AY, ROMANTIC NOVELETTE: "THE BRIDE CAME C.O.D."

O-STARRING, FOR THE FIRST TIME, BETTE DAVIS AND JAMES CAGNEY

UR LOVE AFFAIR! BY ALAN CURTIS AND ILONA MASSEY
The continuous use of Dura-Gloss will make your fingernails more beautiful!

Be coy, coquette! But let the incandescent beauty of your fingernails blaze out the story of your allure, your exquisite, fastidious charm! Give your fingernails this boon—the flashing loveliness of gem-like lustrous color—give your fingernails the boop of Dura-Gloss, the easy-onflow, durable, longer-lasting nail polish created for the most beautiful fingernails in the world! Dura-Gloss costs only ten cents, a thrifty dime, yet it is as perfect a polish as can possibly be made! See for yourself—try, buy Dura-Gloss today!

Protect your nails—make them more beautiful with

DURA-GLOSS
It's good for Your Nails 10¢
They begged for introductions—
but no one took her home!

Yet Ellen could be popular, if she'd remember...Mum Every Day Guards Charm!

The music was sparkling—the man adorable—the evening started out divinely. Ellen at the start was ringed with admirers, she had the stag line at her beck and call. "Who is this lovely girl?" they asked and begged for introductions. But one by one her partners drifted away—drifted and never came back.

Long before the last strains of the last waltz Ellen went home in tears—alone. One simple, unforgivable fault can ruin a girl's evening—yes, and even romance.

At a dance or in business, on her job or her dates, no girl can afford to risk underarm odor. That's why smart girls play safe with Mum—why they make daily Mum the quick, dependable safeguard of their charm.

A touch of Mum under your arms—after your bath or before you dress—keeps your bath freshness lingering all day or all evening long. Remember your bath only cares for past perspiration but Mum prevents risk of odor to come. And Mum is so gentle, so safe and so sure that more women use it than any other deodorant.

Mum is quick! Just smooth Mum on...it takes only 30 seconds and you're through, and you have Mum's lasting protection for hours to come.

Mum is safe! For you and for your clothes. Mum won't irritate even sensitive skins. It won't injure fine fabrics. Mum's gentleness is approved by the Seal of the American Institute of Laundering.

Mum is sure! Hours after you've used Mum, underarms are still fresh. Without stopping perspiration, Mum guards against risk of underarm odor all day or all evening long. Get a jar of Mum from your druggist today. Use it every day...always!

For sanitary napkins—Thousands of women use Mum on sanitary napkins because it is so gentle, so dependable...a deodorant that helps prevent embarrassment.

Charm is so important...never neglect Mum!

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration.
The lion roars "See Men of Boystown!"

It will be money properly spent.

It will blend the golden laughter and tears of April, as in William Watson's poem.

In September, 1938, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—conversationally called M-G-M—decided that the world should know more about Father Flanagan and his famous home for homeless boys of all faiths. Result—"Boystown".

It was one of the five most successful pictures ever produced. There were letters from the public. There was a demand for more.

And so with time and care a new great hit was created—a worthy sequel—a successful successor.

Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney are together again.

Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney are Father Flanagan and Whitey Marsh again!

Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney are wonderful again in "Men of Boystown!"

The original screen play by James K. McGuinness was directed by Norman Taurog, produced by John Considine.

Time is the master critic and Time has awarded every medal and trophy to M-G-M, the master of entertainment.

Sorry. We were told not to blow our own horn.

—Leo

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures
IT'S EVEN BETTER THAN BOYS TOWN

Spencer Tracy
Mickey Rooney

in
"MEN OF BOYS TOWN"

with
BOBS WATSON • DARRYL HICKMAN • MARY NASH
LARRY NUNN • HENRY O'NEILL • LEE J. COBB

Original Screen Play by
James Kevin McGuinness
Directed by Norman Taurog
Produced by JOHN W. CONSIDINE, JR.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S NEW HIT

SCREENLAND
HOT from HOLLYWOOD

Luscious is the word for Rita Hayworth in this tantalizing pose. What a torso! What an actress! No wonder she’s the hottest thing in Hollywood. The silhouette, right, seems to be pleased with the whole idea. Who isn’t? But wait until you see Rita’s latest, “Affectionately Yours.”

If you’re interested in the rise of Kathryn Grayson, “discovered” in “Andy Hardy’s Private Secretary,” know that Kathryn isn’t at all new to Hollywood! She has been insignificantly hanging on the edge of our vast myriad of other unknowns these many months. Anyone curious enough to inquire could have been asking about her for over a year now. Her studio, M-G-M, has had this surprise package in the throngs of extensive training for that long. She has been assiduously preparing for her debut that, as you know, was given not one particle of hallyhoo. That, too, was planned. Her studio wanted you to discover her yourself, although to them she has been a “chinch” from the moment they first saw her. Never before has an 18-year-old girl been given such a thorough taking apart and conscientious putting together again. The last fourteen months of her life have been a constant round of the most exacting elocution, singing, acting and dancing instruction. She has worked constantly with body builders, masseurs, make-up artists, hairdressers and clothes designers. A modern Galatea, surely.

When Martha Scott first came to Hollywood, producer Sol Lesser, who brought her out for “Our Town,” took one look at her and told her it had been his mistake and she had better go back to New York. But Martha earnestly appealed to him to let her have at least one adequate test before a camera. Mr. Lesser was set against letting her play the role she had created on the stage because she had had no experience in Hollywood. That seemed down-right silly to Martha. So she insisted that, in any case, she did have Hollywood experience. She told Mr. Lesser that when she played Shakespeare at the World’s Fair in Chicago, right next door to Robert Ripley’s Odditorium, she used to eat lunch every day with the exhibits from that show. “I’m positive, Mr. Lesser,” Martha smiled, “that after that, I’d get along very well in Hollywood.” Martha got the job, as you know, and she has really come to understand Hollywood as well as she predicted she would. In fact, Martha is now being kidded mercilessly because she’s gone a bit Hollywood herself. One night not long ago she combed the Hollywood hills until dawn in a squad car with two policemen in search of a burglar who had ransacked her neighbor’s home. She confesses shamelessly that, to her, her cops and robbers complex doesn’t seem at all eccentric. And, truthfully, playing detective is her only consuming screwy passion. She spends all the rest of her time winning acting awards.

It is still Ciro’s, of an evening for the bored sophisticates, but for the livelier young bloods, the place to meet these warm spring nights is that new, more than smart, ice cream parlor out on Santa Monica Boulevard. With a décor you’d only find in Hollywood, this den of hot fudge and the richest of cream concoctions has every youthful figure (the only ones that can take it) beating a path to its door. You can’t get into the place without bumping into Rita Hayworth or Susan Hayward and their gang. Even Garbo, it’s hinted, has an appalling weakness for this shop’s delicacy—a double-rich ice cream flavored with strong black coffee.
LAUGHING, FIGHTING, LOVING their way into your heart!

William A. Wellman, Producer of "Beau Geste," brings you three modern musketeers in a rousing, rollicking romance that hits straight at the heart with a wallop!
As you'll notice, in "One Night in Lis- 
bon," there is a scene in which Made- 
leine Carroll very smoothly slips out of 
her military uniform and, before your very 
eyes, changes into mufti. Usually this sort 
of un-dress scene is flaky given the go-by by 
big feminine stars. It's very difficult to 
keep the masculine members of an audience 
from giving vent to a few shrill whistles (a 
la burlesque) when they see a big star do a 
strip tease on the screen. Dignified Miss 
Cartoll wanted none of that. However, 
Madeleine was persuaded by her director 
and her bosses that the scene was essential 
and had to be done according to the script. 
Madeleine consented, but in trepidation 
wondered whether she could be screened, 
somehow, from all the onlookers and the 
members of the crew. Director Edward 
Griffith assured her that that precaution 
would be taken. Hesitatingly, Madeleine 
parked for the scene and was very ner- 
vous just as the cameras were to turn to 
find that she was in no way screened. She 
was to step into the scene from another 
room and of course the gag was timed so 
as to take her by complete surprise. When 
"action" was finally called, she walked in 
to find that every person on the set from 
director down to prop boy had been fitted 
out with a pair of dark glasses.

OH, what a blossoming-out there'll be 
for 17-year-old Linda Darnell one of 
these spring days! Watch for Linda to go 
actressy up to the hilt. Until now, for over 
a year and a half, Linda has had the average 
beggar's contract with her studio. Her 
salary was trifling, as movie salaries go, 
and the Darnell family being the modest, 
untheatrical people they are, there were no 
dramatic indulgences for Linda, whether 
she was getting to be a big-time actress or 
not. From the start, she has had billing that 
other actresses work up to only after years 
of plugging, but her salary stayed in the 
beggar's class. Now Linda has made a new 
contract deal with her studio and her boost 
in pay will be more than hefty. As any 
other newcomer, she has always had a yen 
to be as flashy as any other young actress 
making a name for herself, but her sensible 
and thrifty family kept their feet down. But 
Linda has never had her own car, she 
doesn't own a home, she doesn't even have 
herself a fur coat. But now, with the salary 
boost, watch for things to happen. Believe 
it or not, I think Linda has always had a 
yen to be as flashy and as elemental as Lana 
Turner, and you can bet that now she will 
take a try at it. I hope she doesn't go so 
far as whizzing up and down the boulevards 
in an open scarlet-red racer.
tragic accidents, and experience thrills that we will probably never know otherwise. We can attend races of every description. We can learn the customs of people of other lands and modern-day problems. We can see criminal life re-enacted and for a would-be criminal there isn’t anything that will impress upon his mind that crime does not pay as to see the lives of great criminals—how they lived in fear, robbed, murdered, turned traitor to one another and finally ended with a horrible death either by his own hands or those of the law.

Since the draft bill and the American Defence Program there is hardly another public service that has set the hearts stirring of every normal American citizen as the movies. “Ever onward with the ‘Movies’ for a better and happier world.”

Henry N. Thomas, Athens, Ga.

Will someone in the movie business please tell me why the wheels on wagons and buggies give the effect of turning in the opposite direction from which the vehicle is going? I have noticed this in a number of pictures. In one picture, I remember, even the wheels on the hearse were turning backward. Imagine! So won’t you please do something about your backward wheels?

Foye M. Harrop, Zanesville, Ohio

In the last year or so I have read countless accusations, against, and complaints about, “double features.” Now, I would like to know why, if these people object to them so heartily, they don’t plan to go into the theater in time to see the one picture they are interested in, instead of complaining about it.

I for one like double features because quite frequently the class “B” picture is the best one on the program.

So, please if some people enjoy, and wish to see the double features, let them do so, and say nothing, for people are not compelled to see more pictures than they wish to.


This is especially for you, Leo! Your roar has been the preface of hundreds of the best pictures, but please won’t you give one little squeal for that charming actor, Ian Hunter.

In pleading his case we must reminisce a little. Surely, you haven’t forgotten that Christlike figure he portrayed in “Strange Cargo?” It was more than one person’s opinion that he walked away with all acting honors. But shame, did you do anything about it? No, nothing but cast him in some more of those crackpot comedies where only half the time does he get the girl. If you’d rather not see us women swoon at his romancing, we would gladly settle for a nice big priest role. If you’ll let out a squeal in his honor, we’ll do the roaring!

Doris Templeman, Bell, Calif.

My! but I’m getting tired of seeing these war movies. The majority of the film output is based on the European crisis or on some fictitious conflict.

Don’t we read enough about it in the daily papers, hear it in the stores and on the street, without having to see it on the screen?

When I’m in the mood to see a movie, it is finally disclosed to me—and to my dis-

appointment—that either “Four Sons” or “Escape” are playing. Does that get my goat?

Why can’t we have more films like: “They Knew What They Wanted,” “All This and Heaven, Too,” “Mr. Smith Goes to Washington” and “Our Town”? (This is not criticism.)

I’m sure that most of the theater-goers would be pleased if the picture companies would produce less war films.

Geo. Stupakik, Monessen, Pa.

I have two pet peeves. One is directed at the people who complain about double-

feature movies. If they want only one picture why don’t they get up and go home and let the rest of us have our two pictures.

My second peeve is at the studios because they won’t put the cast of characters at the end of a picture, as well as at the beginning and also, leave them on long enough to read them. They leave the art directors, stylists, etc., on much longer than necessary.

A. V. Tigner, Des Moines, Iowa

There’s an actress in Hollywood who has recently been seen in three wonderful motion pictures: “The Mortal Storm,” “So Ends Our Night” and “Back Street.” Her name is Margaret Sullivan, and I believe she is the screen’s finest actress. All the reviews of her pictures that I have read highly praise her. When are those men who hand out the “Oscars” going to come to their senses? Sullivan is good; why not admit it and give her some well-deserved recognition?

Gloria J. Frank, Chicago, Ill.

---

**BRIGHT BEAUTY FOR SILKS! COOL-WATER IVORY SNOW ENDS HOT-WATER FADING!**

Amazing speed! 3-second suds in cool water! Amazing safety for silk lingerie!

**HERE’S MAGIC FOR COLORS!** Your favorite washable housecoat—your “pet” satin nightgown... don’t let them get washed-out looking and drab! Just rub them with Ivory Snow—the amazing new soap that gives cool-water safety to every washable color in the rainbow! Then see how bright and lustrous those lovely colors can stay!

**WHAT AMAZING SPEED!** Ivory Snow bursts into suds in just 3 seconds—in safe cool water! So it’s good-bye to washed-out colors—good-bye to prints that are blurred and faded from hot-water washing! There’s cool-water safety waiting for every washable you own—right in a blue-and-white box labeled Ivory Snow! Try Ivory Snow today!

**LOVE FILMY STOCKINGS?** Wash ‘em every night in cool suds—in pure suds—in safe Ivory Snow suds. Suds come 1-2-3 in cool water! It’s 3-second magic!

---

**HELLO—SAFE COOL SUDS!**

Yes, cool-water Ivory Snow is safe for daily patterned washables! They can look like a million, washed time after time in Ivory Snow’s cool pure suds!
"Oh, You Darling! Just what I wanted"

A Keepsake Genuine Registered Diamond Engagement Ring

No wonder she's thrilled... a genuine registered Keepsake represents traditional quality and value through five decades. These famous rings can be chosen with full confidence because of the Keepsake Certificate of Registration and Guarantee, signed by the Authorized Keepsake Jeweler and confirmed by the makers. There is a Keepsake for every taste and purse. Extended payments are usually available. Ask your jeweler to show you the new Keepsake Solitaire Duets.

GUARANTEED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Before you announce your engagement—Write for the valuable book, "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding."
Rings illustrated to show details.

Ormond Diamond Rings, A. H. Pond Co., Inc.
214 S. Warren St., Syracuse, N. Y.
Please send me the helpful book, "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding." I enclose 10c to cover mailing expense.

Name
Street and No.
City

For a merry May luncheon, let Patricia Morison entertain you in her charming modernistic home

Patricia Morison has luscious curves and long hair, the dignity and languorous beauty that seems to belong to the romantic past. But she lives in a modernistic house designed by Frank Lloyd Wright—all sunshine and windows, plenty of air and absolutely no privacy. "Simply marvelous for a person alone," commented Patricia, "but for a big family, not too 'cosy' as my mother complains!"

The elder Morisons don't really complain; they say tolerantly that it is rather interesting to live in a goldfish bowl for a year or two. Pat, they infer, will probably give in by that time to one of her persistent suitors and they can return to their own English type of house.

Pat's brother solves his problem by occupying a tiny house three levels below, adjoining the badminton courts.
Pat's young cousins, Ursula and Dennis Skeate, who are over here "for the duration," think the outdoorsiness quite "jolly." You can't live outside all year at home.

So there is the Morison house, looking like a succession of glass boxes set on a green hillside. The three levels are carpeted in blossoming iceplant, shaded with young trees; there are small ponds on first and third, and a grove of fruiting oranges and lemons.

"We have goldfish in the upper pond and frogs in the lower one," Pat pointed out. "I love to hear frogs croaking at night. This really is a divine spot then—I throw open the huge windows, and listen to my frogs, smell my lemon blossoms and watch the stars. I don't know whether the stars actually are brighter here—but they seem so."

The sun pours down on the upper patio, where the Morisons and their guests like to bask in colorful armchairs or inviting canvas covered lounges. There are flagstones set into the hillside leading down to the badminton courts and the two lower levels, "So good for the hips, all this climbing about," said the hostess. "I drop a few ounces every time I show the place off!"

Even the living room is on two levels—one end, with the piano and Capehart, music and record chests, takes on the air of a music room and seems more spacious than it is because what slim wall space the windows permit is set with mirrors. The

(please turn to page 85)

"QUINTS" GET FIRST CANDY

Naturally, Baby Ruth was selected as the first candy for the carefully nurtured Dionne Quintuplets! For Baby Ruth is pure, wholesome candy made of fine, natural foods. You'll love its smooth opera cream center; its thick layer of tender, chewy caramel; its abundance of plump, fresh-toasted peanuts; its luscious, mellow coating.

There's deep, delicious candy satisfaction in every bite of Baby Ruth. It's rich in flavor, freshness and good food value. Join the "Quints"—enjoy a big bar of Baby Ruth today.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

"Baby Ruth, being rich in Dextrose, vital food-energy sugar, and other palatable ingredients, makes a pleasant, wholesome candy for children."

Allan Ray Dufur, M.D.
YOU need never fear that anyone can detect anything if you wear Tampax—internal sanitary protection. Tampax has been perfected by a doctor so ingeniously that it can be inserted and removed quickly and easily. Your hands never touch the Tampax and you simply cannot feel it when in place.

