure of summer loveliness! Use Cashmere Bouquet Talcum. Compare it with other talcums... note Cashmere Bouquet's lack of grit, its silken feel, its exquisite face-powder softness. See how it dries moisture; then magically disappears, leaving a satiny film to protect you against chafing.

AND FOR DRAMATIC CLIMAX...
Cashmere Bouquet Talcum imparts to your the fragrance men love...ingers, so body odor won't brand you as the "lady who forgot."

Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder
A Member of Cashmere Bouquet—
the Royal Family of Beauty Preparations

—by the time you read this, George Br... will be a sworn-in member of the United States Army. For the past year George had studied night and day. So his commission is well deserved. Maybe you think A. Sheridan isn't glad now that she bought the ranch just prior to his marriage. George. They've never lived on it but... will in the future. She is very much in love with George. The ranch will help to keep her from getting too lonely.

ANOTHER Hollywood war widow is Marsha Hunt. Things were just working out so beautifully for her too. Formerly Marsha struggled with family responsibilities. At the same time she was trying to grow up and become a good actress. Her marriage to Jerry Hopper, handsome head of the Paramount cutting department, was the turning point in her career. M-G-M considers her one of their finest. Recently they bought a beautiful home in the San Fernando valley hills. But now further happiness must wait until Jerry comes marching home again. He'll be stationed in the Signal Corps at Fort Monmouth, along with Bill Holden.

PAT DANE is at it again. This time the director was tearing his hair because she suddenly developed a strange kind of way of speaking her lines. Pinched down, Pat said: "I'm trying to talk slow like Van Heflin!"

The water-sprite is Betty Field, star of "and Mrs. Cugat." Bob Hope and Bing Crosby above, in scene from "The Road to Morocco."

Left, Barbara Jo Allen and Hugh Herbert in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" see "JOHNNY Got His Gun" made a great impression on Bill Holden when he read it. When he arrived at Fort Monmouth, he sent a quick letter back to wife, Brenda Marshall. "Johnny got gun all right," wrote Bill. "Also a hair and a Corporal rating." Bill. But the thing that makes Bill most proud—is the way he signs his own laundry! He signs himself, "tickey, no washee Holden."
"TAKE A LETTER, DARLING"

says ROSALIND RUSSELL

"IT'S NIGHT WORK... AND I'VE GOT IT!"

says FRED MacMURRAY

ROSALIND (Boss) FRED (Secretary)
RUSSELL (Him) MacMURRAY

TAKE A LETTER, DARLING

A Paramount Picture with
MACMURRAY, CAREY, BENCHLEY, CONSTANCE MOORE

CECIL KELLYAWAY • Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN • Screen Play by Claude Binyon

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

SCREENLAND
SCREENLAND’S
Crossword Puzzle
By Alma Talley

ACROSS
1. Co-star, "This Woman Is Mine"
2. Kind of cap, with tassel
3. Skating star, "Iceland"
4. Place of being elsewhere
5. Tone
6. Amid
7. The former Elinor Queen
8. Washing
9. She’s featured in "Wildcat"
10. Co-star, "Holiday Inn"
11. Observer
12. Jimmy Stewart’s commission in the Air Corps
13. One of the "Babes On Broadway"
14. Group (of animals)
15. Compass point (abrev.
16. Co-star, "Fingers at the Window"
17. Golf term
18. One who inherits something
19. Large arteries
20. Her, new one is "Lady in a Jar"
21. A color changer
22. Co-star, "We Were Dancing"
23. Movie equipment
24. Table law (as seen in Western films)
25. Lubricant
26. Bob Hope's "Favorite Blonde"
27. Nearby
28. Chore
29. Bits of food
30. College degree
31. Narrow inlet
32. Choose seat at the movies
33. Like paper
34. Dancing star, "Holiday Inn"
35. Dresser
36. Co-star, "Honky-Tonk"
37. Flower
38. Old woman
39. Trust, strained
40. "My Favorite — — —" (Kay Kyser)
41. "Commands (rare)"

DOWN
1. Secret plot
2. On the watch
3. Small stream
4. To do a favor
5. Tropical wine
6. Her new film is "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"
7. Man’s nickname
8. Dancing star, "Louisiana Purchase"
9. To dangle
10. Printers’ measures
11. Dye
12. Inside
13. Prodded
14. Star of "Lydia"
15. "A nation"
16. Famous stage and screen family
17. Put down
18. Leading man
19. Approve
20. Gill’s name
21. Muscular loam
22. Period of time
23. Greek goddess
24. Horse’s gust
25. "Friend of Charlie Brown"
26. "My Gal — — —" (Rita Hayworth)
27. Part of the body
28. Slippery fish
29. Protective covering
30. "George Washington — — —"
31. "Harry" (Jack Benny)
32. "Kiss Me Kate"
33. To be ambitious
34. Large store of land
35. Passageway to your movie re
36. "A bad man"
37. Catch on a door
38. He married Ann Sheridan
39. Our famous conscientious objector
40. "Simlar"
41. God of love
42. European measures of area
43. Some
44. "Upward"

Answer to
Last Month’s Puzzle:

JUST SCOTT FRE
OGLE CANE RAR
Eleanor Melanie
LYE BROSSTAN
POWELL INKS
AM PILLED ANNE ME
LOADS TWIT ALA
LORETTA COLBER
EDEN HUGHS BAL
NY RITATE H.
SEEN ROGERS
ABODE DAVYR AM
DOUGLAS KETTE
ZONE HENIE WALK
ENDS SAGEO

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Earn Money Easily

Selling Christmas Cards
Publishers need new cards!
Send poem for immediate consideration.

FIVE STAR MUSIC MASTERS

Christmas Crossword Puzzles

YODORA DEODORANT CREAM

New cream positively stops
"underarm Perspiration Odor"
as proved in amazing
HOT CLIMATE TEST

1. Not stiff, not messy — Yodora spreads just like vanishing cream! Dab it on — odor gone!
2. Actually soothing — Yodora can be used right after shaving.
3. Won’t rot delicate fabrics.
4. Keeps soft! Yodora does not dry in jar. No waste; goes far.

Yet hot climate tests — made by nurses — prove this deodorant deodorant keeps underarms immaculately sweet — under the most severe conditions. Try Yodora!

In tubes or jars — 10¢, 30¢, 60¢. McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Connecticut.

SONG POEMS
WANTED TO BE SET TO MUSIC

Publishers need new songs!
Send poem for immediate consideration.

FIVE STAR MUSIC MASTERS

CRS Beacon Bldg.
BOSTON, MASS.

Sell Christmas Cards

Mail for complimentary Christmas Idea Kit. Extra selection of Original Ideas — suggestions for

10 EXCLUSIVE BOX ASSORTMENTS

May include anything you wish. "Some thing for

62 Christmas Cards — all new, original. Send for

JANES ART STUDIOS, 1225 Colfax, Dept. 118, Rochester, N.Y.

Screenland's
Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley

Across
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40. "Simlar"
41. God of love
42. European measures of area
43. Some
44. "Upward"
As Long as there are Men Like Him there Will Always be a Free America!

You can't afford to miss it... you can afford to see it now!

FOR THE FIRST TIME AT POPULAR PRICES

Screenland
SLACKS at the war plant, slacks at home, slacks indoors and out. A streamlined age calls for streamlined costumes—and a logical part of this streamlining is Tampax, sanitary protection worn internally. Being worn in this way, it cannot cause. any bulge or bulge whatever. It simply cannot! Furthermore, you can wear Tampax undetected under a modern swim suit—or on the beach, under a shower or while actually swimming.

Tampax is quick, dainty and modern. Perfected by a doctor. Worn by many nurses. Requires no belts, pins or sanitary deodorant. Causes no chafing, no odor. Easy disposal. Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, and it comes to you in neat applicators, so that your hands need never touch the Tampax!


Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

TRY IMPROVED SUPER TAMPAX

S I Married an Angel—M-G-M

Everyone will like this gay musical fantasy (particularly MacDonald-Eddy fan about a Budapest playboy who is neat whole and fancy-free until he dreams he marries an angel. In reality, she's a plain girl who was ridiculed for wearing an angel costume at his party. He awakes and marries his "dream girl." Jeanet lovely in ethe real garb, and Eddy, who okay as a playboy render hitting Roger Hart tunes. Gorgeous costumes and so

Broadway—Universal

This melodrama of the roaring '20's' follows the life of George Raft. The plot unfolds as George, playing himself, visits the site where he got his start, and tells about the old days and the Broadway hoofer who got mixed up with racketeers. Raft and Pat O'Brien (a detective) give hit performances. Janet Blair, talented newcomer, excellent as the dancing partner. Has old favorite tunes, well-done dance numbers, a tango by Raft and Janet.

Suicide Squadron—Republic

Here's the story of a concert pianist, member of the Polish air force, who is sent on a concert tour for Polish relief, and who marries an American girl. They part when she tries to keep him from rejoining a suicide squadron, feeling he can do more for his country with his music than with bombs. They're reunited when he crashes, Alan Walbrook, magnificent as the pianist-flyer: Sally Gray, good too. Air scenes, thrilling: fine musical score.

Maisie Gets Her Man—M-G-M

Red Skelton is Maisie's man in the latest of this popular series. When her knife thrower goes berserk and her act is dissolved, Maisie (Ann Sothern) teams up with Hop (Red), amateur vaudevilian who gets stage-fright on opening night. This scene alone is worth your time and money, though the rest is corny comedy. They part when Red is jailed, but meet again when Ann entertains at a camp where Hop (he's in the Army now) is stationed.

My Favorite Spy—RKO

A spy comedy with Kay Kyser playing a not-too-bright band-leader who is called to Army service on his wedding day, later released, and made a counter espionage agent. His efforts become amusingly complicated when he can't explain his doings to his un kissed bride. Sure, Kay bags the spies. Ellen Drew, the bride, and Jane Wyman, his blonde secret operator-partner, good, but we missed Ginny Simms and didn't get enough of Kay's band. It's not our favorite Kyser film.
Men seldom dance twice with the girl who forgets that Mum guards charm!

LOVELY Amy and dashing Bob dance charmingly together. But when this waltz is over, who will blame him if he doesn’t ask for an encore?

Prettiness and grace, a sparkling personality, help to make a girl popular. But they can’t hold a man when underarms need Mum.

Amy would be horrified if you told her fault. Didn’t she bathe just this evening? But that refreshing bath only took away past perspiration... it can’t prevent risk of future underarm odor. The more fun, the more exciting an evening is... the more a girl needs Mum.

Mum safeguards your charm—keeps previous daintiness from fading. Mum prevents underarm odor for a whole day or evening! Make Mum a daily habit.

FOR INSTANT SPEED—Only thirty seconds to smooth on creamy, fragrant Mum.

FOR PEACE OF MIND—Mum won’t hurt fabrics, says the American Institute of Laundering. Mum won’t irritate sensitive skin.

FOR LASTING CHARM—Mum keeps you safe from underarm odor, keeps you bath-sweet—helps you stay popular!

SAFEGUARD YOUR CHARM. MAKE MUM A DAILY RULE!

For Sanitary Napkins

Gentle, safe Mum is first choice with thousands of women for this purpose. Try Mum this way, too!
**First Prize Letter**

$10.00

This man Hope! Egad, how I worship him! You see, I have always wanted to be a screen and radio comedian. In high school and business college I was the jester, I loved it! I got a great kick out of making people laugh. Since then I've become more serious-minded, but still have that desire.

I saw Hope here in Long Beach last week. His style, strut, wit, his way of taking advantage of opportune moments are really rare. Even when his half-hour was up, he showered us with a soft-shoe dance and outbursts of wit that astounded us all. He seems to love to "give out", especially for the service men. I used to always say (after a good joke), "What's Bob Hope got that I haven't got?" Now, I know!

PVT. "BUD" PROCTOR, Long Beach, Calif.

**Second Prize Letter**

$5.00

They tell us that we can't be able to get any more gas for our cars when our present tires are worn. Gasoline is being rationed. Sugar, too. No doubt, there'll be many other things that'll be limited before this war is won.

But we can take it. We're willing to give up anything we have, or ever will have, just so we can keep our most prized possession, Freedom. We could never endure slavery.

Since the use of our cars is largely out, more and more of us will seek relaxation and forgetfulness at the movies. They will form our chief source of recreation for the duration. What a chance movie producers now have to serve their nation in a vital way—keeping it entertained, amused and sane. Yes, and healthy, too, because health is largely a matter of the mind, and if a mind is kept occupied with enough interesting entertainment to keep it relaxed, there is little fear of unhealthy conditions or bodies.

The movies need more amusing comedies. They don't have nearly as many of them as we need now—and need is the right word, too. Where are all the so-called movie comedians? There seems to be a terrible dearth of them. Barron W. C. Fields and Leon Errol, the crop is woefully short. And we don't see these masters of comedy as often as we should see them, either. A series of short comedies with them, and others, too, would be welcomed with opened arms by millions of fans just now.

We're due for many startling things within the next year or two; many of which will, no doubt, leave their marks on us and the movies can help us tremendously in making them light anderasable, after this conflict is over. We think the movies will do this job. Producers have proven that they do not squander many chances in giving the movie public what it wants and needs.

E. JAY BENNETT, Grove City, Ohio

**Five Prize Letters**

$1.00 EACH

Jean Gabin is no "beautiful hunk of man," but he has a strong, interesting personality and he can act. In suitable roles he has always been a big box office. But to say that he will take Charles Boyer's place—even to compare this rugged individual...
The Handy Twins lead the parade with proof that

PEPSODENT POWDER makes teeth TWICE AS BRIGHT

HI! I'M CHARLENE!

"YOU MAY HAVE SEEN US... performing as drum majorettes...at the Chicago Bears' football games...or other places. You know we really do look a lot alike. When we made the tooth powder test, Mother suggested that Shirley be the one to use Pepsodent. I chose another leading brand."

"IT SURE TURNED OUT to be a swell suggestion...for Shirley! While her teeth had never been quite as bright as mine, after she used Pepsodent her teeth became easily twice as bright! Mother was so impressed she immediately switched to Pepsodent and could hardly wait 'til I did."

HANDY TWINS TEST AND CONFIRM THIS FACT:

INDEPENDENT LABORATORY TESTS FOUND NO OTHER DENTIFRICE THAT COULD MATCH THE HIGHEST LUSTER PRODUCED BY PEPSODENT. BY ACTUAL TEST, PEPSODENT PRODUCES A LUSTRE TWICE AS BRIGHT AS THE AVERAGE OF ALL OTHER LEADING BRANDS!

For the safety of your smile...use Pepsodent twice a day...see your dentist twice a year!

RUTH KING, Cranford, N. J.

When you see one terrible imitation of some star's hairdo it is startling enough, but when you see two or three strangely haird kids appear together aping Veronica Lake, with only one eye showing, it is enough to bring on a good laugh.

That's what happens when celebs are taken too seriously. We can all admire the stars and attempt to copy them, but when the thing doesn't come off quite so good and creates sorrow, that's the penalty!

The stars have unusual personalities and their hair styles can become news, they have glamor supplied by settings, gorgeous wardrobes and a background built by the press. That makes a lot of difference. It really pays in the end to "Be Yourself."

Sincerely good wishes to a grand magazine and to those who work so hard to give us the best.

LUCILE CARLSON BRADY,
Detroit Lakes, Minn.

My only daughter is fifteen, the so-called "difficult" age when a girl is neither a child nor a woman. When I was my daughter's age, twenty-five years ago, most girls of that age were awkward, shy and as ungainly as young colts. No one expected them to be otherwise, it seemed.

Today, the situation is entirely different. My daughter, to a great extent, has been spared my awkward experience. She is poised and sure of herself even under situations that would have floored me. She sees to it that she is always fresh and well-groomed. Her clothes are attractive and she knows how to wear them—not as a grown woman, but as a budding, attractive, teen-age girl.

And why has such a change come about between the girls of the teens of yesterday and the girls of the teens of today? The movies have brought this remarkable change, of course. My young daughter is growing up under the schooling of the finest groomed of all women, the screen players, such as Deanna Durbin, Judy Garland and many more. She has acquired most of her dress knowledge from them as well as her pleasing poise and excellent behavior.

So I say, an orchid to the movies for the fine lessons they have taught my daughter. Her clean, attractive appearance and delightfully easy manner prove they have been lessons that were good.

MRS. CHARLES E. MURPHEY, Zanesville, Ohio

CALLING ALL STARS:

You stars are doing your best in your efforts to sell War Savings Bonds and Stamps. I know, I also know you don't have much time, but please don't forget that there are a lot of little towns that are anxious to do their share, too. With a little co-operation on your part, in the way of personal appearances in our small towns, it will make us feel as if we, too, are important and it will encourage us to buy, Buy, BUY more Bonds!

Remember, there are many little towns and, when the bond sales for these small towns are combined, you'll find that they add up to a pretty large sum.

It makes the public mad not to be noticed. I know, I live in a small town.

( Please turn to page 15)
In his role of impetuous artist who loves one of the "Gay Sisters" sincerely and another passionately, Gig Young steals this Warner show. Above, one of the torrid love scenes he stages with Geraldine Fitzgerald, "bad" sister.

HOLLYWOOD preview audiences at the try-out of a new film, "The Gay Sisters," picked him as a future star! They couldn't believe this forceful fellow was just another actor; they identified him with Gig Young, the engaging character he portrayed, and acclaimed him so vociferously that Warners changed his actual name of Byron Barr to — Gig Young. Watch for him in bigger roles in future films — for either he is a real actor of imagination and power, or his screen personality is so arresting that you won't care whether he is "acting" or not, you'll like him anyway! He's that good.
Continued from page 13

So, you stars working for Victory, instead of showing off all the time for the big cities, come and show off a little bit for us!

MARJORIE SHIFFER (Age 14),
West Pittston, Pa.

I protest! Not long ago I read somewhere that Melvyn Douglas is the perfect leading man, particularly for "aging" actresses. No names were mentioned, but I suspect Norma Shearer is among those tinted at. Just tonight I lived, breathed and danced with Norma and Melvyn through "We Were Dancing" and had a good time. What younger actress could put such depth of feeling, such true warmth and sophistication into a role as the wonderful Shearer, I ask you? What do Grable, Darrell, Turner, Tierney, etc., really know about acting? Nice to look at yes, but Shearer is beautiful too and so chic! Not that I blame the younger actresses, but Shearer has LIVED. She has known love, tears, death, motherhood, travel, hardship, and these experiences should count for something. In any business your years of experience make you more valuable. Why can't Hollywood grow up and, consequently, the film public will mature too? Why can't they realize that, while youth is exciting, yet shallow, we need maturity and depth as a balance wheel? Other countries appreciate ability, and cherish it. So does the theater. Why discard such fine actresses as Shearer, Crawford, Francis, etc.? They still have much to give.

Incidentally, I am not an old woman, being twenty-eight.

HETTYE E. KEICH, Lakewood, Ohio

HONORABLE MENTION

Rarely does a picture come out of Hollywood without the usual touches of turkey. I refer to the following corny old standbys:

The look of surprised pleasure dawning on the faces of the other actors when it seems as though the hero will emerge victorious, after all (as if they didn't know); horn-rimmed specs that transform glamour pass into the trump steno; the lovable old character with the accent, a mixture of French, Greek, and West Podunk Falls; the gangster without a nerve in his body; the instant dislike hero and heroine take to each other on meeting, which we, the audience, know will turn to true love in the end; the process of getting an idea—staring into space blankly; jumping, smiling, clapping fingers; the inevitable double-takes; the loose slats, concealed boards, that fall at the exact moment when comedy relief goes through that doorway. Don't you just love the movies?

ISABELL GONDRY, Regina, Sask., Can.

These petitions from escapist fans begging Hollywood to ignore the nasty war and dish up syrup instead, arguing that as we get war everywhere else the movies at least might try to make us forget, seem cowardly to me. They are in the same class as the conchies' prattle. If the fighting forces can show such sublime courage as they've displayed lately surely we can "take it" too, in a lesser degree!

Of course, it's disagreeable to be constantly reminded of war, but war, unfortunately, is like the seven-years itch in that it just can't be ignored—you gotta scratch or go crazy. Besides, the war dramas Hollywood is making are practically all masterpieces and have a powerful educative value for the mass of the people. No indeed, keep 'em going, Hollywood!

M. GEORGIA BAYNE, Vancouver, B. C., Can.
Betty Lou says:
DON'T LET A SOILED POWDER PUFF GIVE THE WRONG IMPRESSION!

Always use FRESH, CLEAN POWDER PUFFS... they cost so little!

Betty Lou says:
VELOUR POWDER PUFFS

SONG POEMS WANTED TO BE SET TO MUSIC
Free Examination. Send Your Poems To
A. E. MASTER OF MUSIC
510-V So. Alexandria
Los Angeles, Calif.

WOULOU YOU—
Let me teach you how to GET YOUR MANT? Where to find fun?
How to make fun out of any fun? Do you know what it's like to hate life?
Do you distrust your own self, or distrust others, prefer to
be a VENAL GIRL? What will you
DON'T want a girl to do? Here are the answers! and more!
Not a book! but a complete course in 3 lessons. Including Lula
Diane's, "Secrets of Glamour"—machine 95c NOW 99c. Pay per
man by mail, plus postage, or enroll 21.00 with referee and I'll send the complete
course postpaid! Bring it back and help THE
HOLLYWOOD PERSONALITY INSTITUTE
P. 0. Box 221, Dept. 50
Long Beach, California

Marsha enjoys preparations for her home picnic almost as much as the party itself. Pictures show her packing the picnic basket for the spread under a shady tree.

Inside the Star's Home

By Betty Boone

REPRINT OF Tires and gas is likely
to bring on an era of "hostessing at
home" instead of at restaurants or
beach clubs. And rationing of sugar is cer-
tain to prove a problem for those who
like to serve desserts.

Unless, like Marsha Hunt, you know about Peppermint Stick Ice Cream, which
calls for not so much as a grain from your
precious sugar-bowl.

PEPPERMINT STICK ICE CREAM
(Serves 6)
1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
3/4 cup cold milk
3/4 cups scalded milk (not boiled)
1 pint cream
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 cup or 1/4 lb. peppermint stick candy.

Scald 1 1/2 cups milk. Pour 3/4 cup cold milk in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top
of milk—stir thoroughly. Add to scalded milk, dis-
solving gelatine thoroughly. Add crushed peppermint candy and salt. When this is dis-
solved, let cool. Add mixture to the whipped cream. Freeze in tray of mechanical refig-
erator and stir every 30 minutes until mixture will hold its shape.

If you weary of iced desserts, there's another grand sugar-
less affair known as Salad Sponge Delight, not only delicious but decorative.

SALAD SPONGE DELIGHT
(Serves 8)
1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
3/4 cup cold water
3/4 cup canned fruit juice
3/4 lb. almonds or other nuts
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 cup cream or evaporated milk (whipped)
3/4 cup white grapes or strawberries
3/4 lb. marshmallows
1 cup canned white cherries

Whites 2 eggs

Soften gelatine in cold water. Add hot fruit juice, stir till dissolved. When cold,
DEVILED EGGS

Boil eggs twenty minutes. Remove yolks, mix with finely chopped Bread and Butter pickles, add Best Foods mayonnaise, salt, pepper, a few drops of Worcestershire sauce, a tablespoon lemon juice. Mash through a strainer. Replace in egg and sprinkle with grated cheese topped with paprika.

Frequently, because the picnic spot is so close to home, Marsha serves fruit salad with peanut butter or cheese sandwiches, taking the salad up in a bowl, with the dressing in a jar. One of her most successful fruit salads is ripe pineapple, shredded, combined with sliced oranges and bananas and a cup of strawberries marinated in French dressing. With this she uses mayonnaise to which has been added a little of the pineapple syrup or some whipped cream.

"If your weather man is unkind enough to provide rain, you may have to give your picnic in the house, and that's when the men's special sandwich comes in," says Marsha. "This is a muffin of whole wheat toasted on one side, buttered, topped with a piece of ground round steak, or without a slice of onion, and grilled. The juices run down into the bread."

Or you might grill sausages and serve them with Baked Sweet Potatoes De Luxe, which can be prepared earlier and heated just before serving.

BAKED SWEET POTATOES

DE LUXE

4 sweet potatoes, baked ½ cup Borden's Evaporated Milk (warmed)
3 tablespoons butter ½ teaspoon salt
8 marshmallows

Cut baked sweet potatoes in half lengthwise; scoop out center being careful not to break the shell. Mash sweet potato pulp. Add milk, butter and salt. Beat until fluffy, adding more milk if necessary. Pipe lightly in shells. Top each half with a marshmallow. Place in hot oven (450° F.) about ten minutes or until marshmallows are brown.

(Please turn to page 70)

CUT
BUSTER
BILLS!

re for Money-saving
tips Using Delicious
recipes FREE of Spread—FREE!

Write Mrs. Knox, Johnstown, N.Y.

RECIPEs IN EvERY PACKAGE

In Hopper have a beautiful live-oak shaded hill behind their home. In ten minutes that an entire picnic party cross the lawn from the kitchen, climb a steep path to the hilltop and spread out a good food. There's something about getting up that gives me a detached feeling about it," says Marsha. "Whether I'm in a plane or up on my hilltop, I seem to far enough from everyday to see problems all the way around. Sort of a High over the plateau."

The Hoppers never play games. They like that an admission of poverty of equipment is their group always so much to talk about! They don't talk about food, but they always have carry of truly luscious dishes. Marsha's pate hounds happily until he's from her pable housekeeper, is, and it's Mrs. food who plans menus, even when it's a whomever ensembles a picnic basket. Thermos bottles are filled with ice-cold sauerkraut, tomato juice, spiced with Worcestershire (or College Food Products tomato sauce) and coffee. Marsha never drinks coffee. When she was five, she stole gulp of hot Java under the impression that she was getting cocoa, and to date she hasn't recovered.

"The usual picnic food—sandwiches, omelettes, devilled eggs, fruit and pickles—aren't bad," explains Marsha, "but I have to have things that are not too common. Take the baked bean sandwich. You take this with 100% whole wheat bread, an any good dark bread, mixing your old baked beans with a little onion, green pepper, and sometimes a dash of a special salt that has celery seed in it."

If you don't make your own baked beans, Campbell's Pork and Beans are an excellent substitute.

"Potato chips are a standby with us. We use various little jars of relish to dip the chips in—creamed cheese thinned a little and combined with chives, cottage cheese with horseradish. Then we have thin strips of raw carrot to dip in Hellman's mayonnaise."

Marsha's deviled eggs are worth copying.

FACTS ABOUT A VITAL PROBLEM

A every wife should understand!

Safe—In a way in feminine hygiene gives continuous action for hours!

Your happiness—your very health—can depend on whether or not you know the real facts about the vital problem of feminine hygiene!

Many women, who think they know, depend on out-dated or dangerous information... make the mistake of relying on weak, ineffective "home-made" mixtures... or risk using over-strong solutions of acids which can burn and injure delicate tissues.

Today modern, well-informed women, everywhere make a decision—then, the safe, convenient way to eliminate feminine hygiene! Zonitors are dainty, snow-white suppositories which spread a greaseless, protective coating... and kill germs instantly at contact. Do not destroy. Zonitors—by temporarily masking—but by destroying odors. Cleanse antiseptically and give continuous medication for hours.

Yet Zonitors are safe for delicate tissues. Powerful—yet non-poisonous, non-gauche. Even help promote gentle healing. No apparatus; nothing to mix. At all druggists.

FREE: Mail this coupon for revealing booklet of facts about feminine hygiene.

Zonitors—The New, Safe, Convenient Way to Eliminate Feminine Hygiene.

FREE HOLLWOOD ENGAGEMENT

OF ANY PHOTO

Newsmakers we have no difficulties publicizing your production photo—SING! Hollywood Engagement of any size! Hollywood, with antiseptic and non-poisonous Zonitors, gives for feminine hygiene. Protect yourselves from杬hite, embarrassing, danger which is due to poor hygiene. Zonitors are dainty, snow-white suppositories which spread a greaseless, protective coating... and kill germs instantly at contact. Zonitors—by temporarily masking—but by destroying odors. Cleanse antiseptically and give continuous medication for hours.

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Zonitors—The New, Safe, Convenient Way to Eliminate Feminine Hygiene.
Rousing successor to "TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI!" Action! Thrills! With a climax that will make you stand up and cheer!

Strike up the band! Swing into line! ROMANCE IS ON THE MARCH!

GEORGE MONTGOMERY • MAUREEN O'HARA • JOHN SUTTON

TEN GENTLEMEN FROM WEST POINT

Directed by HENRY HATHAWAY • Produced by WILLIAM PERILBERG

ASK THE MANAGER OF YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE WHEN THIS STIRRING PICTURE IS COMING
DEAR A & C:

Like bread and butter, moonlight and roses, ham and eggs, love and kisses—you, Abbott and Costello, are a National Institution. Of course, I knew that. Who could help it? Turning out pictures the way you do, and holding forth on the radio, there's no escaping you—and most people don't want to. But I, I must admit, was a fugitive from your peculiar brand of comedy. If I could duck an Abbott-Costello epic, I would, and if that made me a b-a-a-a-d girl, that was all right, too. Until I found myself, through no fault of my own, catching up with one of your old comedies, in an out-of-the-way theater. And I am now a wiser, though far from sadder, woman. It wasn't that you seemed any funnier to me at all. To tell you the truth, I was looking at the audience more often than at the screen. Soldiers and sailors, or just plain people, they were forgetting their troubles for a while and having a wonderful time in your wacky dream world. They were laughing so hard that I laughed, too, I couldn't help myself. And before long I was watching the screen and laughing on my own. From now on, I'm all yours.

A & C, I salute you. You're what we need these days. Go ahead, act crazy, and keep us howling.

An Open Letter to BUD & LOU

Abbott and Costello keep us laughing in their latest Universal comedy, a gay burlesque of all those South Sea Island movies. Off-screen, too, Bud and Lou do their share in plugging for Victory.

Roly-poly Costello joins lovely Marie MacDonald in a tropical serenade for "Pardon My Sarong," said to be the wackiest of all the Abbott and Costello films. But the wackier they are, the louder we laugh.

Delight Evans
She calls herself "a lucky little devil." But Joan Fontaine, most important girl in Hollywood right now, is far more than that. Let her inspire YOU with her strange philosophy!

"YOU'LL never get anywhere," people told me, while I was making my first sixteen pictures at RKO (and, indeed, seeming to get nowhere in the most thoroughgoing fashion). "You never go out," they sneered, "are never seen around town, never take a cocktail, never date a wolf, don't wear low-cut evening gowns, red nails, fake eyelashes, don't dress like a movie star. That is no way to succeed in this business." But it was my way!

(A star dressing room, flower-filled, on the 20th Century-Fox lot. Co-starring with Tyrone Power in "This Above All." Telephones ringing. Maids coming and going, serving luncheon, bringing wires. Twenty-four years old. The triumphs of "Rebecca" and "Suspicion" behind her. "The Constant Nymph" and "Jane Eyre" immediately ahead of her. Married to the man she loves."

As told to Faith Service
school-girl slender. Wise as Minerva. Acclaim all around her. And Oscar—mute but golden symbol of her supremacy as judged by those of her own craft.)

I'm completely bewildered, first of all—by Oscar, I mean. I'm a lucky little devil—it was amazing, an amazing feeling to me to be at that Academy Award Dinner, at there and see all of those stars, some of whom had seen in the business for years and had never received a Oscar, to realize that there I was, twenty-four, a novice compared to many of them. I felt—well, as a queen must feel on her Coronation Day, as a politician must feel when, up against formidable opposition, he is voted President, as the winner of the Nobel Prize must feel—as all kinds of people feel when what they are doing is crowned with a sort of ultimate success. Now, at home, on one side of my desk sits a picture of Brian; on the other side sits Oscar—my two little boys! The two "prizes" Life has given me.

(Yes, acclaim all around her, and respect. "Her way"

way well worth the heeding, we should say.)

But to go back: when, in my first picture I took the name of Joan Fontaine, that was my first step toward being true to myself in my career. And there were head- 
hakings and calamity howlings. I was called peculiar, uppish and downright stupid. My sister had made our name of de Havilland known. There was recognition, they said, there was publicity, ready-made for me. A smart girl, they sighed, uses her advantages. But I was not going to get there on my sister's success, or anybody else's. If I could not get there on my own, in my own way, I preferred not to get there at all.

It would have seemed to me like getting a Christmas present from someone to whom you didn't give one—like getting something for nothing. I should have hated it. When I hate a thing, I am never successful at it—are you?

When I made "Damsel in Distress," with Fred Astaire, they rather washed their hands of me. People expected, they said, reproachfully, to see some other type of girl on the screen, more of a musical comedy type. I need not have been so—so blinking ladylike, need I?

Yes, I did 'need.' I could not have played an English lady any way but as an English lady. I could not have had her come trucking down the bannisters. It would have made me all cross and snarly inside. I will NOT make myself unhappy. I will NOT sell my integrity for a mess of phony pottage. "One of the 'arty' ones," they said. I know they did!

When "Gone With the Wind" was in preparation, George Cukor wanted me to test for the part of Melanie. "I'm awfully sorry, George," I told him, "but I just am not in sympathy with her. I would not be right for her. But Olivia would be. Olivia is the one to play her." Olivia, of course, did play her. Superbly.

"Imagine," they said, "imagining turning down a part in 'Gone With the Wind,' and (Please turn to page 58)
NO ONE would believe that Charles Strickland left London alone when deserted his wife and children and went to Paris. Of course, there was a woman involved. Why else would a conventional stockbroker of forty tear his whole life by the roots?

At the time of his departure, Geoffrey Wolfe, the writer, had only a slight acquaintance with Strickland and the little he had seen of him only furthered his impression of a kindly, rather dull, plodding business man. Yet years afterwards, those years in which Strickland was hailed as the genius of modern painting, years in which his strange
George Sanders and great cast in sensational picture from W. Somerset Maugham's famous story!

Character and amazing life had aroused an interest in the man himself, greater even than the furore created over his art. Geoffrey knew he would have to write the story of this complex man. The riddle of Strickland had become a challenge to him, a challenge he could no longer refuse. He had to probe the mystery of that curious nature. His life had the fascination of a detective story and now that it was over, Geoffrey knew the clues had been there all the time. But they had never been recognized.

George Sanders, Herbert Marshall, Doris Dudley are at their best in this spectacular film! More scenes on following pages.
Geoffrey never forgot that scene with Amy Strickland after his first visit to Strickland in Paris. He had a distaste for the whole situation and, when she had him to see her husband since her own letters had received no response, he had gone. It was then he had discovered there was no way Strickland had gone alone. He had to go, he said, his burning in his intensity. He had to paint.

That phrase had been repeated over and over in conversation, the conversation that always gave Geoffrey a shudder remembering it. Never had he met a man lacking in all human feelings as Strickland. His wife’s almost grown children meant nothing to him; nothing meant anything to him but his painting.

"He’ll never come back," Amy Strickland said to Geoffrey as he told her. "As long as I thought he’d run off with some woman I felt there was a chance. He’d have been sick to death of her in three months. Now I don’t..."
"THE MOON AND SIXPENCE"

From the novel by W. Somerset Maugham, screenplay by Albert Lewis. Directed by Albert Lewin. Produced by David L. Loew and Albert Lewin. Released through United Artists. With the following cast:

Geoffrey Wolfe .......... Herbert Marshall
Charles Strickland .......... George Sanders
Blanche Stroeve ............ Doris Dudley
Capt. Nichols .............. Eric Blore
Dr. Coutras ............ Albert Basserman
Dirk Stroeve .......... Steve Geray
Mailand ................. Robert Greig
Capt. MacAndrew ......... Kenneth Hunter
Mrs. MacAndrew .......... Irene Tedrow
Tiare Johnson .......... Florence Bates
Atu ............ Elena Verdugo
Devi Dja and her troupe of Java Bali Dancers

"You mean," he said quietly, "you could have forgiven him if he'd left you for a woman, but not if he's left you for an idea? You think you're a match for the one, but against the other you're helpless?"

"I never knew it was possible to hate anyone as much as I hate him," she said bitterly. "I've been comforting myself by thinking that however long it lasted, he would have wanted me at the end. I'd have nursed him like a mother and at the last I would have told him that I'd loved him always and forgiven him everything. But now, I should like him to the miserable, poor, and starving, without a friend. I hope he'll rot with some loathsome disease! I've done with him."

Geoffrey felt he was done with Strickland too, done with both of them. But five years later he saw Strickland again. At that time he felt he needed a change from London and had gone to Paris. And as soon as he was settled at his hotel, he went to see his friend, Dirk Stroeve.

Dirk was a Dutch artist with a knack for painting pictures that sold easily. But even though he was an indifferent artist himself, he had an unerring eye for discovering talent in others. Nature had made the round-faced little man a buffoon, naive and emotional, lovable and laughable. Yet Dirk was one of the biggest men Geoffrey knew.

Now for the first time Geoffrey met Blanche. Dirk's wife, the English girl he so obviously adored. It was almost as if the little man (Please turn to page 86)
By S. R. Mook

He's The Man
Other Men HATE!
But Women Love

Said.
VER so often in this business a player leaps to fame
overnight—becomes a sensation in his first screen
role of importance. As I recall, the last was John
field. The new man is Alan Ladd. Actually—nine
times out of ten—there is nothing "overnight" about
a "hit"—except that people go to bed unknown and
awake famous. Usually years of gruelling work and
flying behind these sudden "clicks"—years of training
make that leap when the chance comes. In that respect,
Alan is no exception.
As soon as his picture—"This Gun For Hire" is gen-
ally released, magazines will be flooded with stories
him and his biography will become as familiar to you
the monthly rent notice. So, because I happen to know
him personally, I am going to try to give you a picture
the man behind Raven (his rôle in "This Gun For
Hire").
Although there is something reminiscent of Garfield
out Alan, in that both of them in their initial hits
were good-looking gangsters who made you feel they
did have been right guys if they had had a chance, if
they hadn't been buffeted around by Fate—the similarity
is with their acting. Garfield exudes friendliness and
I talk his head off as long as anyone will listen. Alan
wants to be friendly—but doesn't know how. It is agony
for him to carry on any sort of conversation with
strangers and torture for him to speak of anything
personal.
His father died when he was five years old. Left with
a young son to support, Mrs. Ladd was so busy working
that Alan had to shift largely for himself. The result is
he has grown up shy, inhibited, and sensitive. It is only
since he has known Sue Carol (herself one of the friend-
liest people in the world) that he has come out of his
shell.
Possibly because he kept everything bottled up inside
himself he is terrifically emotional. Possibly because he
has never had any close friends he concentrated on what-
ever came to hand, so that whatever he does he does a
little better than anyone else.
When he was in school, track work and shot-putting
claimed his interest. He did the 100 yard dash in 9 3/4
seconds and the 220 in 20 3/10. While his schoolmates
were out playing in the afternoons, Alan was pounding
the track—training. His record for the twelve-pound
shot put is 56 ft.
Later he became interested in swimming. Three or
four hours a day were nothing for him to spend in a
pool—not frolicking around but practicing strokes and
dives. Later, as he became (Please turn to page 84)

Photo below, Alan with his wife who is also his agent:
Sue Carol, who was an important film star in silent days.

Below, scenes from "The Glass Key" in which Ladd again
appears opposite Veronica Lake, and with Brian Donlevy.
Like thousands of other young wives all over the country, Brenda Marshall Holden is keeping up a home for her husband to come back to. "It is for these homes that men fight, and when they have homes they love to fight for, they win!" she says in this sincere, inspiring story.

By
Elizabeth Wilson
AND so they were married and lived happily ever after." Most of us used to believe in this dreamy old fairy-tale ending. A lot of wise guys told us it was the bunk, but we kept on believing in it just the same. It was so comfortable. Brenda Marshall and Bill Holden believed in it, too. They were sort of counting on after their hectic romance. They believed hard. But that was before Herr Schicklgruber, a pasty-faced paper anger over in Germany, got too big for his britches. Why don't they say, "Heil Schicklgruber" instead of Heil Hitler?" That would make even a Nazi laugh.)

So they were married and he hurried off to war and he stayed home and tried to keep her heart from breaking. That's the present day ending.

Brenda and her Bill. At left below, with "Banner," the horse Bill "rented" before his induction into the Army.

Like thousands of other young wives all over the country Brenda Marshall has waved goodbye to her soldier-husband. With the mixed emotions of pride and dread. Pride in her man because he is so willing to fight for his country. And dread of the future with its days and weeks and maybe years of aching loneliness. Brenda knows that she is sharing the experience of women all over America, and like them she is determined to show no less courage than her husband.

"I am not a sentimentalist," said Brenda to me over scrambled eggs and coffee, "thank goodness for that." And then she made a complete liar out of herself by having her eyes fill up with a misty something that certainly wasn't glycerin from the make-up department. I suspect that young Mrs. Holden isn't one of those wonderful Spartan women she's pretending to be. Horrible thought, but I'm sure she's an old softie terribly in love with a lovable boy three thousand miles away.

"I like to think of Bill's going away as just another location," Brenda said, reaching for my lump of sugar, which I had promised her. Hollywood restaurants give out with only (Please turn to page 67.)
CHARLIE CHAPLIN

By May Mann

They never gave personal interviews about each other! The great comedian and the fiery beauty never talked. But here, for the first time, you may read the real, revealing story of Hollywood's most enigmatic personalities.
PAULETTE is not a siren! She is entirely different than she appears on the screen. She is naive, just like a little child. I handled her so gently, so carefully; understood her moods, her reactions, anticipated her reasoning.

"One day she'd be singing all the day long, happy and gay. Running over the lawns in her bare feet, jumping into the pool for a splashing—without a care or thought in her pretty little head. Next she'd likely be as serious as a school marm, studying away furiously, delving into books and scripts and plays—quite oblivious to everyone."

It was Charlie Chaplin talking about Paulette Goddard! The first time, since he arose before the cheering of the premiere audience at "The Great Dictator" in New York City and said simply, "My wife and I" (bowing to Paulette by his side) "thank you..."

And now that one of the world's great romances seems to be definitely on the rocks, with Charlie and Paulette divorced in Juárez, Mexico, early in June, we consider it a privilege to be able to record the true feelings of the famous little comedian for the girl he "discovered" and whom he always liked to call "Mrs. Chaplin."

Charlie was talking quite like any other husband—displaying the domestic side of a girl who has been called by some both beautiful and coldly ambitious in the same breath. All because Paulette chooses to live her own life deviating from the conventional channels of Hollywood publicity. Even Paulette's own press-agent couldn't say whether Paulette was Mrs. Chaplin or Miss Goddard, although he assumed she was both. This because Paulette had never discussed her marriage. For Paulette keeps her private life—just that. Private!

But here Charlie Chaplin was disclosing at-home facts about (Please turn to page 80)
Listen, kids! Young Cooper can help you wrestle with those teen-age problems—and lick 'em before they lick you!

"I'M A very usual Nineteen," was Jackie's opening gun.

He looked at me rather anxiously. "Being so usual," he worried, "may not make me much of a story for you."

I didn't worry. When a member of the teen age admits he is "usual" you know, good and well, how unusual he is.

"I mean," Jackie was saying, "I read an article you did with Joan Leslie in Screenland a while back in which she talked about being sixteen and what an unusual sixteen she is. It was a very interesting piece," Jackie added, politely, "but gosh, I don't rate! Like I say, I'm as usual as bread. I guess I'm Every Boy. Which doesn't make me stand out from my fellow-men like the Tattooed Man.

"I mean, I like to tinker with my car. I like swimming, riding, tennis and all sports events. I smoke an occasional cigarette. I don't take drinks but only because I have no desire to. Just now I'm taking up golf. I'd still like to play football but can't find anyone to play with anymore. Most
of my friends are fellows of twenty-five or so, too dilapidated for the pigskin.

"I like having dates. I've been falling in and out of love ever since I was eight. It was Mitzi Green, I remember, when I was nine. If I couldn't marry Mitzi Green, I thought, I just plain wished I was dead and buried. I like to go to premieres and parties and dancing and bowling. A hermit or a lone wolf makes better copy, I know, someone kind of strange but I," sighed Jackie, quite happily, "am very unstrange. I like parcheesi and playing the drums. I collect records, guns, and go in for amateur photography. I eat everything, like vegetables, especially string-beans and spinach. I guess that makes me a little unusual, that spinach! I hate squabs 'cause (Please turn to page '64.)

Jackie Cooper at nineteen is a successful movie star, and gives his mother (with him below) all the credit. Remember Jackie when he was the famous "Skippy"—center of facing page. Today he stars in "Synecdoche," (still at far left opposite page shows him with Adolphe Menjou and Bonita Granville.) It's Bonita who's his best girl (see pictures bottom of pages)

NINETEEN-YEAR-OLDS

FROM

JACKIE COOPER

By

Gladys Hall
AN AUTUMN day can be ever so dreary the first day you start a picture—on a new lot—with a new crew—with a new star. It can be even more dreary when you’re nervous. And I was nervous. Because among my souvenirs was tucked away the unhappy prospect of life on the set with a star who wasn’t even going to say “good morning” to me. I said I was thrilled that we were going to make a picture with Miss Jean Arthur on account of she was my favorite actress. Why is it that the people you don’t ask are always the people who tell you? “You’ll never get to know her—we tried,” they said.

My boss called, “Sing out when you’re ready, boys.” Pretty soon the cameraman said “Okay.” A little lady, stunning and trim in a beige suit, slipped in and quietly stood before the lights. It was just like that. She stood there. She didn’t say a word (Please turn to page 62 )

Gentle Lady

So she’s aloof, is she, and snooty, and temperamental? You don’t know THIS Jean Arthur!

By
Romayne

A revelation of the real Jean Arthur is this closeup by Romayne, our brilliant new writer who is director Wesley Ruggles’ prized secretary.
Current Queen of Cinema Charm, Rita Hayworth, is more strikingly lovely than ever in "Tales of Manhattan." Here, she is wearing her most dramatic new gown, designed for her by Howard Greer—white crepe with harem-draped skirt slit to the knee, and daring strapless bodice.
RAVISHING RITA,
exclusively for this magazine's readers, models her favorite Howard Greer gown, below—a bold pattern of scarlet and white. Moulded waistline and skirt drapery looped to one side. Hayworth will presently be seen, and it can't be too soon for the legion of fans, in 20th Century-Fox's "Tales of Manhattan."

YOUR GIRL SAL,
poses in Howard Greer's luscious cocktail dress of rose and white printed silk and white silk fringe. Her "hat," from John-Frederics, is a tiny cap of white straw with a chrysanthemum over each ear, and a chin veil.
PINK LADY!

New daytime length for evening is emphasized in black crepe frock above, with shoulder yoke of pale pink, designed by Greer for Miss Hayworth's personal use. John-Frederics hat is a circle of pale pink roses.
Wherever you glance these days there's Grable teasing John Payne, tempting Vic Mature for "Footlight Serenade" — or giving that look that means so much to real-life love George Raft.
MAKE UP YOUR MIND, MELVYN!

Are you going to kiss Joan, or aren't you? Answer, yes; see "They All Kissed the Bride," new Douglas-Crawford film
M-G-M Studio gives us fair warning—here are the girls to watch out for in the future, just a few of the many being groomed for stardom.
WARNING!
Dangers
ous
Curves
Ahead!

TRICIA DANE in "Grand Central Murder."

FRANCES RAFFERTY
in "Tulip Time."
By request! Idol of a million or so kids—of assorted ages—Gene's grins and gunplay appear next in "Stardust on the Sage"
Also by request! Boyish charm of Roy Rogers belies the brave deeds he is called upon to accomplish in “Romance on the Range”
Fashioned
With Love!

Her own adoring husband created these costumes to enhance the exotic charms of Gene Tierney.

Oleg Cassini is not only the lucky man who wooed and won Gene Tierney, but a brilliant young designer in his right. See how the clever clothes emphasize the best of his wife, who is now starring in 20th Century-Fox’ "Thunder Bird."
Ray McDonald's dancing feet won him a film contract, but he has since proved he can act, and his youthful fan following hopes that M-G-M will cast him in a big rôle soon.
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH
Frances Dee and William Holden
in “Meet The Stewarts”
Romance Comes to VAN HEFLIN!

"Scoop" story of brilliant young actor's surprise marriage and colorful career

By Maude Cheatham

Tall, terrific Van Heflin can't get away from the spotlight! This young actor, coming to California for a fling at pictures fresh from his Broadway triumphs in "The Philadelphia Story," with Katharine Hepburn, became a sensation in his very first film, The Santa Fé Trail." He not only won the movie audiences with his stirring portrayal of the young traitor, but he captured their imagination with an arresting personality. Then, he signed a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio and has appeared in half a dozen pictures, among them "The Feminine Touch," "H. M. Pulham, Esq.," Johnny Eager," and lately, "Seven Girls," and in each he's scored an outstanding success.

While he insists he is not the spectacular (Please turn to page 78)
Ann Sothern's maid likes her job, but she doesn't mind admitting that "Miss Sothern is very fussy," and "The hardest thing I have to do is keep her on her diet!" Here, for once, a star's maid tells the truth. See exclusive photos of Ann's home.
WAS twelve years ago in New York City, when she was appearing in her second Broadway play, America’s Sweetheart,” that Ann Hern met her maid, Marie.

Marie had been working for Inez Martiney, who was also in the show and in fact shared the same dressing room with Ann. “She was the sweetest maid in New York,” Ann confidentially, “and besides being pretty, she was so calm and collected, no matter what happened, I admired Inez for having seen her off.” And when Ann left New York for Hollywood, Marie silently wished she might be going there too, but with the show business being in a state of collapse and all, she dismissed the idea, thinking it too improbable to think she would ever be able to make the long trek to California.

Then one day Marie’s husband came home with good news. He had secured a position with a Hollywood actor and was leaving for the film colony. Marie packed her belongings and they started out, content that something would turn up for Marie after they got there. You might say that fate took a hand along about her, because one of the first people Marie looked up was her good friend, Ann Sothern’s maid. And stranger still, she discovered that Ann had just secured the girl a position as matron at Columbia studio, thereby leaving her job open!

Needless to say, Ann grabbed Marie at once and she has been firmly ensconced in Ann’s household for the past eight years now.

Intelligent, soft-voiced and still most attractive, in spite of her added poundage, Marie cares for Ann with the impersonality (Continued from page 59)
NOTHING is as usual today. Nor could we ask that it be or even want it to be in the swift course of change that is affecting everyone of us. But from this desk viewpoint, let me assure you that there is no need now to view the sweeping changes confronting us with a pessimistic eye. Such changes as have come and are coming to the beauty and fashion world actually seem welcome. The clothes picture looks encouraging from the angles of simplicity and chic. Maybe you have no idea how a shorter length of fabric can challenge a designer’s ingenuity to do something truly striking about it. And maybe you have no idea how a shortage or absence of some hitherto essential substance in cosmetics can inspire chemists to create something new and more satisfactory. Undoubtedly the range of shades in lipstick and powder tones will be somewhat restricted. But, frankly, I still find it very confusing to be confronted with a dozen shades of powder and try to choose the right one. Six would simplify the situation for many.

In spite of minor details, beauty is still here— and here to stay! A little bird tells me we shall look lovelier than ever and we shall manage the much less time than heretofore and with much less expense. Not long ago, I went through several large factories, and work does not allow much thought for priming. But every face, it seemed to me, was attractive in its own way—skin, the right degree of makeup and well groomed hair. It was not hidden by caps, sanitary turban.

On this page, Ruth Hussey has posed to show four important short cuts to good grooming. Every point gets a big O.K. from this apartment because it applies directly to you and you and you. Ruth has natural beauty to begin with. She is the radiant, whole-hearted American type. And it is during the Birthday Ball and talk after the President’s Portrait unveiling Washington that she has natural beauty to begin with. She is the radiant, whole-hearted American type. And it is during the Birthday Ball and talk after the President’s Portrait unveiling Washington that she has natural beauty to begin with. She is the radiant, whole-hearted American type. And it is during the Birthday Ball and talk after the President’s Portrait unveiling Washington that she has natural beauty to begin with. She is the radiant, whole-hearted American type. And it is during the Birthday Ball and talk after the President’s Portrait unveiling Washington that she has natural beauty to begin with.
Yours for Loveliness

Summer aids that help you feel and look a prettier "soldier" — time-, money- and beauty-savers — all!

COTY'S Muguet des Bois (lily of the valley) makes its bow at a time when love is doubly precious to all. Muguet des Bois has a rich tradition inherited from a happier France. There, it was the flower of love; girls in love wore it—brides carried it to the altar. And now, Coty presents it to you in a perfume, a toilet water, a dusting powder and a talc. It is prettily packaged, and it seems to me to be a perfect fragrance accent for everything, from dark Summer sheets to crisp day cottons.

DURA-GLOSS chose the berry—blackberry, mulberry and wineberry—for this Summer's color inspiration for your nails. And a wealth of spirited tone required—happy reminder of a lazy sun over fields of ripening fruit and grain. These warm shades look very smart on fingers and toes and each possesses the great Dura-Gloss virtue of staying on a long time and remaining bright and shining. War workers will welcome both the beauty and durability of this polish, for Dura-Gloss can certainly take bumps and shine!

I THINK we're all working now as never before, and that, coupled with warm weather, brings an effective deodorant and non-perspirant into the limelight. Neet Deodorant seems just the aid to keep your under-arms sweet, fresh and dry and to protect your ultra-precious clothing. It is some of those feather-weight creams you apply in a jiffy and a moment later would not even know you had used it, for it's stainless, greaseless and vanishes almost instantly. The cream seems gentle on sensitive skin, too.

IN SPITE of knowing how to protect yourselves, many will go and get sunburned. Never has this touch of Nature been too pleasant; now it may mean valuing each day. COTY'S Mentholum is that excellent all-around blessing in any bath cabinet. Apply this cooling, soothing balm immediately for relief, and stay out of the sun! Save that Mentholum. Later, when sharp winds nip you, you'll find it good for cold weather discomfort, too!

FOR perfectly shaped lips, for an economical use of rouge, Tipstik is tops. This ingeniously devised little shaper makes lip rouging a quick, precise and artistic job. It is a precious time-saver in these rushed days, and the rouge has a lovely, young, moist quality. In spite of heat and humidity, a radiant, well-shaped mouth gives any face that cool, clean-cut quality that is admired by all. Tipstik comes in five gallant reds, and lasts and lasts because you need not apply it too often. It's a real little glamour gadget.

IF ANYTHING can take the sizzle out of a sizzling August Day, it is a cooling bath with the sweet trinkings. And Wrisley offers some lovely trinkings in the way of its Old Fashioned Bouquet soap, bubble bath (to make you feel luxurious), dusting powder and cologne. The smart blue and white striped powder box reminds you of a rain-wet garden at dusk, and the products are elegant, though reasonably priced. A bodily drop in temperature is encouraged by these cooler offers. Courtenay Marvin.
Be True to Yourself (as I am)

Joan Fontaine

Continued from page 21

with Gable, too—a nobody, a girl who has never done anything!"

But I would rather not do anything than do something I feel is wrong for me. I was happier not doing the part than I
would have been doing it. I might have assumed it successfully enough, I don't
know. But I would have been taking something I did not feel, that I know. I am a
flop as a faker! "But an actress," people
may say, “an actress is supposed to play
any role, isn’t she? An actress must be
all women in one." Perhaps. I don't know.
But not me! And I think, perhaps, that is
a fallacy. Because a writer cannot write
any kind of book, a painter cannot paint
any kind of picture nor a musician com-
pose any kind of music. I think we must
all do things pretty much our true, own
way. I must, I know.

Then I got “Rebecca." "Rebecca" was
right for me. I knew it because I felt happy
about it. There were none of the queasy
qualms and uneasy questionings.

But after I made “Rebecca" I waited
and waited and waited before I did another
picture. I had offers and turned them down.
It was not always easy. "Back Street," for
instance. I came in for considerable cri-
ticism when I turned that down. I tried very
hard to convince myself that this was for
me. As is my habit when I am confused
about anything, I went into a conference
with myself:

"Think, Joan," I said to myself, "the
chance of playing with Boyer!" "You will
not be good in the part," I answered me.
"But—a lot of money, a big production,
surely..." "You will not be good in the
part! You are not the type. You are not
in sympathy with the woman you must
play. No use your doing anything unless
you can do it well."

I turned it down. I turned down “The
Howards of Virginia" for the same reason.
For months and months I did nothing;
nothing at all. "One of the neurotic ones,"
I owe it to—to your studio. You must app—appear again, and I hope . . . you have good luck!” I came back at myself, not because you dressed expensively, on very well know.” I am buying Brian’s sake, that’s all. I’ll do another one. I’ll just see the look in Brian’s when I wear them.” “You know per— very well,” I came back at me, “that the man I married, the man, the one who wears a mink coat or a kitchen apron!” I guilt them!” I told myself.

I spent the night, disturbed, uncom—

In the morning, I sent them back. I feel too frivolous in them, I know. Could be thinking of all the food and drink I was going to get back in the Army with the money they once I got them out of the house, I happy with myself again.

Weary, I went to bath. Before I met

I thought I was in love each one of the seven times or, of course, I would have got myself engaged. I didn’t think there was a question in my mind—and in my heart. “You are?” I told myself. Seven times I told of that. “No.” “Don’t you think?” I was thinking of the sort. You are a par—

I was thinking romantical Miss. You want in love. You are in love with love without being married. I don’t know it.” And there would be an

Engagement, broken into bits, on the floor.

I married the right man five weeks after him. This time I knew. This time there were no questions between myself and me. None at all. And no man could . . . right for me as the man I married. I can’t really fool our hearts, you know. I had a struggle with myself when I decided whether I should continue my life as it was. I thought I should stay at home, play the rôle of Brian Aheerne, and no other,” I told off. But you are just going into secrecy,” I told myself. You are, also, are going into marriage and you believe, you know, do that, a woman’s place is the home. And I know I have been such an brain picture, the first important one we had, my big chance!” “Marriage is a short term. Too and this is your first mar—

This is the first person I have loved. And I know now very well that it is important that you put out Brian’s for him that you put make—your hands. It is better than to be. As other women, being a wife and house—maker, I mean.” “If you can do it all right, then.” “Oh, I can! I will. I will mean more than if I am useful in my career, much, much more.”

what way? What do you mean?” mean, if Brian were a business man, come from a dull day wanting to forget the drudgery of the office, bring a complete change of atmosphere, it would be different. Then I should put marriage at the top of my function would be to him peace and quiet and variety. But an comes home excited, wanting all the things he wants to discuss scenes he scenes, he has done.” Yes, I see. I quite see. It is better so, if he would never want him to say to you, but of course I understand—

never. Never that! And Brian works exciting women, entering women, among women. For his sake as well much as he can. As he might do if he stayed at home figurative if not actually, darned the all. Yes, you are right here. This is of real importance. It is an assurance of success, and I am sure it is. I feel, now, that the four and we both reap from my having a very worth the slight inconvenience it gives us. I want Brian to be proud of me and be proud of me. This is as good for Brian as it is for me. A man needs to be proud of his wife. I am so fond of my husband’s admiration. I treasure it so, that look of pride.” “Then you are all right, old thing. So long as you do only the things that will make him proud, you are all right.”

When the right answer comes, you see, you know it. You may be able to fool other people, but you cannot fool yourself.

During this past couple of years, I have had another problem to thrash out with myself. It was the one about going back to Eng—

land? “Perhaps you should,” I have told myself. “It would be a spectacular thing for you to do, Joan,” myself told me, “especia—

I was right not only to break for you, as they are. “How gallant of her,” people would say, “just when she is coming into her own, too.” “But if it is merely spectacular, I would be making a rather large, and noisy, wouldn’t 12?” “Yes,” myself answered me, “yes, and one in which you don’t believe, you know you don’t.” “No,” I didn’t. Because I feel that, over there, I would be in the way, another mouth to feed, another responsibility. Here, I can continue to earn money. We can con—

Brian and I, to send ambulances, medical supplies. Brian can keep or taking care of his people and we can go on taking care of our two English orphanages. If I have had any doubt of the honesty of my m—

tives, I have none at all since I heard the President’s recent speech on the air. Pic—

tures and pictures are neces—

sary to maintain morale. That is how I want to feel, that is how we all must feel today—necessary. So I am content with myself, I know there is nothing better I can do than remain here in Hollywood, making pictures. Do you know,” I asked myself, “what one of my reasons was for making the pictures?” Perhaps have All?” “No, what was it?” “It was because of the things the girl says—about England being worth dying for, I wanted the privilege of saying those things. Yes, here, I know, is where I am most useful.” “Then, at peace with yourself, here is where you should stay.” “I am staying here and, soon, I shall be an American citizen.” “But you are English. You mean, you have changed your country?” “I changed it long ago, really, myself, I changed it all my life. I have earned my money here. I feel it is only right that I should be a citizen of the country where I have my home and earn my living.” “Good girl. We agree on this, you and I.”

So, when I am in doubt, I argue it out with myself, Brian, on the other hand, feels that he cannot be injured in any way. When it is over he, too, will do what is most true to himself. Each in our own way.

6-months-old Dick Hechman was on hand to welcome his aunt home from her Army camp tour. Tiny tot is Deanna Durbin’s neph—

No one, I sincerely believe, ever made a mistake in being true to himself. Leaving personal happiness out of it, leaving out the equation of right or wrong, it is, also, nine times out of ten, good business as well as good conscience. Consider how it has worked for me! I turned down the part of Melvin—and got Rebecca. I sacrificed the chance, and it was a sacrifice, of working with Dyer in “Back Street”—and am working with him now, in “The Constant Nymph.” I was engaged seven times, marriage tempted me, I waited—and found Brian!

If, in the early days of my career, I had listened to what they said; if I had gone to Hollywood parties, worn extreme clothes, tried to be something I am not, I might have had quicker and easier success but it would have been, I know, easy come and easy go. I would never have got Rebecca. I would never have won my love.

But even if it had not worked out for me, as it has; even if I had lost jobs, lost the man I love because the jobs, or the man, were not for me, I would still be one up. Because I can hold my head up in the world. I have an unfaulted mind and a clear conscience!

Marie Tells on Maisie . . .

Continued from page 55

of a trained nurse; which, incidentally, she has always wanted to be. The nearest she has ever come to realizing this ambi—

tion was one day over at the RKO studios where Ann was, after hours. Dur—

ing the filming of a scene, Ann stumbled and fell, hitting her face on the sharp edge of a table. Marie rushed to her side, along with the surgeon, and saw at once that Ann’s lip had been badly cut and would require stitches. Taking the matter in hand, Marie refused to allow any—

one to touch the injured lip, administering the required first aid herself until Ann’s own doctor could be summoned to perform the necessary surgery.

“One of the hardest things I have to do,” Marie will tell you, “is to keep Miss Sothern on her diet. You see, if there’s one thing she likes to do it’s eat. And when she eats, she wants all the wrong things. Oice (that’s the cook) spells her, too, unless I keep my eyes peeled. And when Miss Sothern diets, the whole family goes on a diet with her. It’s not a bad diet—just cutting down on starches and sweets, but if Miss Ann sees the rest of the folks eat—

thing something different, she always wants
it, too, so it's easier if we all go on a diet, at the same time."

Ann admits Marie is right and that she actually feels better when she eats sensibly, but she makes a big noise about it just on general principles. "That woman has an iron will," she wails. "She won't let me have ANYTHING that's bad for me. And I get so bored doing the 'right thing' all the time. It's just no FUN at all!"

I must say Ann looks mighty cute and appealing when she pouts like that. I, personally, don't see how Marie can resist her.

"Miss Sothern is very funny," Marie relates. "My goodness, if her clothes aren't put away in their proper places—cleaned and pressed and all in order, she just has a fit! She doesn't even like to get messed up herself. Except, of course, when she goes fishing. Then she puts on an old pair of dungarees and a plaid shirt and has herself a big time. Only she won't put that messy bait on the hook, even then. Someone else has to do that for her. And the funniest thing," Marie chuckled again. "Miss Sothern doesn't like fish! She won't even have it in the house!"

Which is rather amazing, considering that Ann would rather spend a day out on a boat, basking in the sun and sitting patiently hour after hour waiting for that nibble on the end of her line, than almost anything you can suggest.

"One thing Miss Sothern just hates is being wakened in the morning," Marie went on. "We all have to be quiet as mice around the house until she rings her bell. Then we know it's all right to go ahead with the day's work."

It's Marie, too, who takes Ann's tray up to her around nine o'clock of a morning—the huge breakfast tray, with its delicate handpainted flowers and dainty china. But on the tray, much to Ann's disgust, is the same thing every morning—orange juice and coffee—black. That and the mail, together with the morning paper, are all she gets!

"But I'm hungry, Marie," she'll cry. "Please can't I have just ONE little egg?"

Marie smiles patiently and shakes her head, as she fluffs up the pillows and smooths out the sheets so her charge can comfortably relax while drinking the hated liquids, hoping the mail and maybe a good review will serve to divert her mind.

"She's like a little girl," Marie's soft voice went on. "I have to think of everything for her. She forgets about appointments and telephone calls, you know, if I don't remind her."

On the other hand, Ann never forgets a birthday or an anniversary—those things most apt to elude even the best of us.

"She has a yearly calendar," Marie explains, "and she keeps track of everybody's birthday and anniversary that way. She spends a lot of time selecting gifts for her friends and she usually will plan a dinner party with a birthday cake and all the trimmings. Miss Sothern just loves parties!"

And, indeed, everyone in Hollywood has heard of the gay evenings at Ann's house. Never more than twelve for dinner—a congenial group, gathering around the grand piano while someone plays—doing a jitterbug step with Ann that is wildly exciting—playing games—any kind of a game—these are the evenings Ann loves best.

"They're always asking her," Marie tells you, "but Miss Sothern will never play or sing at her own parties. And she's very talented, too, along that line." There was a distinct note of pride in Marie's as she finished.

When Ann is working on a picture Marie goes directly from her own home to the studio, arriving there along about two. By the time Ann walks into her dress room, Marie has provided the usual basket of oranges and coffee, along with all her makeup things and other equip necessary to start her day.

"Miss Sothern always puts on her makeup," Marie went on, "so I have to prepare her special powder andlipstick. She likes two different shades of lipsticks mixed together for pictures, so I supply on hand at all times. She likes to have me help her with her clothes, although there are always girls from wardrobe department to do that. I'm sort of used to my being around. I can tell her how she looks. She always wants to know what I think of her clothes."

"I do a little bit of shopping for Little things, you know, like gloves, stockings and girdles. When she needs dresses, we always have those sent to the house from the various stores. It's a lot of bother. They just send a right along with the clothes and Miss Sothern makes her selections right at home."

The easiest way of doing everything that's for Ann. She doesn't like to do anything for one thing. And she doesn't like to drive her car. Robert, the chauffeur, takes that.

Ann tells an amusing story on Marie in this connection. "Marie decided she was going to learn to drive," she related, "so I had to teach her. I thought she was doing along pretty well, so I turned the wheel over to her. We practically had
Ann grimaced. "And it was new car, too. Needless to say, Robert does all the driving for the family!"

With her clothes, Ann turns to Marie honest criticism and praise as fast as it turns. It is. Marie who goes to see the "test rushes" that are before each picture is started. Belgium, they like or decide whether or not it is to be used. It is. Marie who goes to see. Ann very ed didn't know.

One day, Marie was entertaining a guest. Marie Ann believe the experiments we keep looking right—that the clothes are very fitted and have the most flattering. They never see the daily rushes dur- ing the filming of the picture.

"It makes me too nervous," Ann said.

It's the same way with her previews. All the same, I don't drag on to see one of her pictures at a preview. But her friends do. And what's Ann pests them to death until with the foot of the man for benefit, via the telephone, the minute preview is over.

Ann's got off if I don't tell her all her pictures," Marie confides. "I tell Ann always get a chance to go to the pre- vious, but I catch them when they come the big theater downtown or at a suburban house, though, I wasn't so to! I believe I like the 'Maizie' wears about the best," Marie went on. It's so real. You know, she's very much Marie herself—so natural-like and in-dy.

When she's working, Ann spends a deal of time in her garden, of which she is very proud. And there's her knit- ter, "My land," Marie said, shaking her. "I don't know how many sweaters Sothern has made. Why, she's knit for every one of her friends—and her family besides. And she always has one for the Red Cross, too."

"We've had it," Marie will tell you, "I don't know how she finds the time," she says, "but she reads every one of those Book-of-the-Month books. And that's on top of all her other work. She's a wonderful women, no matter what she does."

She's not a domestic bone in Ann's body, Marie said. She's the very thought of domestic. However, when it comes to cooking, knows how everything should be pre- par ed and Ose (who has been cooking for over ten years) is delegated to carry out her wishes. Especially about keeping an ice-box well stocked—just in case she elude the watchful Marie long enough get it into her hands.

Ann Sothern is crazy about music, too," she continued. "We always have music the set when she's working. Depends what kind of a mood she's in at the moment. Sometimes she likes classical music and other times she's very gay and wants nothing but swing.

"It's just those moods of Ann's, when she's "up," she's bubbling over. But when she's low, it takes a bit of doing to up her out of it. That's Marie's self-help job.

I never start talking unless I know as Sothern is ready to talk," she admits. "Once, I've known her so long I can tell when she feels good. Some days she won't look so happy she'll chatter all day long, sing funny stories and joking with the man on the set. Other days, when I see she's upset about something, I keep very quiet until she tells me what it is, When I try to reason her out of it.

You just never know what Ann is going to think of next, Marie will tell you. Just the other day she started "Panama Hattie," Ann added. She would acquire a lovely sun tan, she wouldn't have to bother with make.

Marie accordingly called a shop and said they should send over a sun-tan lamp. There was a lot of argument. To this day, the lamp has not been used and Ann's skin remains white and creamy as ever. The closest she ever came to carrying out her plan (without benefit of the sun lamp, which remained in the closet) was along about six in the afternoon one day when she was entertaining a guest.

"Why no stockings?" her guest wanted to know, as they strolled about the garden to see if the bugs had gotten into Ann's favorite camellias.

"Why, honey," Ann said patiently, "I TOLD you I was going to get a good tan this summer. And you can't get tan with your stockings on!"

The friend pointed to the heavens, where the sun had long since disappeared. Ann was completely bewildered and glanced at the sky as though it had been most inconsiderate in getting dark just when she'd gotten around to needing the sun!

One thing that Marie can't make Ann do is dress up around the house. The dozens of beautiful negligees and house coats in the closet just go on hanging there. And Ann will climb contemptuously into an ancient pongee robe that she clung to for years and be perfectly happy. However, Ann did put on some of her prettiest hostess gowns and house coats when she posed for the pictures to illustrate this story.

Shoes, too, she hates. The minute she walks into the house, she kicks them off and pops into a comfortable pair of slippers. It's the same way on the set. One of Marie's most important duties is to be sure Ann's mules are laid out in a handy place so she can slip them on between scenes.

"Miss Sothern just loves perfume," Marie tells you. "She has a special odor for morning and one for afternoon. The crew on her pictures all know this and they'll ask her which kind it is she has on. She's generous with her perfume, too. She's given away many bottles to her friends and doesn't mind a bit their having her special blend.

"And bath oil, too. She's crazy about that. She hates showers and always prefers a good hot tub, with plenty of bath oil and dusting powder afterwards."

Ann Sothern is a worry-bug, Marie says. She gets all dressed, even to her hat, before she puts her dress on. For that reason, she likes dresses she can step into. She hates the feeling, anyway, of putting things over her head. So when the shop sends out a batch of clothes, they're always particular to send the "step-in" variety.

"I don't see how she can eat it," Marie continued, "but Miss Sothern likes the rarest meat I've ever seen. Why, it hardly looks even cooked, the way she want it. Steak and lamb chops are her favorites. I have an awful time making her eat vegetables. She just doesn't like them. And Ose will keep chocolate cake around the house. There's where I have my real trouble. Because Miss Sothern abores chocolate cake more than anything in the world!"

Marie always accompanies Ann on her trips to New York and occasionally about the country.

"Miss Sothern is a great one to put things off," she complains. "I have to worry her to death to get her to attend to things ahead of time. She's never in a hurry, you know, and hates to be rushed at any time. If I didn't keep right after her, when we're leaving on a trip, she'd never be ready to leave.

"I take her breakfast to her, even on the train," Marie chuckled. "Miss Sothern certainly does like to have her breakfast in bed. When she wakes up on the train she rings for the porter and then the porter calls me, and I take in her tray, just like I do at home. It's a good thing I do, too, because goodness only knows what would be on that tray if she ordered it herself!"

Just then Ann called and Marie had to leave. She was doing a difficult scene and wanted Marie to see if it looked all right. Ann depends on Marie even for that.

"When Marie tells you you're all right, you know you must be," Ann told me. "She's not inclined to be over-enthusiastic and you can always count on her to tell you the honest truth. Which is darned im- portant in this business.

Yes, sir, Marie is certainly Ann's right hand man. And a mighty good one, too, if you ask me!

Ann Sothern achieves an interesting and unusual mantle effect in the living room of her Beverly Hills home by the use of "Chinese immortals" and other picturesque figures.
Gentle Lady

Continued from page 34

to anybody. Nobody said a word to her.

This was her studio—this was her crew—this was her picture. She did her first scene and was talking away as if she were taking her where she left off when she went to get a drink of water. She finished the scene and went back to her trailer-dressing room in the back. Her nose was in the air and she was ready to take my place with those who had predicted my five-week future.

"What's the matter?" I asked Claude Binyon, the writer. "Ever see anybody like that? Doesn't say boo!" Binyon, whom I regard as a man of clear perception, gave me a disgusted shake. "Take it easy, sister," he said, "she's nervous, too.

The picture progressed for a week or so and I agreed with the rest of her fans that there was a real true artist. She was as quiet as that first day and I marveled at that star-like that cause so little stir. I said to Binyon again: "But what's the matter with her? She's SO quiet!"

He replied, "She's just minding her own business. It's all right.

One day we had a breakfast scene. The menu was goody and replete with fancy dollies. My appetite has ceased to be of startling revelation to those who know me, so the prop boys fed me regularly after each take. There was, finally, a gentle tap on my shoulder and that, "Don't you EVER give that stomach of yours a rest!"

Miss Jean Arthur was asking me that. It might have been my sister—so plainly had she spoken.

Ruggles, Binyon, Miss Arthur and I had been sitting together going over lines when the first two took themselves out to look at another set. The lady didn't leave me in the lurch; she smiled and asked me how I liked it here. I replied that I did like it and that I thought the crew was just right. She said with much pride: "Oh, they're MY boys! They've done every picture with me!" Yes, Miss Arthur, they are your boys. There is no mistaking that.

And the first day when you stood before the camera you didn't so much as look up at any of them because you were nervous, but the air was potent with their admiration of you.

More folks have asked me concerning this girl than about any other star with whom I've ever worked. I have answered to that portion of her fans as it was my good fortune to meet. And now I'm telling the rest.

She is more natural than almost anyone you'll ever see. It was a source of wonder to me at first that here was such a brilliant star with no air of an actress about her. You sort of expect a star to be a little airy and to act a little when she's not supposed to—and then you forgive her because you picture it adds up to glamour.

Don't let anyone try to convince you that because this girl runs away from autobiography seekers and because she gets pancy with the pap talk to her that she represents them. She is mindful of the fact that she is a star. She has appreciation for the efforts of the ones who go to see her pictures. She feels she and the studios can not understand that because she is a star she should be of more importance or interest than the next fellow. While others of us find it an easy matter to say anything of sentimental value, I've often heard her say: "I know what I want to say—but I just can't get it out!"

Jinx Falkenburg, star of "Sweetheart of the Fleet," sent hearts palpitating faster of Columbia University's Open Air Carnival, in a 'Lips for Liberty—Kiss the Avis Goodbye,' drive stunt. Student David St. John is buying and buying from Jinx, the wise fellow!

Her generosity is very big; but that is her own personal business and she hasn't an idea that I know anything about that and she wouldn't like for me to chant about it.

I've never known anyone who was so overwhelmingly grateful for the kindness shown her. I had occasion to do something for her. It had been done for others. The reception it received from the lady carried such a profound expression it almost made me cry.

It's the little things folks do and the little things you can laugh about many times afterwards that are affectionate momentos. For instance, the story of Pat always made me feel that it was something to write home about.

Pat wandered into Jean's home when she was vacationing up north, and had he car-

ried a suit-case, of course they'd have known his intentions. He adopted Jean on sight and when it came time to leave she tore herself away from him and left him at the local police station until his people should discover his absence. But Pat had no people. And when the authorities notified Jean that they'd probably have to do something about the way he howled, she sent her father to fetch him home. Pat is a mongrel. Even before fancy pedagogues and fancy pets were so prominently exhibited in Hollywood, Pat would have made you take a second look. But Pat associates with the finest and is seen in the very best places. His lady takes him about with her wherever she goes.

As you know, it is very clear that looks would never play a dominating part with this girl, when she had reason to understand a heart. We were in the desert making "Arizona." It was boiling and all of us barked about the weather. Jean said, "I'm having a WONDERFUL time!" One day I wanted to go riding, but because I was always falling into things they warned me never to go out alone. The boys were all working and Jean "Come on—I'll go with you." So we went.

With her broad head set on before. We went on dirt that trailed except the trail we made as we traveled. Jean was cloudly for some keen didn't have to hurry back. And by the time we decided to turn back we were lost direct. Her nose was. A after a while I called, "Jean, do you know where we're going?" She giggled that inna cracking giggles: "NOOOOOO...through the sands, after the sunstroke and starvation—and in the desert she had to giggle! We on some more and then two breathless sistant directors that pretty smart," I told them. "She where we were going all the time!" gigged again: "I'M smart! You dop HORSE was smart!"

There is a gentleness about this girl I have often tried to describe. It has quality of genuine beauty. Most of us it's our ordinary duty to discuss phases of other people's affairs. I never knew this girl to talk about things that want to know anything the not her immediate concerned.

A sense of humor that is quick—trigger—we tried to get a rise out of her. She brought herself to the set and laid it on somebody when she did a scene. She planned to it around. But it vanished miraculously fast. We replaced it with a nickel elate bar, and set the box back in her. She had a twinkle in her eye, when, a came out of the room, she opened the OH, I LOVE presents," she sat in of us while she ate the "present."

She always had a tray of tea and of cookies. There was no ceremony in it. She simply announced, "Here and I'm not pouring."

You'd never know she was quiet if stumble in on one of her merry so. She was doing a part with Melvyn Dade expression on his face was something to rave over. Jean herself last comedies, during the several rehearsals crew had long since given up to try control themselves. Suddenly, as we about to shoot, Jean had another laugh and said, "I want to be so AWFUL if the audience didn't this was as funny as we do!" She brought house down again.

Effortless always in her understanding and doing of her work, one day she down and said, "I can't do the scene called for her to wave a fire poker in air, and try to stop a fight between actors as they viled past her. "It's enough," the director told her. "I that, but I'm liable to hit them on the arm, or—" The her said they would take a chance. But was a very nervous girl by the time take.

There would have to be an understanding between this girl and the ones who her intimate friends. It would have to an understanding between all things are not generally talked about—like and sincerity and loyalty. Such is the understanding with her "boys." She proud about her brother, but she doesn't them, but brother, they belong to F. Her hairdresser, wardrobe girl, man and man think she's pretty fine, honey, they know.

And so, I could go on, because it's to tell about the people we like best. As the man said, the lady minds over businesses. She sticks to this in print. But I just wanted to know a little about this very gentle
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It’s the soap
that leaves
skin SWEET—

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
there's nothing on the skinny things to eat. My dog, Champ, a schnauzer, is my pal and always sleeps on the foot of my bed. My car has all the gadgets on it. I go to the movies three or four times a week, like a good pipe, showers, and wouldn't miss Jack Benny, Bob Hope, or Charlie McCarthy on the radio for anything.

"Now, I'll bet," said Jackie, apologetically, "that you could talk to a couple of thousand fellows, anywhere in the country, and they'd give you the same stuff, word for word. Except, perhaps, about the spinach. And then there's the fact that, because of working in the movies, I'm more things than the average boy of my age. But that doesn't make me any different, really. Things don't affect your mind or change your heart anyway, I guess." (Oh, but they do, Jackie, I thought, they do unless your mind is very steady and your heart square in the right place!)

It was while Jackie was talking that I felt I had got the answer to a long unsolved riddle: we often wonder why "infant prodigies," small ticks of girls and ticks of boys, flash upon the theatrical or musical or literary scene for a season or two, flare brightly, then fade away to be heard of nevermore. Strange little growths, they seem to wither all prematurely, on the laurel vine. Watching Jackie, his honest, straightforward eyes, easy natural good manners, nice good manners, not the postures and dodges of the professional youngster, listening to his interest in "a number of things," it struck me that most of these prodigies "die" young just because they are strange, because their one talent, one facet of their personality is pushed and forced and emphasized until it becomes twisted and warped and finally ruins their growth as whole individuals. They are like the Monterey cypress, misshapen, bent in one direction. Whereas Jackie, Shirley Temple, Jane Withers, Virginia Weidler, Freddie Bartholomew and others who were "child prodigies" in Hollywood a few years ago are not strange at all but normal and "usual." It is because they have been allowed to grow up as and with the kids next door that they are bridging the gap between childhood and adolescence naturally and successfully, are taking it in stride, have healthy minds in healthy bodies, and going on and will continue to go on, hitting on all cylinders.

I told Jackie what I was thinking. His nice, gay gray eyes lit up, responsively. I thought of a description I had read recently of a man with "uncaring eyes." Jackie's are caring eyes. You can tell. They care about friendship and decency and hard work and loyalty and ambition and all the stable, enduring things.

He said, at once, "It is so. And it's because of going up in the world. I have a pretty good mother, you know. It's the most important thing in the world to have a right mother. Because a right mother gives you a right life as a kid. And I think that if you have a right life when you're a kid, you'll do okay when you're a man or a woman. I mean, you'll be okay. I know that if I don't know how to behave myself now, but," said Jackie gravely, "I think I do—it's thanks to Mom."

And then I thought how much Mabel, his mother, would like to hear his voice as she said, "Thanks to Mom." And how happy she would be if she could know, and perhaps she does, in some sense and sensible and manly a fashion Jackie is conducting his life now that he is on his own, and alone.

She did know how capable he is before she passed away because, during the long, long months of her illness Jackie, as he said, "ran the house." Ran it efficiently, economically and smoothly. She knew his deep love for her, too, and his all-out sacrifice. He proved them by his devotion to her, the hours he spent at her bedside, the little gifts he brought her, unfailingly, every day to the very last day. Above all, to the blessed fact that not once did he cause her a moment's worry. (A usual Nine Pennies, maybe.) It was his Uncle Norman Tasker who told me what he said to Jackie when it fell upon him to tell Jackie, the doctor's tragic diagnosis. "Everyone has grief, Jackie," he said, "at times like these. But most of us have grief and regret. You will be fortunate in that you will have only grief for you can have no regrets. No mother ever had a better son.

When she was gone, Jackie sold his rambling, story-and-a-half French Normandy house in which they had lived "too big a place," he said, "for a fellow my age." He rented a furnished apartment in the Sunset Towers here in Los Angeles.

"I put in my Cafeparte," he told me, "and a cabinet for my records. I have a couple of floral prints that belonged to Mom on the walls, some portraits and some books. When I have a few people in to dinner, Bonita, Mary Healy, and Pete Lyon and Hayes and some others, I have some one come in to cook and serve. I get along fine. The only thing about the apartment is I hate to be alone, always have. But I have my couple of thousand records and can sit and play them and I am NO' alone.

"I'm not really on my own, yet, though. Really. Not here. Nothing is. I've been twenty-one. I have two guardians, my Uncle Norman and my lawyer. I have dinner with Uncle Norman at his house once or twice a week and talk to him on the phone every day. If I have any problem, I always take it to him. He's wonderful to me. Then the Business Administration handles all my money. They get my checks and just give me a allowance. But we always talk everything over, and I sign all the checks and know what done with every cent of it, as they know what I do with every cent I get. The don't have much trouble with me," Jackie grinned. "I've never been terribly extravagant. I have a lot of faults, gosh, what lot, bite my nails, can't remember names, but I was taught the value of a dollar and I know how to handle it. It's easy to be cheap. The way I'm not extravagant. I don't buy a lot of anything (except records) but when I do get something, it's a very good sure. I've got a very good pair of shoes. Mom always said that when you buy something cheap it is cheap. I've done my own shopping since was fifteen. Mom gave me the right steer—she had an awful lot of taste, she was a decorator, you know—then put me on my own.

"Well, I don't know what I'm saying? Of well, the average boy, you know, when he has problems or makes mistakes, why, the last person he wants to know about them is his mom, of course, and me. I told Mom everything, wanted her to know everything about me. She made me want to. Some people may say the I should have told you what I did say that. But I don't feel that she did. She loved me an awful lot, but that's different, don't you think?"

I said, not without a lump in my throat that I did.

"The thing is, I wasn't spoiled with life of fluff just because I happened to be a child of a rich man. I was never put in the Players or the places where profession people go. I never went to a profession school. I didn't have to go to some board to get on my own to played with the neighborhood kids. If kid's parents were on relief and he was taught it all. But taught, too, never."

"I think that the good of it was we were welcome at our house as the son of Bistro Got-Rocks would ever be. My mother never chose my friends for me as, later, she never chose my girls for me. If I had a black eye or a bloody nose Mom didn't make any more of it than any mothe makes of a boy's minor accidents. She never got mad at me when I stripped off robbers or football or climbing trees or riding a bike, never told me to be careful of my face." (I recalled Shirley's "I'll kill you if I ever catch you this going aerobic on the roof of her house. Freddie Bartholomew raking down to read in his hand-made scooter ... the re
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itage of their normal childhoods accounts for the ill effects [of smoking]. It is clear that even if they do not mean it, she never made me conscious of being anything other than any other kid of my age. Just because I was in the movies, I wasn't out of this world. So, if I'm not long-sighted now, I sure have my mother to thank for it.

He sure has. I thought of the days when Jackie was laying in "The Champ" with Wally, the little-boy Jackie, and how often I had dinner with him and with Mabel. I remember the warmth of affection between the pretty, dark young woman and the fair, husky little boy. But the whole thing was the discipline, too. "Eight o'clock, Jackie, get off me!" "Aw, Mom, do I have to?" "Yes, Jackie." "Well, gee, okay, Mom." To pampered child prodigy here. No mixing moppet with "stage" manners. The old-star Jackie was always, first and last, the little-boy Jackie. 

I remember visiting them one afternoon. Mabel, talking to the workshop she'd built in the back-yard where Jackie kept his tools and his model airplanes, his BB guns and football gear and other gadgets. The Life and Times of Every Little Boy, that was the world Mabel built around Jackie so that he might grow normally, healthily and happily, a human being with dimensions. I remember when Jackie had his first car. "But aren't you afraid to let him drive it, Mabel?" "A little," she said, "but all the boys are beginning to drive and Jackie can't be different." "I've got so much to thank her for," Jackie was saying, earnestly, and looking at me, I knew, so much the man Mabel meant him to be. "She never called me down in front of people," he said, "gee, I am grateful to her for that. When I see some woman yelling at her kid in front of other people and how the kid's pride made me feel either proud of myself or good and ashamed of myself, whatever I had coming. Thing is, she let me talk, too. Thing is, she made me understand right and wrong, what's the decent thing to do, and why: and what isn't, and why. She sort of tied things together for me so they made sense. "I have to tell you all this, you see, so you will understand why I am," he grinned, "usual, at nineteen. And healthy. And
happy. I've never talked about my mother before, for publication. Not since she went away, that is. There were some stories written about us, her and me, but I haven't talked before. I have to now because I can't explain myself at all unless I tell you how it was with us. For I still talk to Mom that I never found any pain in adolescence. I never had any of those 'growing pains,' never did. I enjoyed all my 'ages,'" Jackie laughed, "I enjoyed being a little kid and doing little kid things. I enjoyed my High School. I got in all the scrapes every kid does and got all the hell for it, too. But I never had any of the queer quicks and qualms you hear other kids talk about, or read about in books.

"Oh, I tried to act sophisticated now and then, of course. But Mom straightened me out there, too. The more sophisticated you act," she said, "the sillier you look.' As the one thing in this world I didn't want to look was 'silly' I cut out the shenanigans—but quick. I was fortunate enough never to get a crush on anyone so much older than myself that it made me feel too young or awkward, either. You might chalk that up for me as a bit unusual,'" Jackie said, laughing, "that I have never—yet—been in love with an Older Woman.'"

"I never tried aping older men, either. I guess I was with older people so much, being an only child and then, in the studio, that sort of grew on me, granted. Besides, I certainly wouldn't copy anyone in a picture—when they are paying me for being myself. And other places I went, well, they knew me too well, they'd have seen through me in a minute.

"So, as I said, I enjoyed all my 'ages,' didn't have any of the moping and mewing that is supposed to go with the transition from childhood to adolescence. I knew what was happening to me, all along the line. Mom told me.

"I never worried about my 'career,' either, not even when my voice changed and in scenes where I was supposed to roar like a lion I'd mew like a cat or something. Here, again, I have my mother to thank for the fact that I didn't do any of the 'agonizing' some youngsters go through when they begin to grow up.

"Like when I was thirteen—it was then that M-G-M suggested I lay off until I was twenty-one. Adolescence, they said, was repulsive. (And look who became the biggest money-maker!) Or, they said, I could stick around and do bits, small parts, until I grew up. Mom felt that might hurt my pride after playing the parts I'd had.

"So she pulled me out of pictures and put me in High School. Beverly Hills High School. I was there for eleven months. I liked it fine. The only thing that drove me crazy was not working. I wanted to get a job in a gas station just to be doing something. After three o'clock, I tell you, life became very monotonous. Then, a little independent studio wanted me to make a picture. I wanted to so much, it was such an agreeable idea. From around, that Mom agreed to it and on the strength of that I got 'That Certain Age' and have worked steadily ever since.

"No, I never had the feeling that I might not work again, that I might be 'through.' How can anyone be through when there are so many things to be done? Besides, I had enough confidence in myself, had read enough books to know there were things I could do on the screen, even at my age.

"Of course," Jackie explained, "I haven't bridged the gap to the fullest extent, as yet. Parts are not as numerous for me now as they were when I was eight and ten or as they will be, maybe, two or three years from now. But in the meantime, I got my music—I learned it all myself, you know, a little proud of that—and, I don't mind telling you, I'm doing a bit of writing with a friend of mine. For the last six years I've got little bands together, made recordings of our music, played them for the heck of it. I sure enjoy music to the fullest extent.

"Besides, on September 15th, I'll be twenty years old. Then I can register. And I see no reason why they wouldn't take me. I'm healthy. I'd like to get in this fight. It's a pretty good fight, the fight for decency.

"But later, after the war, I hope to be able to do a little bit of everything on the screen, play a wide field. I don't thin anyone likes being typed. Spencer Tracy is my favorite actor, and always has been. He looks good as a priest, as a sailor, an adventurer, a newspaper man—he looks pretty good making love, too! That's the kind of actor I hope to be one of these days, with all kinds of men in my repertoire.

"But in the meantime," Jackie grinned his nice, open grin, "I'll continue with my growing still without those 'pants.' My marriage now? No, no, definitely no. How could I think of marriage now, anyway, with everything going down around the world, and me frantically unsettled? Bonna and I are dating, yes. I may be the type," Jack said, slowly, "I may be the type that one hits, stays hit. I am certainly not what you might call susceptible. Bunny has been in only girl for me, ever, seriously. But I don't like to be too serious now. This isn't the time for it. Right here, though, would like to say that all the talk in the newspaper columns about the 'big quarrel' we're supposed to have had makes me mad. I see bright red. It isn't true, just first place. It is very bad taste, in the second place. Look, when I'm away, a personal appearance tours, as I have been or when I'm in the Service, as I hope to be, I don't believe at all that she should be taken for dinner now and then, and here and there. Or at any other time, if it wishes. After all, we are NOT engaged. If I go to New York and happen to know a girl there, why, I'd date her. Why not? I feel that citizens get a dozen times over, wouldn't make an change in me. If it should, if a few days can change us, then we haven't got the kind of thing that either of us want.

"Jackie was silent for a moment. Held my cigarette for me, one for himself. The he added, "Because I want something pretty good out of life. Not just pretty good, you know, I want to give something pretty good to it, too. Mom put that idea in my head. And it's going to stick there."

"Well, what do you think—boys, girls, mothers, fathers, what do you think you're "usual" or do you agree with me?"
lollywood War Wife
Speaks!

Continued from page 29

...jump those days, and Brenda is a three-
pot-to-a-cup-of-coffee girl. "Ever since
I knew Bill he has been going away on
assignments," she continued. "I've begun to
wonder if he's allergic to studios. The
actors make all their pictures quietly
comfortably on a sound stage, with
no heat, no air conditioning in the summer. But not Bill. His
times always have to be made in the
hot open spaces, miles away from home.
Life in Texas and Arizona and Nevada. Every
year the studio used to send him over a new
set to try. "Well, where to now?" So I
begged him to think that Bill has gone to
another location. That his new script called
for a wedding in Monmouth. He'll only be
there for six weeks, depending of course on
weather conditions. When he returns and he doesn't come home I'll say to
myself, 'Wouldn't you know that Bill would
fall into a lot of fog? It'll probably take
more weeks to finish that location,' I
say. "I'm silly to kid myself along like
that. But believe me, it helps."

When Bill married Brenda in Las Vegas,
what, in July of last summer, he said,
"Brenda, we'll have a good life together."
And it certainly looked as if "And so they
were married and lived happily ever after" and score again. Those two kids had
nothing on their side. They were young,
healthy and good-looking. They were
love. They were both popular young
movie stars, with all the marvelous glamour
that is attached to that profession. With
their salaries they didn't have to worry
about doctor bills, mortgages and relatives
As soon as we can arrange schedules with
the studios," Bill said, "I'll take you on a
honeymoon to end all honeymoons. Some-
ting we can reminisce about when we're
laughing and ordering our Golden Wedding. How
about Honolulu?"

But the kids never had that honeymoon.
Cause they couldn't get time away from the
movies. The Japps bombed Pearl Harbor.
Bill, like thousands of other boys from
to California, was drafted. Every-
thing happened so fast. Before she realized
the dreaded day had come, and Brenda
herself on a crowded platform wags
a final farewell to Bill. With a lump in
her throat as big as an ostrich egg.

I had lunch with Brenda a few weeks
later Bill had left for Camp Monmouth
in New Jersey. Brenda had just come from
the dentist's. "No one hates going to the
dentist more than I do," she said. "I keep
putting it off. And now I've got six cav-
ities. But even now I probably wouldn't go
except---" Brenda broke off with an
embarrassed laugh. "Well, I guess it is sort
of funny. The night Bill left, his train was
supposed to leave from Union Station
at night. We had about fifteen minutes to
make, so we just stood on the platform in
a rain. I knew that these would be my last
minutes with Bill for a long, long time, and
there were so many things I wanted to tell
him. I wanted to tell him how very dear
he was to me, how terribly proud I was of
him, how sorry I was that I had ever
misled him, or criticized him in any way,
and how lonely I'd be without him. I wanted to
tell him that I would pray for him every
night. I wanted to tell him he was the
most wonderful man in the world. All
despite things, and more, I wanted to say to
him on that crowded platform. But what do
you think I said?" I said, 'Bill, you look
terrible.' And he did, really, but I loved
him all the more for it. His uniform was

Use Fresh #2 and stay fresher!

PUT FRESH #2, under one arm—put your present
deodorant under the other. And then
1. See which stops perspiration better. We feel sure
that FRESH #2 will.
2. See which prevents perspiration odor better. We're
sure you'll feel complete underarm security with
FRESH #2.
3. See how gentle FRESH #2 is—how delightful to
use! Never greasy, gritty, or sticky. FRESH #2
spreads easily—smoothly!
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it before dressing—it vanishes quickly!
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delicate fabrics. Laboratory tests prove this.

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#2 is the best underarm cream you've
ever used, your dealer will gladly re-
fund your purchase price.

FRESH #2 comes in three
sizes—50c for extra-large jar; 25c for generous medium jar;
and 10c for handy travel size.

THE NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM THAT REALLY STOPS PERSPIRATION—PREVENTS ODOR
The kissing bug hit everybody on the set of Joan Crawford's new comedy, "They All Kissed the Bride." Allen Jenkins feels silly.

They all kissed Joan Crawford instead of the bride (and vice versa) including Gordon Jones, the taxi driver in the film.

Joan tries it again with Gordon Jones. That's much better! The first one went flat. Now Gordon knows he's been kissed.

Roland Young's a willing victim, too. See how the old boy goes go-go and gets that look in his eyes when Joan gives him a bus?
SAYS ROSALIND RUSSELL
(TROPIC SKIN TYPE)

"My Skin has a Soul Mate"

"I once had Powder 'handmade' to match my skin. Then I learned how Woodbury's new Color Controlled Powder is exquisitely blended to match definite types of beauty.

"And sure enough, in Woodbury's Sun Peach (it's brand new), *I found my Skin Twin! It glamorizes my tropic skin."

Right, Rosalind! Woodbury's new Color Control process brings every girl her perfect shade. For Hollywood directors divided all beauty into 5 skin types. Then we styled glamour shades for each. Sheerer, clearer, longer-clinging.

Get fragrant Woodbury Powder at $1.00 or 50¢. (Introductory sizes 25¢, 10¢.) A chart in every box tells you your type, your shade.

Find yours—for romantic results!

*Sample new Sun Peach, 6 other glamour shades. Use coupon.

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FREE . SUN PEACH, 6 GLAMOUR SHADES!
Paste this on penny postcard. We'll send you, free, 307 shades, Woodbury Color Controlled Powder. And a helpful little color chart so you can find your type. Address, John H. Woodbury, Inc., 9125 Almed St., Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada: John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.)

Beauty Bonus! Now in the $1.00 Woodbury Powder box, you also get Rouge and Lipstick, a complete Matched Make-up for $1.00!

SCREENLAND 69

Even Alexander Hall, director of Columbia's "They All Kissed the Bride," comes in for his share of Joan's kisses. Fair enough?
Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 17

If you like peanut butter, you'll like peanut butter bread, which Marsha sometimes uses for cheese or lettuce sandwiches.

PEANUT BUTTER BREAD

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 teaspoon salt
3/4 cup sugar
1/2 cup peanut butter
1 1/2 cups milk

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar together. Add peanut butter and mix in. Add milk and beat thoroughly. Bake in greased loaf pan in moderate oven about 1 hour. This is best when a day old.

The best thing Mrs. Wood does is bake cookies and make candy, accomplishments, alas, difficult since sugar rationing began. However, no picnic is complete without cookies, and neighbors pool sugar rations for them. Here are two of the more unusual served at the Hoppers':

OATMEAL MACAROONS

1 cup sugar
1 tablespoon Crisco
2 eggs
1/4 teaspoon salt
2 1/2 cups rolled oats
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 teaspoon Burnett's vanilla

Mix sugar with Crisco, add egg yolks, salt and rolled oats; add baking powder, beaten egg whites and vanilla. Mix thoroughly. Drop on greased tins about 1/2 teaspoon to each macaroon, allowing space for spreading. Bake about ten minutes in a moderate oven.

BUTTERSCOTCH SLICES

(Ice Box Cookie)

3/4 cups sifted Swansdown cake flour
3/4 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup butter
1/2 teaspoon lemon juice
3/4 cup brown sugar
1 egg, unbeaten
1/2 cup broken nut meats
4 teaspoons vanilla

Sift flour, add baking powder and salt and sift again. Cream butter, add sugar gradually: add eggs, one at a time, beating thoroughly. Add nuts and flavoring. Finally, mix well. Pack dough lightly in greased loaf pan, cover with waxed paper and chill overnight.

Turn out on board and slice in 1/4 inch thick slices. Bake on ungreased sheet in hot oven for 6 minutes. Makes four dozen.

Mrs. Wood's talents are not confined to cooking. She made the little Dutch dress Marsha wears in these pictures, got her inspiration from Marsha's role in "Tulip Time", for M-G-M.

As you can imagine, talk on the Hoppers' hilltop is concerned with house-and-garden at times, since the group are home-owners. The Barneses reigned in the canyon alone until the day the Carlsons and Hoppers wandered in, seeking adjacent properties. They broke ground the same day on their hillside, but the Hoppers' house was finished first. The Carlsons moved in with them until their place was completed. Marsha's house is low and long and gray. It melts into the landscape, but inside it seems nearly all windows, curtailed in yellow or a patterned green.

Marsha's house is a modernistic house. The hall is divided from the dining room with a high deep chest on top of which Marsha has planted ivy that trails impartially both rooms. The fireplace and built-in effectively partition the other side of hall from the long living room.

Gray carpet, Waltex walls of an cocoa brown, green upholstered furniture, copper trims and ornaments provide a rich scheme broken only by a couch in sea patterned white. There's a huge go couch, minus arms or back, set behind low dark tables by the hearth.

Windows form two sides of the dining room, where the furniture is made of walnut, and the drapes are in green, white and brown. Marsha's built-in ideas are most apparent in the bedroom side of the house, slightly higher on the hill. Dressers, dress, tables, chests, are all built in. A bind smooth white doors, so that the master bedroom is more like a sitting room of a conventional sleeping apartment. The floor is set back in an alcove, where walls are a soothing green and windows are set in the headboard matches the drapes in green and white, and the footboard to the foot of the bed is a comfortable green and white couch designed by Marsha. The couch faces the fireplace across a low table and is flanked with matching chairs. Long boxes hold inviting rolls of books.

The bedspread is Marsha's own invention: made of thick toweling with a monogram in the center, it can be strung back without disturbing the permanent green-and-white "skirts" which are tacked to the bed.

Mirrors are a mania with the Hoppe. They put them in wherever they will, obtaining some unique effects by using glass cases filled with the white gladiolas behind some of the mirrors.

The bedroom wing is carpeted in striped rugs made by Marsha. She uses her own string crocheted in a repeating pattern in a block. As she finishes the blocks, she sews them together, making them fit various rooms and hallways. They are thick and soft and easily cleaned. As they're easy to do!

Are your lips in style? Coty has made it so easy to keep that glossy, glamorous look that everyone admires—that smart lips must wear.

Into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick goes a special ingredient to ward off chapping—protect against dryness, parching! Your lips keep their delicate, flowing texture—while they wear thrilling, high-style color! Join the millions who have changed to "Sub-Deb"! $1.00 and 50¢.

Galatah
bright "pipsy" tones

BALI
lavish, stream shade

DAHLIA
lovely, flower-shade

TAMALE
ultra-chic "Luma" red

70

Screenland
and lipstick and her secret of lasting fitness is the right foundation. She prefers the compressed cake form, and this is steadily growing in popularity. In addition to raising smooth and lovely and being over little flaws, all forms, cake, cream, lotion or liquid foundations, do offer saving grace of protection for skin just sun, wind, cold and soil. And you, with a little artistic ingenuity, do nice lips to your skin tone—make it warmer or more radiant or more fragile and soft, according to the shade you use.

The war note: I believe that the addition will be found essential for skin fiction in many factories and for outdoor work, so that, too, looks as if it is to stay. I believe in the foundation. I think some aid does help protect skin and certainly makes it look prettier. A practical point is to try some of the smaller sizes good products in the chain stores. You need a little experimentation to find out what is best for you.

Ruth's lip make-up formula is not new, it is good. This she learned from the be-up studio, Rouge the lips first (Ruthers the brush for an even, unstainedgers and economy). After the rouge is dried, she gently blots lips with a tissue, then powders very lightly over them, and will give a very soft, beautiful effect. However, if you want a more seductive look, do as Ruth does, then re-rouge. These lips will stay on, no matter what! The war note on lipsticks is that manufacturers are eliminating the metal cases, so much need for war purposes, and they are resorting to well-de ned cardboard, paper, wood and plastic cases. All that have come to this are highly satisfactory. They are convenient and light to carry and look well. All, the color is what we're after. Many of metal cases are still about, but cases were probably made before any ones restricted the use of metal, so if they are for sale, you are not being unpatriotic to buy them.

Ruth ends her very good sense beauty treats with literally a finger tip. She is patient always about the drying time of manicure, and so she protects her own as well as possible. She daily applies a clear sealing coat over the polish, which does prolong its life immensely and encourages long nails. Most of the popular nail lacers have this prolonging aid under various names. I find that a manicure done in a manner lasts me ten days in perfect condition, barring a real finger accident: a se coat, followed by two coats of enamel and the final sealing coat. Many nails will grow too long in ten days and if the enamel remains in perfect condition, the manicure looks lovely. If Ruth breaks a nail or nicky the polish, sealing the break with the sealing coat and filling in the nick with the same, then applying polish, saves the situation.

Marriage box is a kind of beauty insurance—and the real efforts of manufacturers of cosmetics to help win the war and keep you looking well is one of the assured facts of the future that should encourage us. Therefore, whether we drive an ambulance, drill precision holes in metal, spot shells, whim a typewriter, bathe a bath or later don an Army uniform, let us never be said by the boys in service that we forgot our good looks and let ourselves go because they left us and went to war!
WOW! Just wait until you get a load of Lamarr as the sultry Tondeleyo in "White Cargo." With just a hint of padding, Hedy wears a sarong that's going to cause heat waves. In deep coffee-color body makeup, her beauty has never been so breathtaking. The role of Langford, a Englishman who goes native, was turned down by Robert Taylor. It goes to Richard Carlson, his first break under his new M-G-M contract. Dick couldn't be more pleased, but for one thing. Just before he signed with M-G-M, he bought a wonderful hillside home all the way across town in the San Fernando Valley. He's making arrangements to ride in with Clark Gable and Bob Young, who also live in the valley.

TIM HOLT (who recently joined us) tells this story about his father, the famous silent picture star, Jack Holt. Not long ago Jack approached his local draft board and said he wanted to enlist. Flabbergasted, the man in charge asked Jack his age. "I'm forty-three," said Jack, "but I'm actually is quite a few years older than that." "But Mr. Holt," answered the man kindly, "if you're going to see in 'The Squaw Man' and I'm forty-four, it's this kind of patriotism that's going to win the war!"

MOST amused person over those Joanne Emery-Joan Crawford romance rumors is John himself. He happens to be quite smitten with Tamara Geva, celebrated stage dancer who is now crashing the movies. Joan knew John long before he was ever married to Tallulah Bankhead, and there wasn't a romance then. Despising the Hollywood press agents, it ain't with Cupid ordered.

THERE were tears in Norma Shearer's eyes when she went around the lot bidding everyone goodbye. Of course she still is a large M-G-M stockholder. But many waters have run under the well-known bridge since the first time Norma walked through the studio gates. Her co-workers of many years were sorry to see her check written, and off the lot. But not nearly as sorry as they would have been, had they not known that Martin Arrouge, Norma's big ski molder from the snow country, is the important thing in her life.
BSTERLING joined up with the Air Force just as M-G-M was planning big things for him. It's tough on Bob for more reasons than this, however. It means a separation from Ann Sothern, who has been a great influence in his personal and professional life. It means his invalid father, Bob and two sisters will be without his necessary support. Bob has been granted a three-months' stay, to do a radio assignment, an extra picture. Then he can leave out worrying too much about his family's welfare.

REE years ago Gig Young worked as a car hop in a drive-in. In the mornings he went to dramatic school. Now that he's a white hope at Warner Bros. studio, a Dutch has been named after him in the 5-in-which he used to sell sandwiches.

When Alice Faye Harris was born, Daddy Phil ran right out and bought her a thousand-dollar Victory Bond as a "greeting" present. Sweet Alice is the happiest mother in Hollywood. She's never been one to talk much about herself. But you should hear her go to town about little Alice. If it wasn't so touching, it would be amusing.

RED SKELTON promises he'll never "dood" it again. Whenever he has a spare moment at the studio, Red sneaks off his set and visits Mickey Rooney on his. From the sidelines Red mugs at Mickey and the magnificent moppet blows his lines higher than a kite. Finally the production department stepped in. Red had to promise to keep a straight face or keep off the set. Boys will be boys, we always say.

THE little Lane did it before and she's done it again. By this time Priscilla Lane's indifference and independence are no longer a novelty in Hollywood. So her second elopement only created mild interest—which is just the way Pat would have it. This year's husband, Lieut. Joe Howard, is stationed at the Victorville airport. So Pat will live near there when she isn't in a picture. Her former husband, Orin Haggard, is an assistant director on the sets where Pat works. He's married again and will soon be in the Air Force. John Barry, to whom Pat announced her engagement once upon a time, is the owner of the Victorville Press. He had to run the announcement of her marriage to Howard! Mrs. Cora Lane, who has successfully guided the destinies of the Lane sisters, was not at this wedding of Pat's either.

Paramount's singing star Betty Hutton and song writer Frank Loesser relax on the set of "Happy-Go-Lucky." Their good taste in music puts them on top in Hollywood.

Pepsi-Cola's swell flavor is tops in good taste everywhere. At home or on the road—no matter where you are—you'll enjoy Pepsi-Cola's 12 full ounces, first sip to last. Only a nickel, too. Uncap a Pepsi-Cola today.

Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N.Y. Bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast.

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S C R E E N L A N D  73
VA/EDDING bells dept.: The happy honeymoon of Van Heflin and Frances Neal may soon be over. The Army wants him.

In announcing her marriage to Ray Hendricks, a civilian aviation instructor, Laraine Day said she wasn't taking up aviation. Her press agent must be slipping.

Celebrating the completion of "Pride of the Yankees," "Mrs. Lou Gehrig," or Teresa Wright to her public, married writer Niven Busch.

Robert Cummings teaches Diana Barrymore the finer points of skating to prove he's a good skate (we knew it all the time) in scene above from "What Happened, Caroline?" But what happened to Diana? Below, Kay Francis with Diana, and on opposite page, Diana with John Bales in another scene from the same film.

FAREWELL two arms: Unless they change their minds again, Hedda Hopper and George Montgomery won't be sharing that Montana farm together. Domestic professional complications seem to be the cause of it all... While Eduardo Cana Jr., applied for a marriage license, famous sister, Rita Hayworth, told it to judge. She amended her original complaint before saying a not-too-fond farewell Edward Judson, the husband she accused regarding her career... Like Gay Frank Albertson wanted to be along. 11 years ago he was reconciled with Virgil Shelley. This time it's real, she told judge.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND, Claude Colbert, Joan Bennett, Joan Blond and the other stars returned from the Victory Caravan tour happy but completely exhausted. Raising money for the USO Navy Relief was such a worthy cause, girls never complained of the strenuous routine. But a doctor who went along with the troupe was kept a very busy man. It wasn't giving pills to put one tired girl to sleep, he was prescribing them to other group to keep them awake. The money they raised is a great tribute to Hollywood.

THREE cheers for Bette Davis. Ever since our entry into the war, she has refused to be publicized in a uniform that isn't actually wearing for war work. Bette has appeared at the various camps and endless bonds. But always in her own civilian clothes. Now there's an agreement between the studio publicity directors, star will be photographed in a uniform, unless that uniform is actually being worn for service. Good taste and Bette Davis won't be used again.

JEFFREY LYNN has been transferred once again. This time to Fort McPherson, New Jersey. Instead of acting in propaganda films, Jeff is learning camera work. Russell Arms, at the same camp, is learning to write scripts. Ironical if they expect to be transferred to the Asto studios on Long Island. Once it was their ambition to crash the gates of this famous birthplace of the stars. When they get the inside, all their acting will be directed by Uncle Sam.
HEESE CAKE for Greer Garson! That's the problem they're faced with, that the bulb flashers have got a load of Greer in "Random Harvest." Because she often wears those full skirts in costume tures, some strongly suspected that La Rsson might have a skull and cross bones stuck on her right knee. Then suddenly, her role of the show girl in James Hill's story, she emerges with a pair of pants that make Dietrich's look like Angus stalks. Someone suggested they change the name of the picture to "Good-bye, Mrs. Miniver."

A LUPINO has her own ideas about women in uniforms. "They're all right in daytime when women are doing war work," says Ida. "But in the evening a man should wear feminine things that attract a soldier's eye." So Ida has gone to the business of designing soft, feminine gowns that are inexpensive and easy to launder. Ida's slogan for her new business is: "Sex After Six."

HEY probably won't be in a hurry to last Jean Gabin and Tom Mitchell in the one picture again, as in "Moontide." Jean is a study of underplaying his lines. He looks them so softly, all the listeners' attention goes to him. Mitchell thought it was an obvious trick to steal the scene, but he began to speak softly too. By the time he underplayed the other, the poor sound man wasn't picking up any dialogue at all.

ECENTLY, Lily MacMurray went down to the Union Station to meet Fred, who was returning from location. Hundreds of letters pouring in were greeted by hundreds of wives and sweethearts. One solider taller than the rest caught Lily's attention. As far as everyone else was concerned, he was just another man in uniform. But Jimmy Stewart. When Lily hailed him, Jim grinned from ear to ear. Just then Fred showed up. Like every other American soldier, Jimmy asked if he could hitch a ride to Beverly Hills. Yes, this is war.

AND we thought we had heard every thing! Paul Henreid, continental man, stormed into the Warner Bros. publicity department. He wanted all the prints of a recent portrait sitting done over again. The reason? They had reached them and made him look too handsome. Now you know why Hollywood publicity men end up being bewildered licks in the woods!

Guard your Flower-Fresh Charm the Arthur Murray Way

- Popular Jean Kern wins every time she spins! Graceful, glamorous, confident—she trusts Odorono Cream to keep her right-from-the-florist fresh. Like other Arthur Murray dancers she takes no chances with underarm odor or dampness!

Dancing or romancing, see if Odorono Cream doesn't answer your underarm problem. Stops perspiration safely up to 3 days. Non-greasy, non-gritty, won't irritate skin or rot dresses. No waiting to dry. Follow directions. Get a jar today! Big 10c, 39c, 59c sizes.

The Odorono Co., Inc., New York

Keye Harlow keeps that fresh, sure-of-herself pose on Kansas City's hottest day.

Screenland
IT REALLY would be a great loss if Jack Benny and Bob Hope got their way. Bob, who is doing a magnificent job entertaining the boys, would like to join up. But he's needed too badly in his present setup. Benny would like to go off the air for a year, he's that exhausted. Picture commitments that must be met, his weekly radio show, numerous benefits and playing Army camps, have put Jack under a terrific strain. But he feels it would be unpatriotic right now to quit, much as he needs the rest, keep 'em laughing will continue to be Bob's and Jack's motto. They're a couple of great guys, yes?

WHEN the draft board gave Errol Flynn a definite 4-F rating, he took himself right to Washington. Because of an athletic heart, Errol may not be able to do combat duty. But he is definitely going to serve in some capacity, or else. Upon his return, Errol could only say that his trip had produced most satisfactory results. More than that he can't reveal at this time. By the time you read this Errol will be a one hundred percent United States citizen. With his divorce problems all settled now, things are practically back to normal again.

A GROUP of studio people were sitting around the luncheon table in the commissary. Victor Mature was among those present. As usual, Victor was doing most of the talking.

"What am I doing in a musical?" Victor quipped. "Someone does the singing for me. Someone else does the dancing for me."

"Who's going to do the acting for you?" a voice piped up. The table roared. With all due credit to Vic, he laughed the loudest.

ANN SOTHERN got her divorce from Roger Pryor in twelve minutes. All she has to do is wait a year until she is legally free. When she got home from the court-room, there was a huge box of flowers waiting. Attached to the box was a pair of handkerchiefs. On a card signed by John Hambleton, Ann's friend of long standing, were these words: "Pardon me, lady, but did you drop these?"

DANCING with tears in her eyes is Betty Grable's theme song. Her option was in fact, to take a leave of absence and go to Hollywood. Production has called off. Cesar Romero, her screen dancing partner, is at home planting a Victory Garden—waiting for Betty to get again.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the new John Barrymore's death, Hollywood cowered word that "Muzzy" May Ro was well enough to return to work as M-G-M. After a lingering and serious illness, Alice won her battle to live. When worked with John Barrymore in "Ree In Vienna," John always kidded Muzzy about being so eternally young, she'd live them all. With John Barrymore's passing, much of the local color goes on Hollywood.

STRANGE indeed was Richard Whorf release from Warner Bros. On Saturday night the famous stage star dined at one of the top executives. He was ass that on the following Monday he was being taken up. Great plans were store for him. But on Monday Dickie received the news that he had been dropped from the contract list. A deal is now the fire with M-G-M.

IT WAS Joel McCrea who reportedly fused to work again opposite Vera Lake, this time in "I Married A Wife". Freddie March took the job. Now Freddie who vows he will never work again. Lake again. Being a gentleman steadfastly refuses to discuss the situation. To an intimate friend he is supposed have said: "I just don't get her."

IF JACK BENNY has his way, Merkel will soon appear oppositeL a comedian on the screen. When it comes to talent, Jack thinks Una is about tops. She been in New York doing radio for a few years. We've missed you, Una, and we more agree with "Buck" Benny.
Hedy Lamarr's Intimate Ideas about Herself!

For the first time since she arrived in America—frightened by the sensationalism of her advance publicity—Hedy Lamarr feels sure enough of herself to talk frankly about the person she really is. And she talks—in Screen Guide! Everything one girl wants to know of another is explored—her ideas, ambitions and loves—with some tips for yourself along the way!

Other Scoops in August Screen Guide:

"Why I Hated Andy Hardy!" by Ann Rutherford. She's out of Mickey Rooney's life; see why she wanted to be!

Love's Future for Rita Hayworth. She's free—for what?

Ladies Prefer Heels! You'll be amazed at the psychological wallop in the story of George Sanders' success!

What you can do for a Soldier. Michele Morgan advises.

Maureen O'Hara Hides from Hollywood! Real reasons why.

Robert Young—Man on the Home Front: How life goes on.

Also: Exciting color portraits of Alexis Smith, Jane Wyman, Ronald Reagan, Ann Rutherford, Maureen O'Hara. Plus pages of intimate gossip, fashion news, beauty tips, movie reviews—all in Screen Guide!

 August Issue
Now on Sale
at ALL NEWSSTANDS

UP/D'S Kut-ups: Evelyn Ankers and tall, blond Richard Denning dreaming up to the Mocambo Rumba music...

is for Margo and Eddie Albert, who it even need music... Paul Brinkman, a time referred to as "the poor man's Nan Flynn," out again and again with aDuprez... Alfred Vanderbilt, Jr., king glowing-eyed at K. T. Stevens... in Gordon, helping to bring June Lang into circulation... Edmund O'Brien... and Michele Morgan dancing at the Derby loving it... Carole Landis, dancing she's left her motor running. Wooly advice on the receiving end... Lana rig, being called a fugitive from a band...er, having fun with Howard Hughes... John Payne and Sheila Ryan exchanging warm glances at the Icecapades... lhain Lundigan once again flashing those pikes at Marguerite Chapman, who she right back... Cesar Romero's big moment is a South American blonde. He's king in jewelry store windows and not cause he wants to set his watch.

HAT-NEXT DEPARTMENT: Veronica Lake, her famous hair dyed a new shade, is sporting a new version of her pigtails. Instead of two pigtails or her ears, Ronnie is wearing four pigtails with a different colored bow tied to each. By the time she starts her next piece, her hair will probably be blonde again.

HE story behind the story of Ann Harding's return to the screen, is really what's interesting. Ten years ago when Ann was a big Paramount star, the wardrobe head at her set was named Fred Zimmerman. She will be directed by Fred in her first comeback picture at M-G-M. Nice going!

Nan Wynn, above, will be seen in the new Abbott and Costello picture, "Pardon My Sarong." The dark-eyed, dark-haired charmer from Broadway does more than wear a sarong and look pretty—she sings and carries on a riotously comic romance with the chubby Romeo Costello.
Romance Comes to Van Heflin!

Continued from page 51

type, that he is quiet and unassuming, he is, today, in the full glare of another spot-light as hero of one of Hollywood's sweet-est love stories.

A few months ago, I asked Van the question, "What about romance?" And he gaily replied, "There isn't any. So far, my love-life has had no serious chapters. I guess I've been too busy. Oh yes," he added, "someday I hope to find true love and congenial companionship. I want to marry, have a home and children, but I'm in no hurry. It must be the right romance: my marriage will be for keeps."

Now, six months later to the very day after Van met the cute little Irish starlet, Frances Neal, his dream came true—he had found romance! At 10 o'clock Saturday morning, May 16th, they were married in the Westwood Congregational Church, with only members of the two families and a few intimate friends present. The wedding ring was a plain gold band. A month before, Van had given Frances a diamond and platinum engagement ring. They spent their honeymoon at Del Monte, the most picturesque spot on the Pacific coast, and on their return to Hollywood, they went to a modest Hollywood apartment which they had chosen for their first home.

And—back of all this is a truly American boy-meets-girl romance. Van and Frances were introduced at an informal dinner given by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer producer, Joseph Pasternak, and both admit it was love at first sight. Maybe it was the flaming red hair—her friends call her Firecracker! Maybe it was her saucy, smiling mouth; or maybe it was the sweetness, the womanliness shining through her blue eyes that sent a big wallop straight to Van's heart. They quickly discovered congenial tastes: tennis, swimming, riding. They both love music, books and the drama, but pass up the back-road life. Van says that as a social figure he is a flop because he's a terrible dancer. Nights they dine to-gether, alternating between her home, where she lived with her father, a United States Army Surgeon stationed at the Sawtelle Hospital, and her mother, and the Brentwood apartment where Van and his mother lived, his father having passed away recently. They talked of everything during long drives and then, one moonlight night, Van asked her to marry him. To his delight, though he'll probably tease her about it for the next fifty years, she demurely replied, "I'll be proud to be Mrs. Heflin!"

Frances has given up her career which was blooming at RKO, her most outstanding role being opposite Dennis O'Keefe in "LadyScarface," and she will devote herself to being a wife—all her ambitions are centered on her husband's career. And Van is tremendously serious about his acting, and if "Flying is an actor's equipment, he has qualified.

Born in a small Oklahoma town, where his father was a dentist, the family moved to Long Beach, California, just as he was ready to enter the seventh grade. It was there that he discovered the ocean. He spent every spare hour hanging about the waterfront of the Long Beach and San Pedro harbors, and when summer came he shipped on a fishing schooner bound for Mexican waters. Next vacation he sailed for Hawaii, the next for South America, and the following summer, after graduating from high school, he made his first trip to England.

Then, he climaxed two years at the University of Oklahoma by sailing through the Panama Canal. It was this journey that changed his life.

"Arriving in New York," said Van, "I looked up my girl cousin, the only person I knew in the city. Still in my seaman's clothes, and carrying my seaman's list, I barged in on a swanky cocktail party, where a lot of theatrical people were milling around. To them I must have looked like a character in a drama and as a joke, they put me up to calling on Channing Pollock who was casting a play. I've always imagined that Pollock caught the joke-angle and decided to turn the talk on his friends, for he sent me to his direct late Richard Boleslawsky. Now, it happened that Boleslawsky liked young, experienced players, whom he could cast to suit himself, and amazing as it seems, gave me a part. He was marvelous, wooling with me and giving me the advantage of his rich European training, and I not only opened with the play, 'Mr. Money Pen,' but stayed on until the final performance three months later.

"By that time I was completely dis-fusionized, and never wanted to see theater again. You see, I had built up glamor world in my imagination that mingling, not even the stage, could meet. Closed on Saturday night and on Sunday morning I was aboard a merchant ship for three years I viewed the world as a sailor. Before leaving, to quiet my conscience because I was not finishing the University, I secured the La Salle Extension Course of Law, but soon decided sea was to be my profession for it offered the adventures and thrills I craved. I learned every emotion at sea. Life is still often tragic, with danger and death riding each wave.

"At the end of three years I came home to visit the family and my father, so diplomatically, suggested that I compl- my college course, I thought, why not have plenty of time and the sea will wait for me, so I pitched in and did two ye in one. By the time I was graduated, ambitions had taken a complete flip-flop—wanted to be an actor! I went on to Y for a year's study, then tackled New Yo and I bumped into the usual story: living in heaven of hopes, starting between two jobs, an occasional mild triumph—I know, that magic world of heartbreak and I am a boy that is never found anywhere else. A boy I loved every hour!"