You experience a new and glorious freedom with Tampax. A month's trial convinces beyond doubt... You can dance, swim, engage in all sports, use tub or shower... No chaining, no bulging, no pin-and-belt problems. No odor can form; no deodorant needed. And Tampax is easily disposed of.


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Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

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**Tagging the Talkies**

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53

**Andy Hardy's Private Secretary—M-G-M**

Mickey Rooney has reached man's estate—almost. He takes unto himself a private secretary and, during the natural course of events, guns up Judge Hardy's plans for the girl's poor family, Kathryn Land (Kathryn Grayson), Andy's stenographer, is the surprise of this latest Hardy series.

Her singing is indescribably beautiful and she is cute enough to make Ann Rutherford suffer symptoms of the green-eyed monster. Don't miss this Hardy film.

**A Girl, a 'Guy' and a Gob—RKO**

This delightful film was made for two primary purposes—laughs and more laughs! George Murphy, Lucille Ball and Edmond O'Brien are a happy triumvirate. When O'Brien sheds his dignity and his stuffy fiancée, the love plot thickens. Coffee Cup (George Murphy) is engaged to Dot Duncan (Lucille Ball). His emotions are torn between the sea and his sweetie. When he learns Dot's boss loves her too, Coffee Cup comes to a quick decision.

**You're the One—Paramount**

She's a dark-eyed, dimpled darling and loves Orrin Tucker. Of course we mean Bonnie Baker loves O. T. And he cares for our "Oh, Johnny, Oh" girl, but not as a blonde menace. Bonnie's agent changes her personality in order to win a singing contract with Albert Dekker. So sandwiched in between a pretty thin plot, pops Jerry Colonna. Well, O. T.—he leads a hand too, you know—wants Bonnie to sing for him, and after awhile she does.

**The Trial of Mary Dugan—M-G-M**

Laraine Day realistically portrays the role of Mary Dugan, adding new laurels to her acting crown. Mary's efforts to hide her prison background is studded with suspense. It holds while Jimmy Blake (Robert Young), her lawyer-sweetheart, ignorant of her past until she is on trial for murder, cleverly proves her innocence to the jury. At the right moments, the inimitable Marjorie Main relieves the tension with bright touches of comedy.

**Adam Had Four Sons—Columbia**

Adam Stoddard (Warner Baxter) is proud of his heritage. His four sons also revere the Stoddard traditions. Adam's wife dies, leaving the burden of their rearing to Ingrid Bergman, their gentle governess. The 1907 panic bankrupts Adam and he is forced to sell his house. The war years find him prospering again; the boys volunteer for service. The household is disrupted when David brings his war bride (Susan Hayward) home for a spell.
Footsteps in the Dark—Warners
Murder becomes merry with Errol Flynn cast as author-amateur sleuth. Flynn leads a double life—triple, to be numerically correct. He's a broker catering to a lofty clientele; a loving husband to Brenda Marshall and, in between times, a writer-sleuth. It is in the latter rôle he faces trouble. His wife sets a private detective on his trail after a friend, with mendacious delight, phones her husband is out dancing with a blonde. Fine fun.

The Hard-Boiled Canary—Paramount
It's hard to think of Susanna Foster as hard-boiled, especially when she opens her gifted mouth to sing. As Toodles La Verne, she becomes a member of the Interlachen National Music Camp which houses outstanding youthful artists. She is shunned by her mates at first but later, with the help of Allan Jones, endears herself to them. Complications rise when her past is uncovered. Happily, all ends well. This is a treat for serious music lovers.

Topper Returns—RKO
Joan Blondell is mistakenly murdered and returns to this earthly earth to find out how come she was done in. Also, she's out to snare her assassin and find her body. To do this, Joan's astral self plagues Roland Young until he agrees to help her. Eddie (Rochester) Anderson dodges in and out of spooky situations. Billie Burke is as giddy as ever as Topper's wife, and Carole Landis looks becomingly scared. There are laughs galore in this.

The Great Train Robbery—Republic
Duke Logan (Milburn Stone) runs a cattle with crime as a sideline. Tom Logan (Bob Steele), his brother, is a railroad detective, honest, fearless. It is his duty to guard the Comanche, a crack train carrying a shipment of gold. Tom knows his brother is planning to hold up the train, and is helpless to prevent the deed. However, Tom, virtually single-handed, tracks the ruthless mob and manages to save the shipment. Bob Steele's good.

Adventures of Capt. Marvel—Republic
Far inland, in the jungles of the Malayan Peninsula, are the ruins of the ancient "Scorpion Dynasty." Natives guard the mysteries of the sacred temple. Unwillingly, the Malcolm Scientific Expedition arrives, seeks to penetrate its secrets. Billy Batson (Frank Coghlan, Jr.) refuses to invade the imperial room; for this he is rewarded with power to transform himself into a superman, "Captain Marvel." A super thriller serial for adventure lovers.

"SIS HOPKINS" is a-comin' to TOWN! And who but JUDY CANOVA, the beloved "JENNY LIND of the Ozarks" COULD be the Sis Hopkins of 1941? IT'LL be the screamiest thing on CELLULOID, since Mabel Normand DID IT years ago in the "Silents." THIS famous stage classic comes TO TOWN rip-roarin' with laughter AND ZIP as Judy streamlines it FOR you with new fits and fittin's... BRINGING joy to your heart and LAUGHTER to your ribs will be BOB CROSBY and his orchestra.

WITH the Bobcats,
CHARLEY Butterworth
JERRY Colonna
KATHERINE Alexander
SUSAN Haywood.
YOUR local theatre manager WILL let you roll in the aisles ENTIRELY unmolested and medical TREATMENT will be provided WITHOUT charge for patrons DEVELOPING uncontrollable Hysteria. It is your big chance TO GET troubles off your mind AND giggle-bees in your bonnet. WATCH your local paper for THE OPENING date of "SIS HOPKINS" starring funny JUDY CANOVA. It's...

A REPUBLIC PICTURE
Screenland Honor Page

HEARTY WELCOME TO AN ENCHANTING NEWCOMER!

Meet KATHRYN GRAYSON: young, vital, with a VOICE!

Take a bow, Kathryn Grayson, for giving jaded movie-goers a refreshing eye and ear tonic. Your début in "Andy Hardy's Secretary" with Mickey Rooney (scene below) was delightful, indeed. Please, Katie, stay as sweet as you are. We are glad M-G-M didn't build you up with a lot of "phony glitter" because, first of all, that commodity is a drug on the market. Secondly, your wholesomeness, golden voice and charming manners are qualities we prefer to see stressed. Good luck, enchanting newcomer!
ACROSS
1. He plays horror roles (5)  
5. Mrs. Dudley in "The Lady with Red Hair" (4)  
10. He's married to Frances Dee (5)  
11. The famous ice-skating star (7)  
12. On the ocean (7)  
17. He's been one is "Nice Girl" (6)  
19. Printers' measure (5)  
20. "There ... Girls," Dubin's first film (5)  
21. The Dead ... Kids (6)  
22. Before (6)  
24. "It's a ... " a Deanna Dubin picture (6)  
26. Biblical pronoun (3)  
28. Outer coverings of nuts (3)  
29. Tip of a crescent moon (4)  
32. "Come Live With ... " (James Stewart film) (7)  
34. Short verse (4)  
35. Scarlett O'Hara's beloved home (5)  
37. Sleeve (4)  
40. To shelter (4)  
42. Seed spreader (5)  
44. Grief (5)  
45. Lock of hair (4)  
47. Religious tear (5)  
48. Yonder (5)  
50. Wing of a house (7)  
51. Irrational (7)  
54. Dry (5)  
55. Kind of grain (7)  
56. One who goes (7)  
57. Redent (7)  
59. Streamship (abbrev.) (5)  
60. Lowest point on a thermometer (4)  
62. She's featured in "Ziegfeld Girl" (4)  
65. Printed notice (abbrev.) (4)  
67. Co-star of "The Road to Zanzibar" (7)  
69. Tin - Alley," with Alice Faye (5)  
70. A federal republic of North America (abbrev.) (7)  
73. To recover with turf (8)  
75. Famous "Mammy" singer (9)  

DOWN
1. Foretell (7)  
2. Level (7)  
3. Principal roles in movies (7)  
4. She's Multiple (7)  
5. Star of "The Great Dictator" (7)  
6. Note of the scale (7)  
7. Compass point (abbrev.) (7)  
8. "Come With the ... " (7)  
9. Compass point (abbrev.) (7)  
10. Co-star of "Strawberry Blonde" (7)  
11. She's featured in "Honeymoon for Three" (7)  
12. Weird, uncanny (7)  
13. Laidy (7)  
14. Necessity (7)  
15. He's featured in "The Bride Came C.O.D." (7)  
16. He's famous for Swede comic roles (7)  
20. Land measure (7)  
22. Gardening implements (7)  
29. Co-star of "The Philadelphia Story" (7)  
31. Star of "The Mark of Zorro" (7)  
32. Measuring device (7)  
33. Premature, soon (7)  
36. Chief seaport of Arabia, a British possession (7)  
38. Mrs. Cooper in "The Lerner" (7)  
40. "Mr., ... Goes to Town," famous film (7)  
41. Her new one is "Six Lessons From Madame La Zonga" (7)  
43. Facially, leisurely (7)  
46. She's featured in "Dark Streets of Cairo" (7)  

49. To detect (7)  
52. Mid-day (7)  
53. Commissions to be performed (7)  
56. "... of Green Gabies" (7)  
61. Hard, dark wood (7)  
63. Lowers (7)  
64. Type of hard bread (plural) (7)  
65. Air (7)  
66. To delete (7)  
68. Clare Pendleton in "Gallant Son" (7)  
71. Tender, inflamed (7)  
72. Collections of related things (7)  
74. Depressed (7)  
76. Hawaiian wreath (7)  
78. One of comedy team in "Back Private" (7)  
80. Note of the scale (7)  
81. Note of the scale (7)  

S C R E E N L A N D
1941's GREAT GLAMOUR-MUSICAL...
THE SHOW OF YOUR DREAMS!

- From the studio that gave you "Tin Pan Alley" and "Down Argentine Way"!

Alice FAYE
Don AMEACHE
Carmen MIRANDA

"That Night in Rio"

IT'S GAY!
IT'S ROMANTIC!
IT'S MUSICAL!... the South American Way!

Hit songs—
"I'm, Yi, Yi, Yi" (I Like You Very Much)
"Chica, Chica, Boom, Chic"
"Boa Noite" (Good Night)
"They Met In Rio"
"The Baron Is In Conference"

by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren

IN TECHNICOLOR!

S. Z. SAKALL • J. CARROL NAISH
CURT BOIS • LEONID KINSKEY

Directed by Irving Cummings

A 20th Century-Fox Picture
DEAR MISS ROGERS:

You cried.

When they gave you your "Oscar" for the best performance of 1940—in "Kitty Foyle"—you broke down and cried like a kid. And I say you better for that. It makes you as truly human as you have always seemed to be on the screen.

You probably haven't noticed, but I've been rooting for you to win the Award for a long time. When I reviewed "Kitty Foyle" two months ago, I said: "When are people going to wake up and give this actress the praise she deserves—say Oscar or two?" Well, it was a great fight and you won. I mean we the people who have been pulling for you; I mean the fans and members of the press like myself who have been boosting you in the face of what seemed to be supreme indifference on your part.

Genuine shyness; an inferiority complex; honest modesty—these were some of the kinder reasons assigned for your aloofness. The public—and the film industry—knew better than to consider you aloof. I mean you a little child of the screen. (And I mean in every sense of the term.)

Winning the Academy Award for her performance in "Kitty Foyle," Ginger Rogers burst into happy tears as she received her "Oscar." Left, with her mother; below, with male winner James Stewart, whose 1938 film with Ginger, "Vivacious Lady," is being reissued.
"I FELT that love was just not for me. Alan helped me to believe. He gave me the desire to be ambitious. Real people are those who have been through things. They understand. He has great understanding. And tenderness. I have never known anyone like him before. All my dreams are alive again.

"Alan brought a precious gift into my life. He taught me how to laugh. I have always been much too serious about things. I had lost faith in most people. Especially men. I was very lonesome during my first few years in Hollywood. Most of the eligible men were so spoiled. He is just the opposite. He is quite unselfish. Quite unaware of his good looks.

"Though he tries hard not to show it, Alan is a sentimentalist. Many times when he called for me, he arrived with his arms filled with flowers. They were from his own garden—picked by himself. He knew I liked tiger lilies, lilacs, lilacs of the valley. They grew on a farm in the Netherlands where I worked as a child. He tried to grow them in his own yard.

"For several years Alan and I passed each other on the M-G-M lot. Once we were casually introduced in front of the commissary. But we never spoke again. When I saw him in 'Mannequin' he was so 'bad' I was sure he must be exactly like that fellow he was playing! I expected him to be quite conceited and self-centered. I had no desire to meet him at all. To my surprise, when we talked together the first time, I discovered he was a nice, normal human being. 'You worry too much' he told me, as if he had known me for many years. From that day on Alan began helping me to live more for today. Because of those early days of poverty and sickness in Europe, I grew up with the fear of tomorrow hanging over my head like a sword. That fear is gone. He knows now, instantly, the minute anything is bothering me. I had to promise that I would never try to spare him if a problem comes along."

"In 'New Wine,' our first picture together, Alan is going to surprise everyone. They've always associated him with gangsters and similar characters. He has so much real feeling. But he has (Please turn to page 93)
And Here

Is How
They Got
That Way!

How two disillusioned people discovered it was possible to live and love again

By Jerry Asher

This Is How He Feels About Her!

From now on I won't be beating my head looking for happiness! Everything that is a good influence, Ilona brought into my life.

"Perhaps I never had the capacity for love before. Maybe I never really loved. I know I was always more or less indifferent. Ilona has changed all that. We have been together every day since we met. Just once I went to a Turkish bath, I counted the moments until I could get back to her again. I feel I have lost something when I am away from her. I think this is the way a man should feel about the woman he loves.

"I know how lucky I am. Ilona is so glamorous-looking. So beautiful. But she isn't glamorous in a Hollywood way. She is practical. And serious. She believes that marriage should be a partnership. She wants to share everything, not just take and give little in return. She is the most appreciative person I have ever known.

"Before I ever knew her I imagined she would be egocentric and aloof. She is sure of herself in a way. But she hasn't the singer's ego that usually comes with a beautiful voice. She doesn't baby herself. But neither does she subordinate herself. She just handles herself as a woman—intelligently.

"Because she has so much confidence in me, Ilona has given me confidence in myself. She has a million ideas to help me improve. With her (Please turn to page 93)
LETTERS

TO IDA LUPINO

As read to
Gladys Hall

W

E S A T at tea in the panelled play-room of
Ida’s low, white rambling house, field grass
and pepper trees blowing in the twilight
winds outside the casement windows, stretch of sea
beyond the fields and trees. The firelight flickered,
the dogs snuffled peacefully, Ida’s hands moved
among the tea things.

“A cup of tea,” she said, “it’s keeping them alive,
over there, you know, a cup of tea.”

On the table in front of her, close by the tea tray,
lay a letter; across it, like a tape holding together the
edges of a wound, the tape which read “OPENED
BY EXAMINER 4789.”

“I’ve had six letters from my father, Stanley Lu-
pino,” Ida told me, “I have had only six letters from
him since the outbreak of the war—the boats went
down, you see. And not one of my letters has reached
him. Because I forgot and didn’t send them by clip-
per. Only a packet of post-cards, they reached him.”

Ida raised her tea-cup then, looked into it, as if
finding in the cozy comfort of the tea something of
the comfort they are finding—over there.

“It must seem odd,” she said, “how often he speaks
of a cup of tea—with the air raid warning screaming,
when the All Clear sounds, when they are going out
to face death, when they come back again, having
eluded him once more—always, it’s a cup of tea. But
it isn’t odd to an Englishman or woman, it’s sort of
‘Forever England,’ that cup of tea—bless it!” said
Ida. “Would you like to hear some of his letters?”

“Please,” I said.

Ida went into another room, returned with the
somewhat thin, little collection in her hands. “They
are rather fragmentary, you know,” she explained,
“he breaks off, every now and then, when the Warn-
ing sounds or he has to go and look for a delayed-
action bomb, when he is called to give First Aid—
a few of them begin, neatly, in ink, and end, scrawled
in pencil. But the things they say, in spite of being
fragmentary, a little disconnected, give a picture of
a very great Whole, I think. For the most part, they
are undated and all of them are without address. Only
because I know he is at home, our home which is
near the Croydon Airport and so is near a First Aid
Station, is a place for billeting and a place of great
danger, only because he is there do I know where he
is—this one was the first one I got from him, some
time after the outbreak of the War.”

Dear Ida: The air-raid shelter in the middle of
our garden is long since completed. If you received
my first letter, you will know that I was the first
one, the first man in Eng. (Please turn to page 82)
from ENGLAND!

FROM HER FATHER

Straight from the soul of war-torn Britain come these poignant letters from Stanley Lupino to his star-daughter in Hollywood. We are proud to present them as a stirring human document of our troubled times.
For a while there, the place was called Heartbreak House. Some wag had invented the name to symbolize all the little squashed dreams and hopes that were buried in it when a California court parted Bubbles Schinasi and Wayne Morris.