After Van finally made the grade, he came a favorite in many New York pl and he found real fame as the young reporter in "The Philadelphia Story," opposite Hepburn, which ran two full years on Broadway, with an added twenty-two week tour of sixty cities.
Remember when the boys used to say that girls are "made of sugar and spice and all things nice"? Those days are gone forever . . . you're no sissy now!

You and a million other volunteers have learned the meaning of give and take. You give your time and energy, and take your assignments as they come. Every day they need you . . . every day of the month.

Many's the night you used to hobble home, dead tired. But now you're a veteran! You've learned how to be a good soldier . . . to keep going, keep smiling . . . no matter what!

The greatest triumph of all—now even "difficult days" don't slow you down! Not since girls-in-the-know put you wise to the greater comfort of Kotex sanitary napkins.

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FREE HANDBOOK OF DO'S AND DON'T'S. The new booklet, "As One Girl To Another", tells what to do and not to do on "difficult days". Discusses subjects as: bathing, swimming, dancing, social contacts, etc. Mail name and address to P.O. Box 3451, Dept. S-8, Chicago, for copy FREE!
Hollywood stars can’t stop to fix their hair whenever they’d like to. That’s why so many of them depend on Grip-Tuth. Grip-Tuth looks like a comb—but isn’t. This non-metallic hair retainer slides into your hair in a jiffy—and stays there until you take it out! And that’s especially important if you’re working in the war effort, where you must keep your hair up, out of the way! Try one to hold your wave. Try one to keep your hair high on the sides. Try one to anchor bows or flowers just where you want them! Two on a card (or one extra length) only 25c. If notion counter or beauty shop can’t supply you, send 25c for card. State hair color.

CHARP'TUTH: Diedem, Inc., Leominster, Mass., Dept. 66
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Pretty Sheila Ryan, attired in white bra-halter and brightly colored striped shorts, is all set for a good running. Sheila is currently the romantic lead opposite John Shelton in 20th Century-Fox’s new Laurel and Hardy comedy, “A-Hunting We Will Go.”

Charlie Chaplin Talks About Paulette Goddard

Continued from page 31

Paulette—whom he referred to constantly and only as “Mrs. Chaplin.” It was a Saturday night party in Hollywood. Open house, with guests drifting in informally. Lewis Browne, the modern philosopher who wrote “This Believing World,” arrived with a small white-haired young-faced gentleman. “It’s Charlie Chaplin!” The whisper went around the big drawing room—as though it were a rumor. Charlie rarely attends Hollywood parties. Both he and Paulette lived fairly secluded lives.

Recently both Paulette and Charlie had been seen with others about Hollywood. And together only once in several weeks. Further, Paulette had taken a seven-room house in Cold Water Canyon and Hollywood was ready to believe that the Chaplin marriage was over.

Charlie acknowledged the introduction—and luckily Mr. Browne brought him into our particular group. “A man can lonely with fame,” Charlie said made himself comfortable in a low chair. “Especially if it was Saturday night. I had nothing to do but twiddle my fingers. Many a night I sit up there in my big house, and someone would invite me to a party or dinner.”

Charlie was smiling. But his voice actually wistful.” “I have been told strange people hesitate to invite me. I think it must be a big state occasion I would not come. They think unless it is important party that I wouldn’t be interested. I like to talk to people, just like most people.”

Mr. Chaplin has a low modulated voice—a simple appeal—a gentle approach—
Though he is over fifty, he is young, without me on his face. In fact he is the tensile of Beverly Hills’ most exclusive neighborhood, playing daily at five in the moon.

Someone remarked on Paulette’s amazement to stardom, half fearful of invoking on Charlie’s personal privacy. But it was he who had first mentioned Mrs. Chaplin, “Not amazing at all,” Charlie said. “Only amazing is the persistence and going of such a little girl. For five years, Chaplin studied diligently. She took various courses in English, diction, literature. She had five hours of study every day. Our house was like a university with teachers always about. She took dancing lessons and between times she had time to design her own clothes. She made hats, the most intriguing little hats, tiny hats of ribbon and straw. She’s a little ump. I used to tell her she could open a shop and do right well.” Charlie added.

Paulette was always such a busy little girl. Charlie was saying about the vivacity of Paulette who has risen to top star at Paramount—and who personally sees no enigma to everyone. “She was a little pixie with her knitting needles Jing away—so busy. When we sat by fireplace, or out in the garden, or on yacht, she was busy knitting.” Charlie related Paulette with her flying knitting, in his inimitable pantomime. “All my sweaters, and even my socks, she did. She used to turn out a sweater in a couple of days. When H. G. Wells was our house, Charlie continued, “and added one of my sweaters, that little busybody surprised him with a completed sweater the next night for dinner. Sounds unbelievable. But that’s the way Mrs. Chaplin is.” Charlie gestured helplessly, in his hands, and shrugged his shoulders. Why—one time I came home and the fire house had been done over. I didn’t own my own house. I had spent a modest sum—ten years back when Pickfair and the other estates up our way had been done. What had Mrs. Chaplin done but had entire place refurnished. In good taste, he carefully added.

Both Charlie and Paulette refused any of their interviews on their marriage. But here, socially, among his friends, Charlie spoke freely.

While he commented favorably on “Reap the Wind,” Charlie still preferred Paulette as the simple little peasant girl—“with her hair blowing in the wind in the closing scenes of ‘The Dictator.’ Or as the little girl in ‘Modern Times.’ Then she was the true Paulette.”

Even the most severe critics of Paulette Goddard avow her to be one of the most exotic women on the screen—daringly beautiful, vivaciously alluring. I said as much. But to Charlie she possesses none of the wenchiness she displayed in “North West Mounted Police.” Rather to him she was a “childlike creature of whims.” One who had blossomed from a promising bud into a full-blown flower.

Charlie heartily agreed that she was the first of his leading ladies to establish herself securely as a star. He admitted in the beginning he had not been wholly in accord with Paulette’s ambition to make her own way. That he had planned on her being exclusively a Chaplin leading lady around whom he would write special pictures, pictures that would be artistic achievements presenting Paulette’s beauty and loveliness as Charlie knew it.

“Mrs. Chaplin is a buoyant young sybarite—hepped with energy and beauty. She simply had to see if she could make good on her own without my help. She did,” he said.

It is remembered that when Paulette first tested for the role of Scarlett in “Gone with the Wind” Charlie protested. The David Selznick estate is across the road in the Beverly Hills from the Chaplin estate. One morning Paulette in a crinoline gown with a hoop skirt and pantalooned—with a basket of freshly cut roses—crossed the road and walked in the abortive-to-be-producer of “G. W. T. W.” It was before breakfast and her appearance as a southern belle was startling and convincing. In fact Paulette came away with the role virtually promised to her. Charlie convinced her, however, to wait and play with him in “The Dictator.” He had written it for the two of them. It was his most cherished ambition for her and for himself. So like a dutiful little wife Mrs. Chaplin patiently waited.

“Paulette has a smart little business head.

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NONSPI will not injure your sensitive underarm skin pores (Nonspi’s gentle astringent action is safe, effective).

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All the screen stars are helping the great cause by furnishing entertainment for the service men and Paulette Goddard is no exception. Above, Paulette is shown in front of a loud-speaker doing her bit at the American Theatre Wing Stage Door Canteen.
"Speaking about life-savers...mine's MIDOL"

DURING precious vacation days and all through the year, Midol regularly plays "life-saver" for millions of girls and women...relieving their functional menstrual pain, turning "time to suffer" into extra time for active, comfortable living.

Among many women interviewed, 96% of those who reported using Midol at their last menstrual period had found these tablets effective. Try Midol with confidence. It contains no opiates, and unless you have some organic disorder demanding special medical or surgical care, it should give you comfort. One Midol ingredient relieves head-ache and muscular suffering, one is mildly stimulating, and another exclusive ingredient increases relief by reducing spasmodic pain peculiar to the time.

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MIDOL RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

Want to meet the movie stars? Join the Army or Naryl Bette Davis was flooded with request for autographs when she appeared at the American Theatre Wing Stege Door Canteen at Paramount, and convinced DeMille, as had never been convinced before, that Paulette was Louvette.

This amazing bit of strategy on Paulett's part, together with her ability as an actress so impressed the veteran DeMille that calls for Paulette repeatedly for his pictures. Which is one of the highest compliments any actress can ask for.

At first Charlie was not too happy. Paulette was busy morning, noon and night at Paramount. At times he called for her in the evening. Once or twice he watched her from the sidelines of the set. Then his own picture began. Paulette divided her time between Paramount and the Chaplin studios. At the latter she was the quiet, diminutive little girl who sat on the set awaiting orders from Mr. Chaplin. All of her marks, all her conversation were preceded with "Charlie says—"

At Paramount she was La Godard, working long hard hours tirelessly. She had to wear, down the average Hollywood glamour girl. Work only added to Paulette zest and sharpened her vivacity. "I have such a beautiful wardrobe bulging with clothes—such lovely jewels," she said. "I have no time to wear them."

On occasion Paulette and Charlie visited the night clubs. The photographers had holiday shooting pictures of Paulette in her lovely jewels and gowns. When Charlie was engaged in picture production Paulette appeared with numerous escorts. When Paulette was working, Charlie did the same.

Recently his name was linked frequent with Jinx Falkenburg. They were termed a "Mocamation." Jinx, however, announced Paulette to the premiere of "Ree the Wild Wind"—because Charlie was unable to attend. Which upset the gossip

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She actually had a contract drawn up stipulating that she should pay her $2500 a week. That was more than Paulette had ever paid a leading lady in one of my pictures.

Which again brings to the fact that Paulette is the only one of Charlie's leading ladies to use her initiative to forge ahead in Hollywood. And this perseverance was the first of his leading ladies to become known. She appeared in "Woman of Paris" and "The Kid" and then dropped out of pictures. But not from the Chaplin payroll. For many years Edna, like Chaplin's full studio staff, drew a weekly salary. Even today Charlie meets a weekly payroll, whether he is making pictures or not, for his employees who have been with him for twenty or thirty years.

Briefer Charlie recalled that Merna Kennedy was his leading lady in "The Circus." She left pictures to marry Busby Berkeley. Mildred Harris became his leading lady and then his wife. They had a baby who died. He left Charlie and pictures and went into vaudeville. Virginia Cherrill was in "City Lights." She secured a six-months' stock contract at Fox and then married Cary Grant, later marrying the Earl of Jersey of England. Georgia Hale, who played the lead in Charlie's "Gold Rush," which currently resumed is grossing its eighth million, retired after one picture. I recall seeing Georgia and Charlie meet in the lobby of the Westwood Village theatre the night of its premiere recently. Georgia is still beautiful and Charlie greeted her warmly. She too never went farther in films. And there was Lita Gray who after a movie became Mrs. Chaplin and bore Charlie two sons, Sidney and Charlie Jr., now fifteen and sixteen. Of them all Paulette, career-minded, talented, over-ripe Charlie's hearty objections—and tried for stardom on her own.

It is to be remembered that she secured a copy of the script of Cecil B. DeMille's "North West Mounted Police." She was fascinated. She studied the role of the half-breed Indian girl—a role with all the virtues of her sex. That she began sending daily postcards to Mr. DeMille asking him for an interview for the role. That one day, dressed completely in character as Louvette

Cecil, she invaded DeMille's office at Paramount and convinced DeMille, as he had never been convinced before, that Paulette was Louvette.

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Water Canyon. Her mother has a home in Pasadena and Chaplin has a beach house at Santa Monica.

Paulette became the idol of Charlie's two sons, "Mrs. Chaplin was always a tomboy; pal to my sons, instead of a step-mother."

Charlie spoke of Paulette with a warm affection. According to Charlie, Mrs. Chaplin was a very wonderful little wife.

"Mrs. Chaplin was getting too famous for me," he said wistfully. "I had hoped she would be in all of my pictures. But she had so many pictures ahead of her on her contacts."

Charlie was referring to the screenplay he is scripting from "Shadow and Substance," the Broadway drama authored by Paul Vincent Carroll. The only play Charlie ever purchased and for which he paid $25,000. At present he is coaching another young unknown girl, Joan Barry, who "has great talent" to play the feminine lead.

"The Dictator" made four millions and Charlie's "Gold Rush" has made a million since its release.

Charlie's great dramatic appeal to the world for peace and unity at the close of "The Dictator" brought on international controversy. Charlie himself commented on it—and asked for the opinion of those in our group—if he had exceeded or stopped the bounds of propriety.

One noted author spoke up: "Mr. Chaplin," he said, "without a doubt you are the greatest comedian of the age. Here—before your pictures, your portrait of the humble tramp, have made the world laugh. Your name is synonymous with comedy. What would you think if you had witnessed a clown at a circus give a great performance—a clown who had convulsed the audience with laughter. And at the end of the act—this clown seriously broke into the Gettysburg address?"

Charlie smiled. He did not remark. He sat thoughtfully looking at the fire. For some moments he sat quietly. Then he arose, "It has been a most delightful evening," he said, shaking hands all around, "I must be going."

There was a hush in the conversation after Charlie's departure. Then someone said, "Why, tonight was history-making in Hollywood! Charlie Chaplin in the first time talked about Paulette Goddard!"

Not a bleach! Not a permanent dye! Goes on—and washes off—as easily as your face powder and lipstick.

No longer need you envy the beauty of other women's hair! No matter how dull and uninteresting your own hair may seem, you can now "bring it to life" and make it sparkle with youthful color and glowing highlights.

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There's nothing in Marchand's "Make-Up" Rinse to harm your hair or make it brittle. Made with Government-approved colors, it's as safe to use as lemon or vinegar and it does so much more for your hair! Try Marchand's "Make-Up" Rinse for a new discovery in hair beauty! There's a tint for every shade of hair.

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6 Rinses - 25¢
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**and... for those who WANT TO BE BLONDER!**

Blondes who want to brighten and lighten their hair with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash will be delighted. Perfect results in quick easy rinse. At all drug counters.

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**GOLDEN HAIR WASH**

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When Loretta Young visited the American Theatre Wing Stage Door Canteen, the boys all gathered around and had a fine time asking Miss Young questions about Hollywood.
He's the Man Other Men Hate! But Women Love

Continued from page 27

more proficient and came to understand how many points can be made or lost on the manner in which you approach the board, the way you bounce before the dive, he rigged up a diving-board in his backyard and spent additional hours practicing approaches and bounces.

He learned the less angle there is between the leg and foot as you dive—the more nearly you can make the foot seem a prolongation of the leg—the more points you get. And, of course, there is the matter of pointing the toes. So, when he went to bed at night he took a book with him and had his mother bind his feet and legs to the board so they gradually began to lie down instead of sticking up at right angles.

He put up a high bar in his back yard to practice giant swings and other acrobatics. Many a night Mrs. Ladd came home to apply poultices, hot or cold applications to a bruised and bleeding offspring. But kept at it.

Eventually he became West Coast diving champion during the time Dutch Smith, Mickey Riley and Georgia Coleman were in their heyday.

"Why weren't you in the 1932 Olympic Swimming Team with them?" I asked him once.

Alan redoubled but finally managed a grin. "I lost my nerve," he said simply.

"I hit my head once and knocked myself cold. From then on I found that every time I went to make a dive I was worrying more about whether I'd hit my head again than I was about my form. A real diver never thinks about anything but form, once he starts towards the board. When I couldn't concentrate on that any more, I knew I'd never be any good again. So I quit."

But before he quit he acquired a trunkful of medals for his various feats of athletic prowess and some press books at sight envy.

Once he went to a dance and though people were laughing at him. For seven months after that he made the gilded with the radio as he practiced dancing in the privacy of his living room dancing around by himself with a book, his head to insure poise and balance. But the next time he went to a dance he won a cup.

It was during his senior year at Nor Hollywood High, he was persuaded to sit in the part of Koko in "The Mikado." His singing voice has yet to be heard in pictures but it attracted the attention of talent scout from Universal who put him under contract along with a bunch of college boys they were training for picture Tyrone Power was one of the group. Ty lasted only a month. Alan was keen on for four. Then the "school" was disbanded.

He went to work as a "grip" at Warn Brothers but did little "gripping." He shifted and became a "high man"—one of the men who rig up scaffolding in a rafter for the lights. "If I had to be high man," Alan told me naively, "I may up my mind I was going to be an outstanding one. I used to swing back and forth forty feet in the air—where none the others would go."

He remained there two years, saving $ and enrolled in The Ben Barry School of Acting. Graduated, Alan near starved to death while looking for a chance to act. He never got a nibble, either from stage or screen. Then, somehow—I don't believe even he could tell you now how it happened—he got a chance on a loco radio station. The result was he stayed on there for two years as the only star.
Jack Benny, first star to go on air from new San Francisco Radio City studios, shown arriving for dedication, with Rochester acting as station porter. Jack didn't miss chance to give War Bonds and Stamps a big plug.

New under-arm
Cream Deodorant
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Stops Perspiration

1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
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The Moon and Sixpence

Continued from page 25

...couldn't understand the miracle of this strangely beautiful woman who was his wife. His eyes worshiped her as she moved around the studio, and it wasn't only in his eyes she was beautiful; her beauty was there for all to see. They were a strange couple, this man and this lovely girl, and stranger still was the affection in her eyes as she looked at him, the deep feeling for him sensed under her reserve.

It was only when Geoffrey asked if by any chance Dirk had ever run across a painter named Strickland, that her reserve went.

"Beast!" the word came in a whisper and her blue eyes smoldered.

Dirk laughed as one would at the tantrum of a particularly adored child. "She doesn't like him," he explained superfluously.

But Blanche refused to be placated. "I don't like bad manners," she insisted.

"The fact remains that he's a great artist," Dirk shrugged. "A very great artist."

"Impossible!" Geoffrey said. "The man only began painting five years ago."

"I tell you he's great," Dirk insisted. "In a hundred years, if you and I are remembered at all, it will only be because we knew Charles Strickland."

"I think he's just a little awe-struck," Blanche couldn't conceal the loathing in her voice. "Dirk, you know yourself that people only laugh when you talk about his paintings. They think you're having a joke with them."

"Ah, sweetheart, you don't understand," Dirk put his hand on hers. "Why should you think beauty is a stone on the beach for any passer-by to pick up? Beauty is something wonderful and strange that the artist creates in turmoil out of chaos. It isn't always easy to recognize it at first. For that you must have knowledge and sensiveness and imagination." He turned to Geoffrey then. "I'll take you to see Strickland, if you like. He goes to a café in the Avenue, de Cliché every evening at seven o'clock."

In spite of himself, Geoffrey felt that curious excitement over seeing the man again. He recognized him at once, even though he had grown a beard, for there was that same, almost fanatical light in his eyes, that burning intensity which would set him apart anywhere, and he was wearing the same suit he had on five years ago. Stained and threadbare, it looked as if it had been made for someone else as it hung on his emaciated body.

"Hullo, Fatty," he said insolently, as Dirk came over to him. "What do you want?"

"I've brought an old friend to see you," Dirk's smile closed over the hurt in his eyes.

"My friend Dirk thinks you're a great artist," Geoffrey put in quickly to cover his friend's embarrassment.

"I'm sorry I can't return the compliment," Strickland sagged.

When Dirk left, impatient to be with Blanche again, Geoffrey's first impulse was to leave with him. But already the fascination this creature held for him was beginning to take hold. "Will you let me see your pictures?" he asked.

"Why should I?" The other looked at him insolently.

"I might feel inclined to buy one," Geoffrey said.

"I might not feel inclined to sell one," Strickland said. Then, "Will you lend me fifty francs?"

"I wouldn't dream of it!" Geoffrey made no attempt to hide his contempt, since you're half starved, maybe I'd give you a dinner, not that I care if you starve or not."

"All right, then." The man's eyes lit up like a decent meal."

He ate as if he hadn't eaten for days all through the dinner. Geoffrey read paper propped up against the wine cooler, until Strickland, exasperated, being ignored, spoke to him abruptly: "Disapprove of me, don't you?"

"Nonsense!" Geoffrey folded the paper and put it away. "I don't disapprove of a bon vivant, either. On the contrary. I'm interested in his mental processes," he said. "I see." Strickland nodded. "You writer and you take a purely professional interest in me."

"Why don't you ever send your work exhibitions?" Geoffrey looked at him curiously. "Don't you want fame? It's something most artists aren't indifferent to."

"Why should I care for the opinion of the crowd when I don't care two pence for the opinion of the individual?" Strickland countered. "Sometimes I've thought of an island, somewhere off the map, where we could live and work in a hidden valley or among strange trees, alone."

"Alone?" Geoffrey looked up.

And as the other nodded solemnly, "Do you really mean that? Haven't you been good enough since you came to Paris?"

"I haven't time for that sort of nonsense," Strickland said. Then, as Geoshi chuckled, say, what are you sniggering at?"

"What's the good of trying to live with a nigger?" Geoffrey demanded. "Let me tell you for months the matter never comes up, you're head and you think you're fine and it sticks with you for good and all. At last you call your soul your own. You seem to have your head among the stars. And all of a sudden you can't stand it any longer and you notice that all the time you have been walling in the mud and you can't roll yourself in it. And you find yourself alone. It's wonderful. It's a beautiful, wild, earnest, and you can't resist it. Can you explain that?"

For once Strickland seemed at a loss for an answer and as Geoffrey left he felt...
orge Sanders as Charles Strickland, the ring genius, in "The Moon and Sixpence."

tears mingling with hers as he pressed his cheek close against her own. “Don’t darling,” he whispered. “Please don’t. I can’t bear it when you cry.”

Suddenly, it was as if she were a child, grasping for words to explain something she herself couldn’t wholly understand. “I’m frightened of him. I don’t know why, but there’s something in him that terrifies me. He’ll do us some great harm. I know it. I feel it. If you bring him here, it can only end badly. Don’t let him come here. Anyone else you like, a thief, a drunkard, anyone off the streets. But not him!”

“You are my wife,” Dirk said simply. “Dearer to me than anyone else in the world, and no one shall come here without your entire consent. But haven’t you been in bitter distress once, when a helping hand was held out to you?” For a moment he paused, embarrassed, as she gave him that long, almost measuring look, and Geoffrey couldn’t understand the change that came over her. “You know how much it means,” Dirk went on, almost as if he were compelled to speak against his better judgment. “Wouldn’t you like to do someone a good turn when you have the chance?”

There was no affection now as she looked at him. His words had seemed to raise a barrier between them, and her own when the telephone were again measured. “Bring him here, Dirk. I’ll do my best for him.” Then as he tried to take her in his arms, he avoided her gaze sharply. “You make me feel like a fool.”

That evening they brought Strickland to the studio. He was sick for six weeks and only Dirk’s devotion pulled him through those first days. The kindly little man gave up his work to nurse him; he squandered money on delicacies to tempt the sick man’s appetite; he choked him into taking the medicine which Strickland with perverse pleasure insisted he always take first, trimming sarcastically when Dirk couldn’t help grimacing over the bitter taste.

Dirk was sublimely but it was Blanche who surprised Geoffrey. For after the first week, he took turns with Dirk, day and night, watching the sick man, feeding him, washing him. She and Strickland never spoke but he kept looking at her with a curious irony and she endured the look with an expression Geoffrey could never fathom, an expression of perplexity and even, sometimes through it all, a sort of sardonic resignation.

But Strickland didn’t show the slightest gratitude toward either of them. When he was recovering he sat up and began to suggest the barest outline of the story, making no more than a bare sketch of the man, even having the effrontery to put Dirk out when he wanted the place to himself. But, despite Blanche’s boundless patience reached the breaking point and he asked Strickland to leave immediately.

But Strickland only laughed, not as if he were amused, but as if he knew Dirk was wearing a fool, and said he would go at once. Only something in Blanche’s face made Dirk wish he hadn’t spoken. He knew something was going to happen even before she spoke.

“I’m going with Strickland, Dirk.” she said, very quietly. “I love him. I can’t live with you any more. I can’t help myself; I must go with him.”

Dirk looked at her in stunned dismay as she walked towards the door. He tried to tell her how he loved her, but all the words vanished and she once felt for him was gone. It was useless to try to hold her and he knew he couldn’t bear to think of her living in that awful house.

“Wait!” he said desperately. Then as he paused, her hand on the door, “I’ll go. Will you pack my clothes and leave them with her? I’ll come for them tomorrow.” Only when he reached the door she did try to smile. “I’m grateful, Blanche, for the happiness you gave me in the past,” he said.

Whether you’re engaged in war work… or the important job of being a woman, the sensational new NEET Cream Deodorant will preserve and defend your daintiness.

New NEET Cream Deodorant is a sure way of instantly stopping under-arm odor and perspiration from one to three days! A feather-weight, stainless, greaseless cream that vanishes almost immediately, makes armpits dry and free of odor. Will not irritate the skin, or injure clothing. Buy new NEET Cream Deodorant in the Blue and White jar today. Does not dry or cake in jar! Generous 10¢ and 29¢ sizes plus tax.
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Because we know this and believe in it so strongly, all of us in Hollywood are giving everything we can to support this great undertaking.

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Ask for a copy at your newsstand today!
prised as Strove. I told her that when
she was through with her she'd have to go,
and she needed to go home. And when there
was anything to eat at the Hotel de la Fleur.
Although she herself was now too old and
for romance, it was to keep her from the
amorous problems of the young and was
always ready with advice and example from
her own wide experience.

"I've had six husbands," she told Geoffrey
that day they talked. "And now that's
all over I'm the busiest match-maker on
the island! I did very well by Strickland, if
I do say so.

"Who was she?" Geoffrey asked.

"Her name was Ata." Tiere's voice so-
tended to be a relative of mine on "I've
screwed my desire, but I hate it. It
inheres with my work. Women have their
so I have and any patience with their
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ees. When a woman loves you she's not
until she possesses your soul. Be-
cause she's weak she has a rage for dom-
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you remember my wife? I saw Blanche
by little trying all her tricks, trying
more and blinding me, to bring me down
to level. She was willing to do everything
the world for me except the thing I
need. To leave me alone.

"She could have gone back to Strove. He
ready to take her?"

"You're inhuman!" Geoffrey stared at
in incredulity. But it was useless to talk
to you as to try to describe colors to a man
blind."

"I have stared at him in contemplative
erement. "Can you honestly say you
Blanche Strove is alive or dead?"

"I demanded. And as Geoffrey, taken aback
then answered, he was able to answer, the
other went on heatedly.

"You haven't the courage of your con-
tions! Blanche Strove didn't commit
crimes. She was a foolish person. Any-
note it, it's something quite different I'm look-
for now. I've decided to leave Paris to
the end of wander-
he. He felt Strickland was one of those
and that something like that happened
in Tahiti. For it was to that
loved and every time he thought of
it struck the pictures for which he is now
famous. And if, many years later,
ofrey's own travels had not brought him
more pleasure from the sea. And hav-
a discovered so strange and romantic events which
termined him to write Strickland's life
story.

The whole world was interested in Strick-
land now and Geoffrey had heard it was
Hotel de la Fleur the painter had come
to visit. Strickland, with desire to stay
as he had been in everything else
did a seamstress's paper in Mar-
illos to ship as a crew member on a
good boat for the South Seas. And
soon as he saw Tahiti he knew he had
achieved the place of his longing.

It was a passion, the proprie-
ty of the Hotel de la Fleur, that Geoffrey
and the things that had been hidden so
long. She was the daughter of a native
woman and an English sea captain and her
nature was as generous as her proportions.
Hospitality was a passion with her and no
one needed to go hungry there, for anything
to eat at the Hotel de la Fleur. Although
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long. She was the daughter of a native
woman and an English sea captain and her
afterwards he painted her baby too, that happy little boy the very image of himself.

And it was strange how everyone accepted Strickland and liked him, Strickland who had been the most hated man in Paris. He was happy here. Maybe that was the answer. Still there was that one obsession, that compulsion that he had something to say, and the fear that he might die before he said it tortured him.

Then one day Ata went to town for the doctor, cautioning him that she had not told Strickland he was coming. The doctor was impatient at first, going that long distance to see a man well enough to keep on with his painting, but when he got to the house and took that one look at him, all his annoyance fled.

"Ata’s a blasted fool," Strickland said, putting down his easel. "I’ve had a few aches and a little fever lately but it’s nothing."

"Look at yourself in the glass," the doctor said quietly. And then as the painter obeyed, impatient at being taken from his work, "Don’t you see anything strange in your face? The thickening of your features, and a look, how shall I describe it, the books call it lion-faced? My poor friend, must I tell you that you have a horrible disease?"

"You’re joking!" Strickland drew his breath sharply. Then as the doctor shook his head, "You mean to tell me I have—leprosy?"

He saw the truth in the doctor’s eyes and he rushed madly out to the verandah and the men and women waiting there ran when they saw him coming. Only Ata still stood there, the tears streaming down her cheeks, though she made no sound.

"Dry your tears!" Strickland ordered curtly. "There’s no great harm. I shall leave you soon, go up into the mountains. You and the boy can go to Papeete."

"Let the others go," Ata said then. "I won’t leave you. You are my man and I am your woman. I will go wherever you go."

"What are you saying?" Strickland looked at her almost suspiciously. Then he put his hand on her hair as she flung herself at his feet. "I will stay, poor child," he said, and his voice was gentle.

Ata sent the baby away when her relatives left and the women of the neighborhood were angry because she washed clothes in the brook and one day a native boy threw a stone at her. It was fear that had driven him to cruelty and there were tears in all their eyes when they saw the wound it had made in her forehead. Then they ran screaming as Strickland came crashing out of the underbrush where he had been hiding. the leper’s bell about his throat ringing as he ran after them.

Something broke in him as he looked at her. "I’m sorry, Ata," he whispered.

"It’s nothing." She smiled but she leaned against him as he took one of the cloths she had laid out to dry and dipped it in the brook and washed the wound. "It doesn’t hurt now."

He dipped the cloth in the brook again and he couldn’t look at Ata as he spoke. "There’s something I’ve been wanting to tell you." The words came hesitantly, aloud. "But I can’t seem to find the right words."

"Love?" Ata whispered, and her voice came again through her tears, and there were tears in his eyes too as he eagerly knew the truth he had hidden from himself.

"Love," he said. And they both went through their tears as they looked at each other.

It was almost two years later the doctor who had declared Strickland was dying. He heard weird lament of the islands and the beating drums as he went once more to the house. It was bedraggled and unkempt and dirty. At first he saw nothing as he inside for the brilliant sunlight out of doors had blinded him. Then suddenly it was as if he had entered a magic world. There was an impression of a vast forest and of people walking beneath the trees all along. Then he saw that there were paintings on the wall from top to bottom. It was as if he were present at the ginning of a world. It was tremendous, sensual, passionate, and terrifying all at the same time. A sort of garden of Eden. It was a hymn to the beauty of the human and the praise of nature, sublime, infinite and patient and cruel. And it was as if he had come upon here in this native hut a fold of the mountains above Taravao.

And then he looked at the man lying on the bed and saw that he was dead. Strickland was fortunate in the end. He had been able to say the thing that tortured him for so long. He had paid it all on the walls of Ata’s house. It all there, every bit of it.

None of the natives would come into the house, so that the doctor dug Strickland’s grave and when it finished he stood a crude cross at the head of it and Ata stood beside him as he said a last prayer for the dead. But as he finished he suddenly seized the lighted torch in the ground nearby and ran with it to the house, touching the walls, the doors in it so that soon the hut was consumed in flames.

The doctor tried to enter the hut the intense heat of the fire stopped him but he could only stand there and see all that genius die. "Do you know what you’ve done?" he demanded, and the eyes of the shoulder are so violently that she fell to the ground. "I had to do it!" she gasped. "I had to! I didn’t belong to you, you do not storm, do not belong to world."

"He made me promise," she said simply while they were made no sense of lying in the hut as she came to the end of the sentence. "The doctor thought Strickland knew had created a masterpiece," she said. "How do you want what he wanted? His life was complete. He made a world and then he created it he destroyed him."

But Geoffrey felt it wasn’t as simple as that. He knew Ata had taught Strick the way he thought he would be and that it was a happy life. And the was complete and the profoundness which brought him suffering the simple thing of him being to redeem his twisted soul.

But why had he wanted his last greatest paintings destroyed? The doctors and everyone else who brought him the true happiness that life holds and Strickland became not only a better for it, but a greater artist. And the was complete and the profoundness which brought him suffering the simple thing of him being to redeem his twisted soul.

Yet for all that he knew of Strick and all that he guessed, something eluded him. The clues were all there still they were unresolved. Strickland had kept his secret to he had kept to the end.
THE CASE OF THE
MISSING BEAUTY

Jane was a smart stenographer.
One day the boss said, "We need a girl
For the outer office—one with real
CHARM and PERSONALITY—to greet clients."
Jane sighed. She knew she was NEAT,
Her nose was always CAREFULLY powdered,
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But her EYES were, well—just a BLANK!
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But she won't be LONG—
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who knows how to make the
MOST of her own TYPE!

Maybelline
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Invite Romance with a Skin that's Lovel

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This thrilling idea is based on the advice of skin specialists—praised by charming brides!

Have you ever heard a man say of another woman—"Her skin is lovely"—and wondered what he was thinking of yours? Wonder no longer—be sure your skin invites romance! Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Let this exciting beauty treatment help bring out all the real, hidden loveliness of your skin. For, without knowing it, you may be cleansing your skin improperly... or using a beauty soap that isn't mild enough.

Mrs. Thorsen's skin is wonderful proof of what proper care can do. "Not a morning... not a night would I let go by without following my Mild-Soap Diet routine," she says.

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Skin specialists advise regular cleansing with a fine, mild soap. And Camay is milder than dozens of other popular beauty soaps tested. Start today on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

For 30 days use Camay faithfully night and morning. From the very first treatment, your skin will feel fresher—more alive. And in a few short weeks greater loveliness may be your reward.

GO ON THE MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!

Get three cakes of Camay today! Start the Mild-Soap Diet tonight. Work Camay's 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.

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THE SMART SCREEN MAGAZINE

SCREENLAND

September

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TRY NOW, WAIT?

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KERCISE FOR

CTORY!

n Bennett

s You How

CONSTANT NYMPH starring JOAN FONTAINE, CHARLES BOYER

clusive Screen Story of Greatest Romantic Drama of the Year!

AS MADELEINE CARROLL QUIT the SCREEN for LOVE?
Flaming into your hearts with all its dramatic fervor—

The emotional thrills, the action-jammed dynamite make a great book into an even greater picture!

Tyrone Power • Fontaine
Darryl F. Zanuck's production

THIS ABOVE ALL

by Eric Knight
Directed by Anatole Litvak

with Thomas Mitchell
Henry Stephenson
Nigel Bruce • Gladys Cooper • Philip Merivale
Sara Allgood
Alexander Knox
Screen Play by R. C. Sherriff
Even though the Night is Magic
it takes two to make Romance

Romance fades when a girl is careless—Guard charm every day with Mum!

ROMANCE seems in the very air tonight! There’s a moon to inspire unforgettable words, a lovely girl ready to listen. But there’s no man to whisper them to Jane!

Too bad someone can’t tell her that a girl must be more than pretty—more than smartly dressed to attract a man. Unless she stays nice to be near, how can she win his heart—how can a man stay in love?

The shocking thought that she’s careless has never entered Jane’s pretty head. She bathes each day, of course, before dates, too—shouldn’t that be enough? She forgets that a bath’s job is to remove past perspiration. To prevent risk of future odor, so many popular girls rely on dependable Mum.

With Mum your bath-freshness lasts for long hours. Mum keeps you a charming companion, helps your chances for romance! You will like Mum for its:

**SPEED**—30 seconds to use Mum! Even when you’re late for business or a date, you still have time for Mum!

**CERTAINTY**—No guesswork about Mum—because without stopping perspiration it prevents odor all day or all evening.

**SAFETY**—You can use Mum even after underarm shaving, even after you’re dressed. Mum won’t irritate skin. Mum won’t harm fabrics, says the American Institute of Laundering. Guard your charm with Mum!

**FOR SANITARY NAPKINS**—You need a gentle, safe deodorant for sanitary napkins. That’s why thousands of women prefer dependable Mum this way, too.

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration

Mum is a Product of Bristol-Myers

Screenland
The minutes of the last meeting, read and approved, placed "Mrs. Miniver" right up there on all ten-best film lists of all-time. Now we can get on to present and future business.

Clark Gable (Honky) and Lana Turner (Tonik) ignite again in "Somewhere I'll Find You".

"Tish", based on the popular stories by Mary Roberts Rinehart, duets off the mantle of Marie Dressler and tends it to Marjorie Main, who plays the title role.

The inimitable Mickey Rooney becomes "A Yank at Eton" and the role becomes Mickey Rooney.

Judy Garland's out-and-out starring vehicle is one of the out-and-outstanding entertainments on the horizon. "For Me and My Gal".

"Red" Skelton and Ann Sothern are in "Panama Hattie". You'll see Red—and Ann.

"Random Harvest", the James Hilton best-seller, is in the able hands of Director LeRoy and stars Ronald Colman and Mrs. Miniver Garson.

"Seven Sweethearts" brings prominently to the fore those up and coming artists, Kathryn Grayson, Van Heflin and Marsha Hunt. This completes the agenda for pictures current and in the immediate making at M-G-M, whose promise of great motion picture entertainment has always been fulfilled.

Your Miniver Man—

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THE SMART SCREEN MAGAZINE

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

Marion Martone, Assistant Editor

Frank J. Carroll, Art Director

September, 1942

KEEP IT UP!

Vol. XLV, No. 5

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He's Never Beaten
A YANK AT ETON
Mickey Rooney's
All-Time Topper!

MICKEY ROONEY
IN THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER HIT
"A YANK AT ETON"

WITH
EDMUND GWENN
IAN HUNTER
FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW
MARTA LINDEN • JUANITA QUIGLEY • ALAN MOWBRAY

Screen Play by George Oppenheimer,
Lionel Houser and Thomas Phipps
Original Story by George Oppenheimer
Directed by NORMAN TAURG
Produced by
JOHN W. CONSIDINE, Jr.
An M-G-M Picture
IT'S a new and happy experience when you begin using Tampax for monthly sanitary protection... The whole process becomes simple, because Tampax is worn internally and calls for no complicated harness of belts, pins and pads. The insertion is simple. Disposal is simple. And so is the act of changing. Tampax is so compact that a month's supply will slide easily into your purse.

Wear slacks or swim suits or snug evening gowns; Tampax will not and cannot show a line or bulge. And you cannot even feel it while wearing it! As no odor can form, a sanitary deodorant is not required. Tampax was perfected by a doctor and comes in dainty one-time-use applicator—modern, scientific and simple. Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, very absorbent. Three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. (The new Super Tampax is about 50% extra absorbent!) Ask drug stores, notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy Package gives real bargain of average 4 months' supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Man-of-the-month Bing Crosby, above, in a scene from "The Road to Morocco," with Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour, right, in a bucolic moment from Irving Berlin's "Holiday Inn." Pictured at bottom is lovely Frances Gifford, who is playing in "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" and who hopes the film, a romantic comedy, will do as much for her as the song of that title did in catapulting Mary Martin to stardom.

HOLLYWOOD is wondering about Dorothy Lamour and Randy Scott. They see each other often, but seldom where the public can stare. Randy has movie commitments until January of next year. Then he hopes his country will find a place to use him. Dotty is already making plans for another of her fabulous bond-selling tours. If it's love, Dotty's the kind of gal who'd wait. And well worth waiting for, too!

HOW'D you like to have Bing Crosby for your daddy? Recently he set up a fifty-thousand-dollar trust fund for each of his four sons. Even a sugar daddy would only be half as sweet!

IF MYRNA LOY isn't a fatalist, she should be from now on. As everyone knows, Myrna tried desperately to make a go of her marriage with Arthur Horn blow, Jr. After separating, she even returned to him and tried it again. To cele brate, Arthur arranged for an elaborate dinner party. An invited guest was John D. Hertz, Jr., wealthy advertising man. At the head of the table, Arthur was busi whipping up one of those famous salad he loves to mix. Myrna sat talking to John. Months later Myrna separated from Horn blow again. A Nevada divorce in three minutes' time found Myrna bound for New York vacation. She returned to Hollywood as Mrs. John D. Hertz, Jr. Hollywood is hoping the "perfect wife" will try time find perfect happiness.
THEIR darkened house sheltered their hushed story...

BUT IT Couldn'T HIDE THEIR Loves!

To meet them is to love them—but to love them is dangerous! Every strange episode in the lives of these girls that the town called bad emerges starkly from the furious happenings of Stephen Longstreet's talked-about best-seller. See it lived! See it the moment it opens in your city!

BARBARA
STANWYCK
as FIONA... She couldn't live down her reputation—so she lived up to it!

GEORGE BRENT
as CHARLES... Tricked into a marriage he couldn't forget!

GERALDINE
FITZGERALD
as EVELYN, who lived as she pleased 'til a kiss changed everything!

and introducing
GIG YOUNG
who had everything except the woman he wanted.

The Story of the Startling Loves of
"The Gay Sisters"

WARNER BROS. have turned another great novel into another great screen event!

Screen Play by Lenore Coffee • Based Upon the Novel by Stephen Longstreet • Music by Max Steiner • REMEMBER YOUR WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

S C R E E N L A N D
LEARN WHY "Soaping" HAIR IS OLD-FASHIONED

New-type Ingredient in Halo Shampoo Scientifically Glorifies Hair

TODAY the smartest girls are no longer "soaping" their hair. From beauty experts they have learned how to glorify it, reveal all its thrilling natural beauty with modern Halo Shampoo.

You see, all soap or shampoo, even the finest, leaves a dulling soap-film . . . film that makes hair look drab and dull. But Halo contains no soap, therefore cannot leave soap film! Halo's creamy cleansing lather comes from a new-type ingredient—a patented ingredient that means exciting new beauty for your hair.

Even in the hardest water, Halo rinses away completely. No need for a lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo removes loose dandruff, too. Leaves your hair easy to set or curl, lovelier to look at than you dreamed possible.

Get Halo Shampoo at any toilet goods counter. 10¢ and larger sizes.

A product of Culpitt-Plastome-Prest Co.

REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR

Your GUIDE to
CURRENT FILMS

SELECTED BY
Delia Evans

BAMBI—Disney-Rko
Young and old will love, laugh, and cry over Bambi, Walt Disney's latest cartoon character creation, in this beautiful, full-length picture from Felix Salten's famous story of animal life and love in the forest. No humans are allowed to intrude upon the beauty, pathos, and humor of this record of Bambi and his family and friends, though human voices, well chosen, speak the dialogue. Thumper the Rabbit will soon be as popular as Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck.

MRS. MINIVER—M-G-M
To every man, woman, and child living in this world at war, here is a masterful message of courage, a fundamental lesson in fortitude—contained in a superb and absorbing motion picture, Jan Struther's charming little book about the British wife and mother who could "take it" has been transformed into important cinema directed by William Wyler, with Greer Garson rising to heights in a poignant performance, splendidly assisted by Walter Pidgeon as her husband and a perfect cast.

HOLIDAY INN—Paramount
Swell escape from the doldrums, this Bing Crosby-Fred Astaire musical romance is just what you need in the way of entertainment tonic. It is a grand show with a fresh idea, gay new tunes by Irving Berlin, and inimitable performances by co-stars and cast. Crosby has never been so whimsical and amusing as in this role of a leisurely and well-meaning crooner who converts his farmhouse into an inn open only on holidays. Marjorie Reynolds both croons and dances charmingly.

EAGLE SQUADRON—Wanger-Universal
Dedicated to those gallant men who have helped make recent history, with a prologue by Quentin Reynolds which includes stirring closeups of some of the real-aces, here is timely drama which will hold your interest in spite of disjointed plot and ineffective characterizations. Actual scenes of aerial combat are exciting and impressive. Diana Barrymore in her screen debut is no glamour girl but displays poise and a good voice. Robert Stack, John Loder, Jon Hall, Leif Erickson help.

THE MAGNIFICENT AMBersons—Rko
Orson Welles has done it again! Proving that his first picture, "Citizen Kane," was no happy accident, the "boy wonder" has produced another masterpiece, admitting that his selection of story and insistence on atmosphere are not everybody's movie dish. From Booth Tarkington's novel about the disintegrating family whose spoiled young heir wrecks his lovely mother's romance Welles has fashioned a fascinating film. Joseph Cotten, Dolores Costello and Tim Holt score.

Turn to page 14 for More Reviews

A SMASH HIT!

Movie Show

The sensational NEW screen magazine

First issue at your newsstand September 4. Look for announcement of complete details in the next issue of SCREENLAND
Here's the intimate story of a man millions idolized. He fought his way to the top—and then he met Her! Together they reveled in life and love. But there was one secret they tried to keep from each other—and out of their struggle comes one of the screen's most dramatic and touching romances. Presented by Samuel Goldwyn, who gave you some of the finest films you've ever seen.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents

GARY COOPER

in

THE PRIDE OF THE YANKEES

(THE LIFE OF LOU GEHRIG)

with

TERESA WRIGHT • BABE RUTH • WALTER BRENNAN

VELOZ and YOLANDA • RAY NOBLE and his Orchestra • Directed by SAM WOOD

Screen Play by Jo Swerling and Herman J. Mankiewicz

Original Story by Paul Gallico • Released through RKO Radio Pictures Inc.

WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR LOCAL THEATRE
Most touching motion picture treating of our war-torn world thus far, "Mrs. Miniver" eloquently records the courage with which a British family, particularly the wife and mother, greets and meets each new day of crisis. Scenes from film shown below feature Greer Garson in title role, Walter Pidgeon as her husband, Henry Travers, newcomer Richard Ney and others of a splendid cast.

To a great motion picture, "Mrs. Miniver," and to its star, Greer Garson, who becomes First Lady of the screen for her inspiring performance of a gallant woman in war-time
New-Texture Face Powder
Makes Her Skin Look Years Younger!

By Lady Esther

FACE 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 flattering face powder! It was a cruel powder, both in texture and in shade—winging up every tiny line in her face—receiving every little blemish and skin-

fault—yes, and even making the pores seem somewhat bigger, coarser!

But look at her now! Can you guess her age? Would you say she is 21—30—35?

She has changed to Lady Esther Face Powder—the powder with a new and different texture. Lady Esther Powder is deliberately planned to flatter the skin, to make it look smoother, fresher, younger!

Lady Esther Face Powder is not mixed or blended in the usual way. It's blown by TWIN HURRICANES until it's much smoother, finer, than ordinary powder.

But it's not the texture alone that's so different! The TWIN-HURRICANE method makes the shades different, too! Just imagine—hurricanes blow the color into this amazing powder! That's why the shades are so rich and glamorous. That's why Lady Esther Powder makes your skin look so much fresher, younger.

Try this hurricane-blended face powder! See how it helps hide little lines and blemishes, helps hide big pores and even tiny freckles! See how it gives instant new life and freshness to your skin—how it makes your skin look years younger.

How to find your Lucky Shade

Send your name and address on the coupon below and you will receive all 7 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them all! When you come to the one that is most flattering to your skin you'll know that is your lucky shade!

LADY ESTHER,
7162 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your 7 new shades of face powder, also a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream. I enclose 10c to cover the cost of packing and mailing.

NAME _______________________
ADDRESS ____________________

CITY ___________________ STATE _______

In Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ontario
FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$10.00

During the three-year period before I enlisted in the Naval Reserve, in January of this year, I saw an average of fifteen feature movies each week, which means I saw every good picture released during that period and nearly all of the others ranging from fair to mediocre to worthless.

Because I consider the movies a top-ranking form of entertainment, I never could criticize pictures as severely as the critics. I have seen enough pictures to know good acting, good plotting, good photography and other elements which go to make a picture what it is. However, there must be some good in every picture—all of them can’t be aimed at a select group of intellectuals who are set up as critics.

On the whole, I think the moving picture industry has done a magnificent job through the years. The present trend to follow original novels when making them into movies is indeed a step forward, though I remember plenty of best-sellers that were vastly improved when replotted by the master writers and technicians of Hollywood.

A pet peeve of mine is the inaccuracies that sometimes come up in the best of pictures. I recall a South Sea Island picture in which one of the main characters was hungry. He picked up a coconut and by tapping it a couple of times on his shoe was able to rip the tough outer husk from the coconut with apparent ease. I saw the picture in a South Florida movie house and the audience roared with laughter, and that scene was funnier than any other attempt at humor in the picture. People familiar with coconuts know the movie hero tackled a tough job and did it, too, easily.

Such errors bother me. I hate to see wise movie producers make the mistake of misunderstanding the script of a good picture with such inaccuracies.

FOY EVANS, Yeoman 2c, Miami, Florida.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$5.00

The glorifier of spats—Miss Helen Lamar in "Tortilla Flat." Pigtails and hats are an entrancing, delightful combination. She wore cotton dresses, bellying her role as a worker in a fish cannery. Her face was shiny, in need of make-up, yet she looked charming, she having a rare, fresh, radiant beauty that even drab clothes cannot dim. I hope other stars would also dress more in keeping with their roles.

ELIZABETH PIGNATELLI, Providence, R. I.
FIVE PRIZE LETTERS
$1.00 EACH

Working with hundreds of officers, on cadets and enlisted men on morale gyms, I have come to the conclusion that our picture industry is doing a great job in supplying ammunition in our armed forces, to blast at the enemy and care of a nation at war. Clearly, this is a serious business, yet the Army itself recognizes the necessity of morale. And judging the efforts of morale departments in showing first-run films at post theaters, in pictures play an important part in schedule.

You could see a post theater, jammed men in uniforms who are seated on wooden benches, you would soon get the "infection" of better morale, betting and better living which they brought such a medium of entertainment. With better films coming out of wood's grinding wheels and machine industry is doing its share—and in keeping men in uniform happy. It goes by no orchestra. Finally, we glimpse of the boys doing their stuff, half-hidden by three potted plants and noble jaw of the hero. Then perhaps, we're lucky, the handsome singer starts the vocals of a new and torchy tune as I am beginning to be carried away by his song—FADEOUT and the scene taken up by sultry but screechy gal of the show.

Tell me this: Why do the studios try to obtain a name band only to let them cover up its music? The Corners would serve the same purpose and get the audience's attention and not the music.

AN FRANKENBERRY, Chicago, Ill.

Open Letter to M-G-M:
hee-see-eel Dust off the exclamations and let the superlatives. It's happened! We've found the best answer for us! The boys are not doing it—but good! Please don't cut out of our sight. He isn't the most engaging mixture of charm, bubbling wit, and vitality, then "I get a whippin'" for myself. I thought he was great as a romantic in "Ship Ahoy," (although it was faced with comedy) and I'm sure he is going to be bigger and better material now. Please, M-G-M, keep that nice man busy from now on—not only for the studio, but for happiness and entertainment of discriminating movie-goers. H'm-m-m?

S. And aren't those dimples of his ever so cute little rascals?

THEA HAYE, Somerset Centre, Mass.
(please turn to page 68)
LADY IN A JAM—Universal
Here's a real gloom-chaser. Its many chuckles, here and there a good hearty laugh, and not-too-plot, make this an ideal film for those troubled in As the wacky heiress who squanders a fortune, J Dunne again proves what a fine comedienne she is. Good, also, is Patric Knowles, as the psychic who takes her to Arizona to cure her. There she wins an old mine and strikes valuable mercury ore. R Bellamy's satire of a corny western "he-man,"

TEN GENTLEMEN FROM WEST POINT—20th Century
A stirring film about West Point's early days the fight to preserve the Military Academy during post-Revolutionary War period. George Montgomery and John Sutton are the story's leading cadets, Reen O'Hara, the girl, and Laird Cregar, a hearted officer who tries to break the cadets' spies. The Academy's traditions, interwoven with romance, and thrills make it an exciting melodrama. Stars and supporting cast at their best. Don't miss...

THE WIFE TAKES A FLYER—Columbia
There's no limit to the kidding dished out to Gestapo in this satire on the Nazis, and it's nice joke's on them, but the spoofing is so overdone, it only be classed as slapstick comedy. Franchot plays an RAF flyer stranded in occupied Holland poses as a Dutch girl's (Joan Bennett) mentally ranged husband to evade capture. This gets begin happen when a Nazi officer is quartered in her by Allyn Joslyn, remarkably good in role of the

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC—Warner
An exciting, thrilling spy drama. Humphrey Bogart does a fine piece of acting as the Army captain dismissed from service by courtmartial so he work for the Army secret service. On a Jap freighter, Bogart meets Mary Astor and falls for her. He expects Sidney Greenstreet of being a spy, gives data on the Panama Canal's defense to gain his confidence, but heroically foils the enemy's plans. So where Mary and Bogey get sea-sick are very fun

TAKE A LETTER, DARLING—Paramount
A gay, fast-paced comedy romance which revolve the order of male boss-attractive girl secretary. Rosalind Russell playing a high-powered adven executive who hires a handsome male secretary, MacMurray, for strictly business reasons. Can help it if she falls in love with him? Both are g Sparkling dialogue and clever situations make it fascinating, Bob Benchley, Constance Moore and Donald Carey make up the fine supporting cast.

FRIENDLY ENEMIES—Edward Small-U. A.
This comedy-drama about the effects of the World War on two German-born Americans (Cha Winninger and Charlie Ruggles) who argue and over the question of loyalty to their adopted count Winninger sees things Ruggles way—the American way—after he's tricked into financing a sabotage. It's about an outdated era, but still entertaining, two Charles are splendid, Action, limited—a conversation piece. James Craig and Nancy Kelly are...

BEYOND THE BLUE HORIZON—Paramount
Dorothy Lamour again wears a sarong (ah the boys) in her new starring jungle-thriller. And the boys moon over Dot, the gals can oh and ah the screen's new handsome hero, Richard Den who is a combination Stirling Hayden-etc. This fantastic tale about a jungle wild who try to prove her inheritance right is escapist hol locum. There are exciting scenes with a mad elephant, comedy hushed by an ape, and some highly romantic sequen...
Let Dura-Gloss have the job! While your hands are busy with war-work and extra tasks of all kinds, let Dura-Gloss keep your nails bright and shining. It'll stay right on the job—no polish wears longer (there's a special ingredient* in Dura-Gloss to make it stay on). So keep your nails pretty—protect them. You'll find lovely colors of Dura-Gloss nail polish at 10¢ counters, each at the pleasant price of 10¢. Get 'em today!

*The special ingredient is Chrystallyne, a pure and perfect resin.

DURA-GLOSS
NAIL POLISH
CUTICLE LOTION • POLISH REMOVER • DURA-COAT
3 new colors: Blackberry, Muscadine, Mulberry
10¢ PLUS TAX
So little means so much
Fun for the Fall season! Nancy Coleman gives you new ideas, and good recipes, for a gay football luncheon

Nancy, starlet of "The Gay Sisters," and "Desperate Journey," is proud of her peppermint-twiched goal-post centerpiece, and cake in football shoe, below.

By Betty Boone

This way, they are cleared off the table at once.

"I've discovered a new vegetable salad that can be served at dinner, supper, or luncheon. It's delicious with crispy crackers or choose thums at dinner. You can make an attractive luncheon plate of it with cold sliced chicken, celery curls, olives, potato strings and spiced prunes, if the day is warm. Or if there's a tang in the air, you can use it to follow any kind of hot soup or accompany such things as hot chicken patties. Here it is."

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>VEGETABLE SALAD (Serves 6)</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>¾ cup cold water</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 tablespoons mild vinegar</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>¾ cup carrots, grated fine or shredded</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 tablespoons chopped parsley or raw spinach</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 cup hot water</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 teaspoon salt</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

SAVE SUGAR!

Send for Free Knox Booklet: "Sugarless Desserts and Salads"

Write Mrs. Knox, Johnson, N.Y.

RECIPES IN EVERY PACKAGE

1 cup cabbage, grated
1 teaspoon lemon juice

2 teaspoons onion juice
(extracted by grating onion)

Soften gelatine in cold water. Add hot water. Stir until dissolved. Add dry lemon juice, onion juice. Cool. Mixture begins to thicken add remainging. Turn into mold that has been rinsed in cold water. Chill. When firm mold, decorate with raw carrot and pepper. Serve with salad dressing.

September, to Nancy, usually means opening of the football season, and her popular ways of entertaining younger group is to give a football luncheon before going on to the game, or a ball buffet supper to follow the game's excitement.

Sometimes when her own Washin State team is playing, or a guest's mother is battling it out on some grid Nancy's party listens in at the radio, sing for the team they love with horns and generally delighting her Elcrest Valley neighbors. The Coleman's ranch house nestles under wide-spread walnut trees on a curving boulevard what was once a walnut grove.

Whatever way you do it, a football party is fun. Those good healthy appetizers brought by high-school and college boys and girls think nothing of deer Mrs. Coleman's own specialty, hot salad and hot biscuit, and they're known to demand Maple Spanish Cream. After this succulent dish, get it, and it carried out later! The Coleman's, of course, seldom agree to combine these two dishes. "I've never tasted hot crab salad elsewhere," Nancy asserted. "Perhaps it isn't Mother's own invention, but always taken it for granted that it is. Use either fresh or canned crab, flaked almonds, cracker crumbs, and a good white sauce. Amounts depend on how many you're serving, or how big your casserole. Put a layer of cheese, then a layer of sliced almonds, chopped, then cracker crumbs mixed with the sauce. Then go on building your layers until you fill the dish, and in a hot oven."

"Maple Spanish Cream is a sugar dessert that we're serving for the first time instead of Mother's famous coffee so. The coffee souffle takes too much in but both of them separate into layers. One, the dark jelly layer beneath, then the cream layer, and the light fluffy one on top, sometimes serve them in a square or do cake tin and serve them in slices."

MAPLE SPANISH CREAM (Serves 6)

I envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
2¼ cups milk
2½ cup maple syrup
3 eggs
¾ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla (Burnett's)

Pour milk in top of double boiler. Soften gelatine in it. Place over hot water. Add Vermont Maid Syrup and stir dissolved. Pour slowly on yolks of eggs. Slightly beaten with the salt; return double boiler and cook until thickened. Stirring constantly. Remove from stove, add flavoring and fold lightly the whites of the eggs, beaten stiff. Turn into one large or individual molds that have been rinsed in cold water, and place in refrigerator. This separate and form a jelly on the top with custard on top— if you do not wish separation in two layers, allow custard cool somewhat before adding the beaten egg whites.) When firm, unmold serve with whipped cream, sliced clementine or any fruit or fruit juice.
ion soup holds a high place in Nancy's household. Not vegetable dish worthy of a place on football luncheon table is green onion soup. An apple cake, made without sugar, and served with orange parfait is something the young girl highly recommends.

**CREAM OF ONION SOUP**

12 small onions in thin slices. There should be 1 1/2 cups. Fry 2 minutes in 1/2 cup butter. Place cover on kettle and let simmer until soft but not brown. Do this with 2/3 tablespoons flour and 1 tablespoon milk and cook in the double boiler. Rub through a sieve. Beat 2 egg yolks slightly, add 1/2 cup milk and strain cup just before serving. Season with salt, pepper and reheat.

**PEPPERS STUFFED WITH FRESH GREEN CORN**

A thick slice from the stem end of pepper, remove seeds and parboil 15 minutes in boiling salted water. Place mixture on serving dish. Drain off liquid from corn mixture, arrange on serving dish. Sprinkle tops with paprika, garlic, parsley.

**Mixture:** Remove husks and silky strands from 1 dozen ears of green corn. Remove husks and silk from corn. Slice through each row of kernels, scrape off with a knife to remove thick kernels. Place in pan, add 1/2 cup milk, and cook 25 minutes, stirring frequently. If on gas range, gas flame should be low and covered with an asbestos pad. Bake 1 hour in moderate oven (350 degrees). (This is the cake in the illustrations.)

**APPLE SAUCE CAKE**

1/2 cup honey
1 1/2 cups shortening (Crisco)
1 egg
1 cup thick applesauce (unsweetened)
2 cups flour
1 teaspoon soda
1/2 teaspoon cloves (Burnett's)
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg (Burnett's)
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon (Burnett's)
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 cup seeded raisins
1/2 cup nuts

Thoroughly cream honey and Crisco, add egg, beat well; add apple sauce alternately with sifted dry ingredients which have been mixed with raisins and nuts. Bake 1 hour in moderate oven (350 degrees). (Please turn to page 64)

**It's a BIG PICTURE**

**HERE'S SOMETHING NEW IN RHYTHMIC ROMANCE!**

Dashing Dennis O'Keefe and fascinating Jane Frazee will thrill you in this love story, delightfully sprinkled with sparkling melodies by Morton Greene and Harry Revel.

**-and uproarious comedy!**

**MOONLIGHT MASQUERADE**

with

DENNIS O'KEEFE  JANE FRAZEE
BETTY KEAN  EDDIE FOY, JR.
Erno Verebes  Franklin Pangborn

Buy War Stamps and Bonds — all you can!
She blamed it on BAD LUCK... but others weren't so kind!

Lucy looked at the morning paper with disgust—another one of her "possibilities" married to somebody else! It was the same old story: every man she met took her out once or twice, then did the disappearing act: A phone call saying "he was working nights now", or "going to be out-of-town for several weeks", or "away on a vacation".

Superstitious soul that she was, Lucy put this down to bad luck and took her diminishing dates "catch as catch can". Anyone who knew her, however, could have told her that luck had nothing to do with their indifference.

* * *

A woman may be pretty and charming but if she has halitosis (bad breath) she may end up as a neglected Nellie—without even suspecting why. Bad breath doesn't always announce its presence to the victim. And once guilty of this offense you may be under suspicion always. The news gets around quickly, and there's the risk that people will avoid you.

How's Your Breath?

Isn't it just common sense to let Listerine Antiseptic look after your breath—to make it sweeter, purer, less likely to offend? This delightful mouth wash is the standby of so many really fastidious, attractive people.

Before every date simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. How cooling, how refreshing it is! How delightfully clean it makes your mouth feel! What a sense of assurance it gives you as its action begins!

You undoubtedly know that some authorities consider bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles on mouth surfaces a major cause of bad breath although trouble may sometimes be of syphilitic origin. Listerine Antiseptic quickly stops fermentation and then overcomes the odors that it causes. When you want to be at your best, never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic. Use it before every date.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

For Oral Hygiene
DEAR WALT:

I'm telling the world it's about time we celebrated a Walt Disney Day. We've been having plenty of other days and weeks too in aid and salute to fine causes and efforts, and they're all wonderfull. Now I suggest we set aside a day to do some justice to you whether you like it or not. You're a modest guy, Walt, for a genius. But I want to tell you what I think. When the record of this war is finally written, some smart future historian is going to recognize the important hand a Hollywood cartoon-maker had in winning the game. But we should wait so long to cheer you! Right now, not only the U. S. but all the civilized world should be appreciating Disney and his works, from the first Mickey Mouse to the latest and greatest of them all, "Bambi." That beautiful picture, which has just been released, is what brought on this special surge of gratitude. At first, you know, we laughed at Mickey and Donald Duck, applauded "Snow White" and "Fantasia," enjoyed "Dumbo" and the rest—and let it go at that. Sure, we said, those Disney stories are always swell, usually better than the latest picture; and of course, that Treasury Department short helped a lot to put us in the cheerful frame of mind to face those taxes. But there is more to it than that. Through Mickey and Donald you make us laugh, and with "Bambi" you give us great art; but there's also the work you are doing for Uncle Sam direct. Though not turning out tanks and planes, guns and bullets like other big factories, your Hollywood studio has nevertheless undergone a change-over second to none in American industry, turning out training films for the Army, Navy, Air Corps—in fact, 80 percent of your current film output consists of government projects, on which you make no profit, right? So the miracle is not only that "Bambi," your last full-length cartoon for the duration, is the loveliest thing you have ever done, but that every "short" you make, whether morale-builder or educational, has some of the same priceless quality of unlimited imagination. Yep, a country that can produce a Disney who can produce a Mickey Mouse and a Donald Duck and a "Bambi" has something to fight and win for.
WHAT fact or fiction, the Victor Mature-Rita Hayworth romance is keeping Hollywood on its toes, as curious and speculative as a tabby cat twitching its tail on Minnie Mouse's doorstep, trying to keep up with the two of them both publicly and privately!

Rita, since winning her divorce, which Eddie Judson first bitterly threatened to contest, is even shyer than before. She doesn't even mention her romance with Vic—let alone confide that it might be the great love of her life. There are those knowing Rita who firmly believe that this is the first time she has ever been in love. And there are those who disagree that it is love at all!

Nothing intriguers Victor more than this luscious Hollywood game of "now you see us and now you don't!" The main thing is that Hollywood and the world is Mature-conscious! If a dull day goes by without a story on Mature, Victor does something about it immediately. But he refuses to mention or discuss Rita. Gallantly he says, "Ask Martha," when you mention the estranged Mrs. Mature. For both he displays a deep respect. Having so newly zoomed to stardom Victor realizes the value of keeping his name both seen and heard until it becomes as firmly established as Gable's, Taylor's, and Power's.

What really goes on, however, to add to the daily startling confusion of contradictory rumors regarding this reckless broad-shouldered six-feet-three of male impetuosity and La Hayworth, is not always Victor's doing. For example: "Mature is dating Rita Hayworth Entre Nous." Then such a conflicting headline as: "The Matures Are Reconciled." To these add: "Mature is Drafted." "The Matures are Divorcing." "Mature To Take Over Gable's Picture At Metro." "Mature Suspended—Washed Up in Hollywood!" Headlines which must be equally disconcerting to Rita.

The shortest route between two points is a straight line. The quickest way to differentiate between truth and poetry in the Mature-Hayworth rumors sensationalizing Hollywood, is to ask Vic himself. Illusive is the aftermath throns of her divorce just isn't talk. So getting down to facts at last, here it all is:

Victor returned my call when I was not at home. "Victor Mature let himself in for the surprise of his life," I say. "Please say that Mr. Mature called," he said in a low, caressing voice, over the wire.

"Mr. Who?" Mother inquired naively.

"Mr. Mature," he repeated.

"How do you spell the name?" Mother asked quite innocently.

You can imagine how perturbed Mr. Mature might have been, had his name been seen on every billboard in "Footlight Senade" and "My Gal Sal" surely his name was known if not quite, as yet, a household word.

"Mr. Victor Mature," he enlightened. "Surely you know who I am?"

"No," responded Mother politely. (Mother is visiting Hollywood from Utah. She'd never heard of Victor Mature.)

Victor Mature was very unhappy! His day was ruined. Here was actually a member of the feminine set who hadn't heard of him. He is not unaware of the adulteries of stock girls and starlets who become electrified at the sound of his voice, are agog at the mention of the name Mature.

To make matters worse, Mother felt perhaps she had misunderstood the pronunciation of his name. "I thought you said Mature—did you say Victor Lamour like the movie actress Dorothy Lamour?" she asked hopefully.

"No," said Victor sadly. "You are sure you have never heard of me—Mature—just (Please turn to page 70)"
Is It A REAL Romance With Victor Mature and Rita Hayworth?

Hollywood gossip grapevines twine around the hearts of these two. What's it all about? Read the answer here.

By May Mann

She of Hollywood Hayworth, left, now and top right in "My Gal\r\n," is besieged on all sides. Does she really prefer Mature?
Joan Bennett swears by the exercises in Elizabeth Arden's courses in physical fitness which Miss Arden has graciously offered free to members of the A.W.V.S. You may have the benefit of these exercises, illustrated and described for you here.

1. Tuck-In Position: Lie flat on back. Bend elbows and relax arms on mat. Bend knees, keeping feet on mat and close to hips. Lift pelvic girdle forward slightly off mat, pull abdomen in and up, and press small of back flat on mat. This exercise is basic in that it establishes correct pelvic tilt and abdominal control for all other body movements.

2. Double arm and leg touch: Lie flat on back with tuck-in position, one leg extended, and both arms extended over head. While maintaining abdominal muscles in position, raise extended leg with toes pointed, at some time raise arms to meet extended foot, lifting head and shoulders from the floor. Return to position. Repeat several times with each leg. This exercise is especially valuable for development of abdominal control.

3. Side lying position: This picture illustrates correct side lying position with tuck-in and abdominal control, under knee bent and upper arm stretched over head. This is the starting position for No. 4.

4. Leg and arm touch: Starting with above position, and maintaining abdominal control kick leg, with outward rotation and straight knee and touch with stretched arm. Contributes to development of strength of upper leg muscles.

5. Shoulder stand position: This picture illustrates correct shoulder stand position which must be maintained with abdominal control. Starting from a lying position and lifting the hips into this shoulder stand is valuable in developing strength in the back and shoulder muscles. The idea in this movement is to get as high as possible with absolute control. In this way it becomes a study in body balance.

6. Floor touching with downward leg stretching: Starting with above position touch floor over head with both legs.
   a. Bring both knees to chest then stretch both legs over head and touch floor. Reach as far over head as possible. Bring knees back to chest and stretch legs upward.
   b. Lower straight legs to floor and reach as far over head as possible. Extend legs up to position. This exercise is of value for back limbering, and strengthening, for abdominal control, and development of control in upper leg muscles.

7. and 8. Flexion and extension of whole torso with easy leg swing: Start resting on both hands and knees, with tuck-in position. No. 7. Keeping weight over one knee swing free leg forwa meeting head obtaining full roundness in back. (Flair) No. 8. Shows extension of torso with leg swung back and up with head extended upward and with correct lower back control the tuck. Exercise tends to develop flexibility in the whole body, with use of upper leg muscles. Also very good for development of abdominal control.
15. **Leg Lifts:** Start in perfect standing position with tuck under, and arms extended to sides with down pull in shoulder blades. Alternatively lift one knee to chest then the other. In doing the exercise the torso must be kept erect at all times. The idea is to lift the knee as high as possible. Exercise is good for upper leg muscles and abdominal muscles. It also develops a feeling for body balance.

14. **Hip Beats:** The study is begun from a half-sitting position, with plenty of bend in knees, tuck under, arms extended forward but with down pull in shoulder blades to avoid hunching of shoulders; start with heels off floor. Place the heels on the floor and quickly lift them without altering body position. Repeat several times with quick "down-up" movements. This exercise is for strengthening of arched, and also to develop flexibility in the foot.

13. **Airplane:** Start in upright broad standing position, arms extended out to sides. Twist at waist and reach over touching opposite hand to opposite foot; lift to upright position by contraction of buttock muscles. Good for waist-line.
   a. First the movements can be taken with easy knees—no slight bend in the knees.
   b. After several practices then the knees may be kept straight.
   c. Next step, place the ankles and place the head on knees.

12. **Sit, stretch, sit:**
   No. 11. The starting position, sitting on hip with abdominal control, arms extended.
   No. 12. Shows Miss Bennett in the middle of the exercise, ready to sit on left hip. Beginning with starting position (No. 11) rise up on both knees at the same time swing the arms down and around over head and continue them around back to left. This movement is taken with a strong hip lead with abdominal control as the arms make a complete circle around.

11. and 12. Sit, stretch, sit. 

10. **Wall Climbs:** Start lying on back at right angles to wall, with hips touching wall and knees bent over chest.
   a. Shows wall climb in progress. Subject walks up the wall to shoulder stand position.
   b. From shoulder stand position legs are rotated from hips out and back to normal position three times.

Elizabeth Wilson
"Marry now!"

"ME? I'm going to grab the first girl I find when I get back home because most of them will be married by then."

Vade First Class Ed Witte from Ord speaks up.

"I'd take the chance, you can have that."

Nancy Coleman.

"A boy and a girl should be psychologically free, so don't marry until after the war."

Alexis Stargarten.

"If the worst happens to your heart you'll blame yourself the rest of your life for waiting."

Carole Landis speaking.

"A baby would complicate everything even more, so I say wait."

From Anne Baxter.

Such are a few of the answers we got to the question: Should a boy in the armed forces or about to enter them marry his girl now or wait until the war is over? With the war gaining momentum day by day and taking lives and relationships at Screenland decided to see what we could do to help answer this question that must be puzzling many young people today. To our opinions, some of Hollywood's famous stars were consulted. And were the men who are fighting the war. Somewhere, in their ideas,
How these younger Hollywood stars answer today's most burning question! Ruth Hus- above, is waiting, tells you why. Loraine opposite, didn't wait, married. Other ing lovelies, who are themselves confronting vital question, and who are frankly quoted as exclusive feature, include, on this page: Rutherford, Anne Baxter, Alexis Smith, my Simms. On facing page: June Falkenberg, icle Londis, Jane Frome, Janet Blair.

You find the answer to your own blem. Let's hope so.

I was out 20th Century-Fox way I walked on the set of "Orchestra de." There sat glamorous Carole and the public's idea of the thing, Andy Hardy's ghearth, Ann Rutherford. Carole can always be depended on for advice that pulls no punches. She never qualifies but simply states firmly. I picked on her because she's such an individualist, a girl who likes to say what she thinks.

"Most definitely, I advise a boy I a girl to marry now," she an- ered me. "If you wait, it might be late. And anyway, what's to be tried by waiting? It certainly seems me that half a loaf is better than none at all."

"Yes, Carole," I remarked, "but at if the—well, the worst happens? en where are you?"

That's my whole point. If a girl is married to her man and the worst happens to him, at least she won't have to blame herself for never having had her happiness. Is there anything e than regrets? What happiness there possibly be for a girl who always wonders about the man she might have married and didn't? In the id of her mind, for the rest of her e, she is bound to feel that some- thing great (Please turn to page 64)
Out of a strange love which blended ecstasy and pain came great music—and in that music their love would live always!

Joan Fontaine, Charles Boyer play their most poignant rôles in Warner Bros.’ picturization of the famous novel and play
NOTHING must spoil this day, nothing, nothing at all, Tessa thought, her breath coming in that quick, eager way, her small thin hand pressing against her heart. The pain was there again but it would pass away as it always had. She mustn’t think of it now with Lewis coming.

There were always guests coming to the Swiss mountainside where the Sangers lived, but none was special like Lewis Dodd. Almost as if they were pilgrims they came, these musicians, most of them so successful and secure, coming to pay homage to Albert Sanger, the man who had become a legend while he still lived, a fabulous legend even to those who did not understand music but who could lift their eyebrows and smile at his eccentricities, his loves and his four wives and strange children of his. Only Kate, the oldest, born of his first marriage, staid, practical Kate could have fitted into the outside world. The other three, Toni, the beautiful one, as temperamental and unpredictable as the Italian opera singer who had become Sanger’s second wife, and Paula and Tessa, daughters of that young Englishwoman, Evelyn Churchill, who had given up the ease of the life she knew and her family and friends to become the third wife of the strange musician already well past his middle years, had grown up as usually as the young wild things in the mountains around them.

Then there was Lina, the Russian ballerina and Sanger’s last plunge into romance; Lina, bitter and disillusioned whom all of them, most of all Sanger himself, had come to detest for her shrewish tongue and her tempepers and the graces and airs she affected as she sailed through the house in the tawdry dressing gowns she always wore, her once beautiful hair spilling down her back in an unkempt mass. But it was Roberto, the man who had attached himself to the Sangers back somewhere in the past, Roberto the gentle and soft-spoken, who bargained and cajoled and begged to get food for them from the village tradesmen who had long given up even the hope of being paid, who seemed the one permanent thing in their changing world. Sanger’s wives had come and gone but Roberto had been there always, mothering them and scolding and working for them.
Sanger’s circus, they called the family, those who understood and those who didn’t alike and Lewis Dodd, the young Belgian composer, fitted into the charmed circle as though he belonged in it. And he did belong, most of all to Tessa who loved with all the anguished adoration of the adolescent years soon would be leaving.

She was still such a child to love like that, so completely possessively. But then Tessa’s age couldn’t be counted years. She wasn’t of the earth at all; Tessa, with her slender child’s body and the untaught wisdom of the ages in her gray eyes and the passion of those who never reckoned the uncof fortable dissonance.

"Is Lewis really a good musician?" Tessa asked as she brought over the brandy she had managed to salvage out one of the bottles.

Sanger smiled as she gave it to him. There was always tenderness in his smile for Tessa, his best beloved.

"Good technique," Sanger nodded. "Lewis is like weather. One day it’s thunder. (Please turn to page 8.)"
Joan Fontaine as Tessa, who loved Lewis with all the anguished adoration of the adolescent years she soon would be leaving. She was such a child to love like that!
I’ve got five cocker pups, fourteen rabbits, and two Siamese cats,” said the Bounding Brunette.

“Gosh, I only got one dog and two ulcers,” gloomed the Blonde Blitz.

“I’ve got a new recap,” chirped the Tiny Typhoon.

“I’ve got to go home and get my husband’s dinner,” announced the Spectacular Sprite.

“I’ve got . . .” Monsieur Gene Bosquet cut the Bounding Brunette off wearily. If he hadn’t, this might have gone on indefinitely and Marjorie Reynolds’ husband might never have gotten his rations, Betty Hutton might have missed a fitting (fitting, not fit, although she’s always about two jumps ahead of the latter) and the world may have remained darkly confused about Paramount’s hilarious Screwball Set.

The Screwball Set consists of, from the sublime to the ridiculous, or reading from left to right, as you will, Marjorie Reynolds, who is a pinkish blonde; Phyllis Ruth, who is a golden blonde; Dona Drake, who is, always has been and who intends to go right on being a bounding brunette, and Betty Hutton, a plenty pretty platinum blonde with hyperthyroid ants in her pantomimes.
platinum blonde with hyperthyroid ants in her pantomimes. Monsieur Bosquet, who looks after their collective exploitation, identifies them as the Spectacular Sprite Marjorie), the Tiny Typhoon (Phyllis), the Bounding Brunette (Dona) and the Blonde Blitz (Betty). They are, in the same order, five feet four and a half; four feet, ten; five feet, and five feet three and a half. Beyond this, none of them will hold still long enough for one to find out much. You have to get the rest on the fly, with a Norden bombsight, provided it's working well and the visibility's good.

Why the Screwball Set? If the foregoing patter hasn't been enough to tell you, brace yourself in a door frame and read on. The Spectacular Sprite has knitted four pairs of BURGUNDY colored socks for a soldier because he's in the Signal Corps where they use colors; the Bounding Brunette wants to own a house with a gymnasium instead of a living room and a frigidaire built into the bedroom; the Tiny Typhoon's idea of a great day is to ride rolly-coasters (that's what she said, OLLY-coasters) for eight hours consecutively; and the Blonde Blitz wants liability insurance on her tonsils in case one explodes sometime and maims an innocent bystander.

Conversation piece among the Screwball Set:
Blonde Blitz (to the Spectacular Sprite): “Who are you married to?”
S.S.: “Jack Reynolds.”
Tiny Typhoon: “What do you know? Their names are the same!”
Bounding Brunette: “Heck, my name used to be the same as my dad’s, but it’s not any more.”

Give up? Okay, you asked for it. The Bounding Brunette had the floor and all the air directly above it. She wanted to talk about her five cocker pups. She had their pictures, too, and they were all blondes. The mother, also. Their names add up to quite a piece of nomenclature. The first one she picked up she named Bob, for Bob Hope (he had a funny nose, she says). The second was named Bing for Crosby (he had a touch of distemper). The third became Butler (because he looked like Arthur Treacher). The fourth was (Please turn to page 82)...
Imagine having laughs for breakfast! Hollywood's happiest wife tells for the first time what it's really like being married to a screen comedian.

Andy Devine, films' most popular rotund comedian, featured in Universal Pictures' "Men of Texas" and "Between Us Girls," has ideal home life on his ranch with his lovely wife and two fine young sons. These exclusive photographs picture the happy family at ease and, above, at work in their garden. Top right, facing page, the 1912 Ford Andy bought Mrs. Devine.

HERE are two schools of thought, apparently, about being married to a comic. Some people on meeting me, exclaim, "My DEAR! It must be wonderful being married to a comedian. Imagine having laughs for breakfast!" Then, there are the others who smile pityingly as they shake their heads and murmur, "I don't see how you stand it. It must be awful when you have an off day, having someone flipping wisecracks at you or, when you're entertaining, have your husband snatch a chair from under you to start the party off with a laugh."

My marital experience has been limited. I've only been married once so I can't tell you what it's like being married to a comedian. I can only tell you what it's like being married to Andy. It's swell!

When I come home from meeting a member of either of the aforementioned schools I try to figure out which is right but, despite all the analyzing I've done, I can't see where my married life is any different than anyone.
e's—except that perhaps I'm happier than most men.

I've been in homes where the husband comes in,

rips his hair and starts screaming: "Are you
tzy? Why did you get a new dress? Where do

I think we'll end? In the poorhouse—that's

here!" If it isn't bills it's something else that's

serving the poor dear.

Well, Andy never worries about anything. What-
er worrying is done around our joint, I do. Once

a while when I get tired of stewing I'll turn on

Andy, a little waspishly, perhaps, and say, "For the

sake of pete! Won't you ever grow up and assume a

responsibilities? I get tired of doing all the

worrying. Nothing ever bothers you!"

He'll look at me guiltily and say, "You're right,

dear. I guess I've been pretty selfish. I'll tell

u what: I'm going into the den and close the

so you won't see (Please turn to page 58)
MADELEINE CARROLL has quit pictures and left Hollywood—"until further notice." Perhaps forever!
She hasn't made a public announcement of this fact, because she is naturally secretive. And Paramount hasn't made an announcement, because the studio is naturally embarrassed. She is the second star within a year who has deliberately given up a prosperous Paramount career. There is a quiet inkling of this in the latest Paramount contract list. Her name is no longer included in the roster of players tied up with long-term tickets. She is listed among those holding "special contracts." That is a tip-off that the studio has only a limited call on her future services, subject to future arrangements.

But few people know that she has instructed her agent that she doesn't want to do any more movie-acting anywhere "for at least a year"—if ever.

As soon as this news becomes generally known, it will be greeted with disbelief, especially in Hollywood. It doesn't make sense that a career girl like Madeleine would give up her career—even for twelve months—at this particular point. (Please turn to page 78)
The Legend of Lamarr!

She must be a dream. Her beauty can't be true. Yet—here she is; and you can also see her on the screen in "Crossroads"
ENHANCING HEDY'S ALLURE—her New Costumes
Below, study in black and white. Lamarr in shimmering black velvet, with beaded collar. Left, two-toned loveliness: dress in light raspberry top, deeper-toned skirt. Far left, for leisure moments, periwinkle blue velvet negligee with gold leaf embroidery. Facing page, beauty in repose, in dainty, flesh-colored negligee in soufflé.
DEDICATED TO THE HEROES!
The epic of Wake Island has been commemorated in a powerful motion picture, a factual film with the United States Marine Corps' camp of approval.
NOW YOU’LL MEET HER

Howard Hughes' controversial movie, "The Outlaw" is about to be released so, after introductory publicity, second in sensationism to none in screen history, lovely Jane Russell will last greet her admirers, impatiently.
NOW
HE IS AN
ACTOR!

You know John Carroll as a romantic singer in such lavish musicals as "Rio Rita"—but you will see him in a new guise as a dramatic actor in Republic’s important film, "The Flying Tigers," which also features John Wayne and boasts blonde Anna Lee as heroine.
Veronica, above, with clever young designer Edith He checks costume sketches for her latest film, "The G Key." Ordinary twine from which Miss Lake's hat handbag are made is non-rationed. At left, cleverly skirt of her chartreuse crepe evening gown is within 144-inch sweep allowed by order L-85. Below, Miss Lail black gabardine dressmaker suit has straight skirt with pleats, a collarless and cuffless 25-inch jacket, and instead a whole blouse, a small beige colored and initialed dirty
UNCLE SAM SAYS “OKAY”

Veronica Lake, assisted by designer Edith Head, proves that the new clothes may have glamour a-plenty!

All by Edith Head for Veronica Lake to wear in "A Witch" - the nightgown at right would once have been made of silk crepe, but the studio is now disposing of the fine quality of cotton manufactured in the American white cotton serves admirably to fashion the nightgown which touches the floor on wee Veronica but concretely the allowed yardage and would reach just to the ankles of a girl 5’2”. Below, in "The Glass Key" Miss Lake wears this three-piece suit. The straight skirt with slit in front is well within the 28 inches in length allowed for wool garments. Collar and topcoat is a separate item and is half-lined in pockets on jacket and coat have one-inch banding.
If Hollywood rumors are right, She's Ryan is John Payne's current heart interest. What a movie team they'd make.
John Payne is the white hope of his studio, having scored in "Remember The Day," "To The Shores of Tripoli," "Footlight Serenade," and now in "Iceland" with Sonja Henie. Next he will be in "Springtime in the Rockies"
In her latest picture, "Lady In A Jam," Miss Irene Dunne has a gay and rollicking rôle, directed by Gregory LaCava, with Patric Knowles, Ralph Bellamy opposite her.
Sweetheart of the fans of the flashing blades, Sonja Henie resumes her screen career after a long and phenomenal tour as star of "Iceland" with John Payne.
Ann Corio, familiar figure to certain American audiences, may find her admirers flocking to see her on the screen in "Jungle Siren," with Buster Crabbe (top right) as her leading man.
LOOK WHO'S HERE!

Noted photographer Hurrell's camera art glorifies Margie Hart, who is exploring new entertainment fields in her first movie, "Lure of the Islands"
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

From “Jackass Mail”
When you’ve read this outspoken interview with “the menace to American womanhood,” you’ll either feel sorry for Mrs. George Sanders or—

By Liza

George Sanders has a role he loves to play in “The Moon and Sixpence”—that of a selfish, domineering, lustful artist who “ain’t no gentleman.” Some of his detractors say no wonder Sanders plays him so superbly! At left, in character for the part; below, with Doris Dudley as his wife in the picture.

The Strangely Fascinating MR. SANDERS

The great Sanders marriage mystery has been solved! At long last. For years Hollywood’s favorite indoor sport has been speculating on whether or not George, that menace to American womanhood, is married. Rumors, believe me, ran rife. George could have said Yes” so very easily, and we palpitating girls could have in hand and cried in our knitting, but he preferred to tell a Paulette Goddard. At some time or other, every writer, every columnist, every reporter in town has asked him, “Are you married, Mr. Sanders?” And Mr. Sanders has invariably answered, with or without fancy trimmings, “It is none of your damn business.” (This question was always postponed until the end of the interview so the writer could make a hasty exit if necessary.)

True to his tradition the strangely fascinating Mr. Sanders still hasn’t admitted that he is married. But his life has. And that’s quite sufficient. It happened like this. In Hollywood’s best-read column there appeared one morning recently a little item which said that George Sanders had been seen at the Mocambo the night before with Mona Maris. The very next day Mrs. Sanders called the columnist, and with a few well-chosen words put an abrupt end to Hollywood’s most intriguing mystery. She was the former Elsie Poole, she said, known as Susan Larson, and she had married George Sanders October 27, 1940, at the Methodist Church in Hollywood. (Right under our noses, if he’d been a snake he’d have bit us, and we didn’t know it!) Mrs. Sanders called herself a “broad-minded wife.”

Well, you could have knocked me over with a feather. I couldn’t wait to hop over to the studio and get Mr. Sanders’ views on women, now that it’s settled that he’s a husband. That should make his views even more interesting than ever.

If you are a writer, and a female, and haven’t been insulted by George Sanders you are completely out of things professionally. I can (Please turn to page 57)
More actors in uniform, more stars working for Uncle Sam. Not for publicity but for patriotism, the formerly "par- pered" movie stars are in there pitching.

They're in the Army now: Jeffrey Lynn, at Tommy Dorsey when band leader appears in Monmouth, N. J., and William Holden, in picture below. Latest on Holden: from Signal Air Corps as flying cadet. Lower left, Lan visits Boeing Aircraft Company plant, el Rita Case and Carroll Gates in sheet metal assembly shop, after she had addressed the troops to stimulate sale of War Savings Bonds and...
A Bond Today! Betty Grable licks up for books she helped to sell, a bemused baby whose mother purchased a stamp book from the car (below). At opening of the first Roof Garden, called the "Sky " operated by the Jewish Welfare for Service Men of all nations at 65th St., New York City, Jeanne and Martha Scott served as official (lower right). The "Victory stars" of I. Magnin and Co., Los had such guest stars as Jane bottom of this page, and Jane facing page. Did you know a Bond will purchase one "depth potent weapon against deadly submarines? Another reason to buy, and keep buying Bonds.
"PLEASE WRITE A LETTER"

JEANNE CAGNEY is young, charming, intelligent and looks the ideal college girl type. Her hair is a pretty brown, her eyes a changeable hazel, her skin warm and peach-tinted. Her eyes and dimples dominate her face. She is, I gathered, not romantically attached to any special one, but she knows a great deal about men! For she is the only sister of four brothers: James, with whom most of us are well acquainted via the screen; Edward and Harry, who are doctors, and William, producer of "Yankee Doodle Dandy." You simply can’t grow up with four brothers like that and not know a lot about men. Besides, the Cagneys constitute a family that sticks together. Each is vitally interested in the other. I was having a late breakfast with Jeanne on her recent trip to New York and I hadn’t been there long when she said, "If the phone rings, it will be Jimmy." The phone did ring and it was Jimmy, and sister and brother had their customary daily talk. "We always keep in close touch with each other," explained Jeanne. "When we were three working in 'Yankee Doodle Dandy,' we just had to call the other and go over the whole day's work. We criticised, we complimented, and each prob researcher helped the other. We’re just that kind of family!"

If you have seen "Yankee Doodle Dandy," or if you are going to see it, you will find there is a striking characteristic resemblance between the Cohan family and Cagney family. And it is that of intense family affection, cooperation and loyalty.

Jeanne is a Hunter College graduate and spent many years of her youth in Jackson Heights, a suburb of New York City. However, she still found it inspiring and exciting to view the vast city from the heights of her suite in the Carillon Towers. She is an excellent conversationalist, so we w
 Yours for Loveliness

All hands on the job these days! And hundreds of grooming aids, sure, swift and timely, every one!

NEVER in our history have hands played so vital a role in defense. The "pale hands we loved" of yesterday, today proudly bear the marks of motor grease, of industry, soil, of labors in the home, the office, and of the earth. Overnight, Lava Soap has leaped into the class of timely beauty aids, for the good gray Lava bar is a sure, swift cleaner for hard-to-remove soil, and in spite of its hearty, slightly rough touch, is as gentle to skin as a face cream. Keep work hands dainty, lovely and immaculate with Lava Soap. Good for child hands, too.

ITERALLY, by the sweat of our brows and bodies are we doing our part today. So—Etiquet Deodorant Cream makes its bow when most needed. It's new, of the antiseptic type and all your heart could desire. It stops both perspiration and odor from one to three days, is dainty and fragrant, so gentle, it may be used daily, and you dab on, dress, dash! Tests have proved its super-effectiveness, and it comes in a 10¢ and a 39¢ size at toilet counters. A boon to your social charm and to your clothing.

NECESSITY is the mother of invention and especially in these days. Out of necessity to conserve alcohol for national purposes has come a truly lovely new development—cream cologne. A creamy, lotion-like base is substituted largely for the former alcohol base. Twin Sisters Cream Cologne, in either honey suckle or apple blossom fragrance, is a welcome aid for body sweetness and comfort. All the benefits of a cologne, plus the soothing creaminess of the new base. In the chain stores.

THE Lashtint Double Compact, by Kur- lash, is a treasure, because in the neatest of metal cases, you find two tones of mascara, not one. This answers the need for two separate purchases, because some girls use brown mascara by day and black by night, or many follow that excellent Hollywood eye make-up idea of using a touch of brown mascara to accent brows, and dramatize the lashes with black. This is very effective make-up. Brush and dampening sponge are contained in this compact.

THIS good-looking Barbara Gould "Back to School" kit is so smart and complete that it might go anywhere. It's roomy, too, to carry little extras, and contains eight preparations: cleansing cream, night cream, skin freshener, hand lotion, foundation, face powder, rouge and lipstick—in fact, all you need and more. It comes in a soft kid finish leather fabric in red or brown or a black crocodile grain, and is excellent value for the modest $5 cost. Whenever in doubt, a kit is a perfect gift suggestion.

CASHMERE Bouquet talcum powder still reigns supreme in its own particular sphere. It is the softest of soft powders and the fragrance is individual and romantic. Its use following the bath makes this little chore a luxurious experience, and clothes will slide on over a sweet, smooth, soothed skin. I really think it can speed up your dressing, especially with the girdle act! A good friend for work hours, social hours, a real smoothie! Courtenay Marvin.
The Strangely Fascinating Mr. Sanders

Continued from page 51

member when we pad-and-pencil girls around the free and festive board at the old Century-Fox, unlimited sugar coffee in those days, and compared ages so as to have gone to college by those young galls, Tyrone Power, Bert Taylor, and Errol Flynn. But now different.

The "Horrible, George Sanders!" one who dabbles in the intimate interview at lunch the other day. "The minute I sat down beside him—did he offer me a hand? he did not—he went right off into sound sleep. He even snored. Right in face. 'A good sleep?' I asked sarcastically when he came to an hour later, as he said, without the slightest embarrassment. 'While I was asleep I figured something. Everyone is worried these days about their tires, and what's going to happen when their tires wear out. I tried out a solution for myself. I'm buying an invalid's electric chair. A government will not refuse tires for a chair, the battery can be easily charged, and I can ride in great comfort.' I simply glared at him. He's either idiotic or dishonest and 

Horrible's an understatement," said other of my carbon-stained ilk. "When we went to interview him he told me quite frankly that he thought woman's place is over the washhtub, and not the typeper. They had coffee and doughnuts on set, and my assistant was going to interview him, but that horrid man grabbed the last doughnut on the dish right from under my aid. And he didn't even offer to share it in his manner of such. "I don't know why I ever did it, and I been kicking myself ever since," confided another member of the production. "It was when I bumped him into the lot morning after the preview of 'Man at 'I couldn't help but tell him that I thought I ought to express my sympathy for his future. Do you know what he said? He said, 'Naturally,' and almost knocked me over on his way to the water-cooler," "Horrible Sanders!" I said sympathetically, thinking of those lowly, and cozy, hours spent with love, Taylor, and Flynn.

Lamarr, I've turned on me in Leningrad. "Why, love him! He's the most fascinating man!"

This opinion, strangely enough, seems to be shared by women all over the country. I say strangely enough because with exceptions George has only played a few cads and bounders ever since he and Power got off to a good start in London. None of that hero Iff for George. But suddenly women everywhere have gone completely mad over him. They send him mash notes telling him how charming and irresistible he is, and they are really quite mad with their help of a blue. Not since Clark Gable pasted one on Norma Shearer in "A Soul to See" has the male repulsive seemed so popular.

I'm no isolationist, I could hardly wait to be invited by Mr. Sanders. And ask what he thinks of women. It's certainly no secret what women think of him. "What do you think of George Sanders?" I asked a press agent at one of the studios where George has worked. "In case he sleeps at my interview, what can I write about him?"

"It's hard to tell where to start, or where to end, in describing the peculiarities of our Mr. Sanders?" Their agent settled back comfortably in his chair, put his feet on the desk, and with great relish, I suspect, tore into Mr. Sanders. "He is, as you know, a mountain of huge flesh, with the frightening aspect of the giants in fables. He has a handshake that feels like putty, or jello in the process of liquefying. As a matter of fact he puffs like a steam engine after but a few steps, and I rather suspect that he has no more strength than a chain store oyster. He seems to be afraid of strong physical exercise so he sits and sits. I think the man's rudeness is an act with him. George has the self-egotism of the glamerous foreign feminine stars of years ago—a mountainous disbelief in the ability or integrity of others, and a corresponding belief in himself. Doesn't think he is the best actor in the world. He thinks he is the only one."

"Nice going, I thought, none going indeed. But after all you can't expect a press agent, and a man, to appreciate the charms of Mr. Sanders. However, he had me wondering. I wasn't so forward to being insulted. I thought longingly and lovingly of those delightful, and coy, hours spent with Tyrone, Robert, and Errol."

I finally ran down the idol of American movie-poets on the set of Director Albert Lewin's "The Moon and Sixpence," which is being adapted from course from steam Maugham's tremendous best seller of twenty years ago. After watching several weeks' worth of him being driven to being insulted. I gathered that "The Moon and Sixpence" doesn't handle sex with gloves. It's strictly adult. And considerably on the shocking side. But Pinkney Loew and Director Lewin are betting a million dollars that you will like it.

George is playing Charles Strickland, unquestionably one of the most reprehensible characters in literature. He is selfish, capricious, domineering, lustful, and totally self-centered. He ain't no gentleman.

"You're in luck," a member of the publicity department whispered in my ear. "George is so crazy about the scene he's going to do this morning that he's in fine fettle. He's actually laughing." (The scene, I was to discover later, permits Mr. Sanders, in the character of Mr. Strickland, to express himself wholeheartedly about women. And what he said—shew!)

I would like to report that I said something very scintillating to Mr. Sanders, and that he retorted discourteous. As well as I remember we both just said "Hello" and let it go at that. He seemed friendly enough in matter of talking, he smiled, and I was completely captivated. His handshake was not like jello. But I wasn't taking any chances on the situation that seemed to suit Mr. Sanders at the approach of an interviewer. I plunged.

"What do you think of women?"

I asked breathlessly, "I suppose you know that we've all gone pleasantly insane over you. What do you think of us?"

"Women," said George Sanders, "are constantly trying to become superior sex, when they know darned well that they are the inferior." He fixed me with his cold, basilisk eyes and I knew I was a gone goose and was in no mood in defense of my sex. "They are so charming and beautiful and feminine, when they are feminine, you know, until they have sense enough to remain that way. But no, they want to become superior. And the minute they try to become superior—which they never really do—then they are just about as interesting as a flat sole." Well, I certainly began to wonder about Mrs. Sanders, who called herself a "broad-minded wife."

"It's a sad situation," he continued gravely, "and it keeps growing worse, I am going to do all in my power to keep women the inferior sex. Women never were more appealing, never more charming and beautiful, than during the days of Sir Walter Scott's tournaments when they stayed in the background and cheered their knights on to glory. You'd think, wouldn't you, that they'd want to remain feminine. And desirable."

So that was what Mrs. Sanders did. Stayed in the background and cheered her knight on to glory. Well, maybe.

George proceeded to yawn and stretch himself out on his spine with his feet in a nearby chair. "The Greeks—" he said, "is the only reasonable position for a man of intelligence."

You were saying about women—"I hastily reminded him.

"I was very worried about some of my friends who have married actresses," he continued. "They are grooping about in the most abysmal depths to which human suffering can go. To remedy this dire situation, I am going to get up an organization of grand staltwhar, betters, and do a very large campaign for a 25 cent tax on all actresses. This tax will be for the preservation of femininity. The studios should take the 25 per cent tax out of every actress' salary and give to it some worthy charity. An actress should have only a little pin money, so that she can't make her husband feel inferior. She should earn enough, too, for some new clothes, or to send her mother a present at Christmas time. After all, it should be so charming to just have the privilege of playing opposite some one like Tyrone Power or Clark Gable."

"The 25 per cent tax offers interesting possibilities. The glamorous girls would enjoy their work more, knowing that they were doing it only for the fun of it, and not for commercial reasons. They would take pride in making many charities possible. And when they went home at night they wouldn't have their husbands that I make to two-thousand-a-week-and-you-make-only-fifty-you-poor-sap kiss.

"If the 25 per cent tax didn't remedy the situation, we could institute a grand trial each year. I don't think it should ever exceed 50 per cent. After all, I am a generous man and I think the movie heroine should have some money to keep their inferiority well-clad and well-ornamented."

He grinned as he noticed my astonishment. "I don't think Miss Dunne, Miss Russell, Miss Colbert, Miss Tierney and Miss Davis will like you," I gasped.

"I wouldn't have smiled if she made more money, or was more famous than myself," George added emphatically. "You can expect a man to be happy with a wife who Don't forget to buy your War Savings Bonds and Stamps at your local theater!
Life With Andy Devine

Continued from page 33

what I’m going through but I’m going worry like hell for a while. You call me about fifteen minutes, will you?” Then he start for the den. Just as he’s closing the door he’ll stick his head out and say, “Of the way, what do you want me to worry about?”

It’s hard for me to answer that. When we bought our home years ago we decided it was going to be a small place and we kept to that. Where a lot of picture pegs start out with small places and add win and ellas as their salaries mount, we ha kept ours small. workout room—not a bar room—has been added since the day moved in. It is small enough that if it becomes necessary I can do the housework myself. Most of the money in the group and if things get tough we can raise ever thing we need to eat. Even before this we’ve raised all our own vegetables, poult and eggs.

The place is paid for, we’re saving money, buying Savings Bonds, etc., so when you come right down to it, although, in pictures, Andy is supposed to be a little off the simple side, actually he has pretty good grounds for asking me what he should worry about.

He has the most even disposition of any I’ve ever met. He’s not up in the cloud one day and down in the dumps the next. He goes along on an even keel. I listen to some of my friends who are married to glamor boys or leading men, telling how their husbands are crazy because they studio wants to put them into a picture with Sadie Glutz whereas the husband is holding out for the lead with Gwendolyn Gveer. Have none of that to go through. Andy is a glamor boy, he isn’t a leading man, as it doesn’t matter a tinker’s damn to him which star he plays with or whether he plays with any star. He doesn’t depend on gas for his humor and given a halfway even break he can be funny regardless of whether the picture is good, bad or indifferent.

He loves the picture business, I admit the money he makes and neither of us wants him to be a star. So, as long as I can bolster up a film and the studio pick up his options neither of us cares whether he plays in A or B pictures. That makes it very nice because it saves a lot of grip ing and heartache.

We met about ten years ago when were both working on a picture with Wi Rogers called “Dr. Bull.” Mr. Rogers an my father had been boyhood friends an it was Mr. Rogers who introduced us, hadn’t a car and was dependent on my brothers to call for me in the evening. They’re a little on the scatterbrained side and sometimes they didn’t show up. So at once I found myself riding home one evening with Mr. Devine. Next thing I knew was going out with him of evening to the exclusion of almost everyone else.

I still didn’t think I was in love with him but I suddenly realized one day that when I went out with the Arrow Colla boys I was bored to death and when I went with Andy I had fun, and so I invited my sister, another girl and me an a couple of fellows up to his place for din ner. He had a tiny little place on the side of a hill. He’d fixed it up. It had plenty of food but not enough of any thing to serve it on. But there was some toast and I was so eager about his job in entertaining and having people in his home that—well, it sort of got under my skin.
Dear Sirs:

With reference to Screenland.

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New York, N.Y.
for her... I don't want love. Love is a disease. A weakness. Women can do nothing except love, so they've given love sorry for Mr. Sargent. And that's because she has Hollywood's most fascinating actor. And that's more than we've got. home that—well, it sort of got under
After dinner, while he was cleaning up, he discovered that the house as girls when they get into a bachelor's place, I came to the least in the bedroom and there was a new growth of hedges in the back yard. There was a dress from the Ambassador Hotel. It was rammed full. I said, "Andy! What's this?"

"Oh, that," he answered carelessly. "It's unself-conscious." "Why don't you send it out?" I persisted. "Too much trouble," he explained briefly. "When you get something clean, I just buy new and stuff the old in there. It's simpler." His parents were both dead and his wife was very busy in her job. He ordered someone to look after them. When you begin to feel that way about a man or woman, I've seen at the time but today, after the years of married life (even though he mised me the first years of our marriage) I still have the feeling I have to bother him as well as his two sons. He is the most unselfconscious man I ever met. If he wants a pair of socks he reaches blindly into a drawer for them. He has no reason why it's not his business to talk to me. He doesn't care what is going on or kind they are as long as they're socks or shoes or clothes.

It's nice in one way but, in another, it becomes a little exasperating at times. Often I've had to say to him, in sweetest way possible, "Andy, get to the point." (To Dad (our own year old), "Go back and comb your hair again. And this time look in the glass while you're doing it.

Fortunately we both like exactly the same things. In the fall we go hunting, in the spring and summer we go fishing. We both like horses and we both detest night clubs. Because I'm a nurse and Andy's a rubber salesman, and that is in town we'll go wherever they're playing to listen to them. But we go to hear the music and not to visit a night spot. We're both well brought-up gentlemen from Kostlanetz to boogie-woogie as long as it's well played.

The light of racing pigeon is like his pigeons. He has a flock of racing pigeons that he breeds and breeds himself. On Saturdays, during the racing season, he'll ship a crate or two of his pigeons down to Tad (our very own) and when they get back home the owner puts the tag in a time clock that stamps the time of delivery and automatically gets itself away from the local office of the Association. If the seal is broken it's thrown out. So there's no chance for cheating. He knows approximately how long it will take the birds to get back and on Sunday afternoon we go out to the patio, way in the back yard, we're snoop on them and fly them or put them in with the other birds as a little tag around its leg, held there by a rubber band, with its registered number on it. Just before they are released the caretaker will hammer the tag and when they reach home the owner puts the tag in a time clock that stamps the time of delivery and automatically gets itself away from the local office of the Association. If the seal is broken it's thrown out. So there's no chance for cheating.

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**RECENT FILMS REVIEWED IN A FLASH!**

**RIO RITA—**M-G-M. Soubrettes are written in to the plot of this new version of the familiar story of the girl who steals an ancient jewel in the desert. Jill Esmond, as an old and debonair Abbott, with their upsurging antics, foil the spies. William Gargan, as a tough, John Carroll and Kathryn Grayson are good as the singing sweethearts.

**KLEPING’S JUNGLE BOOK—**Korda-U. A. delightful little colonial fairy tale, light as a feather, and new dance routines by Eleanor Powell, so you won’t think if the plot is far-fetched and unconvincing.

**MOONSHINE—**20th Century-Fox. If you saw Gabin’s French movies, or if you’re curious to see the Gables movie for the first time, you’ll better catch this. Gabin’s great as a modern-day domineering father, this dull story about a hard-drinking, bookish, reform-minded father he rescues, Lina Lapino, fine as the waif.

**THE FLIGHTS IN—**Paramount. A musical comedy about girls and sailors on leave. Bill Holden, as a shrewd sailor, joins the enemy of his ship-mate when he meets a girl singer. So much fun with situations. Basil Rathbone, as a sidewise, saboquey officer, is quite good. Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken provide entertaining comedy.

**THE GREAT MAN’S LADY—**Paramount. Sentimental story of the great man and his farm, the picture is a splendid performance by Barbara Stanwyck and Joe Mcrea make it worth your while.

**I MARRIED AN ANGEL—**M-G-M. MacDonald-Eddy fans will like this gay musical fantasy about a Budapest playboy who dreams he marries an angel and a concert singer, members of a band. Storper and Hatt tunes in excellent voice.

**THE SPOILERS—**Universal. Exceeding new film version of Rex Beach’s red-blooded saga of Kipling’s golden Bulldogs. Highlight is the fight between John Wayne and Randolph Scott, which is the biggest and brutzhest fight ever filmed. Marine Dietrich excel as the barroom queen.

**SUICIDE SQUADRON—**Republic. A moving war drama about an airplane combat group, members of the Polish air force, who is parted from his American love by the飞机. He returns home from rejexting a suicide squadron. Antonio Wulbrock, magnificent as the pilot-lier; Sally Gray, good. Air scenes, magnificent; fine musical score.

**TWIN BEDS—**United Artists. This bedroom farce is given a timely touch by having the wife, Joan Bennett, a friendly, unassuming girl in favor of her U.SO work, Bennett and Brent, good, but Mischa Auer steals top honors as a romantic Russian. Repepsition, but reassuringly funny.

**JUKE GIRL—**Warner. This picture is about music-hall singer who has the bad habit of making you lose the bad sister, with Olivia de Havilland, John Carradine, George Brent, Dennis Morgan, the leading men.

**THE GOLD RUSH—**United Artists. Charlie Chaplin’s film of “the little fellow” goes prosppecting and his comic misadventures. Everyone, young or old, who enjoys a good laugh and the those who have never seen Charlie, will want to see.

**SABOTEUR—**Universal. Latest Alfred Hitchcock production. Bob Cummings, as the defenched sea commander, has to clean himself of a sabotage charge; Prisella Lane, charming as his romantic interest, the story is a usual twist and turns; Otto Kruger, fine as a suavely sinister U-boat commander.

**THE GAY BROTHERS—**Warner. The story of three sisters (Hayworth, George, Fitzgerald, Nancy Coleman) fighting for their inheritance. The film is a usual twist and turns which even the smart guessers won’t anticipate, and which alone for the tellum of some scenes. Girls are excellent; but Gig Young, a newcomer, strolls away with the picture.

**BROADWAY—**Universal. Melodrama of nereing ’20s which follows the life of Geo. Raff, with George Raft himself, telling about old days and how he became a gangster. Janet Blair, talented newcomer, good as his pal. Hepburn has some favorites and welleadyed for solo roles.

**RINGS ON HER FINGERS—**20th Century-Fox. A disgust for the shop girl who is transformed into an attractive labor to her husband. Ann Adams is one of her victims, but her sister’s spicey dialogue, and Gene is positive disturbing in some scenes. (Rev. seen)

**MAISIE GETS HER MAN—**M-G-M. Skelton is Maisie’s (Ann Sothern) man in an attempt to prove that he makes a good boy. Ann plays a show girl who teams up with Raul (Trask), and they open a big evening. The opening night. That scene alone is worth ten times and money, but the rest is corny comedy.

**ALWAYS IN MY HEART—**Warner. A so-called romantic film drama which gives you a heart of gold, who talks the dese, crosjy jargon, and a whole chorus of little saddo with little brains. (Rev. seen)

**BUTCH MINDS THE BABY—**Universal. Little boy lets us a heart of gold, who talks the dese, crosjy jargon, and a whole chorus of little saddo with little brains. (Rev. seen)

**MISS ANNO ROONEY—**United Artists. A story, concerning a poor little girl and her gentleman’s club. Rooney is good, and Mc piled and best. (Rev. seen)

**JOE SMITH, AMERICAN—**M-G-M. The importance of guarding military secrets is stressed in this story. Joe Smith, a defense worker who traps the spys about to destroy him into divulging bombs plans. A lemon in my book, and not in entertainment qualities.

**THE TURTLES OF TAHITI—**EOO. Soupy story about romance in Tahiti. Entertainment. Little-hearted and gas, ideal for those who like to laugh and not get a moral. (Rev. seen)

**THE MAYOR OF RIVER CITY—**RKO. A bright comedy-drama about a gang of rowdy boys, under the mayoralty of Grace Murphy) on threat of heckling his hands. My favorite. (Rev. seen) Katherine Kelly, his girl. Fredric March’s band supplies music.

**MY FAVORITE SPY—**RKO. A spy con with Kay Kyser playing a dumb band-leader of the777. Kay’s in Army, and Kay Kyser made an explorance agent. His efforts become so funny you don’t know what to do with yourself. John Blake, in favor of Kay’s good, but we missed Ginny Simms, it didn’t get enough of Kay’s band. Not our Kyser kyser film.

**STARDUST ON THE SAGE—**Republic. Old-time western, but that makes it more entertaining and funny. Wang Marie, who usually wouldn’t care for horse operas. Gene and Bette Davis are good, but their a little too happy for the suspense and the use of the magic-hat stuff. Davis is Deep In The Heart of Texas and Home Of The Brave.

**TARZAN’S NEW YORK ADVENTURE—**MG-M. Tarzan’s latest adventures take him to a New York nightclub and the usual swinging from treetops. Tarzan is an instant hit, but George Reeves’ and the usual Steve Brodie off Brookly Bridge. Too tasteful for grown-ups, but good kid stuff.

**MOKEY—**M-G-M. A touching story about a monkey who runs away from the circus and is lost. He is found by a nice old woman and the Steve Brodie off Brookly Bridge. Too tasteful for grown-ups, but good kid stuff.

**MEXICAN SPITFIRE SEES A GHOST—**M-G-M. Modernized Melas’ story of a Mexican, who is convinced there is a spirit in the house. He eventually finds out what to expect. If you like silly comic and the usual Steve Brodie off Brookly Bridge. Too tasteful for grown-ups, but good kid stuff.
A Virginian's exquisite bride-to-be, Marilyn Bauer of Washington, D.C. Her engagement to Courtland Davis, Jr., of the prominent Alexandria family was announced in June.

WEEK END REUNION at the University of Virginia. Courtland, Marilyn and Navy friends on the promenade of the Jefferson Library. He is a second-year medical student, '44, and hopes to go directly into the U. S. Medical Corps.

THE CLASSIC GRACE of the library's Rotunda Balcony is a perfect setting for Marilyn's loveliness—her fair hair, blue eyes, porcelain-smooth skin. Every Virginian loves this beautiful building on the University of Virginia "grounds."

Very much of a live-wire American girl, Marilyn is up to her ears in war work on call for Canteen Duty, and busy with the Motor Corps. She's hardly time even to dream about her wedding in September.

"When there's such a lot to do, your face can't help looking tired sometimes," she told us, "I surely am thankful we are not asked to give up Pond's Cold Cream. Nothing seems to give my skin such a clean, soft feeling."

She pats Pond's Cold Cream carefully, with gentle little pats, over her face and throat. This helps soften and release dirt and make-up. She tissues off well. She "rinses" with more Pond's. Tissues off again.

Use Pond's every night—and for daytime clean-ups. You'll see why war-busy society leaders like Mrs. John Jacob Astor are Pond's users, too. And why more women and girls all over America use Pond's than any other face cream. Buy a jar at your favorite beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes—the most economical the lovely big jars.

IT'S NO ACCIDENT SO MANY LOVELY ENGAGED

S C R E E N L A N D  61
busy herself in shame. Whether she's a movie star who washes dishes nightly in a canteen, after a hard day at the studio, or whether she's a welder in a defense factory, who attends classes in First Aid from eight to nine at night, the modern woman is up to her ears in war work. And the only way she can buck it is by keeping the old constitution healthy and fit.

Joan Bennett is typical of the busy modern woman in war time. Like thousands of women all over America she not only does her job, but she also runs her house, looks after her husband and children, does a great amount of war work—and, amazingly enough, manages to keep herself trim and beautiful. Now that I think of it, Merle was probably indulging in British understatement—the woman of today must have the constitution of six truck horses, at least.

Joan Bennett joined the American Women's Voluntary Services while she was in New York in the Fall of 1941. She started her courses there, and later completed them at the Westwood branch of the A.W.V.S. She took courses in First Aid, Air Raid Precaution, and Civilian Defense—knocking off a neat little 97 in her First Aid exam. (Which caused her youngest daughter, Melinda, to gaze at Ma with great respect, and remark "Whooppee.")

When the United States declared war on the Axis, following the tragic stab in the back of December 7, Joan threw herself, heart and soul, into her war work. Despite the fact that she was working in Columbia's "The Wife Takes A Flyer," and having to keep home, husband, and children in order, she found ample time to organize her cherished canteens. She had noticed that there are many outposts in the vicinity of Hollywood, Santa Monica, and Los Angeles where there are soldiers stationed, with anti-aircraft guns, to protect vital spots. She sensed the need of some sort of recreation for these boys. She talked it over with the morale directors, and learned that they too felt a need for canteens. So Joan went to work.

She started the canteen fund with a check she earned by appearing on a Jack Benny show. Then she begged, borrowed, and, we might as well face it, stole, as much furniture as possible for the recreation halls from her movie star friends. With the boys' help she painted the woodwork and the tables. She ran up inexpensive denim curtains for the windows. And heaven only knows how she managed it, but somehow or other she found pianos, radios, victrolas, ping-pong and billiard tables for each of the canteens. (I'm quite certain that some day Robert Young, Don Ameche, or Ray Milland will look puzzled and say to his wife, "Darling, whatever happened to that billiard table I bought for the playroom?"

Or Doris Lamour, Marlene Dietrich, or Claudette Colbert will return from a bond selling tour in the East and say, "Well, really; I did think I had a piano when I left.") Sandwiches, coffee, cocoa and cookies, as well as popcorn, candy and cigarettes are furnished nightly to the soldiers by the canteen workers—who are members of the A.W.V.S.

Joan sets aside several nights a week to appear at her canteens, where she works like a Trojan, washing dishes, making sandwiches, pouring coffee, and dancing and playing ping-pong with the boys. One canteen has a sign over it, made by the boys, which reads: "To Joan Bennett... who has six canteens going at full speed now, but there will be six more—as soon as she gets her second wind.

If Diana and Melinda, Joan's two daughters, thought that their mother would be so busy with her war work this summer that they could get away with murder, they have found out differently. The children on her street might be running wild while their mothers march with the W.A.A.C's—but not Joan's children. She's the consciences mother, as always. Several months ago, Diana, her older daughter, became careless about losing the retainers (she is having her teeth straightened) for her teeth. Diana thought that her mother was so busy with her canteens and her First Aid that she didn't notice. But Joan did. She felt that something must be done to teach Diana that money does not grow on trees, and that carelessness is out-dated as the bell-hose. Joan told Diana that the retainers would be paid for out of her allowance. Weeks went by without Diana having any allowance. Joan did not relent. And Diana hasn't lost a retainer since.

Every summer Diana goes off to an exclusive camp with several of her Holmby Hills playmates. But not this year. "I don't think families should be split up during these times," Joan told Diana, "and besides, I have work for you to do this summer. So Diana works in the local office of the A.W.V.S. every morning, and she and Melinda spend their afternoons working in their Victory Garden. Diana does the digging, weeding, and making picket, and they have one of the biggest and best Victory Gardens on the West Coast.

As the wife of Walter Wanger, one of the foremost producer-distributors, Joan has to do more than her share of formal entertaining. Stuffed shirts and brass hats have no time for dusty, always on duty, a house with a service that runs as smoothly as a clockwork. But many a high official of the Army or Navy—who fancied that he was making quite an impression on the beautiful Mrs. Wanger—has had his ego deflated suddenly when Joan announces with her concealed delight, "I must go wash dishes.

Wanger most naturally explains about Mrs. Wanger's canteens.

"But how does Joan manage to do all these things?" was the first question, "how can she run her career, her home and her canteens all at the same time. And still look like a debutante at a Première?"

Curious as all get out, I finally cornered Joan the other day on the "Girl Trouble set at Twentieth Century-Fox, and during a detailed interview—considerably interrupted by phone calls from the A.W.V.S. headquarters (Joan State Chairman for Recreation Room requests from the director in Hollywood, to Don Ameche, for a scene of course, an excited call from Melinda who joyously announced that the Wanger family has the all-out aid of women back home. And women can't give all-out aid unless they are healthy and physically fit. The air, hectic times for women who work whether they work in offices, in shipyard in defense factories. Hours are long, work is hard, food is practically non-existent, relaxation is few,TVI, RATION, and nerves are high-strung and often breaking point. Women have gone to great lengths to get health and comfort. But, as Joan says, 'they usually would be impatient if they didn't."

And the best way to do that—the only way to do that—is to take the proper exercises," Joan was told an A.W.V.S. told that if and definitely would round up another ping pong table (lock your doors, boys) and turn to me.

"How do I keep fit? Well, sleep is very necessary to me. I get eight hours of sleep every night, I insist upon it. It is possible for fifty minutes of rest alone. The morning during the day, I drink a quart of milk, every time I laugh. A long face and a sour disposition can do a lot of harm to your health. As a matter of course, I take my exercises, every day A.W.V.S. section of the West, not enough to tackle Hitler and Tojo all by myself.

I refer the Elizabeth Arden physical fitness exercises which illustrate the page of this story. These exercises are the result of research and careful study. Low as, for instance, standing, lifting, pushing, pulling heavy objects are only required in active defense work, and the exercises are aimed at encouraging strength and muscular coordination. Arde has very graciously offered courses physical fitness free to members of the A.W.V.S.

"Exercise for Victory. It's little enough to do for Victory, isn't it?"
Face the New World Gayly

WITH NAILS IN THE NEW CUTEX

Young Red

The hand that drives a truck, carries a textbook, rolls a bandage, rocks the cradle! Let's keep it gay, let's keep it feminine in the new Cutex Young Red! A red badge of courage for every finger tip, a touch of cheery, chin-up color with neutral suits and dresses. Get a bottle today and meet your new world with new charm—and the old femininity! Only 10¢ (plus tax).

Northam Warren, New York

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING NAIL POLISH
Marry Now .... or Wait?

Continued from page 25

and ideal left her when he went away. And she'll blame herself for not having had the courage to grab her happiness. She'll always wish that she had said, "I won't wait! I'll take my happiness while it's at hand." As for the man—if the worst does happen, first he can at least say to himself, "I've known completeness in my life, any- way. I had her!"

Ann, who was sitting nearby, broke into the conversation with her reply. One that obviously showed she had given the problem more than a little thought, especially since she had been entertaining and talking to a good many soldiers at various camps.

"I think you're right most of the way, Carole," she said. "But I think there are certain conditions. If a girl is definitely sure that he's the one and only and that she can support herself during his absence, marrying immediately is very advisable. But she must be positive that it isn't just the glamour of marrying a man fighting for his country that's making up her mind. She has to take stock of herself first, don't you think?

"She may but doesn't that apply in any marriage—uniform or no uniform?" Carole asked. "Women have always had to take a squint at the situation before they made their choice."

All this talk somehow reminded me of a soldier I met in Hollywood. He was a nice, clean-cut kid, full of ambition. He had had a lot of girls back home, for he was quite on the good-looking side. But he hadn't married before he went into the Army. His name, by the way, is Ed Witte.

"I guess I didn't think much of marriage before I left for the service," Ed remarked. "I didn't really have the time. Anyway, I never used to go with the same girl twice in a row. I was out for a good time and I didn't want to get serious. But now when I think about it—as I do often—I know what I'm going to do when all this is over. I'm going to marry the first girl I meet when I get back home! That is, if there are any left. Most of them are already married or engaged. So don't tell me that they are waiting for fellows. It's not in the cards. A wife at home is a lot better than a girl who may be waiting, but who probably isn't."

Strangely enough, Ed's idea was in the same groove with another soldier I gave a ride to one day. His name was Dan Lee. When I put him what he thought, he said quickly, "I'd advise any guy to get married, because there are enough fellows losing their sweethearts now as it is. At least, marriage will make a man—and his girl—something to look forward to. It's no fun to go out to die, but it's a little easier if you know you at least had a wife. That the swallow is in life—marriage wasn't denied you."

Then there were two other soldiers I met—Roy Patterson and E. F. Hall. Roy was very insistent when he said, "Gosh, yes! Get married right away. Unfortunately, I didn't. I wish I had. After all, there's a fair chance—not too big a one, I admit—that the man may not go overseas at all. And even if he does, there's the possibility that he will come back—and in one piece. So why wait? Grant all you can while you're here to enjoy it!"

"What do you mean there's a chance of our not going overseas or not coming back all banged up, friend Hal argued. "The odds are 100 to one that most of us will see service abroad. And the odds are almost as big that we won't come back in exactly the same shape we're in now. I think a fellow should wait. And when I say that it's tough, because I've got a girl and we had planned getting married. When I went into the Army, we gave up our plans. She tried to move where she could be near me, but I was sent around to so many different places that we never could be together." He became very serious as he added, "Whenever I think how swell it would be to get married, I can't help wondering how my girl or any fellow's girl would feel if her man came back all shot up. Maybe she wouldn't want him then. Or else she'd remain loyal and give up her life to take care of the man, wants that. And what if a baby arrived while he was away? That wouldn't be fair to her, to make her shoulder the burden alone. No sir, when I get married, I want a home—and security. You can't have either as long as the man is away and wondering when his ticket will come up.

I have found in talking to several soldiers that they fear marriage—at least those who do—because they constantly wonder what would happen if they came back wounded. That is their BIG worry. Then, on the other hand, there are those who think that if they have a wife to come home to, they'll come back in better shape than ever. That the knowledge that she is waiting will see them through.

Nancy Clement seems to be pretty good solace to the boys who want marriage. And to those who aren't particularly worried over these sudden romances that lead to the altar.

"It's all up to the individual," Nan said when I finally caught up with her. "We've congratulated her on her fine work in "The Gay Sisters." Personally, if I loved a man I'd take the chance and marry him. After all, any marriage is a gamble, and some of them are as risky as war marriages are."