There were, of course, repercussions. Sentimental spinsters who wish young love nothing but the best would get choked up right to their eyelashes when nonchalant guides or blasé Hollywood relatives pointed it out. The real estate people were especially glum. With one eye on the tragic history of famous lovers from Adam and Eve up and the other on the ten percent commission, they began to despair of their luck. What sane man would hope to inveigle a young married couple into leasing, say, Wuthering Heights?

But tenants did, finally, show up. Not a young married couple with stars in their eyes. Nor a brooding poet and his spectral spouse. Not even a retired nut-and-bolt manufacturer and his fifth (and sloe-eyed) young bride, with a hidden yen for Stanford halfbacks. The lessees, of all people, turned out to be Burgess Meredith and Franchot Tone, as gay a brace of bachelors as ever haunted the sleep of the countless impressionable co-eds throughout our wonderful democracy.

You could have capsized Victor McLaglen with a toasted marshmallow when the news hit the town. "It's
phantasmagoric!” the eloquent Jimmy Durante observed, rising to the occasion. “Those guys and that house—what have they got in common?” For some months now the tenants of the house have been struggling to discover an answer to Mr. Durante’s dilemma. So far it has eluded them.

It all began like this: When Burgess Meredith checked into Hollywood last August to settle down for a solid year of picture making, he piled into a cab and was driven out to Jimmy Stewart’s house. Jimmy had an extra room going to waste, didn’t he? O.K. Out of sweet friendship, Meredith would be glad to move in. He was all unpacked when Stewart got home from a day’s work on the set of “The Philadelphia Story.” In fact, he was putting on one of Jimmy’s ties when he caught a glimpse of Stewart in the mirror. “I’m here for the duration,” Meredith served notice. Jimmy grinned.

Everything would have been ducky if John Swope, another Stewart crony, hadn’t arrived on the scene and taken up lodgings. After that, there was no doubt about it. Villa Stewart was the most chummy little house in Santa Monica. Also, considering the activities of all concerned, very crowded.

It was Meredith who had the inspiration. Maybe if he moved out there would be more room for Stewart and Swope who, come to think of it, had

Bachelors!

What happened when two dashing actors took over the former honeymoon home of the Wayne Morrises makes hilarious reading!

By John R. Franchey

been joint occupants of the house before he had moved in during one of Swope’s frequent trips out of town. A little skirmishing around and Meredith found the ideal solution in the form of a little beach house, formerly occupied by Paulette Goddard’s mother. It had two advantages: A. The rent, especially during the winter months, was dirt cheap; B. It was close to the Stewart-Swope headquarters. That the house was falling apart and needed paint aplenty did not trouble Meredith one jot. He hurried over to break the good news to the boys.

Meredith didn’t like the idea. It would bring bad luck all around, he figured. Swope did, too. At which point Meredith had another inspiration. The Meredith new acquisition would be regarded as an annex—merely sleeping quarters. And he would continue to spend most of his conscious hours at the Big House with Stewart and Swope. It seemed a good enough idea. In fact, all three drank on it.

The beach house had just about been made shipshape when who should arrive in town but Franchot Tone, also hell-bent on doing a batch of pictures. Tone lost no time in moving in on Meredith. After all, didn’t they room together all last winter in New York when Tone was starring on Broadway in “The Fifth Column” and Meredith in “Liliom”? In much more ample quarters than the little dinky beach house, to be sure. (Please turn to page 88)
STEVE COLLINS had a way with planes and a way with girls, but he didn't stand a chance against a finance company. "Airflights, Inc." read the sign over his flying field and it looked pretty imposing too. But when you came right down to it "Airflights Inc." consisted of one pilot, that was Steve himself, one mechanic, that was Peewee, and one plane that wouldn't be there by midnight if he didn't raise the eleven hundred and twelve dollars and twenty-seven cents still owing on it.

He zoomed the plane down over the field and the girl beside him gasped her admiration as he made a perfect three point landing. Steve grinned at her, but his heart wasn't in it. She was small and pretty and gaga in her admiration of him but she was cut out of the same pattern as the rest of the girls who took flying lessons from him. They came a dime a dozen, girls like that.

"Two more lessons and I'll let you fly solo," he said.

"Oh, no," the girl smiled at him pertly. "None of that solo business! The only reason I took up flying was so I could be with you." She looked at him reproachfully and then suddenly leaned over and kissed him hard, right on the mouth, and Steve returned it just as thoroughly. A little diversion never hurt a man yet.

"And you have a wife and two kids!" she sighed.

"I was so young." There was just the right amount of apology mixed with just the right amount of regret in Steve's voice. He could handle a phrase as neatly as he could a plane. He dug into his pocket and came up with a snapshot a bit torn at the edges, a bit oil-stained, a bit tired of having been used so much. The girl looked resentfully at the small boy grinning at her from the photograph and frowned at the little girl with the yellow curls, but Steve smiled at them fatuously. (Please turn to page 64)
Laugh your troubles away with this grand, gay fiction story of the surprising new film co-starring Bette Davis and James Cagney—what a team, and what a picture!

Fictionized by Elizabeth B. Petersen

"The Bride Came C. O. D." is a Warner Bros. picture. Please turn to Page 64 for complete cast and all credits.
 FOREWORD: Now that I am just about to divorce my typewriter—purely on grounds of incompatibility—I have to sneak around snaring innocent people into writing for me. If I say with sort of a quaint old world ... how the hell am I going to pay my rent next month— why invariably some poor unsuspecting darling offers to whip up a thing for me. Joan Crawford was so easy it wasn’t even sporting. Joan has just about the biggest heart in Hollywood, and thinks nothing of knocking herself out daily to do a good deed. When she said she’d drag out some adjectives for me I fairly broke my leg leaping to Stage 26 where she’s making a picture with Melvyn Douglas called “A Woman’s Face.”

This is the picture, the way, in which Joan becomes the first lady Lon Chaney in the history of the Hollywood cinema. She wears a scar, a horrible something by make-up artist Jack Dawn, that stretches from eye to mouth on the left side of her face—a regular killer-diller of a scar. Of course Dr. Melvyn Douglas, the plastic surgeon, comes along after a few reels, and pretties everything up, thank goodness, including Joan’s soul. A swell plot. Regarding the scar Joan said, “If it weren’t for the scar there wouldn’t be any story. And my main interest is to get a good story. So I’m not worrying about the disfigurement. There are too many pretty women in pictures, anyway.”

Well, the day I arrived on the Crawford set, my heart pumping merrily with the pure joy of getting something for nothing, I found it cluttered up with Marian Anderson (in Los Angeles on a concert tour), a goodly percentage of the English colony, and a large batch of visiting firemen. Now I am the first to scream out in outraged indignation when a star closes her set, but I must say Joan rather overdoes the come-one-come-all stuff. With everyone crowding around her, wanting to shake hands with her, wanting her autograph, etc., how could I ever get her working for me! And then Director George Cukor had to give me competition too. “Camera” he called and Joan and some extras went through one of those folksy folk dance routines. At the end of the “take” George said, and very naughtily, “Once more, Joan. And this time give it more of la vie and not quite so much of la fanxy. Like this,” (George is always very accommodating about showing his actors how to act.) Now I know many a Glamor Girl whose great big beautiful blue eyes would swim in great big bad tears after a bit of criticism like that—but not Crawford. You can kid with her. She watched George with a make-believe sneer on her face, and said, “Now George. I can’t possibly ham it up as badly as you have.” On a Crawford picture, George Cukor, wit delux, getseth as good as he giveth.

I finally lured Joan into her dressing room, with a cup of tea and a piece of cake with chocolate goo on it an inch thick. (How she keeps that figure I’ll never know.) I stuck a pencil in her hand and said, “Write.” But it was not to be my lucky day. Into the dressing room popped Ingrid Bergman from the “Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde” set next door.

“I want to thank you for being so kind to me, Miss Crawford,” she said. “One feels (Please turn to page 90)
GOODNESS knows I am not an authority on men. I like them exceedingly well, as what woman doesn’t, but don’t think for a moment that I would ever hope to floor you with my knowledge—which, I might as well face it, is certainly nothing to brag about. Women have always found the subject of men fascinating, very fascinating indeed. And I’m like all other women.

The best way to learn about men, perhaps, is to work with them. They haven’t got on their party manners then. No pretty little compliments, no neat little gallantries. They’re as informal and natural as a haystack. I have worked with men, and some very attractive ones too, under the most trying circumstances (there’s nothing like a studio at nine o’clock in the morning to bring out the worst in a man) for twelve years now—and I’ve learned a few things about men.

The most important thing I’ve learned, I believe, is that every successful actor, or director, has a terrific sense of humor. He certainly needs it in the movie business as nothing can be quite so nerve-wracking. If an actor, or director, takes himself and his “Art” so seriously that he can’t laugh with the (Please turn to page 90)
Ever since his success in "The Letter," with Bette Davis, you've been asking us to tell you all about James Stephenson—so here is a first-hand, exclusive interview from Hollywood's newest important actor.

By
Eugene
Schrott

THE
SURPRISING
MR.
STEPHENSON

ENGLISHMEN, as a rule, are rather calm and un-ruffled people. There is usually that perfect poise and air of self-control. But this was not true in the case of James Stephenson. He was probably the first Englishman I ever met who was as excited as an enthusiastic youngster at his first big football game. Not that he showed it. But beneath the smooth, unperturbed surface was visible the undercurrent of suppressed happiness. Any minute, I expected it to break loose. Any minute, I expected to see him turn handsprings or burst out into song. Perhaps he did—after I left the charming little cottage nestled high on the Pacific Palisades overlooking the ocean.

The affable young man in his correct, casual flannels and open shirt who sat opposite me in that well appointed living room was as full of vibrancy and eagerness as a teen-aged adolescent who had just accomplished a remarkable feat. And James Stephenson had done that very thing. For anyone who can steal a picture from Bette Davis is doing what is considered the impossible.

A few weeks before "The Letter" was previewed, Stephenson was just another player on the Warner lot. Hardly more than a mere handful of people had ever heard of him. For three years, he had been hanging around playing one minor role after another. The studio officials were convinced there was nothing much they could do with him. And Stephenson himself was pretty well fed up with being shunted around from one bit part to the next. Whenever a sizable role came along, someone else always got it.

"I was getting good and disgusted," he told me. "And when my option came up, I suggested to my wife that I pull out and try my luck elsewhere. This was around June. But Lorna advised me to finish out the year. Maybe it was a lunch she had. Maybe it was her sense of femining intuition. But she believed in starting the new year with a clean slate, I took her advice. I decided to stick it out for the remainder of the year."

What Jimmy Stephenson did not know was that Warners were all set to let him go. They couldn't do very much with him. There were so many affable young men hanging around but few of them had anything much to offer. They didn't know that beneath the calm exterior of this young man was the stuff of which Paul Munis and Spencer Tracy's are made. They didn't know because they never had given him the chance to prove it.

Some years ago Warners imported him from England because he had been attracting considerable attention on the British stage and screen. He was uprooted from his native soil because the studio saw in him a capable successor to the swashbuckling, torso-revealing Errol Flynn. But the plan never materialized. Instead, he was motted out a minor role in "White Ban- (Please turn to page 96)
GENE GOES GAY!

Little Ellie May of “Tobacco Road,” in real life Gene Tierney, goes on a Spring shopping spree! See her smart print ensemble here. Now turn page...
FOR PLAY-DAYS

More of Gene Tierney's own clothes collection: below, her pet play-suit, all of snowy white, with the new full skirt instead of shorts; at right, play-pajamas, 1941 style, with wide, wide trousers.

A girl's Summer won't be perfect unless she owns a bright-colored flowery print for festive evening occasions (facing page).
DON'T GIVE UP, HOPE!

Cheer up, Bob! You may lose the girl (Dottie Lamour) in "Road to Zanzibar"—but you may make a hit with Betty Grable, here, if you'll only refer to her charms on your radio program as a change from mentioning Hedy Lamarr or Madeleine Carroll all the time. How about it, you Special Academy Award Winner, you!

You'll see Betty Grable next in "Miami," big new 20th Century-Fox musical.
Gorgeous Gal-axy!

SOCIALITE: Niece of the Countess di Frasso, MARY TAYLOR will make her screen début in Warners' "Kisses for Breakfast."

FAMOUS MODEL: Peach picked from Manhattan's photographic model ranks, PEGGY DIGGINS is definitely set for a film future.
Latest crop of lovelies captured by the studio talent scouts

DRUM-MAJORETTE: Showcased as she led the parade at U.S.C., lovely Marjorie Woodworth wins movie chance in "Broadway Limited."

LATER FOR STARDOM: Lucky Ann Leslie, only 16, has been handed the coveted rôle opposite Gary Cooper in "Sergeant York."

Hal Roach, United Artists
Since "Tall, Dark and Handsome," Hollywood heroines are hoping for a date with Cesar Romero—at Ciro's or in cinema. It's Mary Beth Hughes who shares his closeups in "Ride On, Vaquero"
Maureen O'Hara is not only all dressed up but she is going places—especially now that she has made a real hit in "They Met in Argentina," her most captivating screen appearance to date.
One hero with honor in his home-coming is Stirling Hayden, who revisited New England after his big Hollywood hit in “Virginia” and found a hearty welcome from seafaring friends — not because he is now a movie star but because they’ve liked the Hayden lad up Gloucester, Mass., way ever since he was skipper of the good ship Gertrude L. Thebaud.

What did Hayden do once he was assured of his future in Hollywood with the promise of stellar roles to come in “Botany Bay” and “Dildo Cay”? Buy a Beverly Hills mansion, make a round of the nightclubs? No! He hurried up to Gloucester to see his old friends, who as our exclusive pictures here will testify, gave him a big hand. Below, Hayden with his old boss, Capt. Ben Pine, owner of the Gertrude L. Thebaud, famous in the International Fishermen’s Races. Left below, reunion with Larry O’Toole as they look at the model of their boat which once took them to the South Seas. Lower left, autographs for all. Sailing on.
Hayden visited the pilot boat Northern Light—not as a movie actor but as the sailor he still is at heart. The reason he isn't wearing a hat is—he never wears one, when he can help it—though he has been accused of "going Hollywood" because of this. Biggest kick of all was had by the two sailors, right above, the pilots, below, and ship's cook when the photographer included them in the pictures. Hayden is back in Hollywood now, where he is looking around for—you guessed it—a boat.

*Photographs by Ed. Sullivan, Paramount Pictures, exclusive to Screenland.*
Live and Let LOVE!

This love business is a darned pleasant custom! Gazing at Frances Dee, left, we can understand why John Wayne "gets that way" about her in their new Republic Picture, "A Man Betrayed." The love scene below is from their co-starring film.
Above, David Bruce breathes those three little words to Brenda Marshall in "Singapore Woman." Large picture at right shows George Brent comforting Martha Scott in "They Dare Not Love"—but don’t worry, they take that dare.

Directly above, Kay Francis and Brian Aherne in "The Man Who Lost Himself"—and no wonder. Top, Dennis O’Keefe and Carole Landis in "Topper Returns."
YOUNG—WILLING AND ABLE

His career has been unspectacular but steady. After "The Trial of Mary Dugan," opposite Laraine Day, Robert Young is cast in "Lady Be Good," with Ann Sothern and Eleanor Powell.
Black magic though this new portrait is, you must see Greer Garson in all the glory of her own vivid coloring to appreciate her beauty—as you will in "Blossoms in the Dust"
THE MOST STUNNING STILL OF THE MONTH

Robert Taylor in "Billy, the Kid"

We give you, here, the most "stunning" rather than the "Most Beautiful Still of the Month," since it's only fair to give the rugged he-men of picturesque outdoor dramas a chance to pose, as well as the delicate, dreamy beauties! Bob Taylor, as the robust killer who rode the ranges during the Southwestern cattle wars of the 1870's, is pictured on location for the film.
A CAREENING go-cart struck a corner lamp-post, its catapulted infant hit a vagrant beer-bottle. And from that day to this, anyhow up to yesterday, that rough-and-tumble kid has had some pretty hard knocks of one kind or another. Oh well. Lon Chaney, Jr., is probably all the better for them. Certainly he's a better actor than he would have been if coddled in cotton-wool at the beginning, then eased over the bumps of life in a cushy limousine. Of course, he's built to take it, indeed did no less than that as a human punching-bag before dutifully stopping the kind of that sadistic palooka in "Of Mice and Men" only to crush it as if it were a misguided cream-puff.

Now, a bemused stranger doesn't approach this sort of modern Samson indifferently. Frankly, as a great admirer of his famed and beloved father—who wasn't?—I was greatly interested in meeting the son. All the same, it wasn't without misgivings. Perhaps, like others born to a renowned name, this actor might take himself for granted. Maybe he would regard his inherent talent as something to be accepted. Even worse, assume a superior attitude. To be quite honest, I was afraid he'd upstage me. But, as the last of the Chaneys yanked himself up out of his chair, six foot three of heavy weight brawn leather jacket and workaday slacks, my one fear was that he would bump his hair-tossed head against the ceiling. No two ways about it, this young husky was all there. But I couldn't help wondering where he'd been the rest of his life, obviously not, as might be expected, steadily growing up in the movies.

"I was brought up kind of old-fashioned," was his simple way of putting it. "When the old man said one movie actor in the family was enough, there was no argument. He was the boss. Dad didn't want me to be an actor because he had taken too many bumps himself. So, among other things, I was a plumber, a butcher, a boilermaker, and a fruit-picker. That was all right with me. But I must have just been marking time without knowing it, because acting now is the all-important thing."