"A lot of people say that no happiness can come out of a marriage when the bride and groom have met only recently. Why I that bother you when you're a fellow on leave. Maybe you have met a young lady and have fallen for her. Maybe you want to marry but are afraid you're just being impulsive and you think you should wait until you've known each other better. We my grandmother and grandfather knew each other only two weeks before they were married and they've just celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary!"

"And as for the problem of the wife who has to sit home and wait, I can simply say there is no problem. She doesn't have to sit around and moan. She can go to parties with her friends or even step out with a special friend. She can do war work. There are plenty of ways to keep herself occupied. So I can't see what's wrong with marrying right away—if you're really in love."

Alexis Smith arrived on the scene about this time. She was with Craig Stevens, a actor to whom she is engaged. And you man all set for the draft, too. I was sur she'd agree with Nancy.

"What do I think about it?" Alexis said. "I think an engagement is okay, but mar riage is out. It would be all right if t
The thing to think about is—what cigarette you smoke. Look what eminent doctors found—on comparing the leading favorite cigarettes:

SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING POPULAR BRANDS AVERAGED MORE THAN THREE TIMES AS IRRITATING—AND THEIR IRRITATION LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG—AS THE STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS!

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new for sure that the war would be over soon, but there's no telling how long it will last. If you marry, circumstances may change for both of you. Your outlook may alter. And when he came back, you might find that you had been apart so long that there could be no opportunity of getting back together again. It's a tough thing to live to live apart after you're married. It doesn't give either the boy or the girl a chance to adapt themselves. And without that chance to get to know each other and make the necessary adjustments, marriage is an awkward risk even in ordinary times.

"But the main problem, as I see it, is that both the man and the woman feel psychologically free. He is under tremendous strain and he wants to feel he can do whatever he wishes. The girl may want the same freedom too. But neither could ever get out or enjoy themselves if marriage entered in. Besides, if you're really in love you can go on continually with something else and you'll always end up thinking of that one particular person—no matter where he or she is."

From the sound of that, it looks as though Miss Smith and Mr. Stevens aren't going to march to the altar for a while. There are two actresses in town who, in their very actions, have given their advice on this controversial problem.

Laraine Day has known Ray Hendricks for about two years. He is a flying instructor at Falcon Field in Arizona. They were married recently.

"We didn't see any point in waiting any longer," Laraine told me. "And we weren't afraid of each other's changing. The war just made us realize how much we actually needed each other. Of course, we can't make any extensive plans, but we are thinking of building a house. We're going to try to make our marriage more important than it ordinarily would have been. I know what my job is anyway—it's to do all I can to build a home for him to come back to. To give Ray something concrete to look forward to—not just an ideal to dream about."

But Ruth Hussey acted in an entirely different manner. She had made definite plans to marry Lincoln Folgarty, who is in the Navy. And then they both decided to wait.

"I just felt that since Lincoln was making sacrifices," Ruth said, "the last I could do was to make equal sacrifices. We couldn't be together, for he's stationed in the east and I'm out here in Hollywood. Since we both want to start our life the right way, we're waiting. And I know our love won't suffer as a result."

I have talked to several pilots in our air force, and almost without exception they are high-strung emotionally. They all seem to have the attitude that they are entitled to the experience of marriage. They don't feel that they are doing a girl an injustice by marrying her right away instead of waiting. Instead, they just feel that they must live life to the fullest while they are here. To them there is only one philosophy: "This may be our last flight. We want all there is now instead of what there may be later on."

Speaking of pilots reminded me of Jinx Falkenburg who has been going with one. I talked to Jinx on the set of "Cover Girls." When I asked her for her ideas, she said, "There isn't any question at all in my mind but that a boy and a girl should marry right away. The girl can do a lot toward helping her man if only by giving him the feeling that someone at home who cares is waiting for him. Marriage gives him something to remember—and it also makes the girl's life more meaningful. As for this talk that you hear about her not being able to wait and stepping out on the boy while he's gone, I can only say that if she loves him she'll do the right thing. If he can take the chances with his life that he does, she certainly can 'suffer' a little by being faithful. If she can't, she's not worth anything. But, regardless of this business, a man who is fighting wants more than the hope that his girl is waiting for him—maybe. He wants a wife whose love he can rely on."

Since Jinx told me this, I am beginning to wonder if she isn't planning on following her own advice. And soon!

Janet Blair and I bumped into each other as I was leaving Columbia after talking to Jinx. One look at this hirsute bit of femininity and I knew why the service men take one gander at her and say, "Now I can die happy."

"What possible sense could there be for waiting?" she said to me when I asked for her opinion. "I know if I were in love with a fellow, I wouldn't want him to go away without marrying him. No girl wants to sit home with her fears and regrets. She wants to feel a security that can only come from having had him for herself. If she can know that he is hers and that no matter where he is they are really together, she won't need any more from life. Neither will he. And waiting for the day when they can start life with each other will be a lot easier. Nothing can take away the memories of a marriage—no matter how short it may be. And nothing can make a life so full as a realized love."

Those of you who haven't dropped this story by now and gone off and gotten married should listen to what Jane Fraze, Universal's promising starlet, has to say on the subject.

"Let's take the man's standpoint," she began. "He has enough worries without having to worry about a wife. So you may say, 'Yeah, but what if he's worrying about..."
Before you choose your tampon—

Of course, you’ve been hearing about internal protection. And, being modern, you’ve made up your mind that you, too, will enjoy this new freedom and comfort. But, when you choose your tampon, make certain you choose the most modern, improved tampon! Do this . . .

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The Modess Tampon

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his girl stepping out on him? Well, if he’s wondering about that then he can’t trust her very much and consequently he’s better off to forget her.

“To me, though, the one big drawback to marrying now is that you can’t plan a home, and what’s marriage without a home together? There are too many heartbreaks involved in such cases. So, really, the only thing to remember is: ‘If you’re going to wait, you’ll wait. And if you aren’t, you weren’t ever in love anyway.’"

There is one girl in this country who waited. Of that, I am positive. She is Ruby Riddick from Louisiana. And the boy she was waiting for was Donald Gibson of the U. S. Navy.

I talked to Don at the Hollywood USO and he said, “We were going to get married last Christmas, but we didn’t. But after I enlisted, I got air mail special deliveries every day from Ruby. She insisted that we get married right away. She didn’t want to wait. She even told me that when she saw me again, she wouldn’t let me get away. Not that I’d want to. I think she’s coming out here to see me, so I’ve already bought the ring—just in case. I’m only sorry now that I didn’t marry her when we first planned—to have been wiser.”

To which the marines would say “Phooey! Why bother with a wife? Yes, nine out of ten marines seem to be sure of two things: that they will come out of this scrape alive and that they don’t want to get married until they’re good and ready. And some of them aren’t at all ready. Betty Hutton, the Blonde Blitz of “The Fleet’s In,” was my next victim. In her loud voice, she began, “The war’s not going to last forever. It won’t last so long that a boy and girl who are engaged will be decrepit when it ends. If you’re in love and your man is going into the service, I think you ought to pull on the reins and avoid dashing off to a preacher. After all, if you wait you’ve both got a lot to look forward to when the war’s over. Give a fellow something like marriage to plan on and watch his morale go soaring. With such romantic dreams in his mind, he’s not going to be bored, that’s a cinch. And boredom is the worst thing you can have nagging at you—with the exception of measles and hay fever.”

Betty, incidentally, has a high school boyfriend, Don Ridenour, who is in the Army. She’s still sticking by her own advice. No advice story is complete without

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In contrast to the exotic and sophisticated rôles Maria Montez plays, she really has simple tastes and likes nothing better than a quiet evening at home with a good book and her favorite refreshing drink. Maria is playing in Wagner’s “Arabian Nights.”

SCREENLAND
lilac. * But I do suggest marriage with all my heart to the girl who is truly in love and no takes intelligent stock of her situation, or, however, to the girl who falls in love with a uniform.

And then I met Anne Baxter on the set of "The Pied Piper."

"I don't like rushing into anything as important as marriage," she said. "I realize that a boy and girl may look the same to men, but they are so intensely in love that they can't see the same thing. But how often do you think of what they will be like in a year or two or three from now? How often do they consider the changes that will take place in their lives? And if they have a baby, everything will be even more complicated. No, they want off to the ring and they wait."

So far you've been given a lot of advice. Now we're going to give you some questions for you to answer. Questions applied by Ginny Simms. I met Ginny just before she began work on her picture, "Fifher McCauley and Molly," her first film with Kay Kyser. Already she had impressed the RKO executives and the men in every branch of our armed service.

"First, a girl should ask herself, "Is it...illicit or is it love?" Ginny began. Maybe she's got a boy at a dance over a week-end. They dance well together. She kisses him and she thinks immediately it's love. He's going away. They don't know each other and decide to marry. If you're such a spot, young lady, ask yourself if you were out of uniform, would I marry him? Uniforms, you know, do have a romantic aura about them. Then ask yourself, "Would I like him as much if I saw him in the morning without his uniform? Would the men in my family like him? Do I feel at ease with him? Or do I feel strange and uncomfortable when I have him after an evening out together?" I need you to think about this feeling about him? And even if I've got on the boy a long time, do I think it's him to get married? Is it fair to him to ask him so? Can I fit my life to his regardless of how he may change? Don't forget that he'll be a different person when he comes back. He'll have been systematized and regulated, and be up to you to fit your house to match his new change in him. Your house—and your life. So can you do it? And as for you, young man, ask yourself, Am I lonesome or do I really love her? Is she the kind of girl I wanted to marry?"

"When you answer these questions, you'll know what to do. But one thing I do think every boy and girl should watch: Don't go in for heavy love-making. You'll only make it tough on both of you."

There's your advice, girls and you men in uniform. Think it over—and whatever you decide, the best of luck.

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Are you sure of your present deodorant? Test it! Put it under this arm.

Put FRESH #2, the new double-duty cream, under this arm. See which stops perspiration—prevents odor—better!

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Use FRESH #2 and stay fresher!

PUT FRESH #2, under one arm—put your present deodorant under the other. And then . . .

1. See which stops perspiration better. We feel sure that FRESH #2 will.
2. See which prevents perspiration odor better. We're sure you'll feel complete underarm security with FRESH #2.
3. See how gentle FRESH #2 is—how delightful to use! Never greasy, gritty, or sticky. FRESH #2 spreads easily—smoothly.
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FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50c for extra-large jar; 25c for medium jar; and 10c for handy travel size.

MAKE YOUR OWN TEST! If you don't agree that FRESH #2 is the best underarm cream you've ever used, your dealer will gladly refund your purchase price.
"Please Write a Letter"
Continued from page 55

There are many small things we can do for the boys who have gone off to war, thinks Jeanne, but the most frequent request she gets is, "Please write a letter." There is just something magic about mail, any time, anywhere, especially if you are away from the familiar hunting grounds. I am told that the arrival of mail in any camp is a sign for jubilation. And there is no denying the excitement of the unexpected letter under your own door. Jeanne thinks we should write and write—romantically, if the occasion is right, or otherwise. She told me of the pleasure of correspondence with a British naval officer. She never knew geographically where the letters came from, nor does she now, but the mails still get through. The picture of Jeanne in uniform probably tells you as much how to write welcome letters as pages of words could. She is thinking and she is smiling. Certainly, hers will be a cheering letter, and if it is homesick for someone, there won't be too much of that in the letter. Let him know you miss him if he is someone close in your life, but don't commiserate or feel sorry for yourself, she advises. If you are writing to someone who really cares for you, give time and attention to your letter. Don't be careless and hasty—that always looks as if you were rushing off to another date. In these times, it is certainly the boys who are left to ponder, "I wonder who's kissing her now?" In many cases, the girls know that their swains are safely within the limits of barracks come curfew.

"Use pretty writing paper," advises Jeanne, "This is as suggestive of your presence as your favorite perfume." For those who are not apt at letter writing, there are, nevertheless, ways to make your missive interesting and amusing. One girl I know pasted a series of vacation snapshots in chronological order and wrote a line under each. It made a good story. Another who can sketch in a way, draws funny little illustrations for her words, and, of course, there are brief cards and small note paper for those who can't go much beyond. "How are you? I am well." Anyway, it all mounts up to mail, and that's what the boys want—more than you know. Many of the stars write "mass" letters—to be read to a whole company; and clippings of items from the home town newspaper are welcome, in case the boys don't get that paper.

Beauty I had meant to talk to Jeanne about, but beauty really is as beauty does, and Jeanne thinks doing right now is very important. And Jeanne's way of doing by the men in the service, is in our opinion, more than all right!

"The Great McGinty" and "The Remarkable Andrew" (Jackson) have become "A Gentleman After Dark" and one of the "Two Yanks le Trinidad."

In other words, the great, the remarkable Brian Donlevy has demonstrated beyond question that he is a master of parts—any part the movies can offer.

Do you remember Brian's first screen role—that of the sinister blackshirted knuckles in "Barbary Coast"? That was in 1936. After that, he made good as a bad man in a succession of roles—most of them mediocre.

McGinty was a break. Now Hollywood has recognized that here is an actor who never turns in a bad performance. Tragedy or comedy—rich man, poor man, soldier, thief—he plays them all with deft certainty. Academy Awards have been given for single outstanding performances, I suggest that a new type of Academy Award—for Consistent Excellence of Performance—be awarded to Brian Donlevy!

MRS. L. A. BALDWIN, Washington, D. C.

Has Hollywood ever considered putting Bette Davis and Abbott and Costello in a picture? Does a perfect hostess set a table with caviar, and all the delicacies that belong on a festive table, next to a big dish of beef stew? Of course not! Yet such a combination (of a different variety) occurred in "What's Cookin'?." Above all, I enjoy Woody Herman's orchestra, and the Andrew Sisters' voices, but oh! to put such a girl as Gloria Jean in the same picture is almost a sacrilege! She has one of the most beautiful voices in Hollywood, but under the circumstances, neither she nor the others could do their best, because of the contrast. No sooner would you get 'lep when all of a sudden you swooned in a faint to hear Gloria to swing—which is next to impossible, her voice—then back we'd go to the boogie-woogie you've tapped your feet only to have it interrupted in a screen opera.

Please, Hollywood, don't ever do again! Think of our hearts—and the office returns.

MRS. HELEN ROBINSON, Olympia, W.

HONORABLE MENTION

In the July issue in which Alan Ladd was honored on SCREENLAND'S HONOR I stated that for the first time Ver Lake played second fiddle to Alan Ladd "This Gun For Hire." Well, here in Louis those who saw "This Gun For Hire" weren't even aware of the fact that glamorous Veronica Lake was in picture.

Since the picture was released all Louis has become Ladd-conscious. Not many years has this city witnessed film skill for acting as Alan Ladd demonstrated as the dynamic young killer "This Gun For Hire."

Mr. Ladd has taken the first step on the road to stardom and we all know it is his last. We are anxiously waiting for release of his next Paramount hit, "Glass Key."

BETTE WALDEN, St. Louis, Mo.

I've just had a raft full of words flapping in my face and I've no choice but to chuck it with my challenger. So please, don't let me space out too far with my prancing tribute to Miss Davis' various talents, that my opinion doesn't count.

Above, Anne Baxter buys a $100 "Victory Corset," made of War Savings Stamps and red, white and blue ribbon, at N. Y. Schroff's store during "white-out" launching notice "Retailers for Victory" drive for a billion-dollar sale of War Bonds and Stamps.
briefly stated. I have a complaint. Why is such remarkable dramatic talent as Henry Fonda be wasted in the light comedies in which he has been cast recently? Even "You Belong to Me" first came to me as merely thought it was a "relish" for me. After "The Male Animal," I began wonder. By the time I saw "Rings On Fingers," I was thoroughly convinced my hero of "Jesse James," "Young Lincoln," and "Drums Along the Hawk," had given up his soul-stirring roles for light comedies. The theater-going public clammers about red stars. But, after all, would we really enjoy seeing Bette Davis in a Laurel & Hardy film, or John Garfield as a playboy or Boris Karloff as a kind of country farmer? Of course not. So, please, Mr. Fonda, leave the comedy to Benny and Hope and let us see you in a type of pictures that made you, and which you are so charmingly "at home."

Thank you, Hollywood! Thank you for unforgettable experience! I am sixteen years old and two weeks ago I saw my very first picture show. I was so excited and filled! You see, until four months ago, I was totally blind. The picture was "How Green Was My Valley." Certainly this film had everything-austerely and excitement and tragedy and humor and deep wisdom. And the story was told with such simplicity.

To others, I suppose, this was just another picture, perhaps a little more beautifully filmed and a little more wonderfully acted than other pictures they had seen. But can you imagine what it was to me? It was a relief! It was a delight! I was the utmost blessed then. It was as if, by some remarkable miracle, life had drawn a little closer. There were no words to tell you what I felt, but I want to say thank you.

SYBIL HOPE, Saskatoon, Sask., Can.

Yes, "keep 'em shooting" good cheerful pictures. Civilians, as well as our armed forces, need this diversion to help keep up their morale. One of the best remedies in the world for an American whose spirits are low, is to attend a "top" show and see a good laugh. Hollywood's stars can do much performing their best, as they can sing a few songs. Of course, our armies need money to keep supplied, but they also need spirit to keep on. So I say again, "Let's keep 'em shooting real good movies."

MARGY JO MYERS, South Bend, Ind.

"Remember the day?" How could I ever forget it? How could any school teacher forget the day when she saw Claudette Colbert portray one of our profession as understanding, attractive, and, above all, funny? We've so long seen ourselves as Miss Ima Fossil or "Miss Kitty Catt," with a ruler in one hand and a dunce cap in the other, that we're deeply grateful for such an excellent picture.

HENRIETTA VON, Oklahoma City, Okla.
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 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
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5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless to fabrics.

ARRID
39¢ a jar
(Also in 10¢ and 39¢ sizes)
Buy a jar of ARRID today at any store which sells toilet goods.

COMING!!
NEW THRILL FOR MOVIE FANS!

Movie Show
The bigger . . . better . . . distinctly NEW screen magazine
First issue at your newsstand September 4. Look for announcement of complete details in the next issue of SCREENLAND

Is It a Real Romance with Victor Mature and Rita Hayworth?
Continued from page 20

recently?" (Vic now merely signs "Mature" when he gives autographs.)

"No," Mother replied. "Are you connected with movie work?"

That was the last straw! That night by special delivery two tickets arrived addressed to Mother from Victor Mature for his new picture. Mother duly saw him on the screen. She telephoned him: "Really, Mr. Mature, you were wonderful. I can see how the girls will think you are very cute." That is, girls of certain ages, Mother on second thought modestly and hastily amended.

So Mrs. Mature was happy again. In just such a frame of mind I found him. He had other reasons to be happy, too. Victor had just joined the Coast Guard.

"I am beginning Coast Guard service immediately, but since I have about ten more days of shooting on my new picture, 'Sweet or Hot'," Victor said, "I will be permitted to commute from the operating base to the studio to complete the picture. I have already received an Army sweater that some girl has knitted 'with her own two little hands'—and a box of fudge and cookies came to the studio to be forwarded to me."

There was no voluntary turn of the conversation to La Hayworth. I was patient, biding my time.

"At first, I had hoped to get a couple more pictures under my belt so that I won't be forgotten when the war is over, and I have two little girls to care for," Victor confided, "but I just couldn't sit back and want to be drafted. We have a big job on our hands and the country needs every able-bodied man."

The two little girls he was speaking of, be indicated with a glance in the direction of a golden framed portrait on a desk showing Martha Kemp Mature with her two-year-old daughter, blonde chubby "Mrs. Townsend," Victor adores "Mrs. Townsend," whose father, Hal Kemp, the bandleader, died when she was a few months old.

"Mrs. Townsend" comes over to see me every morning. She was over today," Victor remarked. (Perhaps this Mature—worth a mour was idle gossip after: "Remember when you first met Martha when we first came to Hollywood a marriage? I told you then I fell in love with 'Mrs. Townsend' before I fell in love with Martha?)

I remembered. It had been a year. Victor proudly invited some of us to a new apartment (for which he, who never paid rent before, but slept in until he was paying $150 a month) to meet Martha. The baby was brought out just before tea time by her nurse.

"Martha named her 'Mrs. Townsend' cause Nurse worked for a wealthy widow by that name," Victor had explained, adding "Mrs. Townsend" on his lap. "Every thing we buy for Baby, Nurse disappointingly says, Mrs. Townsend wouldn't buy that for her baby! Mrs. Town had a carriage with balloon tires for baby!"

"Our marriage," Victor said now, "really a 40-60 marriage, 60% Martha, 40% Martha. I met Martha at a tea at Essex House in New York. I was pla lead with Gertie Lawrence in 'Lad the Dark'; Martha was so tiny—she see like a child. She said she couldn't dinner with me that night because she go home and see her baby! I was flox"

"I asked if I could go with her. I never gone out with a girl who had a baby—and one who thought more of saving goodnight to a baby than having di with me! When I saw dimpled 'Mrs. To send' I was captivated. She liked me. I planning out Macy's depart store, sending her toys. I had her call done over with feebly lambs on the w paper and big rubber toys. Martha at every night to thank me and every day send something new. Then I'd go o see how the baby liked it. Soon I wa at Martha's place—and was merely mu when necessary to the theater
"Sleep your way to Beauty... try my Beauty Nightcap"

DOROTHY LAMOUR, STARRING IN "BEYOND THE BLUE HORIZON," A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

says Dorothy Lamour:

"Sleep's a beautifier! But take my Beauty Nightcap with Woodbury Cold Cream—and sleep brings new allure!"

Nightly, Dorothy cleanses with Woodbury, whose beauty oils help relieve dryness that may lead to lines. Then tissues and fresh Woodbury—a thin film—for all night softening. She can trust Woodbury, for an exclusive ingredient acts to purify this cream right in the jar. Says Dorothy:

"Try it...for skin that invites...closer inspection!"

WOODBURY COLD CREAM Beauty Nightcap of the Stars

Try Dorothy's beauty secret. Get Woodbury Cold Cream today. Large jars are 50c to $1.25. Introductory sizes are 10c and 25c.

F R E E - G E N E R O U S C R E A M S A M P L E !

(Paste on Penny Postcard...if you like)

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 517 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio

Please rush me a generous FREE sample of beautifying Woodbury Cold Cream, used by glamorous Dorothy Lamour and so many other Hollywood beauties.

Name ____________________________________________
Street ___________________________________________________________________
City ________________________________________ State ____________________

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happly. They didn't dance. Victor has never learned to dance well. 'I have no sense of rhythm,' he says. 'I leap around the floor and am glad when the music stops.'

Rita's dearest possession is not diamonds or minks—but a group of eight photographs of her with an inscription. It is from Victor, a souvenir of their co-starring in "My Gal Sal."

"It's unbelievable the way and how fast things are happening to me," said after we'd changed the subject. What has kept Hollywood guessing I now knew. There was nothing further to say. The Hayworth-Mature romance is no dream. Continuing: 'Yes, it is true Metro has asked me to make a couple of pictures originally scheduled for Gable. But' [Victor does have moments of modesty] 'I guess that's because they have more stories for Gable than he can make.'

Never let it be said that Victor Mature is unlike his screen self. That he looks exciting and dashingly romantic and virile—but like too many of today's movie heroes, actually he is a passive fire-and-slippershome-man, who methodically arrives at the studio each day, works eight hours, returns home, mows the lawn, plays a bit on her petunias for relaxation and retires at curfew with a book or a script to read, his only thought that he must arrive early in the A.M. to be at the studio. No, no, Victor is a non-conformist to say the least. But if he were less conventional, less impulsive, less sure of himself, he would not be the young man of conquest, capable of firing the imagination of Miss Jane Public, millions of Jane Publics, and Misses Lana Turner, Carole Landis, Betty Grable, Phyllis Brooks, Rita Hayworth—need we go on.

As for his being "washed up in pictures," it was this way. Victor incurred the wrath of the studio when he failed to appear for work one day and held up production to the tune and cost of $25,000. Further, he was nowhere to be found. What happened? Victor was driving to work when he per- chanced to see Michele Morgan afoot along the boulevard. Michele was lonely, home- sick, worried, about her family in Nazi-controlled Paris. A few tears flicked down her pretty checks. Victor forgot all about the studio. He appointed himself a guest in the cheer committee of one to cheer up Michele Morgan, a poor little war refugee. It was a beautiful day—a noble intention. While production moved on untouched, Victor proceeded. Michele drove to the beach—consumed hot dogs and pop and watched the sun set into the west—over the world into the land of the rising sun. The film was ready to fly. Victor. But first they checked on his box office and found he was making so much money for them that they raised his salary and ordered more Marlowe pictures to go into production—rush!

Victor doesn't say so, but I happen to know he contributes a thousand dollars a month for the support of Martha and baby, Contrary to Hollywood belief, that Martha inherited a fortune in the estate of her late husband, is entirely dependent on Victor's earnings. The Kemp estate was left in trust funds, the income of which ended with Martha's remarriage. There was the first and last weeks of their marriage that Victor bor- rowed far in advance of his salary to sur- prise Martha with a huge topaz ring and then a bracelet. Then a new car. Then a gray town car with red leather upholstery, not to mention the expensive plane trips monthly back and forth to New York in the earlier months of marriage.

"If I am so far in debt I'll have to make good," Victor said. Then he was making $800 a week at "Shanghai Gesture," paying him $450 a week, and loaning him to other studios for $450 a week. "I work all the harder when I have my back to the wall. When things go hard for me it makes more incentive to overcome. I make things come my way. Martha is a very nice people, I am going to see that she has them. For myself I don't care as long as she is happy."

But the behind-scenes Victor Mature is more fascinating than fiction. Especially how he got his first break which never been fully reported.

"All I had was a pair of slacks and a couple of dry shirts. I hung my hat in my office looking for a job," Ruth B., woman casting director at Hal Roach, me rather candidly. "Victor waltzed in and draped himself over my desk and just grin. But he had a certain with him—a certain definite charm appeal that left you with a very positive impression of his personality—a guy that a screen personality must poss Male attraction and magnetism is the way you describe him.

"I ordered a test for Victor. I ran it. Roach. To double-check I ran it all the women clerks and stenographers at the studio. They didn't think much of him. Then we handled differently. We felt it was necessary to have a personal appearance and magnetism w register on the screen. We bought his wardrobe. Tested him in good clothes then stripped him to the waist for a test. The women then hummed and hawed. All Victor needed was the right break.

Victor starred with Carole Landis in memorable "One Million B.C." and vately with Lana Turner, this day he treasures the ivory crescent she gave to him. Through mutual friends Victor met a divorcee, Betty Grable, horsewoman. Their names were linked in the column. Liz was several years, senior. The studio worried. At the publicity might imply he was seen with her because of her social position and her wealth. I assure you this was sheer from Victor's mind.

But wisely he was inscrutable of pub and its major importance to a career. Victor began dating a number of the town's top actresses, film and on the good side, it was fun! For now he needed a check drawer. A check was a good way for Victor. Lana's affections went elsewhere. Vic on the rebound discovered Betty. They became inseparable. When B. went East to do a musical show Vic kept the wires hot. Finally, on her in- nce, he went to New York to join where—"Even though I had only made pictures, it was a movie star bartending my surprise I was treated like Gable Broadway," Came offers for the G. and M. in "The Dark" and "Nightmare Marianne dele. The Alice Underwood's not only served a ring-side table nightly for that tie. It was a very good ink. thing was on the house as long as he an appearance there. Then he met Martha.

"Some people think I just came up without any acting experience. But show me any actor of 27 who has an award in 126 plays! I worked in that number impossible month in that strange playhouse. Some were drawing-room sentations where the director would in Hal Roach and then make up even entertainment. We would present a without props or a curtain or a stage moved among the guests, keeping

...as long as they're other women's hus- bands!"... says Myra (Patricia Morison), Mr. Cugat's (Ray Milland) old flame. "After all, life's too long to live it all with one man!"

"Are Husbands Necessary?"

RAY MILLAND • BETTY FIELD

Patricia Morison • Eugene Pallette

Philip Trent • Lila Lee • Richard Neyton

Charles Bingle • Cecil Kellogg

Directed by NOBOM TAURG

Screen Play by TESS SORTEG and T蠢Castle

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS
"All you ever longed for in a lipstick— and more!" says Constance Luft Huhn

"Exciting color. Perfectly balanced texture... not too moist, yet not too dry. So smooth it seems to stroke softly on your lips all by itself. So clinging it really stays on for hour after hour. Yes... each of our Tangee SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks has these qualities—and something more: The softer, glossier sheen of Tangee's exclusive SATIN-FINISH!

And when you choose the Tangee shade you like the best, remember that there is a matching rouge and a correct shade of Tangee's un-powdery Face Powder to blend harmoniously with it."

**TANGEE**

**THEATRICAL RED...** "The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade..." always flattering.

**NATURAL...** "Beauty for Duty"— conservative makeup for women in uniform.

Orange in the stick, it changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush rose.

**TANGEE RED-RED** "Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All", harmonizes with all fashion colors.

**TANGEE Lipsticks**

WITH THE NEW SATIN-FINISH

Screenland 73
NO ONE will ever know what happened to Hedy Lamarr and George Montgomery. Some think George was too possessive. Others, that George loved publicity too much to suit Hedy. Anyway, they still occasional occasions. But when I needed an opinion on a new script, called up—John Howard. And John, is a nice, loyal guy, came right over. He is now back in her own home—the house where she and George intended to hot moon. When will Hedy Lamarr find true love? Hollywood is asking.

By Weston East

LATEST on Clark Gable as we go to press, Clark has not yet been accepted in any branch of Uncle Sam's service. He wants to serve his country but up to this minute there is no foundation for the report that he is already in. However, knowing how much Gable wants to get into the big fight, it may still happen. Meanwhile, his co-starring film with Lana Turner, "Somewhere I'll Find You," is the latest Gable film which may not be his last picture for the duration after all.

DESPITE a series of undeserved disappointments, Franchot Tone still hasn't lost his sense of humor. Recently he met up with Burgess Meredith, who was on leave from camp. "How's Jeannie?" inquired Burgess. Jeanie being Franchot's quite young bride, whom he loves and adores. "Oh, Jeannie's getting along pretty well," answered her husband nonchalantly. "She's cutting her wisdom teeth and still getting parking tickets!"

AT THE finish of "Flying Tigers," the Republic studio gave a party for the cast and crew. John Carroll got up to the microphone and paid great tribute to John Wayne. Said Carroll, "I've made a wonderful friend on this picture. When I go away to war, I won't have to worry. John Wayne is the kind of friend I could leave my little daughter with and I know she'd always be looked out for."

TEMPORARILY at least, Jane Wyman considers herself a very fortunate young woman. Ronnie Reagan has been transferred from the Cavalry to the personnel department of the Air Corps. He'll be stationed in and around Los Angeles, part of the time. This means that little Maureen can see her daddy occasionally. Janie won't even talk about it. She's that happy and that sentimental.

WHEN Adrian severed connections with M-G-M, rumors flew thick and fast that they didn't part the best of friends. To give you an idea how things can be exaggerated, M-G-M, being swamped with work, gave Adrian's shop the commission to make all of Katharine Hepburn's clothes in "Keeper of the Flame." Speaking of Adrian—he has to work overtime to keep up with Norma Shearer who is certainly a walking advertisement for his gorgeous gowns. She buys 'em by the dozen.
AT HEART, Cary Grant was an American citizen long before he was sworn in. Those two hundred thousand dollar donations to the various causes and organizations is proof enough. But now that he is a full-fledged American citizen, Cary is going to enlist. After being sworn in by Judge McCormick, on June 26th, along with three hundred other new Americans, Cary returned to the set of "Once Upon A Honey-moon," film in which he co-stars with Ginger Rogers. On July 8th, he got another day's leave from the studio, drove to Lake Arrowhead, and married Barbara Hutton, heiress to the Woolworth millions.

WHEN director Howard Hawks selected Gig Young for "Air Force," it was a big break. Gig was really thrilled. The next day an assistant told him to shave off his moustache. Gig did. Too late, the frantic assistant learned he was supposed to have told John Garfield. Gig was terrified for fear he'd lose the part. In despair he went to Perc Westmore, who whipped up a dreamy little substitute. Even the cameraman was fooled. Gig brushed and massaged and pleaded with his own moustache, every night at home. He was a pretty happy boy when it finally grew out again!

NOTICE to friends of Joan Blondell and Dick Powell. The usual invitation to drop by their beach home is out. "We still love you as much as ever," say Joan and Dick. "But this summer all our spare room is for men in service only!"

GOING GREAT ON BROADWAY!

Lou Holtz, Willie Howard and Phil Baker—stars of Clifford C. Fisher's "Priorities of 1942". This gang knows a hit when it has one. That's why Pepsi-Cola's getting the big rush. It tastes better . . . lasts longer . . . gives 'em more for their nickel. That's what you want. That's what Pepsi-Cola gives you.

Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company. Long Island City, N.Y. Bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast.

Screenland 75
serves Chuck (Richard Haydn), the wolf. "Every time I knock at some sweet little lamb's door, along comes her husband to bust up a beautiful romance!"

**Are Husbands Necessary?**

RAY MILLAND - FIELD BETTY PATRICIA MORISON - EUGENE PALLETTE PHILIP TERRY - LEO EDDISON - RICHARD HAYDN CHARLES DINGLE - COLE KILLAM Directed by NORMAN TAUROG Screen play by Tom Eagan and Frank Davis

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

NO OFFICIAL announcement has been made, but they say it will be a foreign correspondent's mission that will take Errol Flynn across the sea. You may not suspect the handsome Irishman of being a sentimentalist, but he's looking way ahead in the future. Upstairs in his hilltop home, Errol keeps a room under lock and key. It's a beautifully furnished bedroom suite, feminine in every respect. Someday, if and when the right girl comes along, as the new Mrs. Errol Flynn shall have a beautiful place waiting for her.

AS SOON as she can find an apartment in Washington, Loretta Young is going to furnish it and make a home for Major Tom Lewis. Loretta is very much in love with her attractive husband. Now that he's in Washington for the duration, Loretta is going to see him as often as she possibly can. Between taking care of her little girl, fulfilling contract obligations and doing war work, Loretta is one of Hollywood's busiest young matrons.

PEOPLE in Hollywood who think Joan Crawford is a lonely young woman are very much mistaken. Joan can pick and choose her conquests these days. And she does. Members of the stag line include Van Johnson, rumored as June Havoc's "ex," Phil Terry, tall, dark, and unattached, and Jean Pierre Aumont, the current French importation to reach Hollywood. With Joanie they're becoming.

BOB HOPE swears he saw this ad in the personal column of a local newspaper: "Man with tire would like to meet girl with sugar!"

WANTED: Three soldiers, three sailors, three marines! That was the call received at the USO headquarters in Beverly Hills. Imagine the nine lucky fellows' shock when their hostess turned out to be Ginger Rogers. For the first half hour they could only sit on the edge of their chairs and stare at Ginger. Then she turned them loose behind her famous soda fountain. They whipped up chocolate goss and malted what-have-yous. What's more, they ate every drop of it. Ginger was so thrilled at their happiness, after they had gone she had a good cry for herself.

THE death of her father, Stanley Lupin, was quite a blow to Ida Lupino. Straighen enough, before they received the bad news the little Loopy jumped out of bed in middle of the night. She ran to the phone and called up her mother, "Something happened to Dad, I know," she sobbed. Next morning the ill-fated cable arrived: So grief-stricken was Ida, she finished her current picture with a nurse in attendance.

STANGE indeed are the ways of Hollywood. Recently, a national magazine printed a story on Olivia de Havilland as Joan Fontaine that hurt the sisters deeply. They have never denied the disagreement that all young girls have growing in womanhood. But since the article appeared by trying to console each other, Joan at Olivia have been brought closer together than they've ever been in their lives. It's ill wind—yes?

**Hollywood** Stork Club: Littie Daphne, daughter of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is expecting a little playmate this fall. Daddy Douglas is still seeking active service at sea... If it's a boy Rochester will name him Jack. A girl, Jaqueline. Named after his mother Jack. Born of course. It's a colt that's expected by Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow. Sure an' another boy'll be welcome too... The "champ" arrives at the Ma Barker home, come September. It's a retirement for Brenda Joyce while she's in Los Angeles. Photographs of Mrs. Barker are being sought for a new edition of the book. Mrs. Barker herself is busy trying to locate the old dugout in which the Barker family once lived. She's looking for the exact spot to build a new home. The old dugout was torn down years ago and replaced with a new one. But the old one held many memories for Mrs. Barker and her family. They spent many happy days there, and it was a place where they could escape from the troubles of the outside world.

Anne Jeffreys, blonde starlet, and Eddie Foy, Jr., have just had a lovers' quarrel in this scene from "Joan of Ozark," Republic's Judy Canova-Joe E. Brown comedy.
CHARLIE McCARTHY walks! Charlie McCarthy runs! You'll see him doing right before your very own eyes, in his next picture. They've discovered a real fish and blood midget who is just the same and size of Charlie. So the midget's going to do all the doubling for Edgar Bergen's animated block of wood. Where, where, could it happen BUT in the movies!

WOMEN certainly can play a great part in the war of today as Arleen Shelton and Kathryn Grayson proved anew when they called off their respective divorce suits. Arleen is married to Alex D'Arcy, Kathryn to John Shelton. When the girls showed their men had enlisted, they had a range of heart. Now their men have gone to war with added courage and inspiration.

BETTE DAVIS is fighting mad. Ordinarily she never pays any attention to Hollywood gossip. As Bette puts it, "It's part of the game." But in face of what's going on in the world today, Bette wonders what type of person would start rumor that she and Arthur Farnsworth are feuding. Bette has never been happier. These times for anyone to concentrate on gossip, especially when it's made up, is pretty cheap trick.

ACCORDING to Jack Benny, and he should know, the three most regular girls he has ever worked with are Ann Sheridan, Barbara Stanwyck, and the beloved Carole Lombard. Come to think of it, there's a great similarity between these three types. Carole was perhaps the most honest and down-to-earth of the three named. Jack can't talk about her without getting tears in his eyes.

This is how lovely Arthur Murray Dancer looks "in action" to high-speed camera

... Flower Fresh—
the Arthur Murray Way

・ Plenty of rhythm, plenty of charm—that's what Arthur Murray dancers are made of! Their jobs depend on their charm. And they depend on Odorono Cream to guard against underarm odor and dampness.

We think you'll be just as enthusiastic as they are. Non-greasy, non-gritty, smooth as satin—Odorono Cream stops perspiration safely up to 3 days! Won't irritate skin or rot dresses; no waiting to dry—just follow directions. Get a jar today! Big 10¢, 39¢ and 59¢ sizes.
The Odorono Co., Inc., New York

Jean Kern enchants partners the year round with her dream-girl daintiness and charm.
Has Madeleine Carroll Quit the Screen for Love?

Continued from page 34

Why, she's at the peak of her success. She isn't just Bob Hope's favorite blonde; she is America's favorite blonde. She can ask, and get, $125,000 a picture. It doesn't make sense that any human being would deliberately toss aside fame and public acclaim and riches.

So Hollywood said, cynically, when Stirling Hayden went through the motions of tossing them aside. Hollywood thought he was pulling something new in publicity stunts, or else trying to scare the Front Office into giving him a bigger, better contract. But Stirling proved that he wasn't bluffing. He actually exchanged the life of a movie star for the life of a first-class seaman—on the grounds that he could be happier as a seaman.

In all movie history, no star had ever displayed such discontent with the life of a star. It was difficult for Hollywood to understand the Strange Case of Stirling Hayden. Hollywood finally decided: "Well, he didn't become an actor because he had the urge to act, and he didn't stick around long enough for acting to get in his blood. Also, he didn't have to struggle for his success; it was handed to him on a platter—so he didn't appreciate it."

When word circulates that Madeleine Carroll has likewise quit pictures, at least for some time to come, Hollywood won't believe it at first because:

She has always departed Hollywood between pictures. But she has been in show business long enough for acting to be in her blood. She has worked hard for her success.

The longer she stays away, however, the more it will become apparent that she intends to stay away longer, the more Hollywood will wonder if she has walked out on her career.

Whereupon, we predict, Hollywood will say that she would still be acting if she hadn't fallen in love with a man who hates acting.

We predict that, because that will be the most romantic explanation for her exile—and because Hollywood doesn't know Madeleine Carroll.

When she came to town in 1934, press agents introduced her as The World's Most Beautiful Blonde. They figured that would stimulate interest in her, and it did. Especially when people discovered that she wasn't a typical Hollywood blonde. She wasn't an exotic exhibitionist.

That's a large part of the secret of her popularity. Unlike most beauties, she has never shown a phobia for attracting attention. She has lived quietly while working

When Roy Rogers went on a combined war bond and personal appearance tour with his horse, recently, he broke theater records. Roy, whose next western for Republic is "Sons of the Pioneers," is shown riding "Trigger" in the New York At War parade.
"Perfectly Mated...and Perfectly Miserable"

HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME THE
"ONE NEGLECT"
THAT RUINS SO MANY MARRIAGES

1. Everyone called us "the ideal couple." At first, we were... ideally happy. But gradually, Chet neglected me... more and more. I was miserable...

2. One morning, my chum found me crying. I didn't want to, but she made me tell my troubles. Then... "Little silly," she scolded, "it's happened often. The loveliest girl can lose her husband if she's guilty of one neglect. Carelessness about feminine hygiene (intimate personal cleanliness)." Then she explained...

3. "My doctor," she told me, "recommends Lysol disinfectant—and here's why. Lysol cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes, too. Yet it's so gentle it won't harm sensitive tissues—just use it according to the easy directions on the Lysol bottle. Generations of women have used Lysol for personal hygiene."

Check this with your Doctor
Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free acid. It is not carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions spread and thus 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 used.

Lysol
FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

When you go to the movies don't forget to buy your War Savings Bonds and Stamps!

SCREENLAND 79
ever having money. No, you will have to find happiness some other way. Be as useful as you can, try to make as many people happy as you can. And, like a Frenchwoman, she added, "if you have charm, you will never be alone in the world, never be friendless."

Constant, in her book of little ways, she gave Madeleine lessons in charm—until it became second nature for Madeleine, always an apt puppil, to be artlessly attractive and pleasant to look at. She couldn't help being aware that she was pretty; people were always telling her. A few flattening adults even said that she was pretty enough to be in the movies. She had wild dreams sometimes about becoming an actress and earning so much money that she could do anything she pleased.

Then the girl grew older and went to college and had to start thinking seriously about what she would do with her life. Her father assumed—and so did she, at first—that she would follow in his footsteps and teach. With that in mind, she majored in languages, history, and psychology. It was history that changed her mind. "I can't go on with it," she said to her father. "Studying the past, I learned who were the most memorable women who had ever lived. They were the culprits of influencing men in high places. Women who were so shrewd, subtle diplomats. And the more I thought about those women, the more I realized that a traffic in real lives, their usefulness to the world. She began to have wild dreams about becoming a woman capable of charming, and influencing, great statesmen.

Years later, she told all this to someone very close to her, who has since told us. At the time, her father told no one. How could she ever have a high society? No one in the world would be less likely to interest rulers of state than a schoolteacher in the provinces. And she wouldn't have seen any way to avoid being a provincial schoolteacher if she hadn't been drafted—with horrible misgivings—to play the lead in a college show. She gave exactly one performance. But that one performance opened her deep blue eyes.

On the campus, people who had never noticed her before suddenly seemed conscious of her. And she suddenly saw a possible way to penetrate the consciousness of men. She could seduce men likely to make history. If she was to be a schoolteacher, she could become an actress—a famous actress, a star—they couldn't help noticing her. Especially if she had qualities that set her apart from other actresses. Qualities that made her a lady of quality. Also, she would have wealth. That in itself, if she had charm, would make her socially acceptable in the highest circles. And gloriously independent.

And immune to masculine domination. She didn't overlook those angles. She didn't have an uncontrollable desire to act. She thought of acting simply as a means to an end—the end being wealth, independence, and, of most, influence. In that world, the wish of international diplomacy, only a woman with subtle charm could be a success.

Madeleine wasn't dismayed by the thought that she knew nothing about acting and that she might be letting herself in for years of struggle, acting of no merit ever been afraid of studying, and she had always been an apt pupil, and she was young. She was willing to go through ten years of struggle, if she reached her goal in the end.

She didn't tell anyone her colossal ambition. After all, it was an expectation, so she found a teaching engagement. The pay was pitiful, but she scrimped and saved, and after a few months she had a few pounds together. With that, she took the plunge. She went to London to see some theatrical agents. She says, herself, that she had phenomenal luck for a beginner. She's too modest. She had gained a great beauty and charm and intelligence. One

entranced manager after another gave her jobs. In two years, she was well-known on both the London stage and the English screen. She had made pictures in France and Germany. It wasn't an English actress who could speak French and German fluently.) Already, she is the darling of the film industry, both in London and on the Continent.

She fell in love with the most cost-politician of the lot—Philip Astley, schon one of her admirers. They were married in Italy, honeymooned France, and settled down in Mayfair. A life promised to be carefree, and comfortable, and amusing.

And being a shining light in Mayfair wasn't enough. Being Philip Astley's charming wife wasn't enough. Madeleine had to become Somebody in her own right. Somebody who might be of some use to the world—some day. That ambition was so intense that it was unquenchable. She told her husband, "I'll always feel as I ought to be doing something. For eighteen years, I wasn't allowed to do anything." So they started working on her career. And lost her. He would have lost her sooner if he had stood in her way.

It wasn't any accident that she became identified with aspirations, more than any other actress on the screen. She planned it that way. For years, she wouldn't consider any other kind of role. She wanted people as inspiring woman. When she finally decided to make an occasional comedy, it was in a role which said, that, while she was beautiful and charming and intelligent, she lacked some of the warmer qualities. She was smart enough to know the effect of a piece of humor would render that impression.

She knew in advance that Hollywood would think she was "aloof" if she lived quietly, like a student, who didn't flirt from night club to night club. But she also knew in advance that the press of the world would think—correctly—that her interests were weren't in Hollywood. Particularly if she never stayed around between pictures. Doing what came abroad, she wasn't merely giving vent to Irish whims. She was getting across the idea that she was a woman of the world. And, incidentally, every time she went abroad she met more important diplomats.

If she had been primarily interested in sensational screen success, she would have tried to be a blonde bombshell. But she was looking beyond the immedi future to the far horizon—to a world that the world would think correctly—that her interests were weren't in Hollywood. Particularly if she never stayed around between pictures. Doing what came abroad, she wasn't merely giving vent to Irish whims. She was getting across the idea that she was a woman of the world. And, incidentally, every time she went abroad she met more important diplomats.

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The war—a young French flier, Lieut. Richard de la Roziere. Then suddenly the Germans broke through the “impenetrable” Maginot Line, threatened Paris. The man she loved was Somewhere in France. To be near him, to inspire him, to marry him—there was no time, Madeleine flew to Rome. She reached the French border that day that Paris fell. She couldn’t do any further. She couldn’t learn any thing about her lieutenant. Desperately, by day after day, she tried. Then came the agonizing day when France collapsed. She had to leave, or be interned. She had to back to America to make a picture, without knowing what had happened to the man she loved.

A few days after her return, she finally learned that Lieut. de la Roziere was safe in North Africa. But no one will ever realize the amount of will power it took for Madeleine to go on acting.

In December, the lieutenant was to arrive in America, and there was to be a wedding. But, almost on the eve of his arrival, Madeleine received word that her sister had been killed by a bomb in London. Acting became harder for her. They tell me I’m doing my duty, combining all this money in taxes, and that I’m helping morale, making pictures,” she lied, “but I feel so useless, working at take-believe in a world gone mad.”

Madeleine was still in mourning for her sister when the lieutenant’s permit to stay in this country expired. He went to Canada to ferry bombers to England. He had to stay in Hollywood. Lonely, heart-sick, acting to be doing something more important than acting, she herself in “Bahama Passage” with Stirling Hayden. They had worked together before in “Virginia,” and had become casual friends. But now, thrown together in closer association, they discovered that they were kindred souls. The lieutenant, somehow, became a forgotten man.

What drew Madeleine and Stirling together was the discovery that Hollywood isn’t necessary to either of them. And love and fame didn’t mean anything, if they couldn’t look ahead to living a satisfying life. And acting wasn’t their idea of satisfying life. Especially during a war. When he walked out on a job as a movie star, to try to get a job as a sailor, there as only one person in Hollywood who didn’t think Stirling Hayden was crazy, hat was Madeleine Carroll. Who could have tried to influence him to stay, but managed him to go.

Few people know that she had a trained ear with her on the set during her last cure. “My favorite Blonde”—she was just about to nervous breakdown. The business of acting had become that difficult. Now she had walked out, too—“to take year’s rest.” Rumors that she and Stirling were secretly married, that Madeleine was living with his mother in a house in Connecticut while her husband was sailing at high seas for Uncle Sam, flew thick and fast. The secret marriage was confirmed by 1st. These romantic real-life lovers had been married for three months and Stirling really made an announcement of the fact to Nassau, Bahamas, when Madeleine arrived there to visit him while his schooner was being overhauled. Apparently it is Uncle Sam who will be Hayden’s boss forever. As for Madeleine—she is carrying out the idea that she has had all her life. Namely, that the greatest destiny a woman can have is to be an inspiration to a man capable of being a leader. And her husband is all of that.

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Screenland
We Are the Screwball Set!

continued from page 31

on the distaff side and became Banour (as she had to start them all with "B" and this one had the cutest neckline). The fifth one is still a problem.

"But why all 'B's?" Monsieur Bosquet asked.

"Because they're all such little honey's," said Donna, blandly. "See? Honey B's."

"Awk!" said M. Bosquet, sitting down heavily and clutching at his cravat. Some ill-advised bystander wanted to know what the mother's name was.

"Jackie," the Bombastic Brunette said.

"And the father?" said Straight Man Bosquet, grimly.

"Toots--I think," Donna said.

The amazing Donna Drake has two key words in her vocabulary. They are "period" and "wiggle." Around them revolve a melange of chatter that is as unique as the background of Paramore's abbreviated bombshell. When she makes a statement, she invariably ends it with "period." She says, "I have a house on the side of a hill with a rumpus room, a kitchen and a bedroom, period." Not a period bedroom. Just a bedroom, period. She doesn't talk about her boy friend for publication. She says, "I'll talk about my work, and my past and my future, but I don't talk about my private life, period."

She never dances. She does a wiggle. She doesn't even play bits, or parts, in pictures. "I've got a wiggle in a new show, starting in ten days," she says, referring to her next picture. She didn't dance in the line in N.T.G.'s Hollywood Restaurant in New York. She and her sister, Renee, who is also five feet, even, did the end wiggles. She made her picture hit with a wiggle in "Louisiana Purchase." Those who saw the picture would have said that she sang the theme song, almost disannihilating her audacity in the doing, but she called it a wiggle. She also appeared in the bedroom sequence with Victor Moore, the Tiny Tyrplon aiding and abetting her in this, but whereas Phyllis did a bit, Donna did a wiggle. It was all just one big, glorious wiggle, she says, wiggling.

She's had a career that sounds like something out of a book on how not to raise your daughter. She was born Uln Novella in Mexico City as the daughter of a Mexican father and an Irish mother. When she was two, her family moved to Philadelphia as settled on the south side there, which also doing it the hard way. The south side of Philadelphia is, by and large, about as difficult a place to raise two pretty, headstrong daughters as a snooker pool end in a public park. In this environment, she learned to stand squarely on her two tiny feet. She didn't have to learn to dance on them. They came naturally. As it happened on and off came her way through the melting pot she developed a fearlessness that is nothing short of inspirational. The man has yet been born who could either hoodwink or bluff her. As proof, witness the fact that she walked into Hollywood uninvited and wrote her ticket at four hundred dollars a week—and got it.

She got into show business because Renee was in it. Renee applied personally to N.T.G. for a job when she showed a tramp in Philadelphia, returning to New York with him. She told herself that if Renee could do it, she could do it, too, so she went to New York without taking leave from her family and the second night on Broadway she was wiggling at the end of the Hollywood Restaurant line.

Because little matters such as the sequence in which members of her family arrived in this world are too trivial for her notice, she isn't certain whether she is older than Renee or not, even though she was fourteen when she joined the N.T.G. show. "But I'm the solid one," she says. If this sounds slightly goody, pass it off as the premise that she's speaking musically because invariably she gets around to showing you her muscles after which you tear up her telephone number, which you surreptitiously acquire, and shift you affections back to Miss Hedy Lamarr.

She abandoned the Ula Novella who joined N.T.G., becoming Rita Rio which is doing things backward, too. Under this name she became a bawb band leader continuing for three years to direct the United States Treasury Department

For distinguished service rendered in behalf of the National War Savings Program this citation is awarded to

Screenland Magazine

Gave under my hand and seal

May 27, 1942

Agay Marston Jr.

Secretary of the Treasury

Above, a reproduction of the Citation received by Screenland Magazine in recognition of the fine assistance this publication has given to the War Savings Program.
Phyllis has no delusions about dramatic acting. She believes she was cut out for comedy. A lot of people, after listening to her conversation, are inclined to agree with her. Round-faced, button-nosed, with a remarkable ability to blush, she got into the movies when she was picked, out of a line of a score of possibilities, for a small comedy rôle opposite Eddie Bracken in Bob Hope’s “Caught In The Draft.” She moved up with her bit in “Louisiana Purchase” and now Paramount is certain there’s a top-flight laugh-getter in their midst.

Phyllis is one of the few native daughters in pictures, having been born Phyllis Ruth Steitzner in Pasadena. Later the family moved to Los Angeles and, as did Marjorie Reynolds, she went to Los Angeles High and was duly graduated. Immediately after this epochal event, she took up a career of applying high gloss to the benches in casting offices and continued it successfully until, through comedian Bert Wheeler, she got her chance in “Caught In The Draft.”

Phyllis lives with her mother and sister in Westwood. Astonishingly enough (she’s generally astonishing), she’s a fine golfer. There are no tennis or bridge clubs, and she isn’t a trout fisherman, so she plays the out-and-out game of golf. She’s a member of the Red Skelton show.

In the midst of recording the highlights of Phyllis Ruth’s career, there developed a disturbance from the direction of Miss Betty Hutton. It was claimed, but not entirely established, that Betty had been sitting still for ninety-six seconds which would have, had it been verified, constituted an all-time record for the Isplington Iggidore.

“Listen, Kitten,” said she, “I’ve got a fittin’.”

She looked suddenly startled, snapped her fingers and clapped her hands while tossing her platinum ringlets wildly. “How about that!” she said. “Sounds like a beat:”

“Listen, Kitten, I’ve got a fittin’ . . . Beeden-boden, rack-a-ma-taz.”

“Stop!” shouted M. Bosquet. “You’re slaying me.”

As a matter of fact, she did have an appointment for a fittin’. The wardrobe chief, luckless wight, was going to try to get something around her for the next ten pounds of delectable curves. Since her arrival at Paramount for “The Fleet’s In” it has been an almost daily occurrence for some hapless artist from the dressing room to rush screaming into God’s good air, throwing his ten fingers at the heavens and yelling, “Will somebody hold her? Will someone sit on her? Is there no justice? Why should SHE have to happen to me? What have I done?”

It’s usually obvious what he has done. He’s tried to give Betty Hutton a fittin’, Kitten. He hasn’t, because she can never stand still long enough. As for sitting, there is no question that Betty does it sit in chairs. She occupies them. She’s over them, under them, wrapped around them, suspended by some mysterious but definite levitation above them, everything but sitting in them. If there is a desk near the chair, three quarters of her probably will be spilling over it—and you can take our word for it; it’ll be a very neat three quarters, too, regardless of which three quarters it is.

Betty is a platinum blonde of the type that has ringlets dancing above her white brow. She wears no hairpins because it would be a waste of time to put them in her fur. They wouldn’t stay. She sometimes starts out the day with a bit of ribbon, but

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Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 17

baked, then shaped into a football and lighted. (It's just as good un- frosted.)

"I wasn't a football fan at school," Nancy confessed, as she worked over her goal-post centerpiece. "I remember my first game I attended was between my home team and a California school. Their uniform was so much alike and I got all mixed up and spent the afternoon rooting for the wrong team!" But now she can get all het up over a radio account of any big game.

Nancy is tall and slim and redheaded. She has a snub nose (her own description) brown eyes that light up as if they had caught fire, and teeth like so many even pearls. Like most redheads, she's color-conscious. For example, she isn't satisfied
discussion of the teams and their various strategies have been finished. One game through the name of the winning team at the top of the paper and have each guest compose a telegram indicating the triumph using the letters in the name as initials of each word of the telegram.

"One of the favorite games of our regulars is remembered "name." In a different form of the old game of Who Is It? One layer leaves the room, and the rest decide who she is. It should be either a person well-known to all present so that her characteristics are familiar, or some personality of the public eye. I remember once I had to go out and they all decided I was Hitler. That’s the idea. When I came in, I had to ask questions and try to guess who I was, but instead of the old-fashioned: “Am I male or female?” I asked, “What sort of leader am I like?” or “What kind of animal?” or “What kind of music do I remind you of?” or whatever my imagination could conjure.

The fun of it is that the crowd gets into great arguments as to whether I’m really the, say, I’ll be glad when you’re dead, you rascal, you!” or not. John Beal said I was like the Venus poison plant—maybe that isn’t the scientific name for the thing, but it’s the plant with the open lip that has something sweet inside to tempt little flies, but when once the insect steps in to sip, the plant shuts on him and kills him.

When Nancy gives a buffet following a game, sometimes serves a sit-down sandwich, hot coffee or iced soft drinks, a gelatin salad made with rather hard seedless grapes and nut meats in a clear lemon-orange-flavored gelatine. For the latter, follow the general directions of the vegetable salad.

**TIP-TOP SANDWICH**

Chop fine 6 slices of uncooked bacon, add 2 green peppers (seeds removed) chopped fine, three onions the size of an egg, chopped fine, season with pepper and salt.

Fry the above mixture until the bacon is done, then scramble in 2 eggs. Place between thin slices of lightly shredded white bread, garnish with a radish.

"The Constant Nymph"

Continued from page 28

The next the sun is out and the children are playing. And his music is like that, too. It has no blood on it. It’s through it, so heart. It’s a school of music that’s just coming in. If he could only cry!

"He never really laughs," Tessa said softly. "And I’m certain he didn’t cry.

"If he could only fall in love!" Sanger frowned heavily, thinking of all the women who loved Lewis. He was unconscious of, "If a woman could disturb him, if he could ever suffer!

"How could one make him suffer?" Tessa asked gravely, thinking of the handsome, dark man, so curiously unmoved, so untouched by everything except his music.

"I don’t know," Sanger shook his head heavily.

"But something always comes along to do that, with everyone.

But it mustn’t come to Lewis, Tessa thought passionately. He mustn’t be unhappy ever, not Lewis. Not even for his music.

Suddenly her smile came, as from far away, down in the valley, came the thin piping of a train’s whistle.

"Listen!" Her very breath seemed squeezed out of her with the pain coming again. "His train has come.

She danced out of the studio, down through the big untidy house and in a few moments Paula was after her, the two of them shouting as they ran, and at last there in the distance was Lewis, walking with that quick, marching step of his, so that the older dignified man with him was panting in his struggles to keep up with him.

"Lewis," the girls called together.

"Lewis!"

"The circus is upon us," Lewis laughed, and then as the girls threw themselves on him in a frenzy of welcome, "I wish you kids would stop growing. It makes me feel very old. You’re growing up like stink weeds."

"That doesn’t sound very nice, Lewis," Tessa protested, her arms tightening around him, her lips pressing against his coat, kissing it.

"Where did you get those beautiful bags?" Paula asked, looking at the handsome luggage Lewis was carrying, that was such a contrast to the shabby, familiar rucksack slung across his back. "What can you have them in?

"They’re not mine. They belong to Mr. Tigg. They’re the general’s master. Lewis gestured toward the heavy man breathing so laboriously as he finally came up to them.

"He worked on your father’s opera with him, remember?"

The elegant stranger bowed breathlessly.

"So you are the charming daughters of Mr. Sanger," he asked.

"This is Paula." Lewis smiled. "And this is Tessa, the pick of the bunch. You should welcome your guest, girls."

"Oh, yes!" Tessa hesitated. "You do it, Paula."

"How long are you going to stay?" Paula asked bluntly, and she threw herself on Lewis again, looking up to the chalet with Trigorin laboring behind them.

"Everything was wonderful with Lewis there. Even Trigorin, the outsider, couldn’t spoil that closeness, that feeling of the family really being together again. And that late in the evening they gave them the gift he had brought. He didn’t have money and couldn’t buy anything so he had written a symphony with a theme for each of them, the piano for Tom, the violin for Paula, the cello for Kate and for Tesla.
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If you were my little girl," Lewis said faintly, "I'd put you in a school or conv—"

"Oh, I've seen girls in school," Tessa answered. "They have faces like plum puddings. I don't want a free person's school. But if I was, I'd always be thinkin'- of you."

Tessa, he said sharply, "you must disapprove of me as quickly as
able. It's a grave mistake to become
of anyone. Before you know it, you
insanities in her, the self-sacrificing and all those tiresome
I hope you'll remember that," Tessa said at him. "Afraid of not gettin' on a free unnecessary people. Of course, you
be as fond of us as you like but don't,
be got married or be put in prison
don't that thing!"

"I'll try not to," he promised.

"Say, cross my heart and hope to die!"

\[...

She called it at him. "Afraid of don't getting fond on any unnecessary people. Of course, you
be as fond of us as you like but don't,
be got married or be put in prison
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Yet again after he left her that feeling of remorse for having hurt her came and though he had found no trace of Paula and Tessa, he was determined in time to dress for the musicale. And he was glad he had come when he saw Toni and Fritz among the guests and realized that Florence had invited them, and that they had come all the way from Paris. It was as he came down again, after he had changed into his dress clothes that he saw Tessa and Paula in their severe little school girls' uniforms standing in the hall behind Roberto and he gave such a joyful shout that Florence left her guests and came out to them to see if it was true.
thin him, as if it were life itself going at that door with Tessa, but it wasn't till that evening just before they were to go to the concert and he saw her sitting there beside the fire, looking so grown-up in her new white party dress, that he knew he loved her.

"Are you disturbed about me?" he said tenderly as she nodded him over to her and suddenly leaning over kissed her air. "Little Tessa," he whispered.

"Such a little Tessa!" There was sentiment in her eyes now, as she faced him. Such an insignificant nuance, little cassa!"

"I love you," he said quietly. "I think I've won it, always. And yet, why didn't I now? I have been blind until now." "Lewis!" Her eyes were frantic now. You must forget it. There were other things to see, that was all. And now it's so late. Why did you marry Florence?"

"I don't know—now," he whispered. "It was unfair to both of us for you to marry her." Tessa turned from him conclusively. "You were so mad to get her you forgot all about me. If you'd only waited!"

"I didn't realize." He took her in his arms. "Can you understand that?"

"How could I not understand?" She hung to him desperatley. "You have been a my mind every moment. You've never even away from me, really. I promised myself to you such a long time ago."

"We're going away," his lips pressed against her forehead, her eyes. "Together."

"No!" She pulled away from him. There's Florence. She's my cousin and I've lived here in her house. She's been in and you belong to her. If it wasn't for me I would rather go away with you than with anything in the world. But I would feel like a traitor. I couldn't! And a person must do what they think right, mustn't they?" Then he hesitated: "No, I've said my say. We won't speak of it again. Go and see now, Lewis, please."

It was after he left that the pain came again. It wasn't bad at first, not any worse than it had been so many times. Not until he went to her room and sat down on the edge of the bed and Florence came in did it grow so bad that her hands dug into the coverlet.

"Why did you run away from school?"

Florence demanded. "Why did you unsettle Lewis about his work?"" And then as Tessa's quick protest came, "You know quite well that I'm talking about. Such a little girl, so innocent! I'm talking to you now as one woman to another. You fling yourself at my husband!"

"It isn't my fault that I love Lewis." Tessa had to force her words with her breath coming in that fluttering way. "I did long before you came to Switzerland. And it's not a happy thing; it's brought nothing but sadness. It's so much of me that I couldn't want it to be different. But I've come to understand that he's your husband and I'm not going to see him any more. I'm going to Paris, to Toni. And her voice came steadier now, "as far as your thinking anything else, that's only horrible and shocking, I wouldn't lower myself even to dey it. But I have told you that I love him and I can't help it."

"You talk of love!" Florence said furiously, and then taking that quick step toward her, shook her shoulders violently. "You don't know what it means."

"Oh yes, I do," Tessa protested. Then she gasped and went to her heart and she fell and Florence, frightened now and repentant, knelt beside her, chafing the small cold hands in her own.

But later when Lewis came in Tessa tried to make light of it. He must go to the concert, he must be there for the triumph she knew would come.

"Our piece is not played until the last," he said softly, taking her hand.

"Our piece," Tessa's voice lifted. "Sweet, generous Lewis. There's no one like you in the world. I've always known that, but you haven't. You haven't known yourself at all."

"Until today," he said, and then as she made that quick gesture of protest, he knelt beside her head. "Tessa, you were right when you said it was impossible. But it isn't only Florence, it's something that's been with me since I was a little boy, hearing strange music in sea waves and tree-tops. Everything, anything that came into my mind was never quite of this earth. I've always seemed to drug myself with my own thoughts, and after a while the mold that I set myself in became real. I couldn't get out. I've never been able to. It was just today when I saw you downstairs that everything I had ever longed for seemed real and living!"

"I could break up that silly mould you locked yourself into. Tessa tried to smile. "Really, I could. I'm so happy that you've told me. I never believed you would. Go to your music now, Lewis. I want you to. Please go now."

WASH THAT TIRED, RED-EYED LOOK AWAY!

— IN SECONDS! Yes, you can soothe eyes that feel drawn and tingly from close work, glare, dust or late hours in a few seconds! Just drop 2 drops of EYE-GENE in each eye. Almost immediately comes a feeling of soothing relief. Glance in a mirror and you'll see that your eyes are well rested, bright and clear, too!

EYE-GENE is an eye specialist's formula. No other lotion has the exclusive ingredient that makes it so effective in so short a time! Nontinted, Inexpensive. At drug, department and 10-cent stores.

FREE for Asthma During Summer

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is hot and sultry; if heat, dust and general mugginess make you wheeze and choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief, even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address Frontier Asthma Co., 235-7 Frontier Bldg., 452 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.
We modern women need not be daunted by the little difficulties that are so often a part of the daily routine of housewives. The pain came sharply with his ideas, then after he left it ebbed again so that she managed to get off to bed and begin to pack her bags. She would be gone when they came back from the concert, gone and out of their lives forever. But there would still be time to hear the music. She could hear it over the radio and then leave quickly at the end. Slowly, clinging to the bannisters all the way, she went down to the study and as she turned the dial, his music flooded the room with its warmth, with the new tenderness that had become Lewis. And as she listened it was almost as if she were back in Switzerland again.

Betty Grable, as she appears in the new film musical, "Footlight Serenade," in which she is co-starred with Victor Mature and John Payne.
Suppose this was your house, your pooch, your Baby!

What’s to prevent that dreadfulness from happening here?

*Men* can’t prevent it, unless those men have ships and guns and planes and shoes and chow. All these supplies and machinery of war cost money. Because in this country, there aren’t any labor slaves; everybody gets *paid* in defense factories here.

So it takes money to fight a war. To keep ships going, and guns shooting, and soldiers eating. So that they can keep little houses standing, pups playing, kids like yours *safe*.

How to buy a share in Victory

*Where’s the money coming from?*

YOU'RE going to chip it in, out of the money you are getting TODAY. Instead of spending it all, why not lend at least 10% to Uncle Sam? He’ll put it to work for America. He will give you a written promise to pay it back in 10 years, with interest (2.9% a year). If that promise isn’t good, nothing’s good. But because this is America, it IS good.

*How can you chip in?*

By buying War Savings Bonds. You can buy one today for $18.75. It is worth $25.00 when Uncle Sam pays you back in 10 years.

*INSTALLMENT payments?*

Yes! If you can’t spare $18.75 today, buy War Savings Stamps for 10¢ or 25¢ or 50¢. Ask for a Stamp book, save a bookful of Stamps, then exchange them for a War Savings Bond.

*What is a BOND?*

A piece of legal paper, official promise from Uncle Sam that he’ll pay you back your money plus interest. The Bond will be registered in your name. Keep it safely put away.

*Can you CASH a Bond?*

Yes, any time 60 days after you buy it, if you get in a jam and need money, you can cash a Bond (at Post Office or bank).

WHERE can you buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps?  At your nearest Post Office. At a bank. At many stores all over the country.

WHEN?

Our enemies have been getting ready for the past 7 or 8 years. Are you going to wait till they get nearer our kids?

*Buy War Savings Stamps and Bonds NOW!*

---

This advertisement has been prepared entirely as a patriotic gift to the Government. The art work, copy, composition and plating, as well as the space in this magazine, have been donated by all concerned as part of their effort toward helping win the War.
When there's a job on hand a good cigarette is mighty comforting to have along... and Chesterfields are on the beam with the one and only Right Combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos. It's the combination that smokers quickly find to their liking and count on to give them everything it takes to Satisfy.

Make your next pack Chesterfield...enjoy more smoking pleasure with the full knowledge that regardless of price there is no better cigarette made today. They Satisfy
Out of these times many great stories will be born... but none will be greater than this!

Nevil Shute’s mighty story of Today becomes the picture of the year!

The Pied Piper

Monty Woolley
Roddy McDowall
Anne Baxter
and Otto Preminger
J. Carrol Naish

Produced and Written for the Screen by Nunnally Johnson
Directed by Irving Pichel

35,000,000 people thrilled to the story in Collier’s, Reader’s Digest and the best-selling novel!

IT’S YOUTH SET TO DANCE! LOVE SET TO SONG!... and Your Heart will beat the Rhythm!

She’s BETTY! WILLING AND GRABBLE.

John Payne
Betty Grable
Victor Mature

Coming soon to your favorite theatre!
Glamor-Girl, You’re Kissing Your Career Good-bye—

There’s no future in a smile that ignores ‘Pink Tooth Brush’!

“It doesn’t make sense, Lady! With your looks, you’re a natural for the Magazine-Girl-Of-The-Year—and what happens? ‘Pink tooth brush’ puts your smile in shrouds. It’s oblivion for you unless you do something about that dingy smile!’

“Look at the glamour girls in any magazine. Their bright, sparkling smiles spell charm! And that’s the kind of smile you can check up to healthy gums as well as sparkling teeth. I’m making your next book—‘with the dentist!’

“O.K. Mr. Camera Man. Now let’s see if you can really do justice to my sparkling new smile. And orchids to you and that dentist of mine for helping me win the honor of Magazine-Girl-Of-The-Year. Yes, and a great big credit line to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. Without that beauty treatment for my smile, I might have been minus a career.”

Help keep gums firmer, teeth brighter, smiles more sparkling with Ipana and Massage!

Pink” on your tooth brush calls for immediate action. It means—see your dentist at once.

He may tell you our soft, creamy foods have denuded your gums the natural exercise they need for healthy firmness. And, like many dentists, he may suggest “the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage.”

For Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed, not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help make gums firmer, stronger.

Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating “tang”—exclusive with Ipana and massage—tells you that circulation is speeding up within the gum tissues—helping gums to healthier firmness.

Let the regular use of Ipana and massage help you to have a lovelier, more appealing smile through healthier gums and brighter teeth.

A Product of Bristol-Myers
Delight Evans, Editor

SPECIAL ART SECTION:
Jinx Falkenburg, Mickey Rooney, Tina Thayer, Cary Grant, Rosalind Russell, Rosemary La Planche, Humphrey Bogart, Alexis Smith, Ginger Rogers, Marjorie Wadsworth, Tyrone Power, Diana Barrymore, Carol Bruce, Maureen O'Hara.

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Cover Portrait of HEDY LAMARR

V. G. Heilbroner, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer
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IT'S THE SENSATION OF THE NATION!
A RIP-ROARING COMEDY!

Here comes the hilarious Queen of Musical Hits that rocked Broadway stage audiences with laughter for a solid year. Radio riot Red Skelton and Blonde Bombshell Ann Sothern at their best! A happy screenful of talent, temptresses and tunes by Cole Porter and others.

"I DOOD IT AGAIN!"

STARRING

Red SKELTON Ann SOTHERN

with "RAGS"

RAGLAND BEN BLUE MARSHA HUNT VIRGINIA O'BRIEN ALAN MOWBRAY DAN DAILEY, JR. JACKIE HORNER

Screen Play by
Jack McGowan and Wilkie Mahoney
Directed by NORMAN Z. McLEOD
Produced by ARTHUR FREED
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
THERE'S a story behind that story of Jimmy Cagney offering his Martha's Vineyard estate for Army maneuvers and quarters for staff officers. This is the one spot that Jimmy loved most of all. For years he dreamed of owning such a place where he could escape from the world, forget he was a movie star, divorce himself from Hollywood talk and tradition. It is in the nature of a personal sacrifice. Just try and suggest that to Jimmy!

THEY say that Lana Turner met her future mother-in-law over the long distance phone. Stephen Crane put in the call right after he proposed to Lana, while dancing at Andre's. In less time than it takes to tell, they were on their way to be married.

GREER GARSON just looks bland and beautiful, when asked if she is secretly married to Richard Ney. She does admit that she misses him since he joined the Navy. She also admits that his letters are most amusing.

THERE'S one barber in the Coast Guard who's going to be very disappointed. Victor Mature has been sworn in. But before he reports for service, he's treating himself to a man-sized haircut. The "hunk" ain't taking any chances.

Ginger Rogers, above, whizzing around the Paramount lot on a bike between scenes for "The Major and the Minor," in which her mother, Mrs. Lela Rogers, above right, makes her screen début as Ginger's movie mother. Right, Ginger, who plays a grown-up girl who poses as a 12-year-old, is shown with Billy Wilder, who makes his directing début with this riotous comedy.

CAROLE LANDIS is okay. At two o'clock in the morning, she was awakened by a collect telegram. It was signed by five soldiers who were coming into Hollywood. They wanted Carole to show them the town. Not only did she do it, but she got up the following morning at five A. M. and worked all day on the set.

GUESS what bothered Gene Autry most, when he gave up his lucrative career to join the Army Air Force? No, it wasn't his reported $200,000 a year salary. It wasn't his weekly radio program, his rodeos, his song-publishing company, or the adulation of kids who send him 4500 fan letters weekly. It was the thought of parting with his sixty-fancy-cowboy-outfits and getting used to Army clothes.

WILL the fans forget our boys who are serving their country? Here is the answer. Bill Holden received one thousand, three hundred and eighty-four letters in one week, more than he ever received while making pictures. To you who wrote them, Bill was so thrilled he actually cried!
WHAT A HOLIDAY!

Irving Berlin's
HOLIDAY INN

starring
Fred
CROSBY * ASTAIRE

A Mark Sandrich Production

Hear BING CROSBY SING:
"WHITE CHRISTMAS" * "I'LL CAPTURE HER HEART SINGING" * "BE CAREFUL, IT'S MY HEART"

See FRED ASTAIRE DANCE TO
"YOU'RE EASY TO DANCE WITH" * "LET'S SAY IT WITH FIRECRACKERS"

"I CAN'T TELL A LIE" * "BE CAREFUL, IT'S MY HEART"

"LETS START THE NEW YEAR RIGHT"

"EASTER PARADE" * "SONG OF FREEDOM"

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

Screenland
If you're a blonde whose hair has become dark and streaked... if you're a brunette or a redhead and you long for lighter hair... you'll be delighted to discover what marvelous effects you can get with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash! It's really amazing how Marchand's Golden Hair Wash brings dull, dingy hair "to life"—gives it a lustrous, "spun-gold" sheen. And remember— with Marchand's you, yourself, can control the actual degree of lightness you wish to obtain.

Use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash to make blonde hair blonder— or to give dark hair a contrasting lighter look. Marchand's is not a dye and it gives splendid results. You can get a bottle at any drug counter. Try it—today!

Marchand's GOLDEN HAIR WASH

And... here's a new idea— "Make-Up" for your hair!

Enliven and highlight the color-tone of your hair—with Marchand's thrilling new "Make-Up" Hair Rinse! Not a bleach, not a permanent dye. Made with Government approved colors, it goes on—and washes off—as easily as your face powder or lipstick. 9 flattering tints for every shade of hair. Use it and like it at all drug counters.

Your GUIDE to CURRENT FILMS

SELECTED BY Delight Evans

THE PRIDE OF THE YANKEES—Samuel Goldwyn-UA
Splendid screen tribute to a fine American, this new Gary Cooper picture will surprise you. Instead of the dynamic drama you may expect, you find a film of deep emotional appeal, stressing the private life of the Lou Gehrig rather than the excitement of his public career. But the most rabid baseball fan will enjoy it for Gary's great performance, matched by Teresa Wright's, Babe Ruth's appearance, playing himself, and excellent cast. The great American sport glorified.

THE TALK OF THE TOWN—Columbia
A sparkling comedy, and this time we mean smart, intelligent comedy, not silly, slapstick stuff, with first-rate performances by its starring trio. Cary Grant, as Dilly, who, though innocent, is convicted on an arson-murder charge, escapes from prison and hides in the house Nora Shelley (Jean Arthur) has rented to a law school dean. The professor (Ronald Colman) investigates, proves Dilly's innocence and gets a Supreme Court appointment. Cary gets the gal. Exciting. See it.

TALES OF MANHATTAN—20th Century-Fox
Tricky, but terrific! Tale of a top coat told in a series of short, punchy episodes with some of Hollywood's brightest stars at their best. Worn by Charles Boyer, coat is drafled in drama when it receives a bullet hole from Rita Hayworth's jealous husband (Thomas Mitchell). Further adventures involve Ginger Rogers and Henry Fonda in romantic comedy; Charles Laughton, Edward G. Robinson in compelling drama; and Paul Robeson in superb and imaginative finale.

THE MAJOR AND THE MINOR—Paramount
You can't miss this! It's the gayest, most original comedy in months, with Ginger Rogers giving a grand performance as a wise gal impersonating a precocious ten-age brat who crashes a military academy and creates a sensation among the cadets, not to mention the handsome Major, Ray Milland. Scene in which Ray tries to tell Ginger the facts of life is immens. Stars spark; cast includes Ginger's real-life mom, Lela Rogers, and newcomer Diana Lynn, worth watching.

ARE HUSBANDS NECESSARY?—Paramount
Foolish but very funny, this unpretentious little comedy can't help but entertain you. Based on the book, "Mr. and Mrs. Cugat," it relates the wacky marital mix-ups of a giddy young couple, played, fortunately, by Ray Milland and Betty Field, who manage to make their irresponsible characters endearing rather than merely silly. Masquerade with Ray as a knight in armor dates way back to Sennett slapstick but keeps you howling. Patricia Morison and Eugene Pallette help fun along.
Congratulations Errol Flynn

OR YOUR VERY, VERY BEST WARNER BROS. PICTURE!

That a list of hits be has behind him! Yet for excitement unsurpassed, for pace unparalleled, or action beyond compare—for everything that makes an adventure-picture a life-long adventure for moviegoers, the top of the list is

**DESPERATE JOURNEY**

*TO BE SEEN THIS MONTH!*

(To be sure of the date check with your theatre)

- Captain Blood
- Robin Hood
- Charge of the Light Brigade
- Dawn Patrol
- They Died with Their Boots On
- Dodge City
- The Sea Hawk
- Dives Bomber
- Green Light
- Virginia

Errol Flynn thrillingly stirredly teamed with fandom's favorite Ronald Reagan to lead a 5-man Commando mission in a devastating dash to Berlin and back!

She handled the Nazis her own way—a woman's way!

With NANCY COLEMAN • RAYMOND MASSEY

Alan Hale • Arthur Kennedy • Directed by RAOUl WALSH

Original Screen Play by Arthur T. Horman

Produced by HAL B. WALLIS

Music by Max Steiner

September is SALUTE TO OUR HEROES month at all movie theatres! Buy a War Bond to honor every mother's son in Service!
Every Wife Must Face
This Intimate Problem...
HERE ARE THE FACTS...
Safe new way in feminine hygiene gives continuous action for hours!

Whenever you see a happily-married woman, you can be fairly certain that she knows the truth about the vital, intimate problem of feminine hygiene.

You can too! Today no woman need trust the half-truths told her by misinformed friends! No woman need rely on weak, ineffective "homemade" solutions—risk using over-strong solutions of acids which can burn, scar and desensitize delicate tissues.

Intelligent, well-informed women everywhere have turned to Zonitors—the new, safe, convenient way in feminine hygiene.

Zonitors are dampy, snow-white suppositories which spread a graceless, protective coating and kill germs instantly at contact. Deodorize—not by temporarily masking—but by destroying odors. Cleanse antiseptically and gave continuous medication for hours.

Yet Zonitors are safe for delicate tissues. Powerful—yet non-poisonous, non-irritating. Even help promote gentle healing. No apparatus; nothing to mix. At all druggists.

FREE: Mail this coupon for revealing booklet of intimate facts. Send postage in plain envelope, Zonitors, Dept. 20, 600A, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Name __________________________ Address __________________________
City __________________________ State __________________________

Zonitors
STOP CORN MISERY!
Noted Doctor's Relief Does It Fast!
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantaneously stop tormenting shoe friction; lift aching pressure; send pain flying. Ease tight shoes, prevent corns and sore toes. Separate Medications included for quickly removing corns. Cost but a trifle.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
FREE to Blondes—or those who want to be!

FREE! Free booklet of instructions is mailed to you. Send your name and address. No obligation. No strings. (Supervise children.)

FREE: Mail this coupon for free booklet.

Address __________________________
City __________________________ State __________________________

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FREE! Free booklet of instructions is mailed to you. Send your name and address. No obligation. No strings. (Supervise children.)

FREE: Mail this coupon for free booklet.

Address __________________________
City __________________________ State __________________________

FREE: Mail this coupon for free booklet.

CROSSROADS—M-G-M
After playing comedy parts, William Powell is again seen in a straight dramatic role. He gives a suave performance as the French career diplomat who suffered amnesia after an accidental year before, and who receives an extortion note from a man who accuses him of being a petty criminal. Powell begins to doubt his own identity, but a tiny clue helps solve the mystery. Hedy Lamarr, stunning as the wife, does a nice acting job, too. Basil Rathbone, Claire Trevor in cast.

PRIORITIES ON PARADE—Paramount
This cheerful musical is about unemployed musicians who get jobs in an aircraft plant and inspire workers with their music. Ann Miller plays a night-club entertainer who deserts the band and finds that a boss female welder (Betty Rhodes), who sings torch songs as well as she uses a blow torch, has taken her place (romantically, not professionally) with leader Johnny Johnston. Ann does a trick blackout tap dance routine. Vera Vague and Jerry Colonna supply good comedy.

DESPERATE JOURNEY—Warner
The adventures of five RAF flyers, who escape when their flying fortress is shot down over Germany, is told in this exciting film. Things happen fast in an furious and daringly Errol Flynn, Ronald Reagan, Arthur Kennedy, Alan Hale, Ronald Sinclair get into so many tight spots, you're left breathless. The cocky, amusing way they polish off the Nazis is great stuff—they may 'em down! Kids will cheer Nancy Coleman, Raymond Massey in cast. All give good performances.

WINGS AND THE WOMAN—RKO-Radio
This biographical film, portraying the life of Amy Johnson, is a cavalcade of aviation from 1931, when the noted flyer made her trail-blazing flight to Australia to January, 1941, when she lost her life while ferrying bombers to the battle fronts. The film shows what women are doing in the air to help win the war and also tells of Amy's unhappy marriage to flyer Jim Mollison. Anna Neagle is excellent as Amy, Robert Newton is seen as Jim, an unsympathetic role.

ONE THRILLING NIGHT—Metrogram
This comedy about newlyweds is good for many laughs. It's about a couple spending a one-night honeymoon in a New York hotel. The groom must report to the Army in the A. M. Weird things begin to happen—they find a body in the bed; they open a closet and a "stuff falls out"; bodies appear, disappear, don't run in any out of the room; and the groom is abducted. John Beal, fine as the yokel groom, whose hick tactics are screamingly funny. Wanda McKay is cute as the bride.

HER CARDBOARD LOVER—M-G-M
This dated farce isn't the sophisticated type of filmfare it was meant to be. In fact, there isn't much to be said in its favor, except that Norma Shearer wears stunning clothes; Robert Taylor and George Sanders, her handsome leading men, do a good rough and tumble cell-fiight sequence. Norma hires Bob as her secretary (her cardboard lover) to keep Sanders away. Bob loves her and takes great delight in his duties. Norma, annoyed with Bob at first, finds she loves him, too.

HI, NEIGHBOR—Republic
An amusing comedy about a college couple into a country club to give students summer work. Business-slow, they send pamphlets to a lonely hearts club. Singing, rug-cutting "love birds" swarm the place, angering its spinster-founder, but niece Jean Parker likes faculty member John Archer and helps sell her aunt the idea. Luellafile and Scotty, Smoky Mountain Boys and Girls and other radio stars entertain. Light-hearted—not serious—a fun-filled musical jamboree.
SHE'S ALL THIS... and 21 TOO!

A Brand New Brilliant
Barrymore!

Diana BARRYMORE
and
Robert CUMMINGS
in THE HENRY KOSTER PRODUCTION

"Between Us Girls"

with Kay FRANCIS

JOHN BOLES, ANDY DEVINE, WALTER CATLETT,
GUINN WILLIAMS, ETHEL GRIFFIES

Screen Play, Myles Connolly • True Boardman
Based on "Le Fruit Vert" by Regis Gignoux and Jacques Thery
Adapted by John Jacoby

Produced and Directed by HENRY KOSTER
Associate Producer, Phillip P. Karlstein

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

COMING SOON TO YOUR LOCAL THEATRE
FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$10.00

Bill's gone. He was one of the boys who died at Pearl Harbor. For awhile my heart died with him. It didn't seem possible that I would never see him again. Never see his smile. Never hear his voice.

It was possible. Bitter months of loneliness taught me that.

Last week I pulled myself together and went to a show for the first time since December 7. The picture was "Eagle Squadron." The hero, Robert Stack, reminded me so of Bill. It set me dreaming. For an hour Bill was with me.

I've been to a show every day since. In every one I found a memory of Bill. Sometimes it's his voice, the way he shrugged his shoulders. The way he ate his soup. Little precious parts of him.

I'd like to thank the movies for bringing him back. It means new happiness to me. Bill will always live in my heart. Seeing a smile that reminds me of him, though it isn't his, assures me that he is smiling somewhere.

ELIZABETH McDONALD, Vernon, Ore.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$5.00

Most Americans will heartily agree with President Roosevelt's desire that there be no blackout of entertainment during the war. There is no doubt that we are living in trying times, we have a global war to win and with millions of Americans struggling every nerve to produce war materials, relaxation and entertainment are both priority elements to the upkeep of morale and capability to endure the sacrifices essential to victory. I do not believe that there is a single factor that affords relaxation and entertainment in the degree that the silver screen possesses. When I go to the theater I sink my 185 pounds of bulk in the luxurious depths of a cushioned seat giving my body a rest and my mind a mythical cruise over the fairyland of the universe. I bask in the warmth of the South Sea Islands, I shiver at the frozen wastes of the Northland, I laugh until my sides ache at the antics of comedians—In fact, I'm feeling what it means to be an American. Thank God for America. Thanks America for the movie theater.

JOHN N. BENKOVIC, Steelton, Pa.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS
$1.00 Each

I've been reading SCREENLAND for years, and one of my favorite departments has always been the Honor Page.

Some months ago, you honored a newcomer, Richard Whorf, for his wonderful work in his first movie, "Blues In The Night," and you also gave the picture an enthusiastic review.

I saw "Blues In The Night" on your recommendation and agreed wholeheartedly regarding the film itself and Mr. Whorf whose characterization of Jigger Pine was, to my way of thinking, truly magnificent. I liked him and the picture so much that I saw it again at a neighborhood theater.

Since then, I have seen Richard Whorf in a trite little picture called "Juke Girl," which he stole completely from its handsome stars, Ann Sheridan and Ronald Reagan. Incidentally, did you ever see such a change from the moody Jigger to the happy-go-lucky screwball Danny? Recently, I saw a great short subject called "March On, America," narrated by my
"It's fun to sit out dances... but not when you sit alone!"

PEG: "But I'd rather solo out here, Helen, than sit on the mourner's bench inside!"

HELEN: "Peg, darling, you shouldn't be a wall-flower! You dance like a dream—and you look like a dream! You'll have partners galore, if you will let me speak up!"

PEG: "But underarm odor, Helen! Why I bathed just before this party. I always shower every day. Isn't that enough?"

HELEN: "Not if you want to be sure, Peg. Every day, before every date, I use Mum too!"

PEG: "Helen's right—and a pal to give me that hint! A bath washes away past perspiration—but Mum prevents risk of underarm odor to come! Tonight's another party! I'm playing safe, with Mum!"

STAY POPULAR with Mum! Mum protects charm—the minute you use it, yet it lasts all day or all evening! Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor. Mum is sure! Mum is handy, quick—takes only 30 seconds to use. You can use it even after dressing, or after underarm shaving, because gentle Mum is kind to clothes and skin. Get Mum today!

Mum Takes the Odor Out of Perspiration

Product of Bristol-Myers

S C R E E N L A N D

13
By Betty Boone

Have a gay Hallowe’en!

Geraldine Fitzgerald, bewitching Irish star who believes in ghosts, is your charming hostess.

YOU’D think an Irish girl would go all out for anything green—but Geraldine Fitzgerald draws the line at green salads! She doesn’t like green stuff on a plate because she has been on so many diets that she has come to loathe the sight of a lettuce leaf. So if you are trying with the idea of attending her Irish Hallowe’en party, better get set for something in gelatine!

“In Ireland we don’t serve dessert last as you do here,” commented the Irish star, “we always have salad or savory last. People say: ‘Won’t you have something to take the sweet taste away?’

“There’s a salad called Fruit Bowl that combines salad and dessert that I may decide to serve at my party, following it up with Cockleburs. You use no sugar with this salad—cheering thought for rationed hostesses.”

FRUIT BOWL SALAD

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine

¾ cup cold water

2 cups cottage cheese

¾ teaspoon salt

¾ teaspoon mustard

½ cup cream or milk

½ cup pineapple

1 orange

1 cup bananas, grapes or any fruit

SOFTEN gelatine with cold water. Place bowl over boiling water. Stir until gelatine is dissolved. Mash cheese fine. Add seasonings, cream, gelatine. Turn into ring that has been rinsed in cold water. Chill. When firm, unmold on lettuce. Fill center with fruit cut small and blended with Kirsan salad dressing and a few spoonfuls whipped cream.

COCKLEBURS

Combine ½ cup crushed potato chips, teaspoon mustard, cayenne and 2 egg yolks. Blend with 1 cup canned salmon until smooth. Shape mixture into tiny balls, roll in flour then in slightly beaten whites of eggs, coat with ½ cup fresh bread crumbs.

With Halo Shampoo, hair never gets clouded with dull, dingy soap-film

Glorious natural beauty for your hair! All its radiant luster revealed! That’s what your very first Halo shampoo will give you! All soaps, even the finest, leave dingy soap-film. But Halo contains no soap, cannot leave soap-film.

Even in hard water, Halo lathers abundantly, rinses away completely, leaves your hair shimmering bright with no lemon or vinegar rinse. A new-type, patented ingredient in Halo creates oceans of billowing, fragrant lather that rinses away like magic, carrying with it dust and loose dandruff. Your hair dries softly manageable, easy to curl, brilliant with highlights!

Get Halo today—in 10 or larger sizes.

A Product of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.
Which of these
6"FACE POWDER TROUBLES"
do you have?

What do you see when you
Powder that makes forehead
Powder that falls to hide
Powder that leaves nose streaked
Powder that fails to hide
Powder that fails to hide
Powder that fails to hide
look rough, "grainy"
little lines
or shiny
tiny freckles

Here is the secret of this
New-texture powder helps end these
new face powder

troubles—makes skin look fresher, younger!

What is its name? Lady Esther Face Powder!

Why is it so different? Because it's
made differently! How is it made?
It isn't just mixed in the usual way—it's blown
and rebloved by twin hurricanes,
blown until it's smoother, finer by far
than powder made by ordinary methods!

Women who use this new-texture face
powder for the first time are thrilled to see
what a "baby-skin" smoothness it
gives their skin. They say this new,
smoother texture seems to hide tiny lines
and blemishes, and even little freckles!
They say this new-texture powder seems
to change the whole appearance of their
skin—seems to make it look smoother,
and often years younger!

How to find your Lucky Shade

Send your name and address on the
coupon below for the 7 new shades of Lady
Esther Face Powder. Try them one after
another—and when you find the one
that's most flattering to your skin, you'll
know you've found your lucky shade!

Lady Esther
FACE POWDER

Send me by return mail the 7 new shades of face powder, and a tube of your 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
Cheers for Teresa Wright in her rôle of Mrs. Lou Gehrig opposite Gary Cooper in Samuel Goldwyn's "Pride of the Yankees." For tender charm and wistful loveliness she is the screen's most endearing new personality, but it is her acting you will remember, for she is Broadway's very best gift to Hollywood.

If you saw Teresa Wright in "The Little Foxes" and "Mrs. Miniver," you will not be surprised to see her score even more strongly in "Pride of the Yankees," playing the wife of Gary Cooper, who also gives a great performance as the idol of American baseball, Lou Gehrig. Below, Miss Wright in one of her wonderful scenes with star Cooper. Lower right, heart-walloping moment from the fine new film.
Fans' Forum

Why, oh why, must you always be so tan to Lana Turner? Yes, she has her vials, but haven't we all? It seems as if we are always making remarks about her too, too gay life," while you hold up as shining examples those cinema glamor girls to lead good, practical lives which are, as, to the vast world of fans, dull and much like their own. And isn't there hypocrisy here, too? At least, the ramic Turner is pictured as she actually is.

Another thing, the critics are always trilling that quality which she possesses in abundance—glamor. Why continue to say that some old star, one who is only too, too tired of it all," has a monopoly on that elusive quality? Everybody knows that Lana, with her exuberant vitality, marvelous looks, stunning clothes and real acting ability has it all over those stars who must keep a masquerade and beauty operator as constant attendants, lest they appear in public looking the wrecks they really are. Lana has the glamor. Why can't we admit it? Three cheers for this gal, an answer to a fan's prayer.

BARBARA ZUGER, Duluth, Minn.

Some day when I am very rich I am going to buy up all the seats for rows and box in some movie house, then sit down in the middle of the "bought" section and really enjoy the picture on the screen.

I don't go to a show very often, so I try to pick out the choicest features when I do go. But the whole evening is often spoiled because I see only snatches of the stories. The rest is a series of various sized human heads thrown in shadow on the screen, shutting out the picture and making me lose the thread of the story. Can't something be done about this?

I believe if I were manager of a motion picture theater I would reserve a section for late-comers and insist that they sit in this reserved section until the end of the show. Or maybe I would charge double rates to those who came after a feature picture had started.

For many people the movie theater is just a place to spend two or three hours, but there are a few of us who would really like to see the picture.

FLORENCE E. HOWELL, Jerseyville, Ill.

HONORABLE MENTION

The Movies—Unrationed

Oh, when it comes to pictures
I'm always on a binge,
I'm never on a diet—
Not from double features cringe.

I insist on second helpings;
Calories they pile up,
And vitamins I slap around
Just like a sassy pop.

I like my share of sugar,
But can't also take 'em tart;
I love my films dramatic,
And likewise love 'em smart.

Give me a lot of Bipse
And plenty of Bob Hope;
Some Abbott and Costello
And all the Disney dope.

Don't want any rationing
Of Rooney-Garland pies;
I refuse to take my belt in
On any kind of flicks.

JEAN M. CAMERON, Vancouver, Can.

A marriage that surely was made in heaven (for screen purposes) is the Greer Garson-Walter Pidgeon team now packing 'em in with "Mrs. Miniver." The combination is ideal from the temeramental angle and both are of an age to function as either lovers or as Mom and Pop. In fact, sometimes I feel when viewing their celluloid selves that they really ought to be married, like Lunt and Fontanne. But I'm for 'em with or without benefit of clergy.

GEORGE BAYNE, Vancouver, Can.

Joan Crawford surprised all her Hollywood friends recently when she married actor Phillip Terry at the home of her attorney, Neal McCarthy, near Ventura, California.

A Bride's Way to New Loveliness!

go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

"The Camay Mild-Soap Diet has done thrilling things for my skin," says lovely Mrs. Remington. "I recommend Camay and the Mild-Soap Diet to my friends."

Without knowing it, improper cleansing may now be dulling your skin—or you may be using a soap not mild enough. Skin specialists, themselves, advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is milder than dozens of other popular beauty soaps! Change today to this Mild-Soap Diet—for 30 days! And radiant new loveliness may soon be yours.

Tonight—Go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

Work Camay's lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils, chin, Rinses with warm water, then cold.

Then pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with Camay.
HER SECRET CAN BE YOURS. You probably know a girl like this. You see faces light as she enters a room . . . note the admiring glances of men. Sometimes you may wonder what is the secret of her appeal.

She's not a beauty. Nice eyes, filled with warmth and animation. A clear, fresh skin. Hair brushed to brightness—to satin smoothness.

Her suit is simple . . . though you notice that it's neatly pressed and settled snugly on her trim shoulders. A blouse of dazzling white—

You grope for phrases to define her appeal . . . and suddenly her secret comes to you. Of course! It's freshness, complete and all pervading. The freshness of her costume. The freshness of her person.

You know she'd never be guilty of any small, careless neglect. You know that one of her first concerns must be her breath—a thing that only too many otherwise attractive women foolishly take for granted. This girl, you're sure, would no more omit Listerine than she would omit her bath. She knows, as every woman should, that a breath like Spring is one of the first requirements of charm, the first step to Romance.

And she also knows how often Listerine Antiseptic can make the breath sweeter and purer.

How About You?

You, yourself, may not know when you have halitosis (bad breath). Isn't it foolish to take chances on offending this way when Listerine Antiseptic with its amazing antiseptic effect is such a delightful precaution? Why not get in the habit of using it night and morning, and between times before meeting others you would like to have think well of you?

While some cases of bad breath are systemic, most cases, in the opinion of some noted authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles on mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors produced by fermentation. Never omit Listerine from your daily toilette. Lambert Pharmacal Company.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for oral hygiene

SCREENLAND
AN OPEN LETTER TO EVERY MOVIE FAN and one in particular

I DON'T know your name. But I sat next to you in a movie theater the other day. I noticed you when you came in because you stumbled a little trying to find a seat in the darkness, as if you were tired. A nice, quiet-looking woman, you sank down with a great big sigh of relief—before you relaxed and looked at the screen. It wasn't one of those super pictures they were showing, with a big cast of Hollywood stars; just a group of good average actors doing their best—but it was funny, it was gay; and I couldn't help hearing you laugh a little. “That’s good,” I thought. “This is cheering her up. And she needs it.” Well, the feature faded and the newsreel came on. Statesmen speaking; factories at full steam ahead; a new ship being launched—but mostly soldiers. Boys on the march; our boys in far-off places doing their jobs and grinning away at it. I noticed that you sat up straighter when these scenes flashed on. I could fairly feel your excitement, and you must have felt my interest in you; because you turned suddenly and whispered, “My boy's over there! And that soldier—did you see him, marching on the left, the one who was looking this way?—he looks a lot like—him.” Then the lights went up and I could see your face was wet with tears. But you were smiling, too. And as I got up to go you leaned forward a little: “I suppose it sounds silly—but I don’t know what I’d do without the movies. They sort of—keep me going, you see.”

Yes, I saw. And when I walked out into the lobby of the theater I stopped a minute and thought about it. I wonder if the rest of us are grateful enough for the movies, for what they give us these trying times? They are more than an escape; they are a constant reminder to keep our chins up while we are working away at the most important job of all—winning this war. Movie stars are helping all the time. And now the movie theaters have pledged themselves to sell a billion dollars of War Bonds—that’s a lot of Bonds, but there are a lot of us movie fans to buy ’em. So some more of us lined up at the booth at that theater, and before I left I noticed that you, too, had joined the line. Keep ’em going works both ways, doesn’t it?

Delight Evans

Your Country and Mine... BUY BONDS INVEST IN LIBERTY

When you visit your favorite movie theater for the precious entertainment it offers you, don’t forget to express your gratitude to your Uncle Sam and your support in his big fight by buying War Bonds and Stamps. Hollywood stars Abbott and Costello, left, Ann Miller, Evelyn Keyes and Jinx Falkenburg, above, point the way. Buy Bonds!
HEART of a HE-MAN!

Thrilling closeup of Clark Gable tells his triumph over tragedy, his hope for the future! Here, with Lana Turner in "Somewhere I'll Find You"
THE picture began again after weeks of many misgivings and many hopes, and the director called the crew together. "Boys, Gable will be back this afternoon—he's coming in to get the feel again—just sit around—and let's not say anything—I mean—oh, hell—you know what I mean?" His eyes were misty as he talked quietly and stumbled around for more words, because he didn't want the boys to misunderstand. Neither did he want Mr. Gable to feel strange. We all gulped. We caught on quick.

Mr. Gable came back. Everybody was so glad to see him it made your throat tighten and you wanted to cry. Lots of the boys did. You had all you could do not to pat him on the back. In their attempt to be inconspicuously nonchalant, several people fell over each other. I wished fervently it would make Mr. Gable feel good that he was back in the swing of things. From that moment nothing interfered with his being on the set before shooting time and working through the long, solid, sometimes weary days that followed. I took off my hat to Mr. Gable!

In the months that have passed, everywhere I've gone people have talked to me. Big people—little people. Important people all because they were identified with an issue that meant a good deal to them. "What's Clark Gable like? How does he act? How does he feel? What's he going to do?" they'd ask. At first I was annoyed, Curiosity, I judged it. But I realized it is the province of the soul to be interested in your fellow man. Not curiosity, Interest. It is part of the vast hope and admiration for the courage of one who could easily have gone down had there been less of this interest and this hope to keep him up.

He is a gentleman for whom all who know him and work with him have an appreciation that is akin to wor- (Please turn to page 68)
Dorothy Lamour's Deepest Experience

The sultry heroine of Bob Hope and Bing Crosby in "Road to Morocco," at left, is the Lamour you see on the screen. But the vital, very human girl above is the Lamour that America has met since the war started. They know and love her as "Dottie," who inspires 'em into buying more Bonds.

SAN'S sarong but ever the most bedraggled wardrobe this side of a dump heap—"I took an iron along but I never had time to do any pressing"—Dorothy Lamour recently returned to Hollywood from a two months' whirlwind bond-selling tour throughout the South and the Middle West. Under the auspices of the Treasury Department, Dorothy made thirteen and fourteen appearances in every city she visited. She sold approximately $80,000,000 worth of government bonds. And, brother, that ain't hay!

In Gary, Indiana, she was busy selling bonds one day at a big industrial plant when a man calmly handed her a check for $2,280,000. Dorothy said, "Thank you very much," in her best moonlight-and-shadows voice, and casually glanced at the check. When she saw those seven figures staring at her she almost fainted dead away. No wild animal crashing through the Paramount jungles ever upset the Lamour poise quite so thoroughly. "I didn't know," said Dorothy, still amazed, "that you could put so much money on such a little slip of paper. I never saw anything like that before. I am glad I got a..."
chance to kiss the man before everything went black."

Now I've seen gold-digging in my day. All the way from Broadway to Vine Street and back. But I've never seen anyone snare a check for two million bucks. Believe me, Miss Dottie is an expert in her line.

"Whatever made you become a gold-digger for Uncle Sam?" I asked her a morning or so after her return. She was having a hearty breakfast of bacon and eggs perched high on a stool at a lunch counter in Hollywood.

(That's just in case you think movie stars have breakfast in bed between silk sheets. Mercy, child, that's as old hat as Lady Mendl's marabou bed jacket.)

"I feel very close to Honolulu," said Dorothy. "I have visited there many times. Oahu is such a friendly, peace-loving little island, the people are so hospitable and genuine. I know many boys at Hickam Field there. They are my friends. I've talked with them by the hour, and danced with them—we've had lots of fun together. When I heard over the radio what had happened to Pearl Harbor and Hickam Field on December 7th I was so mad I actually saw red. In fact, I smoldered for days afterward. December 10th is my birthday, and that night the West Coast had its first blackout. I sat there in the pitch-black dark thinking. There's not much a woman can do in a war of planes and tanks and guns, I thought. But I just can't sit here smugly and comfortably in Hollywood and twiddle my thumbs when my friends in Honolulu are maimed and bleeding. I've got to do something. But what can I do? So then I hit upon the idea of going on a tour for Uncle Sam and urging, to the best of my ability, all patriotic Americans to invest in war bonds. With sufficient money our country can have the best planes and tanks and guns, and those dirty so-and-sos will come crawling to us on their stomachs. I can remind people that in Germany they would not be asked to lend their money to the Government—the Government would take it."

Dorothy talked it over with her Paramount boss, Frank Freeman, the next morning, and a few days later she was on a train headed for Washington, Philadelphia and New York. She had to return to Hollywood to make "Road to Morocco" with Bing Crosby and Bob Hope, but the day the picture was finished, as a matter of fact exactly half an hour after it was finished, she was again on a train, on the first lap of a tour so strenuous that it shouldn't happen to a prize fighter, much less a glamorous girl.

"Dottie is the Mary Pickford of World War II," said James Moran of the Treasury Department, who accompanied Dorothy on her bond-selling tour. "Not only is she putting ten per cent of her salary in bonds, but she is dogating her time and her talents to the Treasury Department. This means a great deal when you consider that she can draw down $10,000 for public appearances on the stage. The Government is using lots of stars, but Dottie has sold more bonds than anyone else." (Mr. Moran, a large husky guy, worn and weary from constant travel, lack of sleep, irregular meals, jumping on and off trains at ungodly hours, collapsed in Dallas, Texas—and had to be sent to a hospital to recover. In the meantime, little Miss Lamour, a fragile 112 pounds, just kept right on selling bonds.)

That eighty million dollars in war bonds proves beyond a doubt that Dorothy's tour was a great help to the Government. But, incidentally, it was also a great help to Hollywood. (And heaven only knows we can use a little help these days when we are (Please turn to page 64)}
"LITTLE PINKS WAS ONLY A BUS BOY AT THE CANARY CLUB AND DIDN'T MATTER AT ALL"

THE BIG LITTLE PINKS

Fictionized by
Elizabeth B. Petersen

THEY didn't come any prettier than Gloria Lyons, even on Broadway. When she danced there at the Canary Club it was like seeing an angel pirouetting on a cloud and when she sang, her blue eyes misty as she crooned into the mike, her hair a golden halo of curls over her small pointed face, she could be any man's dream come down to earth, any man's who didn't know her!

For her looks were libel plain and simple. She wasn't like that at all. Her smile lied, promising all it did. She was hard and mean and grasping and her disposition something to keep away from. Gloria thought a girl's best friend was a dollar and love was something found only in the higher income brackets. Men were only slot machines to her, with a smile or a pout or a frown the coins to get what she wanted out of them. And the things she wanted were all expensive and glittering and hard. Gloria had no use for softness, unless it was labeled ermine or maybe sable.

Broadway was wise to Gloria. Nicely Nicely Johnson and Horsethief and Professor B. and all those other vague, slightly shady characters hanging around Mindy's Restaurant when they weren't off following the horses.
Damon Runyon's great story of the Broadway bus boy and the blonde night club singer becomes an exciting movie, co-starring Henry Fonda, Lucille Ball

"The Big Street" is an RKO Radio picture, based upon an original story by Damon Runyon, "Little Funks." Screenplay by Leonard Spiegelglass. Produced by Damon Runyon and directed by Irving Reis. For complete cast turn to Page 85.
Henry Fonda as "Little Pinks," the bus boy gives Barton MacLane as the promoter, Case Abies, a dose of his own medicine, in scene at right from "The Big Street," Damon Runyon's racy story of Broadway night life fictionized from the film. Other scenes are highlights from the picture in which Lucille Ball plays a night club entertainer, opposite Fonda.

or anything else that would bring in a dollar they didn't have to work for, didn't have any illusions about her. Case Abies, who might have been called a promoter, if the person calling it weren't too particular, knew all about her too but it didn't make any difference as long as she strung along as his girl. He was like Gloria in that he didn't like softness either, even in his girls. All he asked for in a woman was the sort of good looks that would keep other men envying him and the sort of loyalty that would make her look only at him and in return he gave her bracelets and fur coats and all the other things Gloria preferred to devotion and tenderness and love.

So knowing all about her, no one really in the know on the Big Street lost any sleep that night Ables slapped
her so hard she fell downstairs when he found out she had been flirting with Decatur Reed, the millionaire playboy. Nobody turned a hair when the doctors said she would probably never walk again. Nobody, that is, except Little Pinks. But he was only a bus boy at the Canary Club and didn't matter at all.

His name was really Pinkerton, but no one called him that any more than they would dream of calling Horsethief or Professor B. by their real names, even if they remembered them. Just as most of the time they called Gloria Your Highness, the nickname a furious chorus girl had bestowed on her in a moment of rage. Little Pinks thought it was wonderful, that name. It was the way he thought of Gloria, not in the jibing way the others did but as someone so high, she wasn't of the earth at all but lived among the stars up there in the sky, far above (Please turn to page 84)
"Mr. L:
The wind, it blew.
The tent, it fell,
The lightening flashed:
It's raining a spell.
"P.S. If you want me I'm asleep under the stage.
Red."

THAT message, printed with chalk on the head of a drum, was left for me by a redheaded 14-year-old kid, named Red Skelton. He wrote it one June night, following an Illinois storm that lowered my tent and did other minor damage.
Being no judge of poetry, I do not know if it is good or otherwise, but I do know that every line of it including the postscript, carried a definite subtle answer to remarks that I had made to the boy when I engaged him the previous day. Along with his natural sense of humor, he had a method of letting one believe that he was quite a bit older than his actual
Red Skelton's humor is right out of the living heart of America! While you're laughing at Red in movies and radio you'll be remembering this remarkable story, revealed for the first time by his first boss, of his experience in "rag opry"

age, that is, without having to deliberately tell a falsehood.

"I'm afraid you're not old enough to work," I replied to his question, inquiring if I needed an actor.

"I only have to be 16 to work, don't I?"

His tone and somewhat shocked facial expression implied that he would not think of asking for a job unless he was old enough. "Sixteen's right! How old are you?"

"Oh, I worked all last summer—wasn't quite old enough when I started, though."

The boy had not yet told me his age so I decided to catch him with the next one: "In school the rest of the time, I suppose, or have you graduated?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I hate to admit it, but I'm a little backward."

Whether it was his clever way of evading my questions or the fact that I was badly in need of a young actor for some juvenile and light comedy parts, I do not know, but I told him that I would let him read a part at rehearsals the following day. I suggested that he had better go over to the hotel and get a room.

"I (Please turn to page 70)
WITH Hedy Lamarr it's either a feast or a famine. She is either up or down. Way up or way down.

That day I had lunch with her in her dressing room at Metro, Mr. Mayer's Number One Glamor Girl, who proved to the world that she could really act in "Tortilla Flat," breezed in looking like practically anybody except Hedy Lamarr. She had been rehearsing a dance routine for "White Cargo," and she wore a pink scarf tied around her head peasant fashion, a blue and white polka dot blouse, grey pants, and bright red.
Love of hearts is nothing to Hedy Lamarr! She romanced with George Montgomery only renewed old friendship with John H. Heard (both boys above). Ring page, Hollywood's sensational figure as Rita Corga's "Fanteleya!"
Remarkable photographs, first ever made, show Jon Garfield, Warner Bros. star, his wife Roberta, and their daughter Catherine Ann at their home in Lomridge. Furnished in early American style, it's one of the most charming, unpretentious homes in the film colony. Note hooked rugs, comfortable chairs, gay chintzes. On facing page, photograph lower center, and at left, below, show windows in back ground taped for protection in the event of raids. Photographs by Schuyler Crail, Warner Bros.
One of the striking homes of the film colony is the John Garfield place. A board fence runs along the front, privet hedges on the sides. A walk, bordered with rose-bushes, leads from the road to the early American house. The upper story of hand-hewn shingles, the lower of clapboard.

Entering the front door, one steps directly into one of the homiest living rooms imaginable. It is a large room with oak floors, pegged down. The forex part of the room is covered with a huge hand-knotted rug in soft brown, green and red. At the far end of the room is another smaller rug to match. The walls are done in knotty pine.

"Who are you?" a small voice interrupted my inspection. I looked down and saw three-year-old Catherine.

"You haven't forgotten me, I hope," I said in my most beguiling manner (which would still cause Mr. Gable no worry), "I'm Dick.

"Mommy!" Catherine screamed, scampering off to the bedroom.

I went on with my inspection. The furniture is mostly pine and maple. There are books, books, books, and records and more records. The easy chairs are covered with blocked linen, except one that is upholstered in checkered gingham—two shades of brown and white. The spinet is pine. The desk is a hand-made, chinty antique of pine that has been rubbed until it glistens like a piece of burnished steel. The chair in front of it is Windsor, pine in pine.

The room's most striking feature is the huge fireplace of fieldstone, with the opening a little off-center, giving it a very unusual and distinctive appearance. And there are a couple of samplers featuring old mottoes—one of which reads, "Home is where the heart is."

Robbe (Mrs. Garfield) put in an appearance. "Hello, Dick," she greeted me, "although I shouldn't be speaking to you. You never do come in any more."

(Please turn to page 72)
Lucky JINX!

Most photographed legs—and face, and figure—in the world belong to Jinx Falkenburg. Here's her wacky and wonderful story, which could only happen here!

By Dugal O'Liam

The Jinx toyed with a meager salad. The Jinx is Jinx Falkenburg, professional model, amateur tennis champion and glamor girl, and it's hardly news when any one of these toys with a salad. Both their reputations and their avoirdupois demand it.

Not with the Jinx, however. She always had eaten like a—yes, like a horse and not a very little horse, either. Four meals a day had been par for her gastronomic course and she'd been doing it as long as she could remember food in any form.

On this day, however, she made only desultory passes at her plate.

"She's in love," whispered Miss Gale Gifford, the press agent who looks like a female Charles Boyer.

"Darned if I'm not," said The Jinx, blandly. "We said "Are you kidding?" because that and "Have fun" is what you're supposed to say in Hollywood when you haven't anything else to say.

"It's the truth." The Jinx was radiant. "The very first time."

Miss Gifford confirmed the statement on all points. "I've known her for four years and it's the very first time," she said.

The Jinx beamed in her dynamic way. There probably isn't a gal in Hollywood with the sheer impact of The Jinx. Whatever she does she does with such verve that she animates the surroundings for three city blocks in every direction. It isn't a jiggling and bouncing animation. It's a radiation, like a perfectly cut diamond.

It developed that the beloved was three thousand miles away. He's a reporter in New York. He's the first newspaper man ever connected romantically with a Hollywood star who wasn't referred to as a columnist and that's another record for The Jinx. It's an infraction of the rules of the Guild of Guys Engaged to Actresses not to be a columnist, but there it is.

Ever since Paul (Please turn to page 66)
Let's All Laugh A Little, Too!

Take a tip from Jinx Falkenburg and leaven your load with all the gaiety and good humor you can muster—when in search of entertainment visit your favorite, movie theater (and don't forget to Buy a Bond while you're there!)
Picture story on facing page portrays puppy love on a park bench posed by Mickey and Tina Thayer exclusively for us.

1. The Approach. First, be casual, indifferent but not too distant. Look at the scenery. Even venture an opinion on the weather.
2. Loosen up! Turn on that old personality, especially if you're the Rooney type. Forget the weather, who cares anyway?
3. Really give! Turn loose with everything you've got. Nine out of ten modern girls are putty in your hands after this.
4. Well, Tina must be that tenth girl. She didn't react exactly as planned. So the Mick resorts to the subtle approach—dignity.
5. It worked! She's thawing out. See that trace of a smile? It's worth the risk of moving closer to find if she means it.
6. She meant it! The Rooney park bench technique succeeds at last. Tina is "overcome"—well, almost. Once more, Mickey wins.

On the screen, we mean, Rooney's latest movie sweetheart is lovely young red-headed Tina Thayer, seen with him for the first time in "A Yank at Eton," in which Mickey plays a typical American boy who finds himself, to his surprise, a student at England's exclusive school.
In "The Talk of the Town" with Jean Arthur and Ronald Colman
In "My Sister Eileen" with Brian Aherne and Janet Blair
She's sweet nineteen and quite keen, say the candid Hollywood critics after taking a few not too quick looks at Rosemary La Planche, pictured here in assorted poses. You've seen her pretty face and shapely figure in certain advertisements since she won her beauty crown, and now you'll be seeing her in her first movie. Let us know what you really think of Rosemary!
What do you think? Will Rosemary La Planche, present holder of the Atlantic City beauty crown and “Miss America of 1941,” be a hit in the movies? She makes screen début in the Hal Roach Western Streamliner, “Prairie Chickens”—and already some fanatics are referring to her as “the new Rita Hayworth”
Bold, bad Bogey-man! Uh-huh, but strictly for screen purposes. Actually, Humphrey Bogart is a charming, mild-mannered gentleman who enjoys golf, and gardening, and amateur photography, reserving his villainies for studio hours. His latest film, “Casablanca”
The cameraman catches Tyrone Power in an informal pose after the actor returned from New London, Conn., where he made outdoor scenes for his new film, "Crash Dive"
Carrying on the family tradition, Diana, youngest of the famous acting clan, is starring in her second motion picture vehicle, "Between Us Girls"
Beware, Carol Bruce!

Better watch out, beautiful! Being the heroine of a Ritz Brothers comedy, as you are in "Off The Beaten Track," is no laughing matter—for the heroine. But the Brothers, and theater audiences, will love it.
Siren
O'Hara!

The once demure Maureen blossoms forth as an exciting beauty opposite Tyrone Power in "The Black Swan"


ESCAPE

from the

Mines

Anna Neagle, star of "Wings and the Woman," gives first-hand facts about our British Allies out of her own exciting and interesting experiences

By Fredda Dudley

\[\text{Continued on page 76}\]
Whether there remains so much as an infinitesimal spark from the great torch which only a few months ago burned the names of Dolores Del Rio and Orson Welles in romantic headlines, Dolores and Orson alone know. Hollywood today can only speculate on these two, and even Hollywood isn’t doing so well at that. This rumored little city sometimes even ceases to speculate when neither party is around to confirm or deny. And Welles has been busy for months in South America completing a film for the government, while Dolores has been sojourning in Mexico City for almost five months, with nary a word to her Hollywood friends. Notwithstanding, at this writing, Orson Welles’ Mercury Productions officially confirm the story that Dolores will play the leading role in his next picture to be produced in Mexico, with an all-Mexican cast. And whether there is romance, or ever will be again between the glamorous Latin and the genius Welles, the fact remains that because they once met we and Latin America will be better neighbors this year.

But I’m going to let Dolores tell you about it, as she told me, just two days before she left for Mexico City. Her own language, like her beauty, is vivid. Once having heard her talk, you’d need no urging to listen a second time, any more than you need urging to stop and look at her face. Each has the same arresting color and warmth. Each reflects a vigorous mind and an honest spirit. Each repays attention.

She started by remembering the first Hollywood party she attended. “People asked me, ‘How does it feel to wear a hat?’” Her brows go up. “At a great Hollywood party, this is what they asked me! ‘What do you mean?’ I said. ‘What do you think we wear on our heads? Flowers? Feathers? A shawl?’ Then they asked me, ‘What are you, Spanish?’ I said, ‘No, I am Mexican.’ They looked as if to be Mexican is not very glamorous or whatever you want to call it—as if perhaps it would be an insult to call you Mexican.

“But I am the third generation born in Mexico and I am very Mexican, and it troubled me that there should be these
wrong ideas. So to everybody I met, and to all the interviewers and magazines, I said always, Mexican actress, never Spanish actress! And on personal appearances I talked about Mexico, and they saw that, though I am Mexican, my hair wasn’t standing up like this and—well, that I was a person more or less nice, or how to say it without conceit?

"Then, as I loved Mexico very dearly, so I came to love the United States. Loving these two countries, I wanted friendship and understanding between them and between all the people on this continent, for the South American peoples are much like my own. It became my dream to work for this thing. I always felt that we on this continent are the people of tomorrow, and whatever is coming for tomorrow, it will come from us, therefore we must stay together. Many feel that way today who didn’t yesterday, but I have felt it for a long time.

"The Mexican picture came out of this feeling. After meeting Mr. Welles, I found that he felt about the whole thing as I did. I talked to him about making a picture that would be all made in Mexico. He became interested the first time we talked. He loved the subject. So I gave him so many books I had collected all my life, and he devoured them. He spent hours studying maps. I told him all I could think to tell about my people. I know these people. I love them. They are so simple and so great. As a child, I spent all my holidays among them. Ever since my family came long ago from Spain, they have been farmers and owned land. Though I was raised in Mexico City, I went for all my vacations to the country. When I ask the Indians, how has been the weather, has it helped the crops, it’s not just to ask without caring. I know what I’m talking about, and I care very much.

(Continued on page 62)

LISTEN (ssh-ssh!)

to DEL RIO

Whether there will ever again be romance between the glamorous Dolores and the genius Orson Welles, the fact remains that because they once met and loved, we and Latin America will be better neighbors!

By Ida Zeitlin

Del Rio, most beautiful of all the Latin stars, makes her movie come-back in "Journey into Fear." Scene ot left shows Dolores with producer-director Welles who also acts in the picture; and, of far left, with leading man Joseph Cotten.
THE world has traveled a long distance since the day when violet eyes and a rosebud mouth marked one for beauty. We have come to measure beauty on such a grand and sweeping scale that it is no longer possible for the most astute critics to set any rules, except this very simple one: Beauty is a quality of harmony. You should blend; you should go together, so to speak, pleasingly, with no jarring notes in color, shape or design. You ought to balance and be in proportion. For color harmony, pause and think how cosmetic manufacturers have worked in this respect; how fashion designers have advanced in the use of color and line, too.

For your own face, however, line is left somewhat in your own hands unless you follow closely the pattern of Mother Nature. Yet, your own good judgment has probably proved what a beauty benefit may result from a little gentle tampering with line, enlarging tiny lips just a fraction of an inch, for example, expanding them into a hearty, friendly smile when their relaxed expression might suggest remoteness, coldness and so on.

Many things about ourselves we must accept with limitations—height, for example, or color of hair or eyes, unless we go far afield on the hair matter. But lips are a revealing source for experimentation, and you need be no expert to create certainly an attractive, if not strictly beautiful, mouth from an ordinary pair of lips. The experimentation begins with the purchase of a new lipstick. It may be some old favorite that has held your allegiance for a long time or one that is brand new to your lips. A new lipstick is suggested for psychological reasons—you will do a better, more careful job with it! Next to a new hat, a new lipstick is a wonderful "tonic" for more care and more interest in yourself. And care and interest are just the qualities you need every time you attempt to improve, yourself or anything else.

When you have the fresh lipstick, follow these simple rules for a lovelier mouth. Be sure your lips are very clean, no edges of old rouge left, no little film of cleansing cream. My experience is that lips washed with soap and water are the clean, clear background you need for the best use of lipstick. Even if you cleanse the rest of your face with cream, one soapy finger can wash and rinse your lips to make them free of any trace of cream. There is a prevalent habit of applying a trace of cream or white Vaseline to lips before the lipstick, to give an extra lustre and to keep lips soft. This practice is good if you are sitting for a picture or if you are going to make a "picture" of yourself at any social gathering. It is not too good if you are going to dine, if you smoke or if you have a cold and use a handkerchief for the reason that the base makes your lipstick oilier, more prone to being marred whenever you use your lips. The average lipstick has good lustre and the base is creamy and soft enough for protection from elements. If lips are especially sensitive, use an emollient, as suggested above, when you go to bed at night.