But it remained to develop (Please turn to page 78)

Despite a famous father, he had to take the rough road. He was a plumber, a butcher, a boilermaker, a fruit-picker, a movie stunt man—before he finally won his chance to be an actor. Read the stranger-than-fiction story of —

CHANNEY
the Second

By
Charles Darnton

Lon Choney, Jr., found it a handicap rather than a help to be the son of the great screen character star, still remembered by mature movie-goers for his remarkable and uncanny make-ups and portrayals in "Hunchback of Notre Dame" (silent version), "The Unholy Three," and many other films of yesteryear. But after years of struggle, Choney the second came into his own in "Of Mice and Men"—now he's stalk ing in his father's footsteps in "Man-Made Monster"—see scene at right in which he plays one of those split-personality roles opposite Anne Nagel. Upper right, Choney as himself, chatting with his co-star.
"I WANTED WINGS"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: THRILLS!
APPEAL: To every American, the more red-blooded the better.
PLOT: Training America's young men to defend our skies—and not at all incidentally to develop their characters in the process. Oh yes—you also get girl interest.
PRODUCTION: The best—with the finest flight scenes ever filmed—not only daring stunts but fascinating views of big bombers in action. You get the feeling, thanks to superb photography and Mitchell Leisen's always intelligent direction, that you're really learning something about America's methods in the air. No wonder; the U. S. Army Air Corps cooperated—it's the real thing, not the Hollywood version.
ACTING: A field-day for femme fans is the teaming of Ray Milland and William Holden as the cadets around whom plot revolves. It's a toss-up whether Milland's suave assurance or Holden's homespun charm will bring most fans mail, but both boys are terrific. Brian Donlevy as their

Paramount (Cont. on page 87)

"STRAWBERRY BLONDE"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: REFRESHING!
APPEAL: If you get a good case of nostalgia when you hear The Band Played On, here's your cure.
PLOT: Remake of "One Sunday Afternoon," if you remember about the dentist who lost the blonde and the big chance to the other fellow, but eventually found his own success formula—and a really nice girl.
PRODUCTION: Faithful to the Gay Nineties period, complete with barber-shop quartet, corner saloon, Gibson Girl hats and the dated slang. More important than sets is the authentic glow it gives you of the days of the first American pompadour and the first electric light, a warmth of feeling which must be credited to scenario and direction rather than the prop dept.
ACTING: James Cagney looks different in the clothes but his fighting spirit is the same—he sasses and slugs his way through tough or touching scenes in inimitable Cagney fashion, altogether giving his most lovable performance in a

Warner's (Cont. on page 87)

"ROAD TO ZANZIBAR"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: LAUGHS!
APPEAL: Unlimited! That is, unless you can't laugh with Bob Hope or croon with Crosby—can't be!
PLOT: What do you want with a plot with zanies Bob and Bing carrying on? Well, all right—so Crosby promotes a sideshow in darkest Africa, with Hope as the stooge, when along comes Lamour—oh, figure it out yourself.
PRODUCTION: Safari so good—African atmosphere with man-eating natives, just a background for the bright, brisk comedy of the co-stars, and the allure of Lamour. No doubt the direction is deft enough and the songs tuneful; but, heck, what's the use of trying to analyze the attractions of such a show? Just go and laugh your head off.
ACTING: Ah, the artistry of Mr. Robert Hope — what charm, what wit, what savoir faire! And what a profile. While there's Hope there's life in pictures. The man makes most alleged screen comedians look like what he himself calls stale characters. He even makes Bing Crosby play sec-

Paramount (Cont. on page 87)

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Delight Evans

"TOBACCO ROAD"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: DIFFERENT!

APPEAL: Crave a change from current film fare? Then see this—and you may be glad to settle for the old stuff.

PLOT: The play, "Tobacco Road," has been running for seven years or so, for obvious reasons. The picture won't run that long—because it is serious rather than sensational.

PRODUCTION: John Ford, great director of "The Grapes of Wrath," has made here what amounts to a "documentary" movie, following Erskine Caldwell's book rather than the notorious stage version which has audiences still gasping. Ford's sympathy for the "under-dog" turns the shiftless Lester family from outrageous scarecrows into almost human beings, although he has permitted too many hokum touches which weaken his case.

Result is that "Tobacco Road" is neither great documentary nor good entertainment, although it attains moments of rare artistry, and a few highs in hilarity.

ACTING: Triumph for Charles Grapewin, within his rôle's limitations, as Jeeber, a member of the Ford family. (Cont. on page 87)

"NICE GIRL?"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: CHARMING!

APPEAL: Especially to those Durbin fans who may have been disappointed in "Spring Parade." Here's your girl at her best again.

PLOT: Dependable eldest daughter of three in an American professor's family finally gets fed up with "nice girl" tag and decides to run wild—in a very nice way, you know. A handsome stranger solves her problem and before she is through has sipped champagne and alienated her best beau—but don't worry, she's still the same sweet Deanna for the fadeout.

PRODUCTION: All-Technicolor, glamour galore, stunning musical numbers replete with lovely ladies, it's what is known in critical circles as an eye-filling entertainment. In fact, it will positively dazzle you between two Don Ameches, dozens of brightly-clad beauties, and one Carmen Miranda—but you'll enjoy it. Such numbers as "I Yi Yi Yi Yi Yi," Boa Noite, and Chica, Chica, Boom, Chic will leave you dizzy.

ACTING: Ameche is really good as the identical gentlemen with complications in love and finance. It isn't an easy assignment and a less resourceful actor might have muffed it—so no more cracks, please.

(Cont. on page 87)

"THAT NIGHT IN RIO"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: GAY!

APPEAL: If you like a lusty, lavish musical show—you have it here.

PLOT: Now you've got me! I know Don Ameche plays a dual rôle—an American nightclub entertainer in Rio de Janeiro, and a wealthy Baron; that Carmen Miranda plays the former's sweetheart, and Alice Faye the latter's wife, and—see what I mean? Plot!

PRODUCTION: All-Technicolor, glamour galore, stunning musical numbers replete with lovely ladies, it's what is known in critical circles as an eye-filling entertainment. In fact, it will positively dazzle you between two Don Ameches, dozens of bright-clad beauties, and one Carmen Miranda—but you'll enjoy it. Such numbers as "I Yi Yi Yi Yi Yi," Boa Noite, and Chica, Chica, Boom, Chic will leave you dizzy.

ACTING: Ameche is really good as the identical gentlemen with complications in love and finance. It isn't an easy assignment and a less resourceful actor might have muffed it—so no more cracks, please.

(Cont. on page 87)
Ray Milland's Romantic RealLife Story

By Ida Zeitlin

PART II.

RAY MILLAND approved of Hollywood from the first. It had sunshine, pretty girls and a carnival spirit. It had studios, one of which paid him a hundred and fifty a week to do not very much. Those who were for him called his acting nonchalant. Others called it lousy. He called it a way to earn a living. He entertained no farfetched notions about bettering his technique. To labor at his job would have meant cutting into his playtime. When Metro raised him to a hundred and seventy-five, he beheld his line of action triumphant.

A friend with whom he'd been riding one Sunday morning took him to Muriel Webber's house for lunch. Till then he'd kept a fond clutch on bachelorhood. Freedom from ties meant more to him than any woman he'd met. He was persuaded he'd never marry. But something about the delicate sweetness of Mai's face, the simplicity of her manner moved him as nothing had before. His approach could hardly be described as subtle. "Got a boy friend?" he demanded, as she walked with them to the car. Mal said she hadn't. "Let's go to a movie tonight."

What he didn't know was that Mal's father, through long experience as an actors' agent, had conceived a distaste for actors. When he called for her that night, she inquired brightly if he'd mind having her brother and a friend go along. "Uh-uh," said Ray's alter ego, while Ray assured her that he'd be delighted. It took a good six weeks to ingratiate himself to the point where he was allowed to take her out alone.

They were dancing at the Cocoanut Grove on New Year's Eve—her birthday—when he proposed. Mal laughed—"laughed
All through the story of Milland's life runs the bright thread of reckless adventure—and sometimes it tied him up in knots! But the lovely lady at left has woven a tapestry of gay contentment against which the dash and daring of her famous husband can still find complete expression. You'll find pleasure and inspiration in this most recent chapter of Milland's own story.

like hell,” says Ray, still wryly. It took him another six months to convince her that it wasn’t funny. And then they were married.

They rented a little apartment and had a lot of fun. They moved about more freely than is possible today. Nobody knew or cared who Milland was. They could go window-shopping and bargaining for antiques without being surrounded. They could hop down to Ensenada, stroll in the sunshine and dance at the hotel without being highlighted by a publicity-minded master of ceremonies. They could drive to Pomona Fair and throw balls at things and win prizes. Mal won an electric plate, used nowadays to heat the baby’s milk. They bought a willow-pattern breakfast set for a dollar ninety-eight. Ray comforts his nostalgia for those days by eating his breakfast still from the willow dishes. “They’re beginning to have character now,” he says lovingly. “—showing little brown streaks.”

They could ask whom they liked to dinner, “without having to ask somebody else,” grows Ray, “because their feelings might get hurt.” Then, with an abrupt change of mood, “I’m not kicking,” he warns you. “Don’t make me sound like the kind of heel who beeps because he’s had more luck than he deserves. I’m merely pointing out that obscurity has its compensations and prominence its drawbacks.”

He presently began to discover that loafing on the job has its drawbacks too. Partly it was the fault of the Hollywood “typing” vice. They melted him down, poured him into the mould of the world-weary playboy and cast him that way. He drew his salary and never tried to break out. After a while the playboy market dried up. Metro kissed him goodbye and nobody else beckoned. When you’re drawing nothing a week, even a merry-go-round stops looking merry.

There’s not much fun in following the Millands, step by woeful step, to the conclusion he and Mal reached together. The electric plate and willow breakfast set were sent with other treasures to storage. Mal went to stay with her parents. Ray sailed for England. There wasn’t enough money to take them both. As soon as he struck pay dirt, she was to join him.

He reached London with a hundred and seventy dollars and modest hopes. Both dribbled inexorably away. When he did manage to squeeze through an agent’s door, the guy would look out the window while Ray cajoled. Connie—an agent who functioned under that name only—finally took him on—“why I don’t know,” she told him testily. She did get him one job that paid two hundred dollars, of which he had to turn back seventy-five, havingzeked his camera with her for that sum. He lived in a dreary pension, where he ate dreary meals. Otherwise his budget extended only to threepence a day for tramfare. His roommates were eleven old ladies. Anguish still glazes his eye at the memory. Eleven old ladies, “all with black velvet bands round their throats, all with accents, all bent looking after me till I was damned near strangled in black velvet bands.” He had to get some money.

It was then he bethought himself of another talent. He owned an amateur license for steeplechasing. To become a professional, you had to have two sponsors. Swallowing his dignity with no ill effects save a bitter taste in the mouth, he applied to a couple of men he knew, who agreed to sponsor him. He won two races. Then he lost several in a row. For the Kempton Ground three-mile race, with twenty-eight jumps, he drew a pretty good mount whose sole failing was that he’d never run a three-mile before.

Ray felt, if they could get and stay out front, they’d stand a fairly good chance. The first time round, he belted the horse ahead and kept him there till they were three jumps from home. Then he felt the animal’s skin go cold to his touch, sure sign he was finished. By some miracle they got over two more jumps and went down on the last, seven horses and jockeys on top of them. Ray was carted home, a leg-muscle torn from knee to groin. For weeks he lay pinned to his bed, surrounded by happy old ladies who fed him soup and read him to sleep in assorted accents. Some recording angel has (Please turn to page 70).
ALMOST every actor in Hollywood is always popping off about something and usually it's amusing to listen to them airing their petty little grievances. Recently, however, I was having lunch with Humphrey Bogart and he started talking. He has always been something of an iconoclast, without being obnoxious about it, and I get a kick out of him. He is a "conscientious objector" to the established order of things—but not to the point of scrapping with the front office, which is a relief.

"Y'know," I heard him saying, "if there is one thing under the sun that gets my goat it is these blanket-blank actors 'with a message.' To listen to them you would think each one a Messiah, come to earth to lead, not only his brother actors out of the wilderness, but the populace of the country as well. Just because an actor's face is well known and he achieves a measure of prominence why should he have the privilege of sounding off and influencing or moulding the opinions of hundreds or thousands of people when ninety-nine times out of a hundred he doesn't know what the devil he's talking about?"

"Go on," I goaded him, "You're doing swell."

"All right," he agreed. "I'll go on but I won't name any names." He paused and grinned. "Any similarity between these anonymous people I'm talking about and any characters you think my descriptions fit is purely coincidental. Get me? Well, then, in the first place, you know as well as I that the weight an actor's or producer's opinion carries is governed by the size of his salary check. That being so, why shouldn't Miss Shirley Temple and Mickey Rooney be the first to be consulted on vital affairs? And why should dear Hollywood only listen to people whose salary checks run into four or five figures?"

William Holden is definitely NOT guilty of popping off. I can use him as an example. Last year, before he made 'Golden Boy' he was probably drawing about $50 or $75 a week. If he had been in a gathering where some vital or political issue came up and he had started expressing himself, people would have laughed at him or called him a fresh kid and told him to shut up. But Bill has had quite a few pictures that were smash hits and I imagine he's pulling down close to $1,000 a week now. So, today, if he expressed an opinion it would be quoted around town: 'But Bill Holden says—' etc., etc.

I'm glad to say Bill hasn't concerned himself with things about which he knows nothing and he's still a nice kid who minds his own business. But the point I'm driving at is this: if his opinion is worth anything at all it won't be any more this year because his big salary was last year when he was getting a very small one? Or, because an actor draws a big salary, does that mean he's necessarily a student of economics, politics, world affairs? I think because an actor happens to have a photogenic face and achieves prominence he has no right to try to influence that part of the public that happens to like him.

"An actor's job is to entertain, and it is not entertainment when he goes sticking his nose into things about which he knows absolutely nothing. Most of them just do it to get some cheap publicity. Bette Davis said once, 'If I didn't have to live and work in Hollywood there is nothing I would love better than to write an article—or a book, probably—on 'What I think of Actors in Politics.' And she certainly has something there.

"I think actors have as much business serving on political committees as a bull has in a china shop. What right has an actor who has achieved popularity on the strength of his screen portrayals to try to foist his personal opinions on the public—and I'm not just talking about political views now. Delve into it a little and you'll find that all these 'arty' actors who want pictures or plays with 'messages' are always taking trips between pictures. When do they have time to (Please turn to page 80)
Humphrey Bogart’s Warning
To Hollywood Actors

"Let's stop kidding ourselves!" says the movie's Bogey-Man. "The job of all actors is to entertain, not to try to influence his public. Do you agree?"

By S. R. Mook
Making yourself pleasing to others is a true art, thinks our senorita, Maria Montez, as she turns the searchlight of keen observation on us. She reveals some of our weaknesses, some of our great appeal. Her red-gold hair, shimmering under a black lace mantilla, gets good daily care, as you will see across the page. There, you also see Marie in the soap-and-water act. Maria is versatile. Formerly, she was a model; now she holds a movie contract. She speaks several languages; rides, swims, plays the piano and likes to pose her own photographs. She lives generally with spirit and gusto, and she is one of a family of ten.

South of the Border

Maria Montez looks southward, then homeward, with some vital conclusions on the American femme fatale

By Courtenay Marvin

"Won't you have coffee?" Maria Montez asked me from behind her breakfast tray. Her voice had a distinctly persuasive quality. "Do have coffee," she repeated, and coffee I had. I had it before I made up my mind. Maria Montez made it up for me. Here, I decided, sat a young lady, and a very beautiful one, who might have been a very successful lawyer, a suave diplomat, and who probably will be a very good actress when the bud blooms. By those few words anent that coffee I saw that I might easily become putty before that sincere and convincing and joyous voice. It was real and there was nothing false or affected, but I knew it combined the rich background of study, thought and effort. It wasn't just an accident. It was an asset very definitely developed.

Lightly she leaped ahead in conversation.
Everything she said glowed with life and color, but only because she said it. I caught the spirit, too, and marveled that coffee alone could bring it forth. Talk turned to things Spanish, because Maria is of Spanish descent, born in the Dominican Republic, on a June 6th. Her hair is a deep red-gold; her eyes are very brown, and brows and lashes are naturally dark. Her skin is very smooth with a faint golden cast. She is tall and slim. She does not look like anyone else, and I do not think her face would be easily forgotten.

I gathered that she is enthusiastic about just being alive. I gathered, too, that being a woman, she believes that there is no greater art than being a real one, real in the sense of being completely feminine. So comparison began between the true American girl of today type and the still sheltered and sequestered sisters south of the border. Since we said good-bye to Paris as our fashion background, we have wisely turned our faces homeward and discovered that Latin-America and our own Indians are a colorful source of inspiration not only for fashions in clothes but for fashions in faces.

"I admire the American girl. I like her freedom and casual- (Please turn to page 76)
AKIE poised a couple of fingers on his chest, lifted his head and carolled. The tune was Mack Gordon's, the words his own. "What the heck, I'm a tenor—" he bellowed with operatic flourishes—"Mi-mi-mi-moo-moo-moo—I'm Zanuck's Elsie the Cow—I've made a lot of pictures and I mention them from time to time—be with you in a minute, honey," he sang, catching sight of me in the doorway—"Oakie's on the screen and he's making faces—who gives a hoot about anything else—moooo—moohoooooo—" He held the last note, tapering it off between thumb and finger. Then he turned to Archie Mayo. "See what I mean, boss?"