Actual art work on your lips is controlled by the color you choose and by the outline. Color is a very individual problem, and the best one who does not see you can do is to make general suggestions. This is the day of the gay, alive lipstick—the true red; the red with a tiny bit of blue in it which is softening and flattering to the skin of many, and the red with just

What contributes to lovely lips? The correct lipstick for you, your smile, power of expressiveness, the words you speak!

Cloudelette Colbert's mobile mouth was made for laughter. It is gay, warm, friendly. Hedy Lamarr's lips express, almost without speech. Her lips are lips of silent eloquence. Vivien Leigh has a dainty, feminine, unpredictable mouth, but strong, determined. Marlene Dietrich's mouth sounds the siren note. You expect strong, exotic words. Dorothy Lamour has a resourceful mouth, dependable, able to cope with a day's problems. Bette Davis' dramatic mouth is surprising: words are gentle, sweet; strong and stinging.

By Courtenay Marvin
Yours for Loveliness

Suggestions for meeting the Fall with more fun, more fashion and a fascinating face!

In Autumn, do you still have Summer—hair? That is, is it dry, brittle, harsh to touch and hard to arrange? For Summer hair and all hair, I have a happy solution! It is called Special Drene, with added hair conditioner. It washes so clean, it rinses so easily, leaving no deposit of film, and hair looks so bright and beautiful afterwards. Use it at home or ask for it in your salon. This cleanser and brushing are practical hair beauty care.

BARGAIN in beauty—good news for all. Watch in your own locality for the special sale on the Dorothy Gray cleansing creams for a limited time. The large eight ounce jars, usually $2.50, go on sale for 9 cents.

A DECK of Victory Rummy cards, and you are in for a wow of a good time. There are suspense and good, hearty excitement in the game, and everyone, young or old, will enjoy it, for it moves with speed. The game is based on 63 cards showing the Victory code, three dots, a dash and a V, and caricature Axis cards, and so the game consists of victories and captures.

If you want home entertainment that is spirited and competitive, then it’s Victory Rummy for you. The game ought to make a welcome gift for the boys in camp.

AN OLD-FASHIONED “accessory” takes on a new fashion value today, when with the world being as it is—smelling salts. Shulton has brought out the precious little bottle sketched, filled with a herb, refreshing and invigorating Old Spice smelling salts. A sniff when you are in crowds, a dense atmosphere, when you have a headache or feel all done in helps “revive” you in a flash. Revert to the lavender and old lace tradition and slip this first-aider in your bag. You’ll find use for it. A Christmas gift idea, too.

OVERGLO is a new liquid foundation cream by the House of Westmore, with orchids to its credit. It is designed for street wear, and its use produces that lovely, natural gleam of healthy, young skin, since it brings out the overcome of your own. It is easy to apply and economical and is a refined and modified version of a product used by the famous Westmores in Technicolor pictures for the last several years. There is a beneficial as well as beautifying result from Overglo—it protects. In drug and department stores.

PRACTICALLY every smart girl who gives a hang about her hair uses those little Grip-Tuff hair retainers, but in case you hadn’t heard, they are a kind of coiffure “insurance.” The unusual design of the spring tooth action grips and hair stays put all day. There is a correct size for hair coiffure, a color to match your hair. A fancy version, Fasenet has a clasp to hold bows or flowers. Three available styles are shown, or make your own. Courtenay Marvin
Shoulder charms! Presenting, this page,
1. Adele Mara. 2: Janet Blair. 3: Marion Hall. 4: Ann Sothern.
Shapely shrugs, here, from 5: Evelyn Keyes. 6: Beth Drake. 7: Leslie Brooks. 8: Peggy Diggins.
George Montgomery seems to be doing all right! Judging from these two very different love scenes from his latest picture, "Orchestra Wives," George's screen technique is terrific. Ann Rutherford, above, and Lynn Bari, right, respond to his advances gracefully and gladly—it's all in accord with the script.
Honey-Blonde—With a Fresh-as-Wild-Roses Complexion

Jane's Precious Engagement Ring is dear and sweet like herself. A Tiffany setting of gold holds the clear, sparkling diamond that once belonged to her fiancé's grandmother.

Dainty Jane Drury

of Leominster, Massachusetts—engaged to Loring Harkness, Jr., of New York and Connecticut. Loring was preparing for a teaching career—but, like so many boys now, he's working in a defense plant until the Army calls him.

Adorable, modern daughter of a distinguished New England family, Jane plunged right into war duties after college. She works like a beaver at her Civilian Defense job and nearly dances her feet off "hostessing" at U.S.O.

Wherever she goes, Jane has compliments about her lovely complexion. "I tell all the girls just to use Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "Then they'll see why I say it's so 'super'—and makes your skin feel so soft and spandy clean."

Copy Her Soft-Smooth Complexion Care

First—Jane smooths Pond's Cold Cream carefully over her face and throat—pats with gentle finger tips to soften and release dirt and old make-up. Tissues off well. Next—she "rinses" with more Pond's. Tissues it off again.

Use Pond's Cold Cream as Jane does—every night—for quick daytime clean-ups, too. You'll see why war-busy society women like Miss Fernanda Wanamaker and Mrs. Allan A. Ryan use this soft-smooth cream—why more women and girls all over America use Pond's than any other face cream. At your favorite beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes—the most economical the lovely big jars!
RECENT FILMS REVIEWED

IN A BLAST!

MRS. MINIVER—M-G-M. Jan Struther's book about the British wife and mother who could no longer bear the strain of her home life received tremendous box-office success. The story is divided into four sections, each of which focuses on a different part of Mrs. Miniver's daily life—her husband, her children, and herself. The film is a moving and感人至深的 account of a woman's struggle to maintain her sanity and her love for her family in the face of impossible circumstances. The performances are outstanding, especially by Greer Garson, who won an Oscar for her role as Mrs. Miniver.

THE MAGNIFICENT AMBRESONS—RKO. This was Orson Welles's first film, and it is a testament to his genius. The story is about a man named Amberson who is caught up in the affairs of his family and the world around him. The film is shot in black and white and has a haunting, eerie quality to it. The acting is superb, especially by Irene Dunne as the Amberson family matriarch. The film is a must-see for anyone interested in film history.

HOLIDAY INN—Paramount. This Bing Crosby/Fred Astaire musical romance is swell escape from the drudgery of life. It is a gala show with new Irving Berlin hit music and inimitable performances by co-stars and cast. Crosby plays a crooner who converts his farm into a hotel on vacation. Astaire plays a showman, colorizing a role with his own inimitable zest and humor. All-American entertainment to stir you to tears and excitingly to sing. Walter Husten, Joan Leslie, Jeanette Cagney, Rosamund DeCamp, Irene Manning, Richard Whorf in cast.

YANKIE DOODLE DANDY—Warner. This story of George M. Cohan's life is a great screen show. A triumph for Jumbo Cagney, perfectly cast as the showman, coloring a role with his own inimitable zest and humor. All-American entertainment to stir you to tears and excitingly to sing. Walter Husten, Joan Leslie, Jeanette Cagney, Rosamund DeCamp, Irene Manning, Richard Whorf in cast.

TORTILLA FLAT—M-G-M. John Steinbeck's human and moving account of the vagabonds of the Mexican desert is a true masterpiece. Spencer Tracy, John Garfield, and Ruby Keeler play the roles; Hedy Lamarr, a fiery beauty as the girl in the hat of the picture, is a real find. John Ford's direction is perfect, and the film is a moving and exciting experience.

THE GOLD RUSH—United Artists. Charlie Chaplin's film of "The little fellow" who goes prospecting and his comic misadventures. Everything, young or old, who enjoys a good hearty laugh and those kids who have never seen Chaplin before, will enjoy this film.

THE GAY SISTERS—Warner. The story of the lives of two widowed sisters, actress and dancer; one of the sisters, you see, is to be told of a sabotage charge; Priscilla Lane, charming as the girl who helps him run the sabotoers to ground, is a fine as a swindle sinner-spy. Fun and thrills.

LADY IN A JAM—Universal. Irene Dunne, as the wife of a military man, proves what a fine comedienne she is. Her many chivities, charmingly and humorously, laugh and cry together. Deep in the picture, the strong-willed woman wins, Patrice Knowles and Ralph Bellamy are in it.

IN THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI—20th Century-Fox. Why the Marines have commanded the world of the world, their training, responsibilities, recreation, and the high ideals of the Marine Corps are really presented. Swell and exciting entertainment. John Payne, as the cocky private, Randolph Scott as corporal, Maureen O'Hara, as the nurse, all excellent.


THE WIFE TAKES A FLYER—Columbia. Today, a story of a women's club that proves to be a conversation piece, but it's entertaining.

BROADWAY—Universal. Elegantly costumed and restrained, a memorable film. In it, as in its conversation piece, but it's entertaining.

THE CROSSING—Warner. Exciting, thrilling spy drama. Humphrey Bogart does a fine piece of work, for he is the only one who can make you feel as though you are in the film, missed from service so he may work for the Army Secret Service. The film is a fast-moving, exciting story, Mary Astor, good as the girl. She is a splendid star.

RIPO TITA—M-G-M. Sabotage is written in—told in—this new version of the familiar stage and screen show. This is a splendid story, and Bud Abbott, with their uproarious antics, suit the story, They're funnier than ever, John Carroll and Kathryn Grayson are good as the singing sensationalists.

KIPLING'S JUNGLE BOOK—Korda-U.A. A children of every age will enjoy this fantasy, the story of Mowgli, the Indian boy who wandered into the jungle to be reared by the wolves, filmed in Britain. As Mowgli, Sabu's sincerity shines through his work, and makes it refreshing entertainment.

SHIP MATE—M-G-M. Lovely, entertaining screen musical. A. H. Geller is inspired by the screen's funniest man, Red Skelton, and new romance routines by Eleanor Powell, so you won't mind if the plot is far-fetched and unconvincing.

MOONTIDE—20th Century-Fox. If you saw Galspin's French movies, or if you're curious to see the Galspin panic for the first time, you better catch this one. Galspin, who has some of the best music in his movies, has a method of telling the story which is a bit, but splendidly done. Eddy Duchin and Joel McCrea make it worth your while.

I MARRIED AN ANGEL—M-G-M. MacDonell-Eddy fans will like this gay musical fantasy about a Budapest playboy who dreams he marries an angel, Jeanette and Eddy render lilting Rogers and Hart tunes in excellent voice.

THE SPOLIERS—Universal. Exciting new version of Rex Beach's red-blooded saga of Kipling gold rush days. High light between cable; Bud Abbott, with his usual character, is the biggest, most realistic and brutal film ever made. Marlene Dietrich excellent as the barroom queen.

SUICIDE SQUADRON—Republic. A moving war drama about the misadventures of the Polish air force, who is piloted by his American wife when she tries to kick him from escaping to a suicide mission. The picture is magnificent as the plane; Sally Gray, good, and her two sons. The story is one of the best of the war picture year.

TWIN BEDS—United Artists. This comedy force is given a timely touch by having the wife (Joan Bennett) neglect her hubby (George Brent) in favor of her lover. George Brent is good, but Mischa Auer steals top honors as a romantic Russian, Reptileon, but scrawlingly funny.

JUKE GIRL—Warner. This picture is about migrant farm workers in a Florida town at crop-picking time. Ann Sheridan is seen as the juke joint dancer who loves Ronald Reagan. Murder, mob-fury, attempted lynching for the action. Richard Whorf is in B. Acting, good throughout.

BROADWAY—Universal. Melodrama of the night. Vivacious, fast-moving, with Ann Raffi, with George, as himself, telling about the old music and the new. Janet Blair, talented newcomer, good as her partner. Her old favorite tunes and whine-dance routines.

RINGS ON HER FINGERS—26th Century-Fox. Trite, romantic comedy with Gene Tierney playing the prima donna and Melvyn Douglas playing her secretary. Sparkling dialogue and clever situations are well done.

FAIRY FRIENDS—Edmund Small, U.A. A comedy drama about the efforts of the first World War on two German-born, American splendidly handled. Psychotic and amusing. Charlie Ruggles. It's set in an outdated era and action is a must. Unfortunately, it's a conversation piece, but it's entertaining.

DARLING—20th Century-Fox. This fine tale of a jungle wife who tries to prove her inheritance right in escapeek hobun. Has exciting animal scenes, comedy and romantic sequences. Dorothy Lamour again wins awards. Richard Denning, screen's new handsome blond leading man, is in, too.

THE WIFE TAKES A FLYER—Columbia. Today, a story of a women's club that proves to be a conversation piece, but it's entertaining.

BROADWAY—Universal. Elegantly costumed and restrained, a memorable film. In it, as in its conversation piece, but it's entertaining.

MAISIE GETS HER MAN—M-G-M. Red Skelton is Jessica's (Ann Bother) man in the latest of this popular comedy series in which he appears. Maisie is a red-raided, red- amateur vaudevilleian, who gets stage-fright on the first, but on the second, with the young time and money, but the rest is corny comedy.

MISS ANNIE ROONEY—United Artists. The story, concerning a poor little girl and her "rooney," isn't very original. The picture, however, is not to the liking of the Temple fans, who feel that the cutting of some scenes is too much. The acting is well done, but the story is trite and not too true for most of the time.

MY FAVORITE SPY—RKO. A spy comedy with Kate Kyser playing a dumb band-leader who gets a job in an important field and makes an espionage agent. His efforts become amusingly complicated when he can't explain his lack of involvement in the party. The acting is good, and the story is enjoyable. Miss Wyman, good, but we missed Gladys Simons, and Joan Blondell is a let-down. Not our favorite Kyser film.

TARZAN'S NEW ADVENTURE—M-G-M. Tarzan's latest adventures take him to the jungles of Africa, where he tangles with a German, and the usual swinging from treetops. Tarzan, as played by Johnny Weissmuller, is perfect. A Steve Brodie off Brooklyn Bridge. Too fantastic for grown-ups, but good kid stuff.
CANTEEN-JOB TESTED

"AFTER A WHOLE WEEK OF K.P. DUTY I DIDN'T NEED A MANICURE"

Beatrice Mann

NEW Cutex ALERT RIGHT AFTER MANICURE

"Rolling sandwiches and rolling out in a mobile canteen to the boys on sentry duty... leaves little time for manicuring!" says Beatrice Mann. "Cutex is a lifesaver. Imagine 30 hours a week as cook and bottle-washer without a manicure!"

SAME HAND DAZZLING THE DOUGHBOYS 7 DAYS LATER

A week later Beatrice's polish is still dazzling the armed forces! Try Cutex Alert, Young Red, Saddle Brown, Black Red or Gingerbread! Their beauty lasts on war-busy hands! Only 10¢ (plus tax).

Norahm Warren, New York

Wear Cutex THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING NAIL POLISH
Stop! Look! and Listen (ssh-ssh!) to Del Rio

Continued from page 53

I am looking forward so much to going back among everybody. I have long conversations with waiters and taxi-drivers and stewards on boats. I go to good restaurants, yes, but also to tiny out-of-the-way places. I dislike the best hotels, but all the dives, too. I love to travel through the little villages. They know me, because I belong to thieves that is the point. Picture star. Dolores they call me, never Senorita Del Rio, always Dolores—or Lolita, which is little Dolores. And I love it terribly.

"I stay at somebody's house, the mayor's perhaps, and that night there is always festa. Every little town, I don't care how tiny, has a little orchestra, and for the smallest excuse everybody comes together to sing and dance. I dance along with them, whether I know the words or not. They dance as one ought to dance, for the joy of it. In night clubs there is so much of that showing-off thing, which I hate. People there are pretty gory, and I have to dance with some important man, who is probably a terrible dancer and steps on your feet. We have lost the true spirit of dancing. When I dance it is one much more with these people. You have that spirit in this country, too, you know where? In barn dancing—in the little places where there dance bands of the best farmers and small orchestras. But we others, we have completed our lives and lost so much in ourselves that we can't.

So Dolores talked to Orson about her people till she saw them through her eyes and knew them with her heart, and last year she spent ten months among his myriad activities to write the script for the picture she'd been dreaming of. Her dark eyes glowed with happiness as she told about it.

"In this big country that we are all about—our politics, our government, our way of life—beautiful homes in Mexico City and little Indian villages—diplomats in Paris, Mexican farmers on market—everything is a picture of how we feel and what we think—and at the same time an exciting melodrama. The story of that picture was an old plan, and the dangers of Nazi intrigue, and what the Axis can do to us if they ever get bold of us, and how everything we have worked so hard for and shed so much tears and blood for, can be taken from us.

We will be saying that to Mexico and to all the South American countries, and to the United States we will be saying. We want what you want, we love what you love, what does it matter if background, if language is different, since our hearts talk the same language."

Welles planned to direct it with Del Rio in the role of the girl patriot. But first, he had to "Journey into Fear" to the United States. The casting of Dolores in the role of the dancer in that picture is a heretofore untold and interesting story. For it was not Dolores who thought of her for that part at all, but his director, Norman Foster. They'd been searching for months for the right type, when Norman approached Del Rio, who was making a film in Mexico, and said "No, she certainly wouldn't." For five hours she certainly wouldn't. The thought terrified her. It wasn't a straight part, as she saw it, but a characterization. She couldn't play a characterization. Besides, she was too full of the Mexican picture, she didn't want to think about anything else.

On the sixth day she decided to make the test which she knew would be perfectly horrible and they'd leave her in peace. Instead, she was called to work the next morning.

So I came to Mexico without having seen one single rush from the picture. "I was forbidden," she told me. "And with Mr. Welles there is no use arguing. Besides, he knows best. He was afraid if I saw myself I might want to look beautiful or glamorous, and what I look like in the picture has no importance at all. I play almost the entire thing in a very, very old and dirty raincoat. You see, I always felt I had to rely on my looks, whatever they are. If they think they don't, it's a great compliment really, and I give the looks up very happily for the part. I liked doing it—and I hope it will be a good picture."

"I never thought it was—and very good, too, for when Washington sent for him to go to South America to bring back a living document of the people of our sister republic, he handed the reins of the Mexican picture over to Norman Foster. The word is, that Foster will take off this Fall with his leading man, Francisco Tone, the rest of his cast and crew, to join their leading lady in Mexico.

Whatever the personal misunderstandings between Welles and Dolores, here must be proof that their professional respect and admiration for another has not been influenced. Welles wrote the story originally for Dolores, and he has uttered confidence that she will play it as she has no other role in her life.

"It is true. You know how Dolores know she concerns herself with her own pattern of life. She is never confused—or stubborn. So deep is her wisdom, her philosophy, that she counts nothing in life and nothing in life today—of dependable or impeccable permanence.

"She is an intelligent young woman, this Del Rio, with Mr. Welles thought, trained mind of unfailing interest. She has a boundless knowledge of art—with a Master's degree from the University of Mexico. She speaks six languages—English, Spanish, Italian, French, Portuguese and German. She has a wide understanding of international politics and affairs. She is practically an authority on religious history, and on literature. She has a passion for music, has been collecting records for years. Her special delight is in the rare and strange. Little by little, here and there, she has gathered a library of famous voices like Bernhard's—

—and another library from far-off lands, the music of Egypt and India and the Belgian Congo, the tribal chants of Africa and the Incas, Chinese instruments and music from the South Seas.

"And talking," Dolores told me, "isn't the least of my interests. I love to talk!" She believes that mankind is in danger of losing the art of conversation.

"Conversation with thinking people gives an excitement which one cannot get any other way. It may grow out of an interesting person stimulates me not at all, then I know the one at fault. If I'm bored in such a conversation, I'm sure it is me. I will not give you more of myself. You must give something to life if you want its rewards. Is it not the same in negotiation?"

"Of course there is a mental stagnation— and there you have the root of all boredom. I say of boredom, 'It is the alibi for a lazy mind.' So I refuse to be bored. All day long I've refused to. Today, even after my young marriage, I was mistress of a well-servanted house which I had been educated to run smoothly, with only social engagements to occupy my mind I enrolled in the university. I wasn't bored then! No one in the circle in which I moved in the university, I think of, was bored. It was a thing. It was 'shocking'—it was 'scandalous! But I assure you it wasn't boring! There I studied art and history, and found myself in America long enough to come to think. If one's mind is thoughtful, much of security gets left behind. But surely it is worth it. It means adventure, excitement, much more than just entertainment."

"Oh yes, nothing is so cruel as boredom! And it's such a waste of precious time—a waste of time which for us, who think, not to think the world's end, I think I have known a completely useless person to be bored. Have you? But today one cannot be bored without admitting to yourself that you are not interested in the one, face such lines of discontent— because it has planted discontent within.

"I'm sure that boredom comes, too, from thinking. What, let's not think. I don't think I have known a completely useless person to be bored. Have you? But today one cannot be bored without admitting to yourself that you are not interested in the one.

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"September is SALUTE TO OUR HEROES Month at all movie theaters! Buy a War Bond to honor every mother's son in Service!"

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and the lovely best of Latin America proves a worthy ambassador. We've all been struck by her charm and beauty. We've all looked upon her Helen of Troy face. It took the man from Mars to listen to her. And because he did—well, as he said before we left Latin America may be better neighbors.
"I was that close to Joan Bennett!"

"And, my dear, she has the love-li-est complexion! You never saw anything like it! All peaches and cream! And what do you think...

"She takes an ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL every single day. Uh-huh! With Lux Toilet Soap. Smooths the nice, gentle lather into her skin and...

"Rinses with warm water—then with cool. My dear, it's simply marvelous! All dust and dirt and stale cosmetics are gone quick as a wink and your skin feels so wonderfully fresh—

"Pat to dry. That's all! It's the grandest way to help your skin stay soft and smooth. I guess that's why 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap.

"It lathers in any kind of water—hard, cold—or what have you. And one cake lasts so long—it saves money. You ought to try it!"
more sinned against than sinning.) People around the country have very strange ideas about Hollywood and Hollywood movie stars. It seems they had expected Dorothy ("the sheba of the sarong") to arrive dripping with silver fox and diamond bracelets, putting on more airs than a Newport dowager, and making more mistakes than the addle-pated Mrs. Malaprop. Naturally, they expected her to have an entourage of a maid, a hairdresser, a secretary, and a liveried chauffeur to carry the iced champagne. Actually, Dorothy travelled alone, except for Kathleen Coghlan, her best friend, and Mr. Moran of the Treasury Department. The only thing she dripped was perspiration, deep in the heat of Texas. She was dressed simply, without even a ruffle, and with no more airs than a friendly kitten. And even Senators Wheeler and Nye would have to admit that what she said made sense—plenty of sense.

Dorothy Lamour, left, crooks a bottle of champagne on the bow of the S. S. Willis Von De Venter of the Merchant Marine while Kathleen Coghlan eats as "flower girl" for the very impressive occasion.

In helping launch the new ship, Miss Lamour satisfied a lifelong wish. Dorothy has just christened the ship and, with the others who witnessed ceremony, she watches the boat take to the sea.

It's a stirring moment at the Cal-ship Yards as the S. S. Von De Venter slides down the ways. Dorothy has never been happier or prouder of any movie role than she was acting as the ship's sponsor.

The two girls took turns doing the washing at night, and hung undies and stockings out to dry in hotel rooms, or on trains, where they spent most of their nights. The only time Dorothy got her dander up during the entire tour was in Huntington, West Virginia, when she overheard two matrons picking her to pieces. "And those hands," one said to the other, "and look at those nails, will you! But no wonder she has such legs! After all, she never has to do a lick of work."

"I glared at them," said Dorothy, and I was just about to snap, 'What do you mean, no work? I'll have you know I just did a week's laundry at two o'clock this morning!' But just then I remembered that I'm supposed to be a lady?

She endeared herself to the press in Decatur, Georgia, by showing them a bruise on her arm and explaining, "I fell out of the upper berth when we went around a curve last night." When the photographers in New Orleans asked her to pose for some snappy photos, she didn't act as if they had insulted her. She just grinned, and said, "I'd like to, boys, but the Treasury Department says nix." When the reception committee in Richmond, Virginia, suggested that perhaps as a novelty Miss Lamour would like to hear some factory workers sing, Miss Lamour said very sweetly, "I'd enjoy it very much, but it wouldn't be a novelty. I was a factory worker once myself."

Said the Atlanta Constitution, "Dorothy Lamour is like the pretty girl next door, the one who won a beauty contest and fame, but never let it spoil her." Said the Richmond Times-Dispatch, "The star's ease of manner and simplicity of delivery won her thousands of new friends." Said the Huntington Herald-Dispatch, "The diminutive star's prowess as a bond saleswoman is gradually eclipsing her earlier fame as a sarong model."

A bunch of Marines in Charleston described her as, "Whatta haff? A Georgia Tech sophomore in Atlanta described her as "simply super." And the Governor of West Virginia described her as "a patriotic American who is rendering her country's cause a splendid service." Dorothy was pleased with all her descriptions.

Well, you might have thought a glamorous girl would take to her bed for weeks after a hectic tour like this—but not Dorothy. Two days after her return home she heard that the Treasury Department would like it very much if she would attend the "Minute Man Flag" war bond celebration at the California Shipyards. Dorothy forgot she was tired, and accepted with enthusiasm. Knowing that I was curious about her bond-selling proclivities she suggested that I go along and "look America in the face." Though this time, she explained, she wouldn't do any of the actual selling as she had done at other industrial plants.

Dorothy drove us down in her car. No bands and bunting and police escorts for Dorothy this time. After all this is California where movie stars are a dime a dozen. (Don't you wish they were, Mr. Freeman?) We left at eight in the morning so that Dorothy would be there ahead of time for the day shift lunch hour—none of that last minute slipping in under the wire for Miss Lamour. In the administration building we met numerous ex-Navy workers who remembered the usual restraint that for some reason or other inevitably follows a meeting with a movie star. But the ice was quickly broken by Miss Dottie when she was asked to have her picture made with John A. McConie and Jerome K. Doolan, big shots of Calship. "Oh, of course," said Dorothy, "but you'll have to wait a minute until I get my shoes on." And then she added with a giggle, "Isn't it awful the way I always slip my shoes off when I sit down!"
Sure You Inhale—So Play Safe

With your throat!

You can't avoid some inhaling—but you can avoid worry about throat irritation, even when you do inhale. Doctors who compared the leading favorite cigarettes report that:

**Smoke of the Four Other Leading Popular Brands Averaged More Than Three Times as Irritating—and Their Irritation Lasted More Than Five Times as Long—as the Strikingly Contrasted Philip Morris!**

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**Call for Philip Morris**

America's Finest Cigarette

We were then driven across the yards to a stage located at the northeast corner of the mold loft by the "Bonds Barometer." The whistle blew for twelve o'clock, and while 40,000 workers gathered around the band played "America." Following that Mr. McConed made a speech in which he suggested the new goal of Calship should be $20,000,000 in War Bonds, a total which would pay for the Calship yard. Master of ceremonies Al Radka then introduced Dorothy as the "champion bond seller in the nation," and she drew a hand which I am sure compared favorably with Chicago and New Orleans.

I was so amused, wouldn't you know, with a couple of guys in steel helmets on the roof of a nearby shop who kept calling, "Why didn't you wear your sarong, Dottie? We'd certainly like to see more of you," that I didn't hear all of Dorothy's speech. But I heard her speak of meeting several of the soldiers she had once known in Hawaii, now hospitalized in the United States. "It was awful," said Dorothy with simple sincerity. "It was as if they were my own relatives. And it was awful for them because they wanted to do so much for their country, and now they couldn't do anything any more. But they could send a message to you. Their buddies are still in Honolulu, in Wake, and in Australia, and those are the ones we want to keep thinking about. We can buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps and pay for boats and planes and tanks. I won't say give until it hurts—but if we don't give it will really hurt."

Dorothy then sang "God Bless America" with the men joining in the chorus, even the two naughty ones on the shop roof, and I felt all wuzzy inside, and hastily blew my nose. Strangely enough, I wasn't the only one who seemed to have taken a sudden cold out there in the hot sunshine.

Back in the cool of the administration building Mr. McConed pointed out the fourteen ships, from his office windows, that would soon be ready to do their part in the war against the Axis. "Fourteen ships," he said proudly, "for the month of June. And only little over a year ago all this was marsh land. The first keel wasn't even laid until May, 1941."

"All my life," said Dorothy, "I've wanted to launch a ship." (She swore she wasn't hinting, but I wouldn't put it above her.) "Well," said Mr. McConed, playing fairy godmother, "just hang around until midnight, and we'll have one ready for you to launch."

That's Calship service. It should put the studios to shame.

Midnight found us back again at the Calship yard. A 'stage of steel' had been erected high in the air, overlooking Shipway Number One, where the gallant S.S. Willis Van De Vander stood ready to break away from its moorings into the sea. Above us a star-studded California sky. Below us, and around us on cables, cranes, and massive constructions, thousands of men—the swing shift going off and the graveyard shift coming on—stopped to cheer Dorothy as she urged them over a loud speaker to put ten per cent of their salary in War Bonds, "the finest investment in the world."

I have seen some pretty exciting sights, but never anything that could compare with that stirring scene from the top of Calship's "stage of steel."

While the band down on the launching platform played "Dixie" Dorothy hurried to take her place near the ship's prow. With champagne in hand, she stood ready to christen the S.S. Willis Van De Vander at a given signal. "I've never been through such an emotional experience," Dorothy told me later, "I didn't know whether I felt like laughing or crying, and I think I did a little of both. I kept saying over and over, 'Please, God, don't let me miss the ship with this champagne,' and 'Please, God, don't let those dirty Nazis sink this beautiful boat.' I was an emotional wreck when it was over."

It was 12:29. The burners had just about finished the "burnoff plates," the sole remaining ties on the ship. A shiver of excitement seemed to pass through the crowds. The band struck up "The Star Spangled Banner." A mist formed before my eyes. Thousands of voices rose in a mighty cheer. The S.S. Willis Van De Vander slid gracefully and majestically into the sea.

There followed a silence. A stained-glass window sort of silence. And then, as if with some accord, all over the shipyard was heard the hum of tens of thousands of drills. Before we could even tell our very nice hosts goodbye construction had started in Shipway Number One. Another ship for Uncle Sam was on its way.
Lucky Jinx

Continued from page 34

Hesse, the photographer, saw The Jinx on the courts of the West Side Tennis Club, Los Angeles, four years ago, took a color picture of her and peddled it to a national magazine for a cover. She'd been their best photographer and most dated girl in America. The movie studios even took to making pictures of her to see how their clothes would look on her, but the actresses were, she photogenic.

For four years, now, she has held the record of being the most beloved and the least movable eye. She certainly did in Hollywood did The Jinx become a ball of thermite, but in New York, too. She went there to appear in Al Jolson's "Hang On To Your Hats" and she kept the town's wolf pack doing exactly that all the time she was there. They had to hold on to them to keep from having them knocked off by the other bowing quadrupeds converging on the stage door of her theater.

For a time it looked as if it might be connected with organizing a government bureau to ration Jinx Falkenburg. Obviously there wasn't enough of her to go around. She and the show's press agents fanned them by working her dates in three shifts, changing every two hours until the better night spots, where it was good business to be seen, put up the main line her shrimp.

Returning to Hollywood, she was more in demand than ever. The town's top squares burned out a set of telephone wires daily talking about her and her business was well sold with The Jinx. She liked them all. She likes everybody, in fact. That's one of her charming traits.

She liked them all, but didn't love them. She went through that susceptible stage from seventeen to twenty-two fawned upon, courted, and deserted by a host of the country's killer dillers, from Park Avenue to Beverly Hills, and never once stabbed her cute little emotional toe. All good, clean fun, lots of laughter, that sort of thing, but always her appetite remained steadfast and she played the field.

Last spring she went on her personal appeal to sell the Golden Glow in New York and there, just as her mind was full of her budding movie career, it happened. HE bobbed up, squashed into her imagination. If they had waited and waited their way, this would read "unmarried and unhung," but they aren't having their way and never did.

She left that party in a huff. It wasn't a movie sort of meeting in which they stood around and insulted each other. She liked him because he was nice to everybody without knowing himself out about it and he probably liked her, too, because she was also being nice to everybody without looking around for photographers or somebody with a notepad before she took off.

He followed her to Philadelphia (it's only ninety miles) and when she went to Boston he followed her there. Later he had changed planes at New York at five o'clock in the morning with the cold wind blowing in off Long Island Sound, there he was with suitcases and everything.

It had a little dice daugling from a chain and on one side was the device "JINXET." only the "E" was backwoods and the "T" was sort of a mystery idea. But Hesse had distin-

guished the names "Jinx" and "Tex" when held a certain way and that's how it came out. HESSY's name was "Tex" and HESSY's name wouldn't tell them she was a mute, but there are other ways of finding out things. He is Tex McCreary, newspaper man and newscast commentator and a sort of my own with E-Tex (I did anybody else, besides us) when we said, gaily, "Ah, ha, so you're deep in the heart of—" Well, let it go, then.

Miss Gifford suddenly discovered that on the device, among a lot of other daffy words, the one thing that was definite about it was its love for tennis. Her predilection for tennis, since the time of her first tennis tournament, is one of the finest of all and most dated girl in America. The movie studios even took to making pictures of her to see how their clothes would look on her, but the actresses were, she photogenic.

The Jinx turned startled. "So it came from Tiffany's?"

"Certainly," said Miss Gifford. "Don't tell me you didn't know.

"Of course not," The Jinx said. "I hadn't even noticed that.

This, of course, proved it. When a girl doesn't know her own jewelry can't mean that HIM is from Tiffany's, it proves that she's either in love or unconscious and The Jinx wasn't unconscious. We could see her mov-

ing, just. She was a girl who was sitting on the sidelines watching her in a match and alternately swallowing and regurgitating her Adam's apple. She finished the match and walked past him in time to hear him exclaim, "Beautiful!"

"You mean my forehand?" said Jinx, pleased.

"Horor, no, I mean your back—I mean all of you," said Hesse. "How about posing for some color shots?"

And she gave her career as a model. She has appeared on two hundred magazine covers since, has been more photographed than any known sports clothes model in the world and is the product of the business who is in demand for legs, face, and figure. They even model her hands and her arms show no muscular bulges from her time at the studio.

"I always try to take a swim after a match," she says, "If there is a tendency to bunching muscles, the swimming ironses them out.

The merchant has sold them, through her face smiling from advertisements, her transparent figure gracing this page, or her finely long legs crossed on a color layout can only be computed in tons of soap, trainloads of cigarettes, leagues of silk stockings, tank cans of root beer and soup, warehouses of chocolate and great, waxy billows of shampoos.

It was after her return from "Hold On To Your Hats" venture in New York that she got her first movie part. The Goldwyn contract had run out and such had her publicity been that even studies who did not want it had been forced to take it because of her statusque proportions (five feet, seven; one hundred and twenty-nine) made a conc-

eration. Since they became the property of General Forrest, got there fastest with the mostest men (iron) and she signed.

She was "Two Latins From Manhattan," her next role and it was a success. She went to Dennis, Massachusetts, for four weeks of straw hat theater work. She thought this was a sort of repudiation of her hopes of going on in pictures, but just when things were blest, she got a wire to hurry back to Columbia. The brass hats had gotten a look at her picture and were so satisfied with her part and put in a song, which they did.

After that she made "Sing For Your Suppers," "The Scent of Women," "Dancing in the Rain," "The Jinxers" and several others. It's a sort of "Lucky Legs." Naturally, she has the title role and if you never saw a pair of lucky legs, arrange to get a look at the Falkenburgs, as she can get them through your community. You'll be able to see them, all right. There won't be any textile priorities in your way. Columbia saw to it.

It would be impossible for a family so full of bounce as the Falkenburgs to go hungry. For they have a small bungalow they rent near the West Side Tennis Club and the entire family still plays tennis, Either Bob, or Tom, or both is certain to play to all old national and na-

tions championship some day and Jinx still.
“Thanks for buying that Bond.”

“SALUTE TO OUR HEROES” MONTH!
Buy a Bond to honor every Mother’s son in service

*Sponsored by the War Activities Committee of the Motion Picture Industry in co-operation with the Treasury Department, War Savings Staff*
plays championship tennis, as witness her winning the Southern California Mid-Winter doubles this year with Gussie Moran.

Gussie, born Gertrude Moran and in pictures, now, as Gretchen Moran, is Jinx's stand-in. She's a serious student of drama and says she's learning more being a stand-in than she'd ever learn going to school. The two are almost identical in size and coloring, but Gussie's a bit shy, whereas there's nothing shy about Jinx, either spiritually or physically. If she's shy anything in the latter category, it doesn't show.

Jinx makes no claim to being an intellectual. She likes the things the average outdoor girl likes, e.g., tennis, swimming, horseback riding, hiking, golf, groceries and men. Not necessarily in that order, but pretty close. Her top interest in clothes is sport styles. She always evening gowns like La Pompadour herself, but isn't mad about them, largely because they make her look taller. She has always yearned to wear high heels, but hasn't because they increase her height. She absolutely never wears them on the street, nor in the bath tub.

Although she's extensively beasted, she seldom has anything wrong. No red nose. Just doesn't. Once Glenn Ford who, off the screen, looks like a theological student, called for her and Mickey entertained him while Jinx dressed. Not having caught his name and dessert, his sobere name, Mickey said, "It's odd, but Jinx never go out with actors."

Mr. Ford doesn't know yet whether or not that was a nasty crack.

This piece started out to tell about her being in love for the first time and mentioned that she was better than a fair hand with a knife and fork. Prior to the materialization of "Tex" this would have been a fair sample of her day's rations:

Breakfast—Grapefruit, cereal, ham and eggs, toast, milk, sweet rolls and marmalade.

Luncheon—Soup, two chops, salad, dessert, milk.

Dinner—Appetizer, soup, fish, steak, (adult), or fowl or more chops, three vegetables, salad, dessert (anything), milk.

Supper—(Late lunch on Broadway) Sandwich, toasted, or Welsh rarebit or oyster stew (or something, always something), more milk.

She hasn't cut down her intake any, even though in love, she doesn't put her feet in the trough, so to speak, as she used to. She approaches her food more thoughtfully and admits she's wondering how Tex is making out in the Beef and Bean around the corner from his newspaper office.

"Is it going to last?" we asked, pointedly.

"What?" She looked startled, as if she hadn't thought of this. "Well, I was just thinking, this minute, that I could wear more than now because Tex is six feet, two inches tall."

"Is it going to last?" we repeated, singly.

"Well, that's what I'm saying," she came back, "What I mean is, when a girl starts thinking about how nice it is to be able to do something the rest of her life that she's always wanted to do—well, what do you think?"

It's in your laps, readers. What do YOU think?

Heart of a He-Man!

Continued from page 21

ship. I have only once before been witness to similar appreciation, but I sat on the set day after day. I have seen Mr. Gable. Watched him do his scenes with infinite finesse when he looked as if his heart would break and as if his eyes could not look ahead to see. But a wise man knows he must always finish what he starts.

He is "Pop" to the crew. As usual as if they are talking about their very own, you'll hear the head cameraman, or the boy who is oiling the sound machine, or the watchman, or the "Pop. How do you feel today?" or, with a swelling pride, "Gosh, Pop sure looks great today," or, "Pop? Oh, he's OKAY!"

I think Mr. Gable is the quietest man with whom I have ever worked. Yet you know he is there. Because he has that quality of gentle strength that makes itself felt by its very human kindness. His friends, directors, executives, actors and crew people visit him often. It is never necessary to wonder if Mr. Gable will be in the right mood. He is absolutely direct and entirely free from pretense, and if you'd like to get clunked on the head, just try to suggest to ANYBODY around that Mr. Gable could get temperamental.

One busy day some of the boys asked me if I'd like some coffee. "Sure," I said. "Where is it?"

"Back in 'Pop's' room."

"Oh, never mind," said I, for the first time in my life refusing something to eat. "I don't want to disturb him."

"Listen," they gave me to understand, "stop being a sissy! He bought it—but it's our coffee. Now get it!" When I reached the room, Mr. Gable was sitting there. Outside. Outdoors. Reading his script. There were people in the room. Talking, playing cards and having a happy time.

Somebody handed a thermos jug and a cup in my hand and said, "Come on in." I couldn't believe it. "You mean it's like this,—you sit in his room and he sits outside?"?" "Oh, not always—sometimes we let him in. But if you think this is anything, you should have been around on 'Gone With The Wind.' Pop had to get himself a room next to us on account of we moved in this one!" And Pop, outside, smiled.

This Mr. Gable is a strong boy. He looks like a den. It has big red leather chairs and books and looks like a man sits in it. Sometimes when the place belongs to Gable the whole house is the first one to re-hear his lines. You'll see three or four sitting on the floor. The door is rarely closed.

During a fight scene between Gable and Bob Sterling for "Somewhere I'll Find You," a double for Bob was used. A very lucky double! A double who enjoyed fighting! "I'm not going to watch Gable get beaten up!" I said, and made for the door. That got a rapid haw-haw and they told me to stick around and act as a bellman. So I sat down and watched the double hit and then stop two or three times to look at Mr. Gable. They did the scene over and over while the double hit again and again. And the boys who said I was a sissy were holding their hands to their jaws. Mr. Gable came out fine.

"Hell, that ain't nothing," one of the labor men who had stopped in to visit, said. "What happened on another picture could happen here if the same thing happened to other actors we know. Pop had a scene with a fighter and the fighter's hand slipped—understand—he didn't mean nothin'—and the director said Pop should do it himself. He did when he got up was to shake hands with the guy and tell him not to worry. He said it was his fault. Can you imagine? He said he took the hit the wrong way. So
then of course the guy wasn't barred from working. I tell you, that Pop—he can sure talk it!"

A secretary on the lot who is immune to actors and who insists they all give her a pain, called me. "I think you ought to know," she began, "that I now give you credit for picking a winner, Your Mister Gable—the one you're always raving about," she went on, "had a luncheon date with my boss. [Her boss is a top executive.] He came in as if he were no more important than the boy who delivers the mail, and I told him to go right in.

"Don't you think you ought to announce me?" he asked.

"No, he's expecting you!" "Sure you think it's all right?"

"Yes, honestly—he knows you're coming," He gave me a little smile, looked back and said; "—if you say so—"

She asked simply, "How can a man like that be so humble?" How? Only the big are humble.

The day I saw half of the picture on the screen in the projection room I knew it was fine. I told Clark. He said, "That's good news, thanks, honey. Good news is always welcome." Good news! I hope from now on all news that comes his way will be good. He has had enough of the other for an entire lifetime.

In the moments that are not taken up with rehearsing, lining up and conferences for the picture, Mr. Gable, Ruggles and the other boys will be discussing the day's news. The tire topic is always the one they come back to, for the people on our set seem to come from the four corners of the outskirts. My boss lives at Malibu, and he'd been talking about buying a motorcycle. I was horrified, with visions of him talking to himself on some story point and ending up in some strange place. I asked Clark to dissuade him. He grinned and said he'd do his best. "Well, Wes," he began, "I understand you're going to buy a motorcycle—" he extended his hand—"So long—glad to have known you. I really don't think it's a good idea, Wes," he continued. "After all, what relaxation could you get on a motorcycle?" He talked with such solemnity that I began to think the idea had been his own, "I have a horse and buggy I'd give you," he said, "but then you can get up in the middle of the night and get to the studio by 9 in the morning!" He gave me a wink and said, "How did I do?"

I haven't had to write a check for a motorcycle. But the other day I was riding on the highway and saw a man on a motorcycle. He had a striking resemblance to our Mr. Gable. I could have sworn it was Mr. Gable. And holy smokes! It was Mister Gable! So I hope he won't let me down and tell my boss he made a great mistake.

To show you what a regular guy he is—just hear how he'll be riding down the street on this motorcycle and some other guy on one will hail him. They won't give a darn whether he's Clark Gable or not— he's just that guy on the wonderful shining motorcycle. And does Mister Gable wonder if the guy who hailed him is a celebrity? Talk sense I remind me! And the other guy will examine the machine and they'll compare notes—and I'd like to bet he'll pass on the word that if any of the other guys riding motorcycles happen to see that big guy—to just hail him and he'll come over and let him have a ride.

I am hoping that Mr. Gable will not ride up to the set on his new motorcycle as he does in his car. Because if my boss should be looking out of the stage door, it will probably be only a matter of minutes until I'll be writing that check for that motorcycle Mr. Gable told Mr. Ruggles not to buy.

The time has been very long, and if Mr. Gable is first starting to smile now,
Red Skelton’s Tent-Show Days

Continued from page 29

believe I’ll sleep in the tent with the canvas, boys, if it’s all right with you,” he answered.

“It’s O.K. with me but the weather doesn’t look so good; something is liable to blow wrong just as I told you,” he said. “I don’t mind storms,” he countered.

“You’ll change your mind and hike to the hotel if the wind blows the top over and it breaks the routine,” the lighting hits one of those steel center poles.

Sometime after midnight a severe storm hit the tent and the next morning when I went over to the outfit, the redheaded boy’s message was about the first thing I saw. The drum was underneath the edge of the stage, protected from dripping water.

I had been making a collection of “slowdown” pictures and had brought my camera from the hotel. I took some shots of the outfit and used the one remaining film to shoot this scene.

(Editors Note: Picture of drum on page 29.)

The same drum and the same redhead boy figured in another episode, together, a couple of weeks later.

Major H. O. Yardley’s book, “The American Black Chamber” (the M-G-M picture of it was titled “Rendezvous”) had recently come off the press and the author, a friend since boyhood, was visiting my show at the time. I had been engaged off and on for the ten years previous in sifting out historical material, with the idea of doing a novel on Georges Rogers Clark, the Indian fighter; and Major Yardley was lending his assistance.

The principal exploit of the great fighter took place in and around Vincennes, Indiana, which is Red Skelton’s home town.

During the week of Major Yardley’s visit, the show was playing in the little town of Palestine, Illinois, about 20 miles from Vincennes and the Wabash River. During this week I paid more attention to historical research than I did to the tent show. Incidentally, I discovered that it was the first time in my life that President Lincoln witnessed his first theatrical exhibition—a band of itinerant street minstrels. He was en route with his father and step-mother, from Indiana, to their new home in Illinois.

Major Yardley and myself were in conflict over a passage I had found in one of the histories concerning Clark and his entrance into old Vincennes. A drummer boy in Clark’s army was said to have floated across the Wabash River on his drum. Major Yardley thought that it could not be done and I thought that it could be. We decided to find out.

“Say, Red, will you do me a little favor?” I asked the boy, who appeared just as we had decided upon the experiment.

“Sure!”

“Can you swim?”

“Not so good. What do you want me to do?”

“Bring the little old drum—the prop one—and jump into the river.”

“I am that bad?”

I explained to him that we wanted to try a little experiment to see if the lad would hold him up, but he was not so keen about the idea. I started to explain about the historical episode: “You’ve heard of Clark, haven’t you?”

“Sure—a great ball player,” he answered. “I mean the Clark who fought Indians—Indiana’s home boy.”

“That was before my time,” he remarked, and then disappeared behind the masking that separated the stage end of the tent and the auditorium.

Three minutes later the boy returned and remarked: “I’ll try it.”

Thirty minutes later we reached the Wabash and prepared for the experiment.

“Did you bring your bathing suit?” I asked Red.

“No, sir. I thought I ought to go in with all my clothes on because you said the drummer boy was fully clad. He probably had an overcoat on, too.”

I appreciated the boy’s spirit in trying to carry out the experiment in as correct a manner as possible. However, when I glanced at him, I noticed for the first time that he was considerably heavier about the chest and shoulders than I thought, and I was suddenly struck with doubt concerning the outcome. The drum wasn’t very large.

The experiment was a decided success. That redhead boy floated about in the water until I called him to come out. I believe he was a part of the few rehearsals. In one play he had just one rehearsal.

This play was called “Hal O’ The Hills” and I wanted to play it that night for some special reason.

John Wayne, as he appears in “The Flying Tigers,” Republic’s film about activities of the American Volunteer Group in China.
"How much of the bill do you know—
the one we paid today?" I asked her.
"I'll have it by the time you're ready to
put it up," he replied.
"Good! We'll do it tonight."
"But I thought you said you would put
it up Friday," he protested.
"Changed my mind," I answered.
"It's O.K. by me, but—"
"Most of your important scenes are with
me and I'll help you if you 'go up,'" I as-
sured him.
To "go up" is an expression used when
an actor forgets his part. Red didn't "go
up" that night, but I did. I hit the ceiling
in a 3-way scene with Red and the ingénue.
The boy and girl were supposed to be
preparing to elope. The scene was the li-
brary in the girl's home. There was a large
screen on the opposite side of the stage
from where the two were embracing. This
screen had 8 or 10 inches of an opening at
the bottom so that my shoes could be seen,
as I hid and watched them.
As the two embraced, Red was supposed
to look toward the screen and see my
shoes, and then in a loud stage whisper:
"There's a man behind the screen."
"Is it father?" was the girl's speech.
Red's reply was supposed to be, "I don't
think so, but I can only see his shoes."
Instead of that he said; "No! This man
has shoes on."

The scene was supposed to be intensely
dramatic and was so—until he read that
speech. The audience laughed and so did I.
We let the speech ride that way for the
rest of the season.
The fact that this redheaded boy had the
habit of obeying instructions, resulted in
one of the most embarrassing situations
that it has ever been my misfortune to en-
counter. It was nearing the close of that
summer season when the show opened for
the usual week's stand in one of my favorite
towns. I had been personally acquainted
with a prominent business man in the place
for many years and visited in his home
annually.
Although we were friends, this man
never attended my show. In fact he had
not witnessed even a picture for 10 years
or more. You can imagine my surprise,
when a ticket taker sent word to me, back
stage, a few minutes before curtain time
that Mr. — — was in the audience. I
immediately rushed around and switched
some of the specialties (vaudeville between
the acts of the play) and made other
changes in order to make a good impres-
sion upon my friend.
Now the show has seldom been annoyed
by drunken persons or any other inter-
terference, but that night—of all nights—there
had to be a "drunk" in the audience. The
man insisted upon talking aloud and when
I made my first appearance, hollered
"Hello, John!"
"Go out front and tell the canvasmen to
put that 'drunk' out," I said to Red who
was standing in the wings when I made
my exit. "And see that they do it quietly."
I added, as he started to carry out my
instructions.
The remaining two acts ran smoothly
each and after the show, while in the
dressing room. I remarked; "I wonder how
Mr. — — liked the show."
"He only saw the first act," replied Red.
"I wonder why he didn't stay," I ex-
claimed, somewhat disappointed.
"He's the bird you told us to put out,"
calmly replied the nonchalant redheaded
boy.
He spoke the truth. The gentleman had
fallen off the water wagon for the first
time in several years, that day; had come
to the show, and wanted to let me know
that he was present.
My foot slipped from the wagon, too,
that night!

Fred MacMurray, star of The Forest Rangers, a Paramount Picture, says: — "Can you
tell a 'gentleman' no matter what kind of clothes he's wearing? A good clue is the
way he keeps his teeth. So movie standards require that teeth absolutely shine." For
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John Garfield at Home

Continued from page 33

“Then, this desk, that was Helen’s pride and joy, and which is older than the two of us put together—and that’s pretty old,” she added looking at it meaningly, “shook her by the measure. ‘Why,’ she exclaimed, ‘it’s all scratched and chipped.’ And this Victorian sofa—isn’t this flowered linen upholstering sweet—was the last straw. ‘Why, it’s as hard as a rock,’ she muttered bouncing up and down on it. But, Robbie added, ‘we love it.’

The plate glass fireplace is imported from Persia—silver over copper. The combi-
nation smoking stand and coffee table in front of the fireplace is an adaptation of a cobbleter’s bench, done in color.

The window seat is a built-in affair, upholstered in blocked linen. The curtains are ruffled organza and the drapes are linen, depicting hunting scenes.

Robbie had disappeared and John summ- tered into the room. “Lo,” he saidbriefly, pulling a cord on a candy box that was supposed to open four compartments fly open simultaneously. One remained shut. “Mommy!” Catherine screeched. ‘Daddy broke the candy box!”

Robbie miraculously reappeared. “John Garfield, stay out of that candy,” she or-
dered. “He makes me so mad,” she con-
ferred, turning to me; ‘He’s always on a diet to keep his weight down. I have to plan special non-fattening meals but the min-
ute my back’s turned he’s into the candy.”

John only took one piece. “Come on,” to me, “I’ll show you the rest of the house.” He led the way to the kitchen. “Come here, Ida Lou,” he said to the cook, and I’ll explain these air raid instructions to you.”

“Explain um from there,” said Ida Lou.

“If I ain’t gittin’ in them pictures.”

“Come here,” Mr. Garfield ordered stern-
ly, “or I’ll fire you.”

Ida Lou grinned at me. “He love to try to bully me but he don’t mean it.”

Before we left the kitchen Mr. Garfield seized the opportunity to show me the inside capacity of the ice-box and also took advantage of the opportunity to sample a piece of ice-box cake.

We entered the breakfast room where Catherine sat in solitary grandeur, having her lunch. “I have some pork chop, Daddy,” she offered companionably.

“Well, if you insist,” John agreed.

The seat is built-in, upholstered in a mar-


room glazed chintz and the curtains are crossbar muslin.

The dining room is really a joy. Instead of the conventional square or oblong room, it is circular. The table is mahogany with antique Duncan-Phiffy legs. The top is new. The chairs are Victorian, done in wal-


nut and upholstered in the same pattern as the glazed chintz as the draperies. The walls are knotty pine. There are some beautiful pieces of Colonial silver, tastefully mixed with modern Lucite. Crossbar muslin has again been utilized for curtains.

The master bedroom is a large room

with a built-in bed. It has a checkered gingham flounce of the same material as the window drapes and the coverlet is a hand-made quilt with appliqued flowers.

By this time Catherine was through with her lunch. “Are we ready for pictures now?” she piped, leading the way to her own room. “Isn’t my apron pretty?” she asked, turning to show me her pinfore.

“All right, Catherine,” John laughed, dropping onto the window seat. “You can be showing me your doll’s house.”

“See?” said Catherine agreeably, assum-
ing a squawking pose.

“Take one of the chairs out and show me,” John suggested.

“No,” said Catherine firmly.

“You can put it right back,” John as-
sured her, picking up a chair.

“No!” Catherine let out a yell that could have been heard on Hollywood Boulevard, four miles away, snatching the chair out of his hand and carefully replacing it as the flashlight bulb exploded. “It’s not dinner time,” she explained, “and the chairs be-
long pushed up to the table.”

“Want a piggy-back ride?” John asked.

“Oh, yes!” Catherine agreed quickly.

“Let’s put your Indian feathers on your head,” I proposed, dropping them on her.

“No!” Catherine protested vociferously.

“They’ll muss my hair!” She patted her hair complacently. The curls had been brushed up all around in a sort of coronet effect.

“Barbara [her nurse] will fix it again for you,” I attempted to soothe her.

“No, she won’t,” the practical Catherine retorted. “She’ll put me to bed for my nap.”

“Surely not,” Barbara laughed as she came into the room and turned down the bed (also built in) with a gingham flounce and coverlet of the drapery material.

Part of this room is pamed in knotty pine and part is papered, the design being copied from an illustration in “Mother Goose.”

Upstairs there is only one large room—
divided in two by a partition going half-
way to the ceiling. In one half is a large built-in bed with a flounce of the drapery material and a spread with a candlewick design.

Gene Autry entertains Jane Withers on set of "Billy the Kid," one of his last films for the duration. Don’t miss the scoop story in our next issue, telling why cowboy Gene Autry joined the Army Air Corps as a Sergeant.
In the other half is a fireplace with a few book shelves, an easy chair, reading lamp, occasional chair of rock maple upholstered in glazed chintz, and a desk.

"When I come in late from a committee meeting and don't want to disturb Robby, or when I have some studying to do, I usually sleep up here," John remarked.

As we descended the stairs he said, "I'm afraid it may not be a showy enough house to make a good story for you. You see, it was built for comfort and livability and that's why we love it. And," he added with amazing candor, "it's so much better than anything we've ever been able to afford before it seems like a palace to us.

"It's funny," he went on after a moment, "how time changes your viewpoint. I re-used tests for pictures for over three years before I finally made one and signed with Warner Brothers. Then when I came out here I hated the town and I hated pictures. All I wanted to do was either get rid of my contract and get back to the New York stage, or finish the contract and be done with the business. All that's changed now. I've got so I love the business and I love Hollywood. I don't even feel an urge to go back to New York."

"Uh-huh," I jeered, "I told you—"

"Yeah, I know," he conceded. "You told me! Well, it wasn't any of the things you said that changed me. I don't even know that it was any one thing or any definite set of things that changed me. It may have been a combination of things or it may have been that conditions have changed since I came into pictures five years ago. There wasn't any war then and there were still playwrights in New York turning out good plays. Try to find one now. It isn't even the lack of good plays that has made me satisfied with pictures. It's that I, like many another New York actor, came out here with no knowledge of the business or its far-dumb influence, and shot off my mouth. The only thing I can say now in defense of myself as I was then is, 'I was sincere.' I guess it took a war to make me realize the good this business can do.

"If I were in New York and lucky enough to be in a hit show I could buy a few War Savings Bonds and appear in a few benefits in New York City and, however good my intentions might be, my efforts would have to end there. When the play was over I'd sign up to quit buying Bonds and Stamps until I got another job. Out here I get a regular salary every week—a larger salary than I'd get in New York—and I can buy Bonds and Stamps regularly, whether I'm working or not."

He paused suddenly and grinned. "Do you know this is the first time in all the years I've been out here that I've been paid during a lay-off? Always before this when I've been on lay-off it's been because I've been fighting with the studio."

"It isn't only buying Bonds and Stamps, either," he continued earnestly. "I can travel all over the country, trying to get other people to buy Bonds and Stamps, too. I can go out with units and entertain the boys in camps who otherwise wouldn't have any entertainment—as I did when I went down to our base in the Caribbean Sea. So much of the U.S.O. work is done from here and I can help by serving on committees—an opportunity that wouldn't be afforded me in New York."

He flushed but kept talking. "I don't wonder a lot of people who had lived here a long time and knew the good Hollywood does when the chance comes, got sore at me. I can only repeat, 'I was sincere,' and add, 'I was younger. I didn't know.' But, I know now, all right. I know this is where I belong." He paused and glanced at the sampler on the wall. "Home is where the heart is," he read softly.

“Married—
to an Iceberg”

HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME
THE “ONE NEGLIGENCE” THAT
OFTEN RUINS A MARRIAGE.

1. At first, we were the most romantic
couple! Happy as larks. But little by
little, Dick grew neglectful of me. I
couldn't think why his love had cooled
off so soon.

2. Then my nerves cracked, and Dick's uncle,
who's a doctor, guessed the truth. "Poor
child," he comforted me. "So often a devoted
wife is guilty of this one neglect. She's care-
less about feminine hygiene (intimate personal
cleanliness). Now if that's your case ... ."
And understandingly, he set me straight.

3. He told me how, today, thousands of mod-
ern women use Lysol disinfectant for feminine
cleanliness. "You see," he explained, "Lysol
is a famous germicide. It cleanses thoroughly,
and deodorizes, as well. Just follow the easy
directions on the bottle—it won't harm sensi-
tive vaginal tissues."

Check this with your Doctor
Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and
efficient in proper dilution. Contains no
free alkali. It is not carbolic acid.
EFFECTIVE—a powerful germicide, ac-
tive in presence of organic matter (such
as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—
Lysol solutions spread and thus virtu-
ally search out germs in deep crevices.
ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes all
most 4 gallons of solution for feminine
hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears
after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full
strength indefinitely no matter how
often it is uncorked.

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SCREENLAND
CARY GRANT’S wedding to Barbara Hutton was full of surprises. The minister only learned who his famous victims were, a few minutes before the ceremony. With consideration for the press, Cary sent for photographer Johnny Mickle. But Johnny had no idea where he was being driven—much to the annoyance of his wife, who is Ginger Rogers’ hairdresser. Even Ginger didn’t know beforehand. But all morning long she kept saying, “Cary’s up to something. He seems so nervous. I’ll bet he’s going to get married.” There may be time for a short honeymoon, after he finishes his picture with Ginger. Then Cary expects to serve in the United States Air Corps. Here’s to him, all the way.

JOAN CRAWFORD and Phil Terry were actually introduced at a costume party given by the Jack Oakies. This was seven years ago. Joan and Franchot Tone were guests, too. At the time Phil was also under contract to M-G-M. They never saw each other again until a few months ago. A mutual friend brought Phil to Joan’s house. For various reasons, this is one sudden marriage that really surprised Hollywood. If Phil works on the M-G-M lot again, he’ll be running into his former fiancée, Susan Peters. She’s one of their white hopes. M-G-M executives would do well to grab Phil. His role in Paramount’s “The Parson of Panamint” is one of the finest to come out of Hollywood.

WHO will play Marilyn Miller? The girl who wins the coveted rôle must be able to act, sing, dance and exude the golden personality of the late Ziegfeld star. And, of course, the studio wouldn’t mind using a box-office name. Marilyn Miller was Ginger Rogers’ idol. Ginger would be perfect, but she’s all tied up with commitments. Shirley Temple five years from now would be ideal. Everyone agrees on this. But studio executives can hardly sit around for five years waiting for Shirley to reach maturity. So the search goes on.

NEW faces are going places. Especially on the M-G-M lot. Norma Shearer has left. Myrna Loy is wisely retiring while she is still on top. Surprisingly enough, Jeanette MacDonald didn’t re-sign. Rumor is that Nelson Eddy has other plans. Joan Crawford’s contract hasn’t too long to run. They say that M-G-M officials are anxious to build up a new roster of stars who aren’t quite so familiar to the Hollywood scene. Also, that the duration of a contract will be around ten years, instead of the sixteen and eighteen years old-timers have enjoyed in the past. Yes, Hollywood traditions are changing fast.

IT WAS supposed to be a big secret but Brian Donlevy could only keep it two months. Shortly after they returned from a vacation, Mrs. Donlevy learned she was going to have a baby. Their vacation was spent in the very same spot where they went on a honeymoon. Brian was so excited about the news he just had to tell someone. So he just confessed in the publicity man who is handling his latest picture. That did it!
Two days before they finished the picture, George Brent broke his hand in a fight scene. Brenda Marshall, counting the moment until she could fly to Bill Holden, almost had hysterics. "Oh George," she pleaded, "promise me you won't hold up the picture—even if you break your neck!" George, who is soon to say goodbye to Ann Sheridan, when he goes to war, grinned and promised. It was all in fun but back of it all there's the serious note the war has brought to Hollywood.

Every star in Hollywood bought tickets for the Carthay Circle première of "Mrs. Miniver." Proceeds went to the Volunteer Army Canteen Service. One star who bought tickets didn't attend, however. That star was Bette Davis. Willie Wyler, who directed "Mrs. Miniver," also directed "The Little Foxes." Bette Davis was the star. And Bette will never forget or forgive Willie for the unkind blast he took at her when he talked to the New York press. La Davis must have something there. She's the most fair-minded actress in Hollywood.

Robert Cummings has been flying his own plane for sixteen years. So in "Princess O'Rourke" they finally got around to letting him play a pilot for the first time. Bob is a very busy man these days. Five nights a week he teaches aviation. He works on the set all day. His weekends are spent in his Victory garden and getting re-acquainted with Mrs. Cummings.

Shirley Temple, who has developed into the charming, poised, well-dressed young lady above, visits Rita Hayworth and Fred Astaire on the set of "You Were Never Lovelier." Fred is graciously applying the title to both girls.

Bay Boller, Constance Moore, Benay Venuta and Ronald Graham—four bright stars in "By Jupiter" playing at the Shubert Theatre in New York City.

Here you are, folks...a couple of the biggest hits ever. "By Jupiter" for grand entertainment—and Pepsi-Cola for grand drinking. Pepsi-Cola's got everything. Grand taste, grand flavor and grand size—12 full ounces to the bottle. Step up today...and treat yourself to a real drink. A nickel gets you plenty, plenty, plenty.

When big hits get together

Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N.Y. Bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast.
amazing and unexpected of occupations.
“Now that I’m back in America,” Miss Neagle says, “I find that it is difficult for me to explain to American women the changes that have taken place in the life—and I mean by that the everyday life having nothing to do with the actual bombings—of every British woman. You see, formerly their outlook was quite narrow. If a girl worked in an office, she began to think when she was about twenty-two that she ought to marry. Once married, she found she had simply exchanged the confines of an office for those of her home. She cooked and kept house and went to market. But now—”

Women operate the trains. Women deliver groceries, milk, bread and anything else deliverable. Women are among the mechanics who, when British bombers are brought home from a jaunt across the channel, rush out to care for the birds of battle. Women make up the crews of several of the coast anti-aircraft guns. “And one of those girls,” Miss Neagle says proudly, “actually shot down a Messerschmidt.”

What were these girls doing before the war? Hold onto your hats. Among the group of mechanics who worked—by permission of the British Home Office—with Anna in “Wings and the Woman,” there was one girl who had been a salesgirl behind the counter in a draper’s shop. When war broke out she volunteered for service, took a course in aircraft mechanics and discovered that she had great mechanical facility. She told Anna that she wanted to become a pilot, so Anna reported the ambition to a friend of hers and the girl has already started her training.

Another of the girls was a music teacher; the forelady in a munitions plant that Miss Neagle visited, was a former domestic cook. And working under the direction of the ex-cook was a tea milliner. So far there have been no reports of a delivery of shells wearing veils, or machine gun belts complete with nosegay.

Not only are the old-time class distinctions of occupation gone with the Luftwaffe, but all women can now together over the woe of the old LIPSTICKS. Silk, rayon, or nylons stockings are unobtainable, so the well-dressed woman wears lisle and likes it. Since all food is rationed (2 eggs per month, 25¢ worth of meat a week, 2 oranges per month for children under 6) the old indications of wealth or standing have been wiped out. Anna tells a wonderful story to illustrate this point, about two London charwomen who saw a very, very well-dressed woman crossing a hotel lobby. “She must be frightfully rich,” one charwoman said. The other rolled her eyes. “That she is, that she is. Will you believe it, ducky—she has eggs as big as diamonds!”

With the seat of the emotions moved from the heart to the tummy, there has been a revolution in public viewpoint as to what constitutes BEAUTY. Miss Neagle snatched a day from her shooting schedule on the Amy Mallison story and went up country to a personal appearance show at a home for elderly women. At the close of the program, one of the white-haired, pink-checked and tottering members of the audience came forward to thank Miss Neagle and to present her with a gift.

The “thank-you” was wrapped in tissue paper that had obviously been smoothed by a hot iron, and the ribbon, also, had been done over from some childhood personal treasures. When Anna opened the package she found two huge Bermuda onions—and almost went with gratitude. The onions had been tied together in a dainty little bundle and the bow—embellished by lovely gentlewomen in their own little door-yard plot, and it was the very nicest thing they could have given her. “You can make all sorts of things palatable with an onion,” Anna explained.

What do the men of Britain think of their emancipated sisters? Why, they love the sight of them! Miss Neagle talked to two sailors whose ship had helped with the evacuation of Singapore. The “Wrens” (Women’s Royal Navy Service) attached to the regiment embarked there were the dispatch riders, and they stood fast until the very last. The sailors went into salty ecstasies about the courage and intrepidity of these women.

“A blin’ bough of ‘cross in petticoats, that’s wot I sez.
Where, oh where is the female Kipling to go that fell in the garden. That was all.
Nothing, really, to speak of.
This same nonchalance greeted Miss Neagle when she went to a tea given by the women of Lisbon. The hotel clerk greeted her as if she had never been away. She said, “It seems you’ve been havin’ a bit of a bad time.” She nodded toward the destroyed town square and the havoc-ridden business district.

The clerk nodded casually. “Oh, a sticky night now and then,” he said. “I’d much rather talk about your new picture.”

Miss Neagle explained that “Wings and the Woman” was the story of Amy Johnson Mollison, who was killed while acting as a ferry pilot. At present there are 82 girls acting as ferry pilots in Britain, so the story is a vital document. These girls shuttle air-planes wherever needed the length and breadth of England, always without radio so much of their flying is done by the seat of their pants—by intuition, which is what women have when all else fails.

Occasionally they become involved with a Messerschmidt. Since they are unarmed, their wits are their only defense and they are not allowed to stay in the air if the other plane is unarmored. On one such occasion Miss Neagle, during a practice flight, was attacked by a Messerschmidt from behind, as she tried to outmaneuver it. She was able to evade the danger by flying to the side of the Messerschmidt, which was unable to follow her. She added, “I’m glad I’m a woman. If I had been a man I’d be in a very different position.”

The two pilots then flew back to base, where they landed in the presence of a group of British soldiers. The soldiers were amazed at the skill and daring displayed by the girls. Miss Neagle then made a speech, thanking the soldiers for their support and explaining the importance of their work. She ended her speech with a broad smile, saying, “I believe in boys and girls, and I think they can do anything they set their minds to.”

The soldiers were deeply impressed by Miss Neagle’s speech and her courage. They gave her a standing ovation and presented her with a medal of honor. Miss Neagle accepted the medal with a smile, saying, “I’m glad I’m a woman. If I had been a man I’d be in a very different position.”

Once again, Miss Neagle had proved that women were capable of anything they set their minds to. She had demonstrated her courage, her skill, and her determination. She had shown the world that women were not just ornaments, but were able to do anything that men could do. She had proved that women could fly, and that they could do it better than any man. Miss Neagle was a true hero, and her story would be remembered for generations to come.
Miss Neagle wears a gift from Herbert Wilcox who was a member of the Royal Flying Corps during World War I.

Miss Neagle tells one more story of wartime England that should be repeated here. She and Mr. Wilcox returned to the United States aboard a troopship manned by Poles. These men wanted nothing better than to have Germany turned over to them for judgment after the war. Their families had been unheard of since the fall of Warsaw.

The ship was part of a convoy which had two sub scarers. During one of these, Anna fomented a conversation with the Britisher who was behind the gun on their ship.

"He was thirty-eight, but looked about fifty-five," Miss Neagle relates. "For nineteen years he had worked in a coal mine, then along came the war and he joined up. After having lived out the greater portion of his life in one small town, and along one narrow tunnel, he suddenly found out that there was an entire world spread out before him. When we talked to him, he had already been in New York and Singapore. He had visited San Francisco, and helped at Dunkerque. To him, the war was a perfect career. He said he didn't know what he would do after it was over, but there was one thing certain—he was never going back to the mines. Doesn't that prove that something stupendous is going on in the minds of English people? Oh, there are vast changes!"

Incidentally, Miss Neagle, herself, is a changed character from the rather prim, contained young creature Hollywood first met. There was a repeated rumor to the effect that she was averse.

Possibly Mr. John Carroll fostered this notion. Mr. Carroll has never been described as distant nor formal. On the set of "Wings of the Woman"—the last picture Anna made before returning to England to make "Wings and the Woman"—John amused himself with being fraternal. Considering the amount of back-slapping he did, he could have been mistaken for a chiropractor.

When Anna completed one of her most difficult scenes, John bounded up, snapped Miss (Victoria Regina) Neagle in a highly informal spot and said heartily, "Attagirl! You really poured it on that time."

Miss Neagle, considerably jarred, thanked him without change of expression despite cheeks that showed pink under her makeup. There was something in the depths of her clear blue eyes that would have sent lesser men quailing to the nearest florist for ten dozen roses of forgiveness.

A few days later, she and John were rehearsing a love scene repeatedly in an attempt to determine the best camera angle. Johnny, made of highly inflammable stuff, was certainly enjoying the situation; he was turning on all the voltage for which he had gained considerable fame.

The kiss was rehearsed again and again—from this angle and that. At last the lighting was perfect. Mr. Carroll, his eyes full of glint and his arms full of Neagle, leaned down with fervor. When he was a scant inch from his goal, Miss Neagle turned her head ever so slowly to smile at her director, Herbert Wilcox.

"Does this seem to be about right, Herbert?" she inquired coolly. Her meaning could not have been more clear if she had sent John a prim little note reading, "This is all in a day's work to me."

Such was the pre-war Anna. She's different today. More mischievous, more filled with spirit, drive, twinkles, and that old stuff that gets a gal jumpy, puts her in the groove.

Warning: To all leading men in Anna Neagle pictures—a lady who has laughed at bombs (even shabby) is likely to be well able to take care of herself in the clinics. Besides, she's been on "Information Please"—and she know all the answers!

---

You're the fun in his furlough

Will you ever forget how proud he looked as you glided down the long staircase?

What he said wasn't nearly as important as the way he said it! His eyes told you that being with you is what makes a furlough worthwhile.

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"You don't need time-out" she explained . . . that is, if you choose Kotex sanitary napkins. And how right she was!

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dish will be roast suckling pig with an apple in its mouth and a garland of flowers around its neck." She chuckled. "Whenever I think of suckling pig, I remember a cartoon in the New Yorker. A dyspeptic-looking man is regarding the roast pig dubiously. 'Just give me a piece of the apple,' says he.

"The theory is, I believe, that an unpeeled apple absorbs the fat of the pork and gives a wonderful taste to the meat. With the roast, we will serve apple sauce made with lemon honey. You add lemon juice to honey which is used instead of sugar. Two-thirds of a cup of honey equals a cup of sugar, I'm told."

**Oyster Cocktail**

One-hafl dozen oysters for each cocktail. Mix well 1 tablespoon grated horseradish, 1 tablespoon Heinz vinegar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 4 table-spoons Heinz tomato catsup, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 drops Tabasco sauce. Chill thoroughly and pour 1/2 tablespoons mixture over each cocktail.

Potatoes should be roasted with the pig, and a "different" vegetable to serve with this dinner is turnip cups.

**Turnip Cups**

Have small turnips, pare and take out centers. Put in boiling water and let simmer. Do not cover, cook 40 minutes. When tender take out and turn upside down to drain.

**Filling:** 1 can peas, 1 tablespoon butter, 1/2 teaspoon sugar, 1/2 teaspoon salt, pepper. Heat and fill turnip cups. Serve with white sauce.

Geraldine may attain her dream of desert-on-fire by serving branded cherries burned by candlelight and poured over vanilla ice-cream. For this spectacular dish, you take the big purple canned cherries, bring them in in a chafing dish or metal bowl, pour over them a wingless glass of brandy; light this and it makes a blue flame which cooks the flavor of brandy into the cherries. Vanilla ice-cream in the shape of pumpkins or cats is set at each place and the branded cherries are passed so that each guest may take a share.

"Or we may have a great platter of every kind of fruit and nuts. We can peel apples and throw peelings over our shoulders to find the initials of THE ONE—not so exciting a pursuit once one is happily married!" commented Geraldine. "Then we'll finish off with a savory—anchovy and egg on a bit of toast, a broiled sardine on toast, or something like that."

In Ireland, Geraldine and her husband, Edward Lindsay-Hogg, have a place called Moortrees, near Newbridge, which is haunted by pleasant ghosts. Geraldine herself is descended from the "Little People" of Ireland, who came, legend has it, from the green hills. She has green blood in her veins, which makes her Hollywood's finest exponent of Hallowe'en. There are pleasant ghosts as well as evil ones, says the Irish star, and those who grow up in an ancient house where people have been at peace and in harmony with each other are glad to feel their presence.

"At my home in Dublin there were kindly ghosts, too," she told me, looking up from her fireside where she was unscrambling a host of Hallowe'en gadgets and pumpkin lanterns. "When I was quite small I used to be afraid of them and I'd run down and hop into grandmother's bed, shivering and shaking. 'How foolish you are,' she'd say to me. 'It's only your great grandmother!'

The loveliest gardens in all Hollywood, Geraldine is certain, are those belonging to the Boris Karloff house which she rented while the Karlofs were in New York. "Appleblossom-time was like dreaming here and the irises, roses, and spring flowers were unbelievable. I never in my life knew anything lovelier than the swimming-pool surrounded by lemon trees, with aromatic leaves falling into the water as I swam in summer. The fragrance was unearthly."

The house is less sinister than its owner on the screen, and so far as Geraldine knows no ghosts, pleasant or otherwise, walk down its winding stair. This descend-
ant of Ireland's famed "Little People" is slim and auburn-haired; her gray-green eyes have a "fey" look at times—"My insane look," she calls it. She wore an evening gown of white dotted with green to go with "that green blood of mine."

"All people with Green in their names have green hands," she asserted. "Over here you call it 'the green thumb,' and people with green thumbs can make anything grow. My mother and her sisters could lick the earth and something would grow at once. I have never tried working in a garden, but I believe my leprechaun blood would assert itself, if I should do so."

"I am a 'finder.' They used to say to me as a child: 'Find your brother's report card. Find your father's pipe,' or whatever had been misplaced. I was no good at finding things I had lost myself. As a child I used to concentrate for a time and then I'd know where to look. I don't know how I know, but I do know it.

"I remember being out in a boat with a friend when she discovered she had lost a valuable ring. We were staying at a small pub on the river on holiday at the time. I said: 'Don't bother looking on the boat; you didn't lose it here, so don't look for it now.' We spent the day on the river, returning to the pub and were having tea in our room when suddenly I felt my head jerk and something clicked in my mind. I cried: 'I know where the ring is! It's over in that corner, behind the boxes and papers.' And it was.

"That made me a marked woman. But people thought it was all coincidence, and presently my friends gathered up on me and decided to put me to a test. That isn't really fair, because a thing should be actually lost; but in this case it happened that one of the girls had lost a pearl necklace some time before, so they fixed on that. While they were explaining what it looked like and some were saying: 'Wow! We'll see how good she is!' I felt that sudden click again and I was looking right at a bowl of fruit that decorated a table. 'It's in the fruit!' I said. Most unlikely spot, of course, yet there it was.

"That particular case seemed to me like telepathy, for the girl must have dropped it in there herself, probably one day when she discovered she had it on just as she was leaving the house and didn't want to trouble to go upstairs and put it away. Then she may have been detained and come home in a rush and forgotten all about the pearls. Yet back somewhere in her subconscious she knew they were in the fruit bowl."

Ghost stories around the fire after dinner, Geraldine's chief idea of entertainment for Hallowe'en, will be sure to bring forth the one in which a young relative figured. "Virginia was mad to see a ghost," confided my hostess. "She knew we had ghosts and that we often visited in Galway at a famous old castle where ghosts were so bad they had to shut off the 'bad wing,' as they called it. So we took her with us there.

"Our hostess put her husband and me in the good wing, but gave Virginia a room in the part that led to the bad wing. As we were shown the room, which was a very pretty one, we overheard the hostess say to her maid: 'Didn't I tell you to lock that other door?' and we saw that a door at the far end of Virginia's room was partly open. 'Is that where the ghosts are?' asked Virginia.

"'Oh, no, my child, certainly not!' My hostess showed us the room, which had in it the sort of bed you see in Denmark, boards built up from the floor quite high, with deep mattresses on top. I felt the atmosphere of the room was evil and was glad to get out of it. Later I learned that it was in this room that enemies of the castle's early owners had been lured to sleep. The castle stood beside the Black
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shoes and socks. Hedy believes in putting on her socks in place, and her place, according to her, is on the screen. And she is so right. She never lets it bog her down when she is acting. And unlike most glamorous girls Hedy saves her acting for the screen. Which, believe me, makes her a very nice person to know.

"I am very happy," Hedy bubbled over, throwing me for a complete loss right off—I had hardly expected to find the Blue Bird in a star's dressing room on the Metro lot on a Monday holiday. "So wonderfully happy," Hedy continued to float on clouds. "I told my mother last night, if I die tomorrow I will have no regrets, for I have experienced perfect happiness today. It was such a beautiful Sunday. The trees and the grass were so green, the sun shone so brilliantly, and the sky was so blue and peaceful. Everything was so warm and friendly. George and I spent most of the day stretched out in the sun beside the swimming-pool. Later we put on slacks and went out to a drive-in to dinner. I don't think I have ever been so happy."

Not exactly getting, I thought, and according to Hollywood standards, not much of a much. But of course when you're in love things are different. Even hamburbers. When I asked Hedy if her passion for George was still a passion, she answered, "Yes, you can find in Hollywood in so long." I said, "I just can't believe it. You really can't be happy. It isn't being done any more. Aren't you worried about your taxes, or the proposed $25,000 ceiling? Haven't you just one worry?"

Hedy obligingly wrinkled her brow and thought hard, and in Hedy it's becoming. Yes, she decided at last, she did have a worry. The preceding Saturday George Montgomery had taken them riding. He rented a horse for his lady love, and had the stable boy put a child's saddle on it. The flatterer. The horse was startled, the saddle was small, and Hedy was most uncomfortable. "Oh, brother," she said, "what a ride! My farmer still hurts. (Hedy has discovered America thing, and George, and he's a find, and her discovery.) She proceeded to stretch out on her stomach on the couch, feet waving in the air, and ordered lunch sent over. You have no idea how refreshing it is to find movie star concerned with her seating instead of her ceiling.

The next day Hedy brought her huge dish of the most divine looking ice cream I had ever seen—it was a horror well mingled with envy. A few years ago Hedy and I were inmates of a hospital at Santa Barbara. The idea was to lose a lot of weight without suffering too much. When the meeting came for her to leave, Hedy would slip out to the corner drugstore and consume a brace of chocolate ice cream sodas. It took the doctors quite a while to figure out why Hedy continued to gain, instead of lose, on a diet of practically nothing.

Since then Hedy has been on and off diets faster than I can count.

"I don't go on any more," said Hedy, plunging into her ice cream. "I haven't been on a diet in over three months, since I decided to stop worrying and just be happy. And the funny thing is that as soon as I stopped worrying about gaining weight I started losing. That's the trouble with all of us. We worry too much about the future. We should live day by day. People in Hollywood don't begin to live until they are too old to enjoy living. You want to eat — go right ahead. Not when you're in a wheelchair!"

When we had both polished off our dishes she uttered a Hedyism, "If a bomb drops on you tomorrow, you've had your last meal."

Hedy's philosophy, in case you are thinking of adopting it, you could do worse, is bad for the heart, but good for the soul.

"When I go to parties," Hedy continued, "though I rarely go because I don't like Hollywood parties, people say to me, 'Have a cigarette,' and I say, 'No, thank you, I don't smoke.' And then they say, 'Have a cocktail,' and I say, 'No, thank you, I don't drink.' So then they look at me as much as to say, 'Well, Miss Lamar, what on earth do you do?'"

"I guess people think I am very dull. Well, if being happy is being dull, then I'm dull. In fact, I am so happy, really. Yesterday, today, they're the happiest days of my life!"

After I left Hedy that day I started thinking what clumps we are to worry ourselves into an early grave. Why don't we all be happy like Hedy! Well, I might have encroached a few days later I got a telephone call from Hedy and I could tell that she was in the dumps, but good. About as happy as a man with a nose around his neck. Indeed, she was sunk so deep in the slough of despondency that she was going to get her out. No in-between for Hedy. Way up or way down.
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"I am miserable," she said, and certainly sounded it. "I am terribly hurt and disappointed, but I didn't lie to you. It was the happiest day of my life!"

It was a week or so before I saw Hedy again. In the meantime her broken engagement had made all the columnists, and there was much conjecturing as to what had happened. "Hedy's so fickle," said George's friends. "George has gone Hollywood," said Hedy's friends. (Hedy and George both looked a little stumped, one day they were engaged, and boom, the next day they weren't, but they said nothing.) "They hate each other so they'll never see each other again," said nobody's friends getting in their two cents' worth. So the next night George took Hedy to dinner and to see George Jessel in "Show Time" at the Biltmore Theatre. But it wasn't like old times. The spark wasn't there, instead of looking at each other, they looked at Jessel.

The afternoon I visited the "White Cargo" set I found the door of stage 10 guarded by a menacing policeman. Metro must be terribly confused, I thought, they must be under the impression that Carlo is playing Tondeleyo. Hedy's sets are always gay and friendly. My companion from the publicity department hastily explained that Hedy hadn't gone smooth, it was a mere matter of production going to pieces. Ever since it had been bruced about that Hedy was wearing a sarong in the movie version of that famous saga of passion on an African rubber plantation, the entire Metro man power seems to have had but one thought. Nothing has been so disrupting in years.

Well, I must say when I saw Tondeleyo Lamarr in a coat of brown paint (the fascinating color of a hot tinge sundae), and very little else, I understood perfectly—about the cop. Dorothy Lamour's sarong looks like a mother Hubbard compared with Hedy Lamarr's sarong.

When I arrived on the set Director Richard Thorpe was delivering a lecture to actors Richard Carlson, Walter Pidgeon and Frank Morgan, "Boys," said Director Thorpe sadly, "I wish you wouldn't stare quite so hard at Hedy. It seems to make you forget your lines. We're already behind schedule. A few minutes later I was to see what poor Mr. Thorpe was having to contend with.

Hedy, as barefooted as the day she was born, slithered on to the set with a jingle of bracelets, and said in her best native girl manner, "Tondeleyo feels very happy," right on cue. There was a long silence. Miss Lamarr stood it as long as she could, and then she turned on Walter Pidgeon and indignantly demanded, "Will, brother, what's wrong with you?"

Walter Pidgeon—who on last Father's Day was voted the most perfect father of the year—came to great confusion. "Darling," he exclaimed apologetically, "I am so sorry, I was so overcome by your beauty I completely forgot my lines." In a loud aside to Richard Carlson, he added, "For what I was thinking I could be thrown off the set." Why, Mr. Miniver! Tsch! Tsch! On the next take Hedy, to her great annoyance, forgot her lines. When called gaily to her, "You were overcome by me then, weren't you, darling?" she replied:

"No," said Hedy, emphatically. "Well, you don't have to be so bloody loud in your denials," said Walter, pretending to be deeply hurt.

Everybody had a good laugh. A boy from the make-up department sprayed silverin on all their many faces (heaven only knows no one needed it with Hedy running up the temperature), and for the next half

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hour Tondelayo proceeded to make good her local reputation.

The scene finished at last, the vamp of the vedet and I had a few minutes chat in her dressing room. All Hedy's adored "naughty pine" had been covered with sheets to keep her from rubbing off. "I have two blue ribbons now." Hedy proudly informed me, "I am like a prize cow!"

(One of the exhibitor-trade papers recently bestowed blue ribbon awards on Hedy for her performances in "Hedy Lamarr," "Pulham, Esquire," and "Tortilla Flat." A year ago Hedy wouldn't even have noticed this honor. But then, too, a year ago she wouldn't have received it.)

"What's cooking in the love department?" I asked quickly, before she could get going on her career, which has suddenly become so important to her.

"Nothing," said Hedy. "My life is an open book, with no page missing. I have been terribly hurt these last few weeks. Believe me. When I decided to call off my engagement I was so sad I didn't want to see anyone but my family for days. The best thing is that you have happened to me was this picture starting when it did. Heartbreak either throws you down and knocks you out, or spurs you on to work harder than you did before."

"Literally hurled myself into my career. I have never worked so hard on any picture. I don't regret anything that has happened. I've never lived in my own full life. Last week I was so miserable I thought I was through with love forever. But now I feel differently about it. I hope someday to find real love.

"When George and I were engaged I made many plans for the future. But I don't believe now that anything pertaining to love can be planned. When a woman and a man are in love the world is empty, except for the two of them. Whether or not this love lasts depends entirely on whether each lives up to the things the other sees in him.

"When love has passed," Hedy continued seriously, "while a make-up girl gave her a new chocolate frosting. "I do not believe in trying to clung on to the broken bits. It is silly to kid yourself when you know that all is over, and never again can be the way it was. It is so much better for both people if the break is fast and clean, as soon as possible. "Stinging, both to her and me, it doesn't last so long. I am very happy again. When George came to take me to the theater the other evening, he said, "Why are you so happy?" I am back."

"I said No!" (our Miss Hedy is definitely a no-girl!) "I am happy because I am happy again."

Director Thorpe stuck his head in at the door. It seemed he wanted his Tondelayo back on the set. And so, no doubt, did the rest of the cast.

To understand Hedy—though I'm sure I don't know why we should go around trying to understand people—you must realize that she is a girl who's never lived in the past. What's done is done, as far as Hedy is concerned. Hedy is probably the only actress in Hollywood who has never kept a scrapbook. None of that dreaming over old clippings, old triumphs, old pictures, old loves for her Hedy. She lives completely in the present. It's much more exciting that way. Because she lives so completely in the present exciting things will always happen to her. And when that old wheel's finally ground to a stop she will have the satisfaction of knowing that she has lived her life to the fullest. Which is the way it was undoubtedly meant to be lived.

As I left the stage, I must have looked more bewildered than usual, for Hedy called to me cheerily, from the midst of the jungle, "Don't mind anything I said. You write better about me without me. I only confuse you!"

Tips for Tips

Continued from page 55

Marlene Dietrich has a siren mouth, pure and signal. But it is only difficulty it presents is that it seems hard these days to find strong off the screen, or am I wrong? Anyway, here it is, very similar to Vivien Leigh's mouth today. In spite of Dietrich's fine screen performances, I always see behind her fascinating make-up, the lovely true blonde I first met in Hollywood some years ago. Her trademark, long golden lashes that shine in the sun and hair blonde with that young sheen of a child's. And I remember simple, cordial words of womanly reminiscences like this are often more important than we realize. Remember this, in your greetings to others. For you who want a smidgen of pure, undiluted seduction, here are your tips!

I could write a great deal about Dorothy Lamour at this point—Dorothy, her siren mouth and her mouth. But for our purpose, hers is a strong, dependable, endemic mouth and it is in perfect harmony with her shum-mers eyes. It is a very human mouth and a generous and kind one—a very good type to have. I am sorry we had to cut down Dorothy's picture, for she wears a lovely hat, and it's significant. Lamour has as part of a costume worn to a tea with the First Lady of the Land, Mrs. Roosevelt, followed Dorothy's last War Savings Bond tour.

Dorothy, you know, is a Bond salesgirl par excellence. And I feel sure that Dorothy Lamour continues to entertain us exotically as well as help us practically.

It is always difficult for me to reconcile the gracious, charming, sincere Bette Davis of normal life with the great dramatic actress of the screen. The Davis mouth is an unusual one, definitely sculptured by make-up for words that are strong and stinging, or touching beyond most. A man once commented to me that he was fascinated by the Davis mouth. "Why?" I asked. "Because it can say so much with such unexpected things," said he. It is Davis mouth of surprise and electric effect, and yet it is just two lips with very little curl.

It is the mouth of a strong, determined character, no weak sister, I asked Miss Davis for what she considered one of the most important quotes from an important picture. The words are from "Dark Victory," spoken to her husband: "Look out the window there. It's so shining and quiet. Somehow, our life together has been like that. And that's our victory—our victory over the dark." Those words seem applicable to another victory over a dark—something we hope and pray for in this war. "...out the window there. It's so shining and quiet. That day will come, too, you and me, and life goes on..." the outward gilt and glamour of Hollywood played a very special part—women, just like ourselves, working and serving and waiting, each in her own way, to remain attractive and to lend this feminine angle to morale!
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ordinary mortals. He felt as if it were his life work that was at stake. Broadway's own Doc Mitchell examined the unconscious girl.

"She got a family?" the doctor asked the weeping colored girl hovering over her mistress.

"Only a Pekingese called Baby," Ruby said. She had been Gloria's maid since her star had begun rising and it hadn't been easy. But Ruby loved the glamour and the excitement and the casual generositys of Gloria had shown her. The colored girl was the only confidante Her Highness had ever had.

Little Pinks stepped out of the crowd surging around the dressing-room door. "Can I do anything, Doc?" she gulped. And then as the doctor shook his head, the boy's mouth tightened. "I'll stand by," he said.

"It's going to be a long stand," The doctor straightened. "A long, long stand. Spine fractures copy.

Ruby became voluble at that. "Don't that beat providence how that gal got caught up with so quickly," she demanded.

"Shut up, Ruby!" Little Pinks turned on her. "She's going to pull through."

"If the rocks hold out," Ruby glanced at the overflowing jewelry box on the dressing-table. "I think we'll start with the littlest bracelet."

That was the first to go, the diamond and ruby watch was the second. One after the other all the sparkling bangles Gloria had given her life to reached the pawn shop, but the bills kept coming. Surgery, anaesthetic, X-rays, hospital, illness, they marked the trail of the long illness. And then six months were gone and with them the last bracelet. It was just enough to pay for the last month's bills. "Nothing left," Little Pinks asked dully.

He looked thinner than ever. He hadn't been eating right. All his money went to make Her Highness as happy as she could be under the circumstances. Little Pinks wasn't going to let her know Broadway had forgotten her.

"Nary a thing," Ruby nodded glumly. "except for the cost. And we can't sell that. It'll kill her. She just likes to look at it."

"What are we going to do?" Little Pinks asked.

"Charity ward," Mr. Pinks," Ruby said. "It's the only answer. And then at his furious objection, "I hate to have to do this, but I gotta resign. I got a family to keep in groceries."

"You've been wonderful, Ruby," Little Pinks took her hand. "You've been wonderful."

"You're still steling. Ruby looked at him anxiously. "You ought to think of yourself a little."

"I gotta get this straightened out first," The boy took his hat and walked to the door and Ruby shook her head tearfully.

"There's just some white people who are no foolin' white," she told herself.

Little Pinks thought hard on that walk to Doc's office. Case Ables had made himself scarce after the rumors from which he had been absolved of all guilt, what with the fifteen witnesses he had produced to show Her Highness was drunk and had the chance to see the boy himself, the four drivers, a carriage man, a street cleaner, a barber, a hansom cab man, a policeman, a bookkeeper, a local store owner, a baker, a butcher, a newspaper boy. This 10 month supply raises its head at the most unexpected times. Case Ables was the last of the group, the only one who knew the young girl's care of other white girls or with each other. This 10 month supply raises its head at the most unexpected times. Little Pinks knew better, just as everybody else did, though no one was bothering about it but him.

"We got to do something, Doc," His hands held the edge of the doctor's desk so hard his knuckles strained. "Can't we sue?"

"We haven't got a case, Pinks," the doctor said. "The way Ables has it rigged, she'd be laughed right out of court. Pinks!"

His tired eyes studied the boy, "You've been knocking yourself out. The first hung gerrin' comes along, you'll be getting your mail in Arizona. Why do you do it?"

"Do what?" Little Pinks asked.

"Those flowers every couple of days," The doctor took a handful of cards out of his desk. "Love, Decatur Reed. Wanting of you constantly, Leo Mindy. Waiting to star you in my new show, Dwight Wiman. "Will you appear on my radio program? Orson Welles."

The boy pretended not to understand.

"It's wonderful everybody has the same handwriting," The doctor smiled. Then, as the boy didn't answer, "Pinks, this is too big a load for you. You got to have help. Maybe I can get her into the Equity Home at Lake Placid."

"No!" The cry was torn from Little Pinks agonized heart. "She'll die, I tell. She wouldn't take charity. Her Highness couldn't take it."

"She takes yours," the doctor said quietly.

"That's different. She don't know."

"Pinks," The doctor's voice was gentle. "I wish I could put you in my skull and let you look at her the way she really is."

Little Pinks' eyes blazed. "We could always get another doctor," he said, getting to his feet.

"Sorry I shot off my mouth," the older man sighed. "I'll take care of her, free for nothing. But I can't afford to pay for the hospital too."

Little Pinks did some more thinking on the way to the hospital and when he got there he knew what he had to do. It was difficult looking at the girl lying there against the tiny embroidered pillows, the girl still so beautiful in spite of that long siege of pain. Her head had been raised only as she snatched the mirror from her bedside table when she heard the door open. Then disappointment glared her eyes when she saw who it was.

"Hiya, Pinks," She put the mirror back as if it were no longer important. "You still look like the worms been gnawing at you."

"You look great," Little Pinks said, his eyes going to the big basket of roses, the one she had sent that morning. "The flowers, too."

"Decatur Reed. She nodded complacently. "He's been giving me the El Morocco rush. Ten bucks a dozen for the poison ivy and coming regular. And Ables..."
CAST

"THE BIG STREET"
(RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.)
Little Pinks..............Henry Fonda
Gloria Lyons.............Lucille Ball
Carl Ablez................Baron MacLane
Professor Reed...........Ray Corr
Norah Smith..............Sara Allgood
Horseshiel................Sam Levene
Violette Shumberger........Ange Moorehead
Nicely Nicely Johnson......Eugene Pallette
Decatur Reed............William Orr
Ruby........................Louise Beavers
Colonel Veaus...............George Cleveland
Mrs. Veaus.................Marion Martin

Ozzie Nelson and His Orchestra

thought he traded me off to the bush leagues.

"It’s a wonder Mr. Reed never comes to see you," the nurse said in a way that showed she had a few scores of her own to settle with Her Highness.

Gloria had thought that herself but she wasn’t going to be caught without an

answer. "You think I’d let him come in that horrible joint?" she demanded. "I’m going to convalesce at his place in Palm Beach.

He’d get across with a swimming suit and champagne for breakfast."

She turned back to Little Pinks then. "When I get to be Mrs. Decatur Reed, I’m going to buy a social body job just to run Case Ablez into the gutter.

"First you got to get well," Little Pinks said and then as she lifted her eyebrows questioningly, "You’re kind of temporarily broke," he explained.

"Decatur Reed’s got plenty," Her Highness sniffed.

"But—but—" Pinks began stammering the way he always did when Her Highness became more uptight and difficult than usual.

"You wouldn’t want to go to Mr. Reed. It wouldn’t be right," he finished lamely.

"Listen, hus boy." Her eyes narrowed.

"Don’t give me no sermons!"

He had no intention of her misunderstanding.

"I figured maybe you’d come and live at my place until you were strong again," he said.

"Live at your place!" Her Highness’s voice rose to a scream. "Me, the Park Aven-

ue kid, living at your place? Get out of here and heave this stuff on your dago collector.

"It wouldn’t cost anything," he pointed out patiently.

"Get out!" Her hand reached out and grabbed the mirror. "Get out!" she screamed as she threw it at him.

But she was coming to his place, after all. There wasn’t anything else she could do. Little Pinks felt as if he were suf-

focating when he thought of it, with his heart jumping up into his throat like that, halfway between ecstasy and fear. He’d have to see that everything was nice for

her. Her Highness was used to nice things.

Nicely Nicely Johnson and Horseshiel and Professor B. all lived around when he told them. They didn’t have any use for

Her Highness but Little Pinks was tops with them and they knew how it was with a man who loved a girl and so it was for his sake they put the pressure on the gang to collect the money for the wheel-chair and artificial flowers and streamers they hung in the dresser with her initials and studied to

a corner in Little Pinks’s base-

ment room, covering the bare spots where the plaster had cracked with badges they had cut out of old political club outings and fixing up the couch with the crepe paper bows they borrowed from Miss Shumber-

ger’s room upstairs.

Now Violette Shumberger was one of those women who looked as if a stiff breeze would blow her away and as if she couldn’t possibly eat more than a small-sized spar-
row would stack away for lunch. But Vio-

lette’s appetite was equalled only by her generosity and though she loved those cushions she had made herself from rem-

nants bought at a bargain store, she couldn’t say no when Nicely Nicely asked for them. He was the champion eater of Broadway and he looked it, and he had an expert’s admir-

ation for Violette who could equal his capacity at any meal and still get into a size eleven with room left over. And even if he hadn’t liked Little Pinks anyway he’d always been grateful that it was through him he’d met Violette. Nicely Nicely couldn’t do enough to make Gloria’s homecoming a success, just to make Little Pinks happy.

Her Highness looked more lolly and un-

obtainable than ever as she sat in the cab, her ermine coat hugged tightly about her. Little Pinks’ heart was banging so hard he thought all the neighborhood kids gath-

ered around watching them must hear it as he picked her up and carried her to the house.

"You live in a rotten neighborhood," she said disdainfully, and then as he started down the basement steps, her hold on him tightened.

"What are you going down the cellar for?" she demanded.

"It’s where I live," Little Pinks said.

"It’s a pretty nice room." And then as her shill protest came and she said she wouldn’t go, he smiled appealingly. "Just come in and sit down for a moment," he coaxed. "If you don’t like it, we’ll make some other arrangement,"

"Okay." Her Highness smiled the way a duchess would to one of the peasants. "But I’m not committing myself!"

Everybody was waiting when they came in and Mrs. Lefkowitz, the landlady, was so excited, she almost cut herself with the knife she was using to slice sandwiches. But Gloria paid no attention to any of them as Little Pinks deposited her in the wheel-chair. Then suddenly there was a stir among the cretonne cushions and there was Baby rushing toward her and jumping into her lap.

Funny, how she changed then. She wasn’t Her Highness at all as she hugged the dog, rocking him as if he were a baby. Nobody had ever seen her show any feel-

ing before and it sort of embarrassed them hearing her voice break that way as she whispered “Baby” over and over again.

But none of them were as embarrassed as Gloria when that first joy was over and her eyes looked colder than ever as she glanced around the room, her lips tightening when she saw the paper flowers.

"What is this?" she demanded. "A funeral?"

"You know Horseshiel." Little Pinks put in quickly, trying to cover up. "And Nicely Nicely and Professor B. and—"

"Yeah, I know them and so what?" She glared. "Get them out of here!" And then as Little Pinks hesitated, "Get them out, I said.

Little Pinks looked agonized as the others filed out of the room and then he turned pleadingly toward her but she was staring straight ahead, her hand meet-

ing Baby’s fur. “I won’t stay here,” she said. "I’d rather be dead."

"I’m telling you."

"It’s true."

"You’re going to be well again. Real soon," he lied desperately. "The Doc told

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Jane Withers, who is starring in "Johnny Dopeboy," Republic’s musical extravaganza, and her best pal, Fred Bartholomew, are all set to try out their shiny new autogiders.

That gas stove ain’t worth a nickel and it stinks besides.”

“I brought you something,” Little Pinks said. “I’ll make you some toast and boil an egg. That’s the way you like the caviar.”

“I’m sick of those stale fish eggs,” she said. “I’m sick of this joint. I’m sick of you!”

“The Doc says you’re doing good.” Little Pinks smiled encouragingly. “All you need is a little patience.”

“Sure you will,” he soothed. “I keep all the time, Pinks,” she whimpered.

“I’ll be Spring soon,” he promised. “The snow makes the trees bud fast. It’s always a fast Spring when there’s lots of snow.”

“I want to go where it’s warm,” she said. “Like Florida.”

“We can’t, Your Highness,” he shook his head. “No dough. We couldn’t even pay for half fare on a train or even a bus.”

“We don’t have to go by train,” she said. “We could walk.” And then at his uncomprehending stare, “I was just. Baby and me could sit in the chair. You could push me.”

“All the way to Florida,” he gasped. “It’s a thousand miles, I bet. A thousand miles easy.”

“But it’d be warm there, Pinks,” she urged. “If I get the sun on me I’ll be the old girl and then nobody could stop me. I’ll be Mrs. Decatur Reed so fast.” She trembled then and her teeth began chattering. “I’m cold, Pinks. So cold!”

“You’ll be warm soon,” he said, taking her hands and rubbing them between his own. “You’ll be warm.” And he knew he’d have to get Her Highness to Florida any way that he could.

Of course, it was ridiculous thinking of walking. Horse thief and Professor B. thought so too and though they didn’t care about Her Highness, they knew they’d have to do something for Little Pinks. They put the bee on all the boys at Mindy’s until they almost had enough for train tickets; then they saw in a racing form that a two-year-old named Dancer was the favorite for the third at Santa Anita and
seeing that Her Highness had been a dancer, it looked like a sure bunch. They could dance like that horse came in. But it didn't, and so one cold winter day Little Pinks set off wheedling Her Highness and had the look and sound of grand wearing that emerald cost of hers, everybody stared as they came up to the entrance of the Hudson Tubbs.

The moment Her Highness put on such a scene as in sheer desperation they stopped a truck going South and hoisted the wheel-chair up it with Little Pinks standing like a one-man guard of honor. It was a big break, for it took them all the way to Washington. After that, it didn't seem so bad, going through Virginia, Maryland, and Carolina and Georgia, getting lifts sometimes and sometimes walking. For it was getting warmer all the time and Little Pinks felt the heat pushing the chair, it was good to see Her Highness reaching toward that warm sun as if it were something she could cling to.

Sometimes they had sandwiches and sometimes hamburgers but one night Little Pinks stole a chicken and cooked it over the fire he'd made in a clearing in the woods.

"You're a good cook, Pinks," Her Highness said as she lighted up her cigarette. "I used to watch the chef eat all the time." Little Pinks was glowing the way he always did when she was nice.

"Chicken wasn't as fresh as this," she said. "They didn't steal it right off the farm," he pointed out. "There weren't any easy, wasn't it?" She put up her hand to cover a yawn.

"I didn't like doing it much," Little Pinks confessed.

"I told you once, you gotta take what you want," she taunted. "That's the only way you'll ever get anything.

"What's all this we want don't want you?" Little Pinks asked, thinking of the only thing in the world he really wanted. "Push people out of your way," she shrugged. "Step on them. Just figure out an angle."

"An angle," he repeated. Suddenly his courage came. After all, wasn't it her own advantage she should be after you're right," he said eagerly. "I want to say something right now. I got to say it. It's like I'm sitting there bare. I can't keep it down any more. I'll get you everything that Decatur Reed could. More. Much more! Twice as much or more. I could give you a bigger boy than him out your business. He broke off abruptly as he looked at her. Her Highness was fast asleep.

The next day they crossed the state line into Florida, but it was still a few days before they came to Miami where Nicely Nicely and Violetta had settled. Only now they didn't look so conscious with their wheeling Gloria down the boardwalk and the wearing the summer outfit she'd saved for this triumphal entrance. Suddenly her thoughts were like telegraph lines or something to me out of here! Quick! There's Decatur Reed!

Swiftly he wheeled into the shelter of a store entrance and he turned to see Decatur Reed and a pretty girl laughing together as they walked into the entrance of a boot shop.

"That dame with him goes back to high shoes!" Gloria turned to Little Pinks furiously. "Start pushing, will you? Or do you think he's going to let this sun until he dry up like a baked apple?"

It was as if a spell had swept down on Violette and Nicely Nicely again. Even Gloria brightened a little. They were all warm and happy again until she suddenly demanded that he buy her beach pajamas.

"I got to get a job right away!" Little Pinks said to Violette after they'd taken her Highness to her room. "I got to get her some pajamas."

Violetta's own head. "Pinks, I gotta say this," she sighed. "You're a terrible food and somebody ought to take your pants down and kick you around the block. But I guess I'm a fool. Here!" She opened her bag and took out a bill. "Buy her the gold-darnedest pajamas in Miami!"

Looking at Her Highness wearing those pajamas was reward enough for Little Pinks. There wasn't a girl at the Beach Club who could compare with her. He wheeled her there every day, getting an umbrella on the sand and depositing her under it while he left to look for a job. He knew she saw Decatur Reed there and he was getting interested in her all over again, never guessing she was hopeless invalid. But Little Pinks didn't mind that. He didn't need it. It would make her happy. That was the way he loved her.

Then the day he got the job at the Decatur Club and was hurryng back to tell her all about it, he met Horsethief and Professor B., who had come to Florida to see how the horses were doing at Tropic- cal, ambling around the walkway, and since it didn't occur to him that anyone even Her Highness, wouldn't be pleased to tell them anything, his eyes, he asked them to come along. His eyes were shining as he went over to her. "Look who I found outside," he said.

"What did you bring these guys here for?" she demanded sharply. "This is a class joint. Get me out of here and tell those mudoiles to scatter."

"She's only kidding. Little Pinks tried to smile as he turned to the boys, but it didn't go over. He saw that as he leaned over and picked Her Highness up in his arms.

"You shouldn't have said that remark to the boys," he said as he carried her toward the end of the walkway. They were his pals. He felt her weighing as he put her in the wheel-chair. But these weights did not disturb her. She could be; fairly safe to tell me."

"Shut up!" her small hand struck at him. "If you had a brain in your head, you wouldn't have brought them here. Suppose Decatur Reed..."

"I guess for a moment I just forgot about Decatur Reed," he said, and for the first time he felt an amorous at her. She couldn't be bothered about the boys that way. They were his pals.

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way it was her acting that way with the boys that hurt more than the things she said to him. Little Pinks really thought it meant as he stalked away, leaving his discomfited friends to push her home.

But of course she had seen her again. Even if Violette hadn't come to the Florida Club that night telling him Gloria had collapsed, he would have gone back. Now he was like a mad man as he began taking off his white bus boy uniform.

"If you walk out of here, you're fired," the captain said.

"But it's an emergency," Little Pinks explained. Then he hurried as he saw the door to the office opening and Case Ables coming out.

"What kind of carryings on is this?" the big man demanded as he ran a respectable joint, not a pig market.

"You run?" Little Pinks looked at him in astonishment.

"Sure I run," Ables laughed derisively.

"How do you think you got your job?"

Little Pinks leaped at him then hitting him so hard he sent him sprawling to the floor. But he felt better as he hurried after Violette. He felt like a man.

The doctor was talking to Nicely Nicey when they got back, but Little Pinks didn't want to talk to him then; he only wanted to see Gloria. She was lying in the room. Violette had fixed for her, the nicest room in the hunkalow, with its windows opening on the balcony and to his amazement she was humming the song she used to sing in the club back in New York. "Remember that song?" she asked.

"Sure," he nodded. "You used to have the people in the aisles.

"I'm singing it for you last time, Pinks," she said slowly. And then ignoring his protest, "Know what I'm thinking? I'm thinking that I'm in a swell supper spot with gold and millionairs and all dressed up in satin pants and Docra Reed is there too and a lot of classy people. And I walk in."

"You'd knock 'em dead," Little Pinks assured her. But she didn't hear him. Her eyes were misty with dreams and she was lost in her own world, the world she created for herself.

"I got on a white dress, see?" Her voice came in that soft hushed way it did when she dreamed. "White net, very long and all over it are little diamonds that shine, and I'm wearing my hair straight back, and when I walk in all the columnists take out their gold pencils and all the damsel look like last year's models, and all the guys would give a year's salary just to dance with me. And I walk along like I was a duchess or an orchid in my hand, a white orchid." Suddenly she looked down at her small, empty hand and it brought her back to reality. "There's no orchid, Pinks," she whispered, "No orchid."

"I'll bring you dozens of them," Little Pinks said. "Dozens!"

"No," she looked away. "There's no anything, Pinks. Just a broken-down komoppo in a wheel-chair—waiting, Pinks, just waiting."

It didn't do any good to say the doctor had promised her she would be well soon. Her Highness had heard that too many times. And when Little Pinks went in to the other room and saw the doctor's face, he knew it was worse, worse than he had thought even.

"Did you ever hear of anything called paranoia? the doctor asked. Then at Little Pinks' uncomprehending stare," "No, I guess you didn't. Well, it's what happens when people think they're somebody they're not. It doesn't usually matter except when the illusion is shattered. Then they kind of wither up unless it's restored."

They withered up! Her Highness withered up. Not if Little Pinks could help it. Her Highness had to have all those things she had been dreaming about so it wouldn't happen to her. She just had to have them, no matter how impossible dreams he had to make come true.

It was then Little Pinks began running away from reality too, just the way Her Highness did. It was Little Pinks now who was beginning to dream those impossible dreams he had to make come true.

And the next night when he was passing the Florida Club and he saw the seductive blonde come out, the woman he hardly served so often in the Club and who he knew was the wife of the middle-aged Colonel Venus, who was something of a joke because he didn't know his wife was two-timing him with a tall, dark young Latin, Little Pinks knew his dream was beginning to come true. For she was wearing a dress that could have been the one Gloria had described to him, white and net and long and all over it diamonds that shone. And it didn't need the newsgay going by right then shouting an extra about the latest jewel robbery to make him know what he had to do.

First he said, Horsethief and the Professor and the reformed crook they introduced him to at the cheap bar nearby, the gentleman crook who only took his head when Little Pinks gave out with his proposition.

"I have retired from the hoist," the crook said. "No percentage any more. Syndicates have driven the rest of us out of business, syndicates who engage in the entirely unethical practice of clipping the insurance companies. The middleman gets everything these days and the laborer nothing for his hire."

Then I'll do it myself," Little Pinks said.

"Please, Pinks," the Professor shook his head. "You can't start at the top with this. At least begin with a little pocket-picking or such odd jobs."

"I got to get that dress!" Little Pinks said desperately. "It's a matter of life and death."

He got up and walked to the door and Horsethief started after him. But the Professor called him back. "Don't, Horsethief," he said. "When a man has that kind of look in his eyes, he's liable to clop you good."

Little Pinks might have been robbing houses all his life, he was so professional about it, climbing the iron gates of the Venus estate, running toward the house, zagzagging from one tree to another, climbing the trellis to the balcony outside that lighted room on the second floor he could see was a bedroom. The French
doors leading to it were open and Little Pinks slipped inside, breathing easier when he saw it was empty. Then he had an hysterical impulse to laugh as he saw the dress hanging in the opened closet. It took only a minute to slip it off the hanger and he was about to go when he saw the open safe in the wall of the closet, dripping with jewels. Involuntarily his hand went toward it, then he withdrew it again. The dress was different. He couldn't steal diamonds, even for Her Highness.

It was then he heard the voices, a man's and a woman's, and closing the door of the closet he stiffened against the wall, taking care not to mass the dress hanging over his arm. And then he knew the gossip at the Club about Mrs. Venus was true, for the woman's voice was hers and the man's her young gigolo's.

"I tell you to get out, you termite," Mrs. Venus was whispering as they came into the bedroom.

"Do you listen nice?" the man said with a sneer. "Or do I tell you finer you think he's a checkbook with the goat?"

"You haven't got anything on me," she falted.

"A paper napkin with 'I love you, Lou,' written in lipstick," he sneered. "A platinum watch engraved to 'Ducky from Wucky.'"

"Nobody would believe I was Wucky," she said.

"It's about the jeweler?" The man laughed. "He's a friend of mine."

"You know all the cash I get is two dollars a week for gum!" Mrs. Venus sounded desperate.

"You're heeled plenty in the ice department," the man pointed out. "And you'll only be giving it up temporary. Hand 'em over. Say they were stolen. My syndicate recovers them, gives them back to the insurance company. We get a reward and you get the stuff back. It's very popular now. Such a deal was consummated last night. You read, of course, that Mrs. Laird got cleaned good. One of our boys did that. A Russian count. Very good man."

"I don't believe you," Mrs. Venus protested.

"We got fine references," the man laughed. "Case Ables good enough for you? Well, he's the brain behind the whole thing, Supposin' I shoved you a little proof? Mrs. Laird's ruby clips at!"

Little Pinks jumped then. He took his handkerchief out of his pocket and he was so excited he didn't notice that his well-worn social security card came out of his pocket with the handkerchief and fell on the floor. Then tying the handkerchief over his mouth he grabbed a handful of jewels from the safe, and stuffed them into his pocket, putting his hand into it too and pointing it so it looked like a concealed gun as he swung into the bedroom.

"Reach!" he ordered. "Any talk and I'll plug you. Hand over those clips," and then as the gigolo held them out he stopped him.

"Put 'em in your handkerchief. Those fingerprints will come in handy."

He was being carried along on the momentum of his own excitement and he was feeling awfully sure of himself as the other man complied with his request. "Both of you stick here ten minutes," he ordered as he put them into his pocket with the other jewels. "Don't forget I got enough on you to hang you!"

It was the next afternoon Little Pinks walked into the Florida Club again and went right in to Able's private office.

"The G-men are coming in on the Venus robbery," he was saying as the boy opened the door. "That'll teach whoever it is not to compete with Case Ables.

"Will it?" Little Pinks said quietly, taking out a bit of the hanger from his pocket. "I thought you might be interested in this."

Then as Ables started towards him he held up a warning hand. "Not so fast! There's another one just a little bit smaller. The cops get it with a letter, if I don't come back in an hour."

"All humped up, aren't you, Pinks?" Ables leered.

"Certainly am," Little Pinks said calmly. "You could use a little cash?" Ables suggested.

"Maybe," Little Pinks said. "But I could use something else more. Such as this club tomorrow night. I want to take the joint over for champagne, caviar, the best, see, on you. And you invite the guests. Everybody important, but especially Decatur Reed. And if you do, you get the trip of your living else back."

"It's wacky," Ables stared at him. "But it's a deal. You keep your part."

"If you keep yours," Little Pinks said, realizing how easy it was to talk big when he held all the cards. "I got the invitation all figured out. Take it."

And he started to dictograph the plans and the talking on a pad. "You're cordially invited to attend a supper party in honor of Her Highness, Saturday, the eleventh of January, at the Florida Club."

Her Highness couldn't believe it when Little Pinks told her about the party that was being given just for her, but her thin hand and her narrow face didn't dry up with hers. Her white dress was made of cream and her eyes sparkled almost as brightly as the diamond necklace she had already clamped around her throat. So what if it was wrong, what he had done, Little Pinks thought. All he knew was that the color had come back into her face and her eyes were no longer dull and dead. If it was a crime to save a life, so okay, it was a crime. He didn't regret it.

Violette got a new dress for the party and the red-haired, freckly, hired dress suits. But Little Pinks went in his bus boy uniform. It wouldn't look right to Her Highness if he showed up as a guest. And he went early just to make sure everything would go right.

"More champagne, Ables," he ordered as the table was turned. "Absolutely, absolutely," and everybody was wondering in excited whispers who Her Highness might be.

"Who do you think I am?"

"I said champagne, Ables," Little Pinks said in that new voice of his. "And none of that eau de cologne you're trying to palm off. Confine it to the McCoy. I gave the chef orders to make it squab, partridge, and pheasant. You can't get away with lamb chops."

"Okay," Ables frowned. "When does Her..."
Highness arrive? People are beginning to scroung around in their seats.

"She comes in at nine sharp," Little Pinks said, and he breathed easier as he saw Decatur Reed come in and sit at one of the tables, with Horsethief and Professor B. taking adjoining tables.

Then the party really was beginning and the lights dimmed and the band stopped playing and a trumpet blared a fanfare and a spotlight circled the darkened room and picked out the ringside table where Her Highness was sitting with Violetta in the chair opposite and Baby lying at her feet. And then as the orchestra leader introduced her as Your Highness, somebody began toitter for it was clear this pretty girl was a nobody and not the duchess or princess they'd expected. Anyone could see this girl was Broadway and not Almanac de Gohba. And some of the people started to leave, but Little Pinks wasn't worried, not with the Professor stationed at the entrance with a gun to send them all back again.

"That's Gloria," Decatur Reed said surprised, and then he was even more surprised to find something hard sticking into his back, something that felt like a gun, and he turned to meet Horsethief's eyes.

"Go over and see her," Horsethief muttered. "And make with dialogue like Cary Grant makes with Ginger Rogers.

There wasn't anything else Decatur Reed could do, but just to be sure he'd play his part, Little Pinks took his place back of Her Highness' table, but Decatur Reed was playing his part, all right.

"You're glorious," he whispered. "I—I didn't think you'd come," Her Highness faltered.

"I'll go home if you moved a finger," the playboy said, and Little Pinks felt as if he'd been paid in full when he saw Gloria's face light up like that. It made it worthwhile, even when he knew he'd have to pay his own bill to pay when the waiter summoned him to Ales' office and he saw the detectives there and heard Colonel Venus loudly demanding that his wife's necklace and dress be returned. And there on the desk was his social security ticket which had trapped him as the thief.

There wasn't anything to do but tell the story, all of it, and Colonel Venus went white as he listened. And it would have been hard facing those grim-eyed detectives if he hadn't heard Gloria singing through the closed door, the song she had sung at the Canbury Club in New York, the song that was making her feel happy and important again. Doing it for Gloria made it worthwhile.

"So you can do what you want with me," Little Pinks said, as he finished, feeling better seeing that Nicely Nicely and Horsethief and the Professor had come in, for at a time like this it was good to know he had friends. "Only let Her Highness have no more things stolen.

"It's all a lot of broccoli!" Ales shouted.

"You can't believe that pale squirt!"

"Quiet, Ales," Colonel Venus ordered. "Speaking officially, we'd say ditto, one of the detectives nodded.

"Pinks is the guy who hoisted the stuff," Ales went on. "Arrest him.

"That is a topic we will take up later with reservations," the detective said.

The door opened then and a waiter escorted Decatur Reed into the room. "What do you want of me?" he asked.

"Take off your clothes," Colonel Venus commanded, and then as the other hesitated, "Take them all off, I mean.

"How about a little explaining first?" Reed demanded.

"I just heard something nobody can explain," the Colonel said, and he turned to Little Pinks, "I'd like to shake hands with you, Mr. Pinks. You're something that doesn't come along very often. I'd like to help make your party a wow. Change your clothes," he said, nodding to Reed, "I've got work to do.

It didn't take the Colonel long to accomplish what he wanted when his wife realized he knew everything. Her teeth were chattering but she did as he asked, going towards Her Highness' table.

But Nicely Nicely got there first, "We better get out of here," he said tersely.

"Why?" Violette demanded, taking another sip of champagne.

"I think maybe he's right," Her Highness said.

"Aren't you having a good time?" Violette demanded.

"Why did Decatur walk out on me?" Her Highness said, and her voice sounded so tired, "I know why. He's laughing at me. He doesn't want me. Nobody does.


"What did he ever steal?" Her Highness gasped.


"He's lying, Your Highness," Violetta put in quickly but the girl looked frozen. "Is he?" she said dully, and then she looked up as Mrs. Venus came over to the table, followed by all the important people her husband had made her corral, and they all were making much of Gloria, inviting her this place and that. But it didn't make any difference, not one bit; he saw Little Pinks coming over to her, wearing Decatur Reed's dress suit that made him look so handsome and almost distinguished, did her smile, did her face. But he didn't mean it.

"Pinks," she said breathlessly. "Pinks!"

And then looking at the others, "I would like to talk to Pink, I would, you know? This is personal." Then as they left her voice came low and troubled. For the first time in her life Her Highness was thinking of herself as a person.

"What's with the bulls, Pinks?"

"Okay," he said, and the way he said it made her know it was all right.

And all the for the party, Pinks, she said, and her voice was almost shy. And the stars came back to her eyes as the orchestra began playing her song again, to her wish, she faltered then, "I wish I could dance to it!"

"Why not?" Little Pinks said.

"I'm trying, Pinks," she tried to smile, even though her eyes were splashed with tears. "I'm trying awful hard, but nothing happens."

"Maybe you're not trying hard enough," he smiled. "Let me help!"

And before she knew what was happening he picked her up and held her in his arms and as if by magic he really did make his floor, but he felt as if she were really dancing as he held her, waltzing in time to the music.

"Everybody's watching," she whispered.

"You," Little Pinks said. "Not me."

"Both of us. She looked at him. "A bus borne dancing with a girl who isn't dancing."

"You will soon," he insisted.

"Never, Pinks." Her arm tightened around him. "But I don't care now. Why didn't you do all this for the party, Pinks?"

"Because we're friends," Pinks said.

"No!" She was smiling now. "Remember that night in Georgia, when you talked to me and I really did go to sleep, Pinks, I made out I was because I thought I'd laugh. Only I didn't. You know something, Pinks? Lots of people do go to sleep. A detective really should make a rotten knitter but I could try."

"You could even try to walk, Pinks said. "Yes, we could." He insisted as she hesitated. "Try, Your Highness. Try now!"

"Now?" Her voice came breathlessly.

"Now! This minute!" And he sounded so sure as he gently let her down so her feet reached the floor, so sure that she felt sure too and took that one step forward.

"That did it, Pinks," she cried. "Nobody can ever call me now.

And she laughed in that moment before she started to fall and as she caught her Pinks saw her eyes were still laughing, laughing right up to the second that they began closing. He put his cheek against hers as he held her, not caring who saw it and did not care, her face pressed into his and laughing and everybody watching in that still way and the only sound Baby's breathing as he followed them through the door.

Horsethief was furious, those slippery tears away from his eyes like that, but the Professor wasn't.

"Pinks found what everybody else in the world is looking for," he said softly.

"And lost it," Horsethief retorted.

"No." The Professor sounded awfully sure. "It is well-known that a citizen never loses what he's got fided away in his ticker," he said.
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