Mayo, directing "The Great American Broadcast," had dropped into Jack's dressing-room to discuss a scene. Jack was showing him how it ought to be done. Jack will show anyone, including Chaplin, how any scene ought to be done. Nobody minds. First, because few have a shrewder comic sense than Mr. Oakie. Second, because there's something Olympian about his impudence. Like anything sublime, it takes your breath away. It has a quality of serenity shared only by the nobler aspects of art and nature. It's as free from malice as a cloud that drops rain on you, and equally unconscious of giving offense. Also, you've got as good a chance of stopping one as the other.

"I'm not vicious," he explains, "unless it's with someone I truly despise, then look out for the son-of-a-gun."

(Bowdlerized. Ed.) To give him his due, there can't be many whom he truly despises. A boisterous benevolence is the keynote of the Oakie makeup. He never forgets a name or a face or which goes with which. His progress through life and across a studio lot is marked by a rapid fire of ribald greetings and cheerful insults. If he calls you anything more complimentary than horse-thief, it's because he doesn't like you. He will undoubtedly die with a wisecrack on his tongue. They well up from an ever-bubbling source and he rarely repeats. "Seen Shirley Temple lately?" he'll boom at Zanuck, or, "I mostly don't talk to the help."

In the interests of gaiety anything goes, and he's genuinely bewildered if one of his sallies misfires. His moon-face crumples like a baby's in distress. "It was only a gag, honey," he'll plead. "C'mon, spit in my eye." Honey is anyone from a glamor girl up and down, Jack's the great leveller. After a minute or two, he'd be calling Queen Elizabeth your Majesty, honey.

To illustrate his method, take the case of Oakie vs. Gene Towne. The reputation of Towne and Baker as a brilliant writing team had been exceeded only by their still loftier fame as Hollywood's most spectacular pair of clowns. Then they turned producers. Producers have no time for

Noted for scene-stealing, Oakie deals gently with lovely lady stars like Alice Faye—he just steals every other scene from her in "The Great American Broadcast."

He

Gets Away with Murder!

Two years ago, his agent couldn't give Jack Oakie away with a set of dishes. Today, the beloved ex-Bad Boy of Hollywood gets around seventy-five hundred a week. Not dishes. Smackers!

By Ida Zeitlin
clowning. Oakie had been hired for their production of “Little Men,” and Oakie had been reported late on the set. In the midst of production, a boy handed a severe note from Mr. Towne to Mr. Oakie.

It’s not that Jack minds being reprimanded for cause. It was the method that grieved his democratic soul. “I’m right downstairs, he could’ve sent for me, he could’ve caught me in the lunchroom. But no, he’s a producer now. He’s got a big office with buttons, with secretaries. In the middle of the picture, he’s got nothing else to do, he says, ‘Secretary, take a letter.’”

Oakie took action. “Hold the cameras! Hold everything!” He flapped a paper under the director’s astounded nose. “I gotta see Mr. Towne. I gotta letter.” He entered the big office and faced his producer across the desk with buttons. Mournful-eyed, he laid down the note, and when he spoke, his tones rang hollow. “Know what this mistake is liable to cost you, Towne?—Quarter of a million.—You didn’t know it, but I’m allergic to notes. They hit me like time-bombs. My voice is gone, my mind’s a blank. I might even get drunk. If I go on a jag, Towne, it’ll be for two weeks. Imagine what that’ll do to the budget, Towne.” As he started backward, his voice fell between a croak and a whisper. “You’re a producer now, Towne. Lemme give you a tip. A smart producer waits. He waits till the picture’s over, then he sends notes.” Out in the hall, he stuck his head back round the edge of the doorway. “Too bad you ain’t a smart producer, Towne,” he yelled, and ducked just in time to avoid mayhem.

It’s not so long since Jack would have walked off a set for no better reason than because he felt like it. A bitterly helpless notice would appear on the board: “Call for nine o’clock, Oakie permitting.” You will ask, as I did, how he got away with it. First, because the public screamed for Oakie. Then, because the pictures for which he was under contract, had been sold in advance and had to be delivered. As for Jack, he couldn’t be bothered. Life with its pleasant vistas of wine, woman and song stretched endlessly ahead. A good comic could always find a job. If the picture turned out okay, okay. If not, here’s mud in your eye, boys, and the hell with it.

Oakie, rip and roisterer, hasn’t had a drink in two years. “Here comes the apostle,” yell his erstwhile cronies. He sits down with them and guzzles fruit juice. He takes out a little bronze box and ostentatiously pops into his mouth a Vitamin B pill. “My narcotics,” he explains.

What made him quit drinking? “A set of dishes,” he’ll tell you. The reference is to an item in Louella Parsons’ column. “Two years ago,” she wrote, “they couldn’t give Oakie away with a set of dishes.” Jack read the item and picked up the phone. “What kind of dishes, Lolly?” he cooed, bland as a Raphael cherub.

He prefers to milk the experience for laughs—his natural idiom. If you pin him down, though, he’ll give it to you straight. “I think my mother’s death had more to do with it than anything else. When people close to you die, mean to say you don’t think? Life shortens up for you. One day makes you older than the ten years before it. You start asking yourself, what’s it all about, what’ve you had out of life, what’ve you given, what do you want? To drink up all the booze in the world? Make yourself fuehrer of the alcoholic ward?”

“Everything happened at once.” (His wife left him, for one thing, but Jack won’t talk about that. They’re together again, and happy.) “I was getting in the B rut over there at RKO, making those lousy Annabels. So I went to Europe. When I came back, my name was Bingo.”

Even his agent showed a certain lack of sympathy. “Never did I think I’d have to sit in an executive’s office, with my hat in my hand, begging for you. AND NOT GETTING IT!!”

“What’s the matter?” roared his indignant client. “I’ve pioneered in this business. How can it stop all of a sudden? I haven’t aged. I haven’t lost my cunning. I’m still a good comic, high, medium or low. They don’t grow on trees. You can’t press a button and make a guy funny. They still need comics.”

The answer came with more candor than kindness. “Did you ever hear of comics not named Jack Oakie? Who don’t hold up production? Who don’t hanker to set themselves up as kingpins of the booze trade?”

“Hah!” said Jack.  

(Please turn to page 92)

Example of Jack Oakie’s amazing technique, below: handsome hero John Payne hasn’t a chance when Oakie chooses to turn on one of his inimitable grimaces, as he does here.
No wonder these lucky, lucky gals smile as they fondle their sore tootsies. They're close enough to James Stewart to touch him. And that's somethin'—what with Jimmy taging an "Oscar" for his work in "Philadelphia Story" with him into Uncle Sam's army. The scene below is from James Roosevelt's "Pot O' Gold."

Mickey Rooney isn't slipping in his ability to think up calamitous practical jokes on his friends. He still has the ability and the inclination, but it's hinted that Mickey has toned down his activity because a couple of awfully big-looking fellows have become awfully annoyed with some of pint-sized Mickey's antics. So now, Mickey resorts to innocuous little gags of this caliber. On the set of his last picture, a group of visitors were plying him with all sorts of staggering praise and Mickey was lightly tossing it all away by insisting that if they thought he was so good they should know more about his director, Norman Taurog. "You know," Mickey went on, "he does all these wonderful directing jobs and he can't even read or write." The tourists' mouths fell agape. Incredulous! "Yes," Mickey insisted, "you just watch, when he goes into the next scene he'll have to have someone read it for him." Sure enough, soon the script girl was meticulously giving her director every word of dialogue and direction from the script. The amazed visitors slowly shook their puzzled heads. Mickey never told them, of course, that the ritual was just a directorial habit that Taurog always used as a last minute check for securing authenticity.
BECAUSE of the failure of anyone in Hollywood to ferret out anything new and really astounding about Bette Davis' new husband, every meager wisp of information on him is being turned over and over again here by the more curious tongues. What such a man could ever possibly find in Hollywood to interest him is an exclamation most frequently heard after people meet him for the first time. Fiery Miss Davis, the idle tongues chatter, has brought to Hollywood a husband who came from a strain far above the run-of-the-mill social standard, and at least a dozen notches above the average mental level of the generally accepted motion picture mind.

That pessimists insist with a grave shake of their heads, is defiant bravery in the truly epic sense. According to them no one but Davis would dare to challenge the accepted routine here with such a rank departure from the pattern. "Farny" as Bette affectionately calls husband No. 2, "will get along," as she puts it. Bette doesn't attempt to add a bit of information to everyone's inevitable questioning about Farny. She won't allow herself to talk of any of her new husband's interests except his flying. "He's been doing that for ten years; he's got his commercial license, of course, but wait—" she catches herself, "I think you should really talk to him about all that and get it all first hand, don't you?" Bette's not going to be caught spouting for publication about her husband's merits. That seems to be rule number one in this new try of hers to live in Hollywood and stay married.

THAT fortune teller, so secretly popular among the top female stellar names, proves feminine psychology down to the ground. This psychic reads only for women accompanied by a confidential friend (consequently, it always turns out that two readings are paid for). Big stars, as always hinted, are really closest to those they work with every day. The biggest feminine names invariably come for their vicarious view of the future accompanied by their hairdressers.

DESPITE all the talk that has been floating around about Mae West's come-back definitely being in a modern story, insiders insist that Mae can never do a present day story because she needs those voluminous gay nineties skirts to hide the build-up system that makes her appear taller.

Tyrone Power looks grimly on as Linda Darnell's eyes silently accuse him in this dramatic scene from "Blood and Sand." Above. These attractive stars have their biggest roles to date, the grapevine hints. Republic's 1941 version of "Sis Hopkins" is Judy Canova, right. Mabel Normand, center, was the lovable movie "Sis" in 1919, while Rose Melville, left, created an unforgettable "Sis" on the stage in 1901.
"H'ya, old timer! H'ya, sweetheart!" There was no mistaking the fatherly pride or the affection in his voice. Maybe a critic would have said it was just a shade overdone. But that girl wasn't any critic when it came to Steve. No girl he'd ever met was.

"Well," she looked at him longingly as she stepped into her car and turned the ignition key. "I'll be seeing you next Tuesday." And she was off in a cloud of dust.

Steve looked briskly businesslike as he went into the office. "Haven't you any new pictures of your kids, Peewee?" he demanded. "This one is two years old. I like to keep them up to date."

"Listen, Steve," Peewee protested. "I don't like the way you're making of my wife and kids. If you don't want to get married why don't you be honest and tell the dames you don't? And even so, why do you have to use my kids? Why don't you just make up two kids?"

"That would be deceitful," Steve reproved him. "It's much cleaner this way. I'm just making sure, Peewee, that no dame hooks me till I have a whole fleet of planes of my own."

"You ain't got much time," Peewee shook his head regretfully, remembering the threats the man from the finance company had thrown around scarcely an hour before. "Only a miracle can save you now. Hinkle's been here again and he says he's coming back at twelve."

It didn't leave many hours for a miracle to happen in. Nothing happened, not even another girl coming in for a flying lesson. Steve was as down as a man could get when Peewee turned on the radio to cheer him up. Of course, it would have to be Tommy Keenan broadcasting. Steve had never met the keyhole-snooper whose column and radio chatter had become a major American Institution, but he didn't have to, to hate him the way he did.

"This is the-tale-tale Tommy Keenan, bringing you the latest news from the West Coast capital of the world," came the playful voice over the air waves. "Tonight, folks, it is my pleasure to announce one of the biggest scoops that has ever come out of the West. As the culmination of a whirlwind four-day courtship, the musical world's most eligible bachelor, Allen Brice, will tomorrow become a beneficent. His bride will be beautiful Joan Winfield, daughter of Lucius K. Winfield, Texas oil tycoon. In a few minutes they'll be flying to Las Vegas to be married and I'm going along to be best man."

Steve frowned as he shut off the radio. He didn't want to hear about Allen Brice or Joan Winfield or their great, big wonderful romance. Tommy's column had been full of it for the four days it had been going on. Well, maybe it was interesting to some people to know that café society's favorite piano player and a girl with more money than brains had fallen in love with each other, but it wasn't solving his problems. That reminded him. He had things to do. Steve felt pretty low as he started cleaning out his desk. In less than an hour he would be leaving the place with only a valise full of papers and a couple of pilot outfits to show for ten years hard work. And it had to happen right now when he was beginning to go places.

A car drew up outside and a girl came into the office. There were two men with her, but Steve didn't notice them at first. The girl had a long yellow bob and eyes like big blue saucers and she didn't even look at him. Maybe that was the thing that set Steve to really looking at her. Then he couldn't look at her any more for the phone rang.

"Is Miss Winfield there?" the operator's voice asked. "Chicago calling." A man's voice broke in impatiently, "If she's there put her on in a hurry, will you? This is her father. I've been calling every airport around Los Angeles."
world, but whose voice was faltering now. It was funny, Steve could have laughed out loud if he didn’t feel so lousy about the plane and everything that he knew he’d never laugh again. Here she was in the beginning putting on all the palaver that five years of being a rich girl and going to the right schools had given her, and then getting so mad she forgot all the polish and went right back to being the little brat brought up among the drilers in a Texas oil field.

“Don’t give a hoot what you think of piano players?” she was shouting now. “I’m marrying Allen and we’re flying to Las Vegas right now, and you can put that in your oil well and pump it!” And she bounded down the receiver and started toward the door with Keenan and Bree trotting after her. “Get a plane ready for us immediately,” she ordered.

The door slammed and suddenly Steve had an idea. He dialed the operator and in no time at all had called Winfield back and was talking to him. Steve had to work fast. His wrist watch showed a couple of minutes to twelve but Steve’s tongue always worked best high speed.

“Listen,” he said. “I can stop that wedding. I’ll deliver your daughter to you unmar-ried in Omaha by eight o’clock tomorrow morning. Take a plane and meet me there. And since this is a very unusual case, I’ll have to charge twice the fees.” He thought of the girl and figured her at about a hundred and fifteen pounds, usually his favorite weight in a girl. It was the only time in his life he had ever wished one were fatter. Personally his taste ran to streamlines. He did a bit of mental arithmetic before he went on. “Ten dollars a pound. That’s my standard charge.” And he grinned as he hung up the phone on Winfield’s startled gratitude.

It was almost too easy. Then as he started out the door he collided head on with Hinkle, the finance company’s most hard-boiled and determined to get his money out of this new spot, but Hinkle wasn’t having any more promises. So there wasn’t anything to do but give him that quick right hook to the jaw and Steve did it. Then he gave Peewee a few orders and went out.

The plan worked with the same hair-trigger precision as his instrument board. Steve got into the plane and began warming it up when Peewee dashed out of the office and shouted that Keenan was wanted on the phone in the office. Then there he was again saying Keenan wanted to see Allen.

Steve waited just long enough to feel that Peewee’s fists had had time enough to see that Allen had jolted Hinkle and Keenan in their deep, if not too pleasant slumber before he gave the plane the gun and shoved off. Suddenly he felt fists pounding on his back.

“Listen, you,” Joan shouted. “Are you crazy? You’ve left the others behind. What do you think you’re doing?”

“Take it easy,” Steve ducked his head as the plane zoomed up towards the sky. “You’re being kidded.”

The pounding stopped as suddenly as it had started. He heard the girl take a deep breath. Then her voice came almost timidly. “Do you mind if I sit down here?” she asked and when he nodded she edged into the seat beside him and out of the corner of his eye Steve saw her horrified but fascinated gaze fixed on him. “How much are you demanding for me?” she asked.

“Oh, about eleven hundred dollars.”

Steve looked her over carelessly. “That is, more or less.”

“Only eleven hundred dollars! For me?”

The girl looked at him outraged, but her voice still kept its finishing school polish. “Why, it’s ridiculous! It’s humiliating! A girl of my standing, an heiress. Why, I’m almost a national figure. I’m worth at least a hundred thousand!”

“To tell you the truth, Miss Winfield, you glamorous girls are a drug on the market this year,” Steve grinned. “The most I could possibly ask is maybe fifteen hundred. But I made the bargain with your father and I’m sticking to it. I’m delivering you to him C.O.D. in Omaha in the morning. Unmarried! And you can dispense with the fancy false teeth. She glared at him. “You’re not good enough for the cuss words I know,” she said. “A man who’d come between two people who love each other for a mere eleven hundred dollars!”

It was time for the act again. Steve sighed as he reached for the snap-shot. “Do you think I want the money for myself?”

He managed to get a feeling of hurt in his voice as he shoved it to her.

The girl’s eyes softened. “They’re darling, Yours?”

Steve looked at her and her eyes were so candid they made him feel like a heel. “I like to think of them as their mother’s,” he hedged.

“That’s sweet!” Joan even smiled at him.

Then she thought of something. “Tell me, wouldn’t you like to be able to do something big, something really beautiful for your wife and children?” she asked. “All you have to do is fly me back to Los Angeles now. And I’ll pay you twice what father is paying you. I haven’t that much cash, but I’ll give you a check.”

Steve shook his head. He wasn’t taking any chances on a check. Not with her father holding the money bags in the Winfield family. “You better get some sleep,” he suggested. “You’ll find a blanket in that rear locker.”

She saw it was useless and went to the back of the plane. Then a moment later she began to laugh. “Sorry I can’t go with you to Omaha,” she called gaily.

Steve froze as he turned and looked at her. He had forgotten the parachute that was now strapped around Joan’s slim body, as she stood poised, ready to throw herself against the cabin door.

“Don’t jump, you little fool. You’ll be killed!” he shouted, and then as she laughed tauntingly he threw the stick over hard so that the plane tipped crazily and Joan was thrown against one of the seats. But he couldn’t discourage that girl. She scrambled to her feet and tried again. Again the plane tilted and then suddenly the motor spluttered and stalled and the plane went into a spin. Steve did his best and it was good enough. The plane came down on the desert with a bump and there was a sickening impact as it shuddered to a stop with its nose ground into the earth.

Steve leaned back and relaxed for just a minute. Then he heard Joan laugh and turned around just in time to see her take a flying leap through the door and land in a clump of cactus. She was still sitting in it when Steve came over to her.

“I should have let you jump five minutes ago!” he laughed. Imagine a dame so dizzy she didn’t even know they’d grounded. “Even if you did put the parachute on backwards.

She was whimpering now as much from rage as pain, with the cactus needles stuck all over her. But this was one time when
the gentleman in Steve came to the fore. He turned her over his knees and began picking them out, though he told himself what she really needed was a spanking.

The night didn't look too promising. Even the hunch Peeewee had packed into the plane didn't help. Joan glared at him as they ate and sometimes just to be impartial she glared at the desert too. But after he'd given her one blanket and taken the other one for himself and stretched on the ground, since no one who wasn't an acrobat could possibly sleep in the plane in the vertical position it had settled in, Joan came over to him dragging her blanket after her.

"I'm cold." She shivered. "One blanket isn't any use at all." And she put the blanket on the top of his and crawled in beside him.

It might have been cozy with anyone else, but Steve felt he'd settled down with a rat- ter. He tried to sleep but even in the dark- ness he felt her eyes were fixed on him as she tossed restlessly beside him.

"Who'd ever have thought two hours ago that I'd be lost in the desert with a man I'd never met," she sighed.

"Well, now that you've thought about it you'd better get some sleep." Steve sounded annoyed as he turned his back on her.

"But I can't sleep!" Joan wailed. "I haven't any pink pills and I never can get to sleep without them. I—I didn't think I'd need them on this trip. I wish you'd talk to me. After all, you kidnapped me and that's the least you can do when I can't sleep."

"Listen," Steve said. "When I made that deal with your father there was nothing in it about conversation.

"You needn't feel flattered," Joan said crisply. "It's just that I think there's some- thing about your style of conversation that may get me drowsy."

"That insult didn't get by me," Steve warned her as he tried to settle down again. "I'll take it up in the morning."

"Take it up now," Joan whispered coaqu- ingly. Steve sat up at that. "Listen, lady."

He was really annoyed now. "I know this is a romantic setting and I know how you feel. But please leave me alone."

"Don't you get me wrong!" Joan sput- tered indignantly. "All you are to me is a pink pill. Come on, now, Talk me to sleep. Tell me how you met your wife."

"Clar?" Steve grinned in the darkness.

"Well, it was at a strawberry festival and I took her home and asked if I could see her the next Thursday night. She said yes and I saw her the next Thursday night. After about six months I made it twice a week, Thursdays and Saturdays with an occasional Sunday afternoon. After that there was nothing to do but get married, so we—"

He stopped as he heard Joan's gentle, rhythmic breathing and knew she was asleep. Suddenly he felt outraged. "Hey!"

He nudged her furiously. "Now I can't sleep!"

"Try a pink pill," Joan whispered drow- sily and closed her eyes again.

"How about the story of your life?" Steve asked.

"Too exciting," Joan yawned exasperat- ingly. "It would keep you awake all night."

And she turned over and went complacent back to sleep again.

Steve woke the next morning feeling as if he had been caught in a cyclone. But it was only the girl shaking him.

"Look!" She was pointing out a group of weather-beaten buildings not more than three hundred yards or so away from them.

"Don't tell me you didn't know that town was there! And it looks like the sort of town that would have a two hundred and fifty pound sheriff. But I'll do all I can to protect you from mob violence," she promised tauntingly. "Because I think you can do an awful lot to brighten up a Federal penitentiary." Her smile was enigmatic.

Steve's heart sank as he ran after her. There went the eleven hundred and some- thing dollars and there went the plane too.

The game was up. But as they came into the town Steve's spirits soared again. No one could possibly be living in that place. It looked as if it had been deserted for years with its wooden houses sagging so pre- cariously, the broken windows looking weakly out at desolation and ruin. Then just as he was congratulating himself that it was a ghost town he saw a brood of chickens running down the street and in almost the same moment saw the smoke coming out of the biggest house in the place.

They went inside, and Steve saw it had once been a hotel. Swinging doors led to the old bar-room that looked as if it hadn't been used for years. The brass rail was tarnished, the mirrors dusty and fly-specked, but as they stood there they smelled the un- mistakable aroma of coffee being made.

Without a word Steve pushed on into the kitchen with Joan quick at his heels and then he saw the percolator on the stove, the breakfast table set for one and the radio playing soft dance music. A trap door in the floor stood open and Steve walked over to it and looked down in the cellar at the old man who stood at a chopping block cut- ting a slice of bacon. He glanced up and grinned as if he'd known them all his life.

Here was a man not easily phased.

"Hello! What'll you have with your eggs, ham or bacon?" he asked. But as Joan said "ham" he shook his head, "You'll take bacon, I don't feel like cutting into a new ham."

"That's quite a pantry you've got," said Steve.

"Finnest cold cellar in the world," the old man agreed. "It's an old mine tunnel, miles of 'em under here. This place is the Palace Hotel and my name's Tolliver. Pop is the
standing beside it hammering on a tire rim. But he didn't see Pop slowly crawling out from under it or the six shooter he picked up as he came towards him.

"Put up your hands!" Pop barked. "I ain't takin' no chances with a kidnapper. You had me fooled so I didn't even believe this poor girl when she told me, but then I heard it on the radio. So grab that pump and start workin'. We're goin' to have this car fixed so we can go for help.

"Sorry, Pop," Steve grimmengy. "I've still got some work to do on my plane."

He turned on his heel and walked toward the door. But he stopped dead in his tracks as the old six-shooter roared and a bullet whizzed past his head and shattered a pane of glass behind him. There wasn't a thing to do except the one he did, whirl around and raise his hands submissively.

"I'd as soon shoot a varmint like you as not," Pop said grimly. "Now start pumpin' that tire.

"Yes, sir!" Steve said in his best service station manner. "And may I get your wind- shield for you, sir?" he asked, grinning at the empty space yawning in front of the driver's seat. The six-shooter kept him in line though, making him repair the old car but he balked when Pop marched him to the plane at the point of the gun and demanded gasoline.

"Why waste my gas?" Steve demanded. "This is aviation fuel." And then at Joan's skeptical grin; "It won't work in that museum piece," he explained.

They wouldn't believe him, either one of them, and they laughed triumphantly as they got in the car. Then Joan let in the clutch and the car shuddered and the blast came. It was like the sound of a machine gun in action and the spark plugs tore jagged holes in the hood as they exploded out of their sockets and there was just that crazy moment with the two of them hanging on to their seats before the whole thing blew up and they were thrown out and Joan landed in another cactus. She didn't know what she hated most, the cactus or Steve's exultant laugh.

Both Pop and Joan ignored Steve that evening. But Steve pretended not to mind, laughing heartily at the jokes coming over the radio. Then he tensed as the program was interrupted for a special news bulletin and the announcer said an army plane had sighted what they believed to be Steve's plane near the California-Nevada border.

"Miss Winfield was first believed to be kidnapped," the announcer went on. "But later it was learned that her wealthy father had authorized her abduction in order to prevent her elopement with a radio stunt man."

Pop glanced at Joan. Then suddenly his face froze as he looked at Steve. "Remember that bullet I whizzed past your head?" he asked shakily.

"Yeah." Steve rubbed his forehead ruefully. "I thought for a minute you were try- ing to hit me.

"I was," Pop gasped weakly. "Still can't understand how I missed you. Me, the best marksman in the Spanish-American War."

"Guess we were pretty lucky to win that war," Steve said as he walked over to the radio and turned it on louder.

"No attempt will be made to rescue the heiress and her companion tonight," the announcer was saying. "But at the crack of dawn newspapermen and a deputy sheriff will leave Los Angeles to bring them back. Steve Collins is wanted for stealing his own plane from a finance company as well as for assault and battery. The girl's father, who is still in Omaha, will spread West in a chartered plane as soon as weather condi- tions permit. And her fiancé Allen Brice and Tommy Keenan are also all set to-

Steve got up and shut the radio off. He would have to do something and do it fast. Without a word he walked out of the room and taking a lantern went to the plane and set to work. Just before dawn he climbed into the plane at last and tested the motor. The starter whined and rose to a shrill crescendo and then settled down to a powerful roar. He grinned triumphantly. Now all he'd have to do would be to get the girl and deliver her before the others got there.

But Joan had heard that motor too and knew what it meant. She was running out of the house, her fur coat thrown over her neglige when he got there. He ran after her but she saw the entrance into the mine tunnel and ducked into it with Steve almost at her heels. It was dark in the mine and Joan was frantic as she heard Steve coming nearer and ran faster. She went in circles, running against the posts which blocked her way and knocking them down in her frantic effort to get away. Suddenly there was a cracking sound and an avalanche of earth and rocks blocked the entrance.

"What happened?" she asked weakly as she saw Steve's lantern focussed on her.

"You just knocked down the posts that
kept the tunnel from caving in, that's all." Steve said with elaborate sarcasm. "I'll take a look and see if there's anything.

It wasn't only one tunnel. It was a maze of them, but Joan kept close behind him as he searched, in spite of the hostile silence between them. She had her teeth chattering as she pulled her fur coat closer around her and stopped abruptly. He built a fire from some of the broken pieces of old windows lying about the kerosene from the lantern over it to make it burn.

"You better stay here and dry out while I take a look," he said.

"You mean the last one?" Joan asked, and then she found she couldn't hold back her tears any longer.

Evan looked over coldly. "I had you pegged. I made a bet with myself that you'd be oo-hooing into your handkerchief within an hour. Come on now, you must have been up against this sort of thing before. There must have been some crisis at the Stork Club when the waiter brought you the wrong wine. I bet you squared your shoulders and faced it then."

"Why must you bring up the past?" Joan sobbed, and Steve looked at her grimly.

"Because I think our future is worth talking about," he said.

She was still crying when he made his way into the last tunnel. Steve was about to put a wooden partition in place with a hole in it and climbed through it. Then he blinked. He was standing in Pop's pantry and as he started to laugh he heard the pantry door open and saw Pop peering down on him.

Pop climbed down into the cellar and cautioning Steve to silence, whispered that the syndicate lawyers had come searching the ruined buildings of the town for them.

"But you're not licked yet," Pop grinned.

"'Cause I'm going to go back and keep her in the mine. It's a cinch her pop'll come hotfooting it here and when he does I'll let you know and you can land her over and collect the money. Wait! I'll fix you some breakfast before you go back. How do you want your eggs?"

"If I wanted them fried, you'd scramble them for me," Joan said. "So I'll take 'em scrambled."

"Okay, I'll try 'em," Pop said cheerfully, disappearing up into the kitchen. A moment later he came back with a sandwich in his hand. "Quick," he said giving it to Steve. "Another plane just landed. You better go and take your supper right away."

The sandwich was good, ham with just enough mustard to make it interesting. Steve munched it as he made his way back to Joan, feeling guilty as he ate it. Besides, he hated to have Joan miss a meal. Every pound she might lose would mean ten dollars out of his pocket. But he couldn't bring himself to tell her of his failure, or of the money, for fear of scaring her. She might have known there was a way out of the tunnel. And when she tried to smile as he came up to her, he felt guilier than ever. Joan fighting mad was one thing. Always when she was scared and frightened, was another. Steve was amazed at the feeling that swayed over him. He wanted to take her in his arms and hold her there and kiss the traces of the tears away from her eyes. He'd never known he could feel this way about any girl.

"You'll be all right," he said, "You may miss one or two of meals before you get out of here, but that's all. Somebody'll dig us out."

"It's kind of you to try to shield me," Joan said quietly. "But it isn't necessary. I've always wondered what it would be like to face death. Now I know. And who'll be there to mourn for me? Just my father and a couple of headwaiters, God forbid."

"How about this Brice fellow?" Steve asked.

"I'm not so sure about him," Joan said uncertainly, realizing she hadn't thought of him once, even with death staring her in the face. "I guess that was just silly and useless and impulsive like all the things I've done. I really haven't got a thing to show for my twenty-three years. At least you've got something, a wife and two children."

She looked at him wistfully. "Have you got a picture of your wife?"

"No, I haven't," Steve wished he never had showed her that snap-shot. "Clara takes an awful picture."

"You know," Joan said, "you don't seem like a married man with two children at all."

She waited for him to say something else, and when he didn't went on hesitantly: "At a time like this it seems wrong to harbor ill feelings or grudges. I want you to know I forgive you for everything. She held out her hand and Steve took it and now her voice was so low he could hardly hear it."

"And I'm sorry I didn't meet you before Clara."

"Joan," Steve's voice rose exultantly as he pulled her towards him, "I'm not married and I haven't any children. That was only a tactic I used to keep from getting roped in. And I'm glad I used it too, because now I'm free and ripe and ready to be roped in."

She laughed and it wasn't like the other times she had laughed, but gentle and sweet and tender. "You're a cheap and vile and deceitful liar," she said happily, and then to show she didn't mean a word of it she lifted her lips to be kissed. And funny the way it was with Steve when he kissed her, as if it was the first time he'd ever kissed any girl.

She drew away from him then, her eyes blazing. "Mustard!" she cried, "You've been eating mustard! You know a way out of here. You've known from the beginning!" And she began running into the other tunnel and saw the opening leading into the pantry. Steve didn't say a word. He started right up the steps into the kitchen and was eating one of the sandwiches Pop had left on the table.

"Joan," he begged. "Are you going to let a little food come between us? I wasn't trying to starve you. Honest, I was only trying to keep from being arrested. It was my liberty against your appetite."

He stopped as the door opened and Allen came in. Joan looked at him for a startled moment, then ran into his arms. In a moment she was kissing him and telling him all about the mountain. The reporters and Pop and Tommy Keenan and a man Allen told Joan he had brought along to marry him, and Justice of the Peace from Las Vegas. Then another man came in, a big bary man who didn't need the star on his vest to show he was a sheriff and who held out a pair of handcuffs as he walked menacingly toward Steve.

"Hold on, Sheriff," Pop said then. "You can't arrest this man. You've got a California warrant on him."

Another reporter came dashing into the room. "Just heard a flash on the radio," he shouted. "Old man Winfield left Las Vegas half an hour ago. That means he'll be here any minute."

For just a moment hope rose high again in Steve's heart. Then it was shattered as Allen turned to Joan. "If this is Nevada, the Justice can marry us right away."

Steve felt as if the bottom had dropped out of his heart. "This girl isn't in any mood to get married," he protested. "She just been through a horrible experience."

Then when Allen's only answer was that triumphant smirk, Steve turned to Joan. "You can't marry him," he pleaded. "You've only known him four days. Why, you've known headwaiters longer."

Joan cried out and was lost. "I—I think I'd rather be married in Las Vegas, Allen," she faltered.

Steve felt he had won that round anyway. Then he wondered, when he saw Pop looking at him, shaking his head and making gestures that he wanted to talk to him. As soon as he could Steve followed him into the other room.

"This isn't Nevada," Pop whispered. "I just told the sheriff that to keep him from arresting you. This is California. Look!"

He showed him a sofa pillow elaborately embroidered with the inscription "Palace Hotel, Bonanza, California" to prove it. "You go right back in there before they fly off to Las Vegas, and make them get married here where it won't be legal," he said.

"Maybe by that time her father will be here and you can collect your money."

But Steve wasn't thinking of the money then, or even the plane. He was only thinking of Joan. He had to keep her from flying to Las Vegas.

"Allen, my boy," he laughed as he went back to the others, "there's nothing I want more right now than to see you two get married. And I want to thank you for saving me from something I would have regretted all my life. When I think how close I came to falling for that girl, it makes me dizzy." He turned to Joan and pretended to mop his forehead. "I admit I went a little soft in the tunnel, but out here in the cold, clear light I've come to my senses. My only regret is that I can't be at Las Vegas for the ceremony and be your best man."

"What a story!" Tommy Keenan broke in suddenly. "The man who abducts the girl turns out to be best man at the wedding. But I suppose the sheriff wouldn't let you get away. Suddenly he turned to Joan. "Say, why don't you get married here?"

He asked.

Joan glared and shook her head and Steve laughed easily. "Leave the poor girl alone," he said. "Perhaps she can't bear to see me at the wedding. Perhaps she doesn't trust herself——"

Joan couldn't take that. "Of all the con- ceited, insufferable cads," she blazed. "Me afraid? Why? I'll get married here, any time, with fifty of you around. Me afraid!"

And she was still sputtering even when she whispered "I do."
But Steve had congratulated himself too soon, for no sooner was the ceremony over than Allen ordered his pilot to get the plane ready for the return trip to Los Angeles. Steve hadn't thought of that. It would have been hard enough to see Joan going off on her honeymoon with her lustrous leg but it was worse seeing her get ready to go off on one with a man she wasn't even married to. He tried to tell her the marriage wasn't legal, but Joan only laughed at him. She had had enough of his tricks to last her a lifetime. And she wouldn't listen to Pop, either. He had given her enough proof of the way men stick together.

It was only when they had gone to the plane that Steve remembered the soft cushion and running after them just managed to throw it into the cabin before Joan slammed the door.

Steve stared despondently after the plane as it zoomed skywards. Then it was almost as if fate were rubbing it into him, for he heard the drone of another motor and there was a plane circling above him getting ready to land. Joan's father now, when it was too late. Steve didn't give a hoot if the plane ever landed.

But it did, and Steve braced himself to meet Joan's father who was running toward him as hard as his fifty-odd years and two hundred-odd pounds would allow, when Steve heard a scream floating down from the clouds. Joan's voice, and then he saw her bowing down toward the desert in a parachute. He started running then and so he reached the cactus almost the same moment she did.

"This time I put it on right," Joan wailed, tagging at the parachute. "Oh, Steve, I saw the name on the pillow, but Allen wouldn't take me back and so—"

Steve wasn't laughing now as he pulled her up and lifted her in his arms. Then the old grin came again. "About one hundred and eighteen pounds I should say," he called to her father over his shoulder. "At ten dollars a pound that's eleven hundred and eighty dollars you owe me!"

And never let it be said that old man Winfield didn't know true love when he saw it. "Okay, son," he said approvingly.

Yours for Loveliness

Flatterers and affinities for May—all beauty notes for your next shopping list

When It's Raining Rain

A PRIZE came to this desk the other day—Kelly Shower Toes. They're light-as-a-feather foot protection, latex toes to slip over those new sandals when a shower comes up from nowhere. Best of all, they fold away in a cunning polka dotted pouch, only two-and-a-half by four-and-a-half inches, which means it slips into your bag as easily as a compact. Shower Toes will save your best shoes; they will enable you to avoid those rain-stamped stocking toes poking from your toeless numbers, enough to bring tears, especially when you have a date, and they will keep feet dry and comfortable in spite of all. They have a girdle fit, are true foot insurance against wet pavements, so light, so smart, you'll like wearing them. Treasures!

Soft and Sweet

FROM the hard water areas of this country, and there are plenty, this department gets many requests for a good water softener. And so we give you plenty—actually five pounds! This is Wrisley's nice, big bag (five pounds, we remind you) of Perfumed Bath Crystal and Water Softener. This is for your tub when you want to relax, to make your skin feel soft and smooth as well as cleanse it, when a delicate perfume will soothe your senses and sweetly scent your skin. Here, indeed, is the bath of your money's worth. This bath luxury comes in apple blossom, gardenia, carnation, lilac, lavender, bouquet and pine; and you'll find other Wrisley soaps and bath accessories to furnish your bathroom with a complete ensemble.

"Sweet Moments"

IN snooping about, this department came upon something new, cute and very come hither. It's Irresistible's new perfume, Sweet Moments, in a container resembling an old-fashioned lamp. For those who love cunning gadgets, with something good to show besides—for the perfume has a very special appeal—go right out and find yourself Sweet Moments. It will make a little conversation piece, and the lamp base comes in different pastels, so you can do both yourself and your dressing-table a nice turn for spring. These little lamps will serve charmingly for small favors at a luncheon or bridge. Will win raves from your chums.

"Follow Me"

S UIZEZ MOI (follow me) proved such a success as a perfume that now it has a sister, Suissez Moi Eau de Toilette, with atomizer. The two will certainly put you high in heaven if you like seductive scents. And they are quite within reach of your pretty little purse. The simulated pearl bottle of perfume, snuggling in that miniature hat box, would make an unusual bridge prize. I am not quite able to describe the scent—it is just too, too.... My observation, however, is that it literally makes admirers want to follow you. It is a very vital remainder of fascination, of being awake and on your toes, and that, to me, is a splendid way to feel.

A Trick or Two in This Brush

The use of mascara is growing. And next to lipstick, its use can certainly do more for the human face than any other beauty touch. You will find many good mascaras, but Modern Eyes is the only one I have found to bring truth to the brush. This little brush has a special trick or two. It reaches between your lashes and colors all sides of each lash, which, naturally, makes even an extra lash or two a real contribution to your eye beauty. It also curls lashes upward. It is attached to the container top, which means that the case remains neat. The mascara is in cake form, in black, brown or dark blue, the color being shown on the container top.

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Ray Milland's Romantic Real Life Story

Continued from page 55

reckoned it to his credit that he murdered none of them.

One morning a desperate voice reached Connie over the phone. "You've got to get me a job or book me at the nearest mad-house."

She called him next day, Gaumont needed someone to play an American juvenile. Ray hobbled down, and faked the accent well enough to get the part only because they could find no one else to do it better.

What followed sounds like an old Mack Sennett gag. He had long since resolved, once he got hold of some money, to return to America. He missed the orange juice. Better to starve in California, where at least he'd be warm. Better to take his meager chances over there than ask Mal to share chances equally meager in London. The picture netted him twelve hundred and fifty dollars. The day after it was finished, he packed his trunk and sailed, neglecting to inform Connie lest she try to stop him.

Halfway across the Atlantic, he received a cable, "WHERE IN THUNDER ARE YOU HAVE SIGNED YOU WITH BRITISH LINE." "WILL RETURN IF THEY PAY MY FARE BACK," he replied, "FARE OK PASSAGE ARRANGED ON LACONIA LEAVING NEW YORK MAY 13."

He docked at four on the 13th, caught the Laconia at five, worked for three weeks and set sail again, forgetting that he'd given British Lion an option for another picture. A second cable met him in mid-Atlantic, a second time he turned back at the docks. This time, a thought chastened, he waited a week after the picture's completion for official permission to depart. He landed in New York, his months of labor a delusion. Living expenses had bitten so deeply into his capital that he still had only twelve hundred and fifty dollars!

It was then that one of his glittering impulses hit our hero. He'd never been through the Panama Canal. Not to have been through the Panama Canal was deplorable. He booked passage to California that way, stopped off at Cuba and lost the lion's share of his fortune, arriving in Hollywood with a hundred and seventy dollars —exactly the sum, if you remember that far back, which had stood between him and starvation when he got to London.

Thus the full circle had been rounded. But Ray was only moderately cast down. True, he and Mal would have to postpone housekeeping arrangements, but that was all right, honey, he'd have a job snapped, say in a week, ten days. Mal buoyed less easily. With the dolorous days of their breakup etched in acid on her memory, she suggested that they ought to have five thousand dollars to start with, and maybe he'd better give up the idea of acting for steadier, if more pedestrian, employment. Ray agreed to the first and flouted the second suggestion.

He took a room at a cheap hotel, but the time soon came when a dollar and a half a day loomed like Everest compared with his cash on hand. So he rented a twenty-five dollar apartment. He fended a jolly out of a dealer by pledging a down payment of twenty-eight dollars. For lack of garage money, he parked this wreck in an empty lot. One morning he found the lot empty even of his car. The dealer had, in the genteel phrase, repossessed it. To Ray this was money in the bank, since he hadn't made the down payment.

His powers of persuasion never showed more brilliant than in the feat of getting himself an agent, agents being coyer than jobs in Hollywood. The agent got him interviews; the interviews got him nowhere.

The pride of possession must be great when the Ray Millands dine tête-à-tête in their bright and cheerful dining room, right.
Chester hauled him around. That wasn't his name. He was a movie-mad youth from Chester, Pennsylvania, who'd been momentarily dazed by the sight of Milland on a drugstore stool next to his own. He remembered the face from a picture two years back. Ray's jobless and penniless state failed to dim his glory. He'd appeared on the screen, hence he was a movie star, hence Chester laid himself and his Plymouth at Ray's feet.

By now Ray was haunting the Standard Oil Company as well as the studios, trying to hire himself out as a gas station attendant. Standard Oil wasn't too discouraging. They promised to let him know. Meaning time rent-day rolled around again, as is its way. He called his agent, "Can you let me have twenty-five dollars?"

"What for?"

"I have to pay my rent."

"What are you going to eat with?"

"I haven't figured that far."

"All right, I'll let you have five dollars to eat with."

Ray felt it would have been unbecoming in him to point out that five dollars a month might feed a mouse, not a man. He put his case to the owner of the corner drugstore, where he'd been eating. The gentleman was a gentleman, "I can't give you three meals a day for nothing. But you can have your dinner on the cuff—and coffee for breakfast and lunch." Ray supplemented his breakfast with Wheaties. An actor living below, who endorsed them for advertising purposes, received a huge carton every month. Ray poured water and sprinkled sugar over them. He still eats them that way. Because he likes them, not because he's grateful.

One fateful night Chester got drunk and failed to report for duty in the morning. Ray fingered the lone dime in his pocket.

From where he lived it cost that much to get downtown. From Melrose and Gower, a couple of miles away, a dime was good for a round-trip ticket. By hoof and bus he reached the Standard Oil employment office, and was told they might have an opening in a few days. As he got off the bus again at Melrose, a voice hailed him. It was the voice of Joe Egli, Paramount casting director. "I think I've got a job for you," said Joe.

Ray experienced no great elevation of spirit. He'd heard that one before. Egli took him through the studio gates out to a sound stage, and left him standing on the outskirts of the set, while he conferred with director Wesley Ruggles. "For a nice guy," says Ray, "Ruggles has a very sour puss."

He watched the men talking, he watched Ruggles turn to look at him, he watched the pass stay sour, he watched Egli walking back, he added it up and got the answer, "That's that."

"Come back to the office with me," said Egli, and when they were back in the office, "How much do you want?"

Ray jumped. "Mean to say I've got a job?"

"Sure. Two weeks guarantee. How much?"

"How—how much do you think?"

"Haven't you got a price?"

"Through a clogged throat, he croaked: "Three-fifty."

"Make it three hundred."

"Done."

Three hundred on paper didn't put a nickel in his pocket. He couldn't trust his jittery knees to carry him home. He couldn't bring himself to ask Egli for a fare. He asked instead whether he could use the phone, and called Chester, "Where in blazes were you this morning?" he roared exultant. "Meet me right away at the Paramount gate." This was the moment Chester had lived for. They headed for the drugstore and had themselves a hell of a lunch.

So what happened? Exactly what you think. A special delivery from Standard Oil, telling him to report at six Monday morning. Paramount expected him at nine. A few months earlier he'd have made nuts to Rockefeller. But he'd passed through

The acme of good taste is expressed throughout the newly-built Milland manse. Another brief view, left, of the master bedroom.
Mr. and Mrs. Pat O’Brien, above, lend an attentive ear to famous Father Hagonon of Boys’ Town. The trio are pictured at the Beverly Hills Derby.

fire since. Suppose the studio kicked him out at the end of two weeks. He roused Chester at five Monday morning and rode down to Standard Oil. Ten guys, all down on their luck, glared at the dude in his English-tailored double-breaster, who marched right past them and into the office.

“Look,” he told the boss, “my mother just died in Oklahoma. I can’t get back for six weeks. Will you hold the job?”

It takes a hard heart to pile more woe on a mother’s death. “Well—you’ve been pretty persistent. I’ll hold it.”

He was glad to remember that eventually one of the other down-and-outers got his job. Paramount gave him a second small part. He overcame Mal’s misgivings about his return to films by the process of arithmetic. “Look—here’s my gas station salary. Look at the years and years it’ll take to earn five thousand, let alone save it—Now look here!” He stuck a check for three thousand under her nose. “That’s what I’ve saved from two pictures.” Signed to a contract a few days later, he and Mal went together to take the willow dishes out of storage.

For a while all was rosy. Presently, though, the first fine rapture of money in the bank began to wear off, and through its shimmering tatters he perceived that professionally he was fast getting nowhere. Everyone was against him, he concluded, till a couple of things opened his eyes to the possibility that maybe he was against himself—that he didn’t know his job, maybe, and was doing little to make its acquaintance.

One was a talk with Sir Guy Standing. “What do you do at night?” asked Sir Guy. “Sit around and read.” “Why do you admire most as an actor?”

“Freddie March.” “Well, stop reading. Go see pictures. Freddie March’s first, then the others. It’s fine to be a student, but you’d better study acting first.”

Following this advice, Milland grew aware of a tension and self-consciousness before the cameras. “I used to think all the grips and proppen were watching me, when they didn’t give a damn.” Mitch Leisen, rehearsing him in “The Big Broadcast of 1937,” said: “When you move your arm, move it all the way. Relax.”

That simple instruction helped him to an easier approach, but it bore no fruit. For five months after “The Gilded Lily,” he didn’t work at all. Then he was asked to help test the girls who were being tried out for “Jungle Princess.” Dorothy Lamour once chosen, the director mused, “Now whom can we get for the fellow?”

Ray felt he had hit bottom. (He hadn’t.) Here he’d been testing for two and a half months and emerged as the invisible man. “How about me?” he said weakly.

“Oh—you? Well, all right—maybe.”

The picture was a money-maker, so he went into “Easy Living” with Jean Arthur—one of the first screwball comedies, a superduper production with lavish sets, which also proved a hit. He began to feel quite the actor, and sat back waiting for some more nice parts that didn’t come. In desperation he prodded Zeppo Marx, his agent—a damn fine agent, God bless him, and say so, will you?—to arrange for a loanout.

The best Zeppo could do was a little quickie over at Universal, into which the moguls were dumping everyone on the lot they wanted to get rid of. Ray shared a dressing room with three fellow-members of the cast. They worked on a twenty-one day schedule. The producer was his own prop man, brushed the actors’ coats. His name was Joe Pasternak. The picture was “Three Smart Girls.”

Things picked up a little after that. William Wellman liked him, wanted him for “Men With Wings.” “He stinks,” said the front office. “He’s going into the picture.” said Wellman coldly. Word of that got around. People began nodding at Mr. Milland as he passed by. Not for long, however. Only till it became apparent that the picture was a frost. Then they stopped saying hello. Ray had to show his pass to get on the lot.

The turn really came with “Irene.” He’d been interviewed by Herbert Wilcox once before, in London. He’d cooled his heels for three hours in an anteroom, his vigil shared by a little blonde unknown. Ray got in first. As he came out, the little blonde raised awe-filled eyes at this man who had actually talked to a producer. Nothing had come of that interview. Now Wilcox wanted him for “Irene.” “Think I can borrow you?”

“They’ll probably pay you to take me off their hands,” answered Ray with the candor which sets him apart from the bulk of his brethren. Wilcox featured him in the picture. He starred Anna Neagle, the little blonde.

Zeppo Marx came tearing out on the set one day with a script. “Read it,” he beamed. “Don’t say a word. Just read it.” It turned out to be “The Doctor Takes a Wife,” which turned out to be a laugh-riot. When Columbia released it, Paramount picked up its ears. Edward Griffith put in a bid for Milland to play a part in “Virginia”—the part eventually played by Stirling Hayden.

With the applause still ringing in her ears, Academy Winner Ginger Rogers, above, with escort Johnny Green, smiles shyly as friends offer congratulations.
Putting him in a Mood for Matrimony

A LESSON IN
How to Become Some Man’s Dream Girl—for KEEPS

1. WRONG: to get huffy or possessive when he smiles at another female. You have to give a man some rope, or what’s he going to hang himself with?

2. RIGHT: to make mighty sure that no other girl can make you look faded. That’s where your complexion casts the deciding vote. When he looks at you, let him see a complexion that radiates the loving care you give it with Pond’s every night. The Other Woman menace will vanish into limbo.

3. WRONG: to hold him as a coy arm’s length so long that he gets discouraged. Love can’t thrive indefinitely on a starvation diet!

4. RIGHT: a little close-range eye-making and such. Extremely effective unless a close-up of your face reveals clogged pores and a network of squint lines. Help keep pores “dry” lines and blackheads from blighting romance by thoroughly cleansing and softening your skin with Pond’s Cold Cream—every night!

5. WRONG: being just terribly brave and noble when he half-heartedly courts you for 7 years without mentioning churches and ministers.

WRITE:

Close the deal while it’s hot! Get going now on a sweep-him-off-his-feet complexion! Here’s a dotted line to sign on—it isn’t a wedding license, but one may well follow!

Your romance is in the crucial stage where you may simmer down to just another telephone number in his little black address book—or you can give him such an acute case of Dream-Girl Fever that he spends his lunch hours pricing solitaires! It’s up to you, lass! If your technique’s Right, you win. If it’s Wrong—well, make it Right—

1. to take him at his word when he phones for a last-minute date and says, “Don’t fuss—come just as you are!” He may think he means it, but when he sees your face buried under a layer of smudge and stale make-up, the disillusion will be terrific!

2. to improve the golden moments between his call and his arrival by whisking through a Pond’s glamour treatment. 1. Slather Pond’s Cold Cream over your face. Pat like mad with your fingertips. Wipe off with Pond’s Tissues. Then “rinse” with more Cold Cream to dispose of the last smear of dirt and old make-up. 2. Over your immaculate skin, spread a thick white mask of Pond’s Vanishing Cream. Remove after 1 full minute. Then wield the powder puff and you’ll glitter with glamour!

3. Fatal, in fact! To fumble nervously in your handbag for a powder compact when the poor fellow is desperately working himself to proposal pitch. He may never reach that point again!

4. to encourage him by looking sweet and knowing it! No distracting worry of blemry make-up or glaring nose will give you the fidgets, if you have used that amazing 1-minute mask of Pond’s Vanishing Cream before your date. The mask smooths away little toughnesses—gives your skin a glorious “mat” finish that you can trust to hold powder right through the crisis!

POND’S, Dept. 78-CVE, Clinton, Conn.
I’d love to try the same Pond’s complexion care followed by Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. St. George Duke and other leading society beauties. Please send me Pond’s Special Beauty Ritual Kit containing Pond’s Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Tissues and Skin Freshener. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name
Address

This offer good in U. S. only.

SCREENLAND 73
A few months back Ray would have jumped at any part. But times had changed. He sat with Griffith on the steps of the executive building and gave him an argument which boiled down to a private conviction that the role, as written, didn't suit him, "Rather than take it, I'll take a suspension."

Griffith saw his point. "But I'll have to tell the front office, Ray."

"That's okay with me."

He strode off glumly. The more he pondered it, the more deeply victimized he felt by a suspension that hadn't yet been imposed. Mitch Leisen was sitting on the curb.

"What's the matter with you?"

Ray glared. "I'm in no mood to chat."

"Oh come on, sit down, let me tell you a story I'm going to do. With Joel McCrea. I'll cheer you up."

Listening to the story of "Arise, My Love," Ray turned vile-green. At length endurance snapped. "What good's it to me, you yapping your head off about your wonderful picture—?" He moved on.

It was his day for bumping into people. The next was Arthur Hornblow, producer of "Arise, My Love," "Run your Columbia picture at the house. Good piece of work."

"That's fine," said Ray.

At some distance he spied the figure of Zeppo Marx, made for it a child makes for his mother, and poured out his sorrows. Zeppo looked thoughtful. "Say—I just heard McCrea wants a vacation—?"

At which point another executive hove into view. Ray flagged him. "If McCrea doesn't want it, why can't I do the Leisen picture—?

"Oh fool, they wouldn't go for you. Anyway, Claudette probably wouldn't accept you—"

So he went home and brooded. Next morning a phone call summoned him to the front office. He describes that session with quiet relish, "They were mad at me before I went in. They said they were thinking of putting me into the picture. They made it clear that if I wasn't terrific, I'd be drawn and quartered. They treated me like a boy they'd picked up on the street to push the baby carriage for fifty cents. And if anything happened to the baby, God help me."

He achieved his stature as an actor in that picture. Before it was finished Hornblow signed him for "I Wanted Wings."

and Claudette tapped him as her leading man in "Skylark." The schedule for the first ran so long that the second was postponed two months. Normally another actor would have been substituted, but Miss Colbert refused to consider another actor. People no longer say hello as they pass. They make a wide detour to say it. The change leaves Milland pleased and cynical. He's sufficiently detached from the Hollywood scene to recognize its value, and sufficiently human to enjoy it.

Not quite two years ago he started building the house of his dreams in Beverly Hills—a replica, in so far as he could manage it, of the Sussex home he'd bought for his mother. Its chief ornament is Daniel David, turned a year on March 6th. And Mal's chief source of diversion is Ray as a father.

"At the hospital he used to run out every few minutes to watch the baby through the nursery window. People would stop to look at him because he's an actor. He'd turn and grin, thinking it was his marvelous baby they were admiring.—He takes a bow on everything the baby does. Danny's skin is so dark, I say it's sunburns. Jack says it's the Welsh in him. I had wonderful names picked out for him like Michael and Anthony. Jack said they sounded like the hero of a bad English novel, 'Daniel David,' he said, 'that's a good strong name. I can see it already on his luggage when he goes to Europe—D. D. Milland,'"

Sundays are given over by the senior Milland to photographing the junior. There's a daily ritual too. Ray leaves the house at seven-thirty, which is breakfast time for Daniel. Daniel refuses to touch spoon to porridge till his father appears, picks him up, walks him three times round the room, deposits him in his highchair again and waves by. Daniel waves back, looking, says his father, like a man waving a salami with a bunch of carrots tied on. He then proceeds with his meal, while papa proceeds to the studio.

Mal hopes he'll grow up to look like Ray. She thinks it would be silly for a child not to look like a father who looks like Ray. Ray doesn't care what an looks like, content that he is. The boy who was always running away to find some lovely place beyond the hills has found it. Through his wife and son, the escapist has escaped into happiness.
She advises millions on marriage
but she ruined her own

make sure of their bodily daintiness by the regular use of “Lysol”.

“Lysol” is cleansing, deodorizing, germicidal. Probably no other disinfectant is so widely used for feminine hygiene.

6 Special Features of “Lysol”

1. Non-Caustic...“Lysol”, in proper dilution, is gentle, efficient; contains no free caustic alkali. 2. Effectiveness... “Lysol” is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions; effective in the presence of organic matter (dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). 3. Spreading...“Lysol” solutions spread because of low surface tension; virtually search out germs. 4. Economy... Small bottle of “Lysol” makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. 5. Odor... The cleanly odor of “Lysol” disappears after use. 6. Stability... “Lysol” keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, or how often it might be left uncorked.

She was guilty of
“One Neglect”

few husbands ever forgive...
“Lysol” helps prevent this

Yet, there is one important answer she has never learned... and so, despite all her beauty, talent and charm, her own marriage is a tragic failure.

There is always a reason when a husband’s love grows cold. Sometimes the cause is the woman’s neglect of intimate, personal hygiene. Thousands of women
South of the Border

Continued from page 59

ness, but I think she wastes a great deal of motion. I think she dissipates her greatest appeal, because she has never studied it. Few American girls know how to make an entrance. Few have really ever studied the art of pleasing others.'

Now these words may sound rather formal and out of place today, until you stop and think about them. True, how few of us enter a room well. We rush in, well, where angels may fear to tread, confident, sure, wasteful of motion and energy. There is the gentle art, explained Maria, of letting yourself be seen before you enter a room, and I gather that this is rather through slow-motion. Certainly if you are all done up for a party, if you are really attractive to look upon, or even if your gown is if you are not, then it would be just as well to make your entrance an event, instead of an incident. And the wallop this will give your escort's pride in you is immeasurable.

"You may be very beautiful," continued Maria, "but you may sit, in a restaurant, for example, in such a manner that no one ever sees you. You, also, may be just passable, but you may sit in a manner that places you quite apart from everyone else and people will admire you.'

These words are for the girls who have a way of literally hiding themselves under the table. They slouch down; they disappear in their chairs; they lower their heads under hats if the hats are big enough, and you could pass your best friend and never recognize her. Then, by contrast, there are the girls who sit with a suggestion of being happy and proud to be where they are; they look as if they are enjoying every minute of their companion's presence, whether or not they are. They spread an atmosphere of enjoyment. They almost make you want to join their table. Subtle, all this? Hardly. It's a matter of muscular and mind control. If you accept his invitation, no matter how boring he is, if you try to make the evening a success, you will end up by having a good time.

Maria's philosophy is the result of long experience with men. She grew up with five brothers! And if you don't think that's something! "Learn to please brothers, or you'll never please your Pop. "is her sage conclusion. The art of pleasing develops beautifully when practiced on brothers. There is a special kind of ego that belongs to the male, thinks Maria, and it is so harmless and so gratifying to learn how to reach it. "Sometimes I would play the part of Cupid with my brothers, I would remind one of them that I thought a certain girl liked him. Of course, he would appear disdainful, but I often noticed a nice little romance begin with the girl I had mentioned. It is so natural for people to want to be liked. And liking certainly makes them nice people. I believe it is a great aid in making oneself pleasant to others."

In other words, honey is, indeed, sweeter than vinegar. And when you find yourself being too definite with people, telling them just what you think at times and never disguising your feelings, you are riding for a fall and had just as well turn about and ask yourself if you can't achieve your end, whatever it is, with a gentler weapon. The art of pleasing others is something to be learned slowly, for few are born with it. It is not a fawning effort just to be nice and make people like you; that is a thin veneer that won't wear long. But it is a matter perhaps of thinking how you may do this or say that without hurting or seeming harsh, if the occasion calls for strong action. This will give you wonderful practice in dealing with human nature and mark a long mile in your effort for success, no matter how you reckon it.

But back to our American girl, Maria compliments the American woman on her amazing ability to hold onto youth. And she compliments her on her chic. The Latin type is morequé, more quickly, and in spite of her rare beauty—and it is a rare beauty—she somehow lacks the American chic. A Latin lady, according to Maria, will look distinctly like a lady; if she is well dressed, she will look distinctly well dressed. But she will lack the casualness of the American, which is the result of our great effort to look forlorn. I am reminded of how many of us take hours, foot-sore and weary, to be sure that our accessories are chosen with utmost care, whether we pay a trifle or a nice expensive price. That's the American way.

When it comes to figure, Maria thinks the American girl is far more fortunate than her Latin sister. The American has long, slim, free lines, thinks we keep them far beyond the South American girls who early succumb to matronly figures. Maria de- picts, however, the attention and concern we lavish on hips instead of the bosom. A beautiful bosom, she points out, is a most important asset, as the South American woman recognizes. We, however, might truly give some attention to good de velopment exercises, such as a strong swimming breast stroke, for the undeveloped, and a foot on earth like good fellowship and association with the opposite sex.
“With the Magic of all things new!” says Lady Esther

“A BRAND-NEW SKIN
is arriving to thrill you with its Loveliness!”

You are going to get a Brand-New Skin—a New-Born Skin, a fresher, younger skin! For, right under your skin as you see it today, another skin is slowly taking form.

WILL it have the magic beauty of all things new? Will it emerge younger-looking, fresher-looking— with an opalescent clarity?

Yes, says Lady Esther, it can bring you a promise of new loveliness if—if—if only you will take the proper care!

For, right now, as your New-Born Skin is unfolding, your older skin, your present skin is flaking away in tiny invisible particles.

The minute flakes can be the villains that rob you of your good looks—they can hide your beauty—they can give you the effect of tiny rough spots.

“My Four-Purpose Face Cream,” says Lady Esther, “gently permeates those tiny dry flakes of older skin—it loosens them, surrounds them, as it were, so that you can wipe them away, ever so gently, ever so lightly.”

Lady Esther’s 4-Purpose Cream helps your New-Born Skin to emerge in beauty—because it helps you remove those tiny invisible flakes, the surface impurities, and the grime and the dust. It helps Nature to refine your pores, to reveal your New-Born Skin as a thing soft and smooth and lovely.

Ask Your Doctor
About Your Face Cream!

Ask your doctor, and all the better if he is a specialist on the skin. Ask him if he favors feeding the skin from without? Ask him what he thinks of astringents—skin foods— heavy powder bases—tissue creams!

I am almost sure, says Lady Esther, that he will tell you that any cream that entered the pore mouths would tend to enlarge them. But ask his opinion on Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. It is almost certain that he’ll put the seal of approval on every word Lady Esther says.

So, try Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream at my expense. Or better still, buy a 55 cent jar for yourself. Use no other cream for one whole month. Use it at least twice daily. Leave it on as long as you can, while you sleep, while you do your household tasks!

And note, too, how much better your powder goes on with Lady Esther 4-Purpose Cream. Use it particularly before you powder and you will find, for all time, the need of a powder base! For with Lady Esther Cream your powder will go on evenly—giving your skin a silken smoothness, adorning it, flattering it. For Lady Esther’s 4-Purpose Face Cream helps you to keep your accent on youth.

SAMPLE TUBE AT MY EXPENSE

LADY ESTHER
7102 West 60th St., Chicago, Ill. (67)
Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also nine shades of Face Powder, free and postpaid.

Name ____________________________
Address ___________________________
City __________ State ____________
(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)
that the unpredictable Chaney really had been an actor right from the go-cart. When did he start? "When I was six weeks old! Yes, 'carried on.'" Lived backstage in a little hammock that dad made out of string. I was born in Oklahoma City, but never lived anywhere a full week till I was twelve. And I never played with a child. Just jerked around the country with dad from one dusty vaudeville house to another where sometimes the dressing-rooms were nothing more than chicken-coops dragged in from the backyard. In our act together, when I was about two, we started work at ten in the morning and didn't stop till ten at night. We didn't mind the hours. But there was something that always kept us worried. If people didn't like your act in those days they'd run you out of town. I've got scars to prove it." He pulled up one leg of his slacks and disclosed white marks on the skin just below the knee. "Got those in a little town down South, forget the name of it. Dad realized that the audience was sore at us, so decided to make a quick getaway. Putting me into my go-cart, he beat it for the railroad station. But by that time a howling mob from the theater was hot on our trail. In rounding a corner, the go-cart hit a lamp-post and threw me out on to a beer-bottle which broke and cut my leg. Dad grabbed me up, strapped me around his waist, and tore off again on a dead run for the train. We just made it. That was the life!"

He let out a merry roar, hunched to his feet, kicked out his slacks, and long-legged it about the room, leaving me to find the moral of his exciting tale. It was, beyond question, that Junior had been blessed with the right sort of father, "A blessed disadvantage," he made a point of saying, as he crashed down and pushed a shock of dark hair out of his good-natured eyes. "By this I mean the kind that has a kickback to it. It has the advantage of entrance, but you walk in the front door only to find yourself faced with an obstacle you can't overcome. You are expected to have a talent which may, or may not, have been born in you. You are also expected to have that twenty-five years' experience in pictures which you haven't had. Now, without even being hokey about it, my father impressed me as the greatest pantomimist that ever lived. Like him, I learned the deaf-mute language, and so my gestures, or at least some of them, may be similar to father's. Aside from that, there is one thing, I believe, that we had in common—ability, with the right situation, to make people cry. But, because of my father, motion picture producers are inclined to expect too much of me. For one thing, they've always wanted to find ten pounds of make-up on my face before I went to work. They've been beat ing at it for years to have me do father's stuff. But if I did I'd suffer by comparison. The effect would necessarily be disappointing, like that of a kid taking a licorice stack, then growing up and finding that he didn't give a lick for it. I was to have done 'The Hunchback of Notre Dame' if Charlie Laughton had not been allowed to enter the country again because of income tax trouble. But I'm glad I didn't have to do it, for dad and I were so close to each other that it probably would have been impossible for me to get away from him in the part. When we were knocking around the country together we were like Charlie Chaplin and the Kid, I had a big coat, and in an eating place dad would slip me something off his plate to hide under it and take home. That would be grub for the dog. Often, in the South and West, we'd go broke, then have to hoof it."

Restively, he swung out of his chair and was off again round the room. Everything about him, I noticed, became more beautiful the more he talked. And never was he more aware, was on a big scale—his huge frame, his great stride, his trumpet-vowing, his Homeric laughter. Now he quieted down with a reply, "I always thought you could do almost anything in modern education he would achieve his ambition. And he was so obsessed with this one set-up. All his characterizations were first done at home. There he worked out every detail. It was up to him to create a character, never to depend on anyone else for any part of it. For that matter, I feel it's easier to use your own imagination. When given the part of Lon Chaney, Jr., in his revealingly fine embodiment of the riddle and at the same time endearing bindle-stiff whose undeveloped mind and giant body conspire blindly to bring about his inevitable tragedy. Indeed, I've much doubt whether the author himself, John Stein beck, ever saw in his imagination this strange creature as Chaney sees him, wholly free from any morbidly sinister taint and filled with the poignant appeal of a joyous yet fated child. And to reach this place of his own in the world of acting the true son of his father had taken the rough road. Perhaps that road itself had helped to fit him for the distant goal finally attained. "Oh," was his casual reply, "I've known Schnarre's scrapbook, and there were those who were in the same category as Curley. But it was all in the day's work. If I really killed myself I could make a dollar a day. That was the old days. I got my first job got my first job of eating only apricots and peaches, and then it cost me twenty cents for grub, so I actually made forty cents. When the hell! You could have a million dollars' worth of fun at night if you were able to drag yourself around after you got through. There was no trouble at all with under the stars and somebody to play a good tune. Migratory labor is tougher now than it was then. In those times you played under the stars yourself, made your own grub—fine! 'Grapes of Wrath' showed the new trend, with everything mobilized. Actual work runs about fifty-fifty. One type of worker, when he's on his way to a ranch, knows a job is there for him. But the other person is just a wanderer, with no particular line of his own. It's tough enough even to try and think of God pity the other kind! Either way, I'm thankful to be out of it.""

He didn't tell how he had got into pictures, this jack-of-all-trades and master of one was amused to say: "When I was secretary in a milking corporation I got to be a little secretary. I read "Sweathart for All My Days," kind of mushy. Anyhow, a Hollywood scout heard somebody sing it at a party—it was that kind of party—and thought I might sell it
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All smokers do—some times. And inhaling increases the chance of smoking-irritation.

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- Especially if you inhale—Call for Philip Morris! Full smoking pleasure, without worry about throat irritation.

to a picture company. So he took me to a studio, a small one that seemed to have gone into a huddle all by itself. To get to the music department we had to go through the casting office, which wasn’t much more than a pine counter. Behind it was a fellow who sang out, “You ought to be in pictures!” “You’ve got the right guy,” I told him. He said I’d hear from him. I waited six months to hear my phone ring. Not a tinkle. It was two years after my father died, when I was twenty-four, that I started in pictures. Then I went to RKO and got a job in the chorus of a Wheeler and Woolsey picture, “Girl Crazy.” I was so embarrassed at being dressed up as a chorus boy that the director let me hide behind the set when I wasn’t fluffing around in a scene. Anyhow, I could eat regularly. After that, when I needed money, I was a stunt man. One of father’s rules was to work hard and earn your own way. With that in mind, I got into westerns. There was nothing that really meant anything till “Mice and Men.” But I did learn something in those westerns. A woman taught me the first thing I knew about pictures. That was Dorothy Gulliver, leading lady in my first serial, “The Lost Frontier.” She taught me camera angles, showed me how to get in the camera, how to handle my feet. I owe her an infinite amount of appreciation. The next one who helped me was Ann Harding in “The Life of Virgie Winters.” Miss Harding would tip me off on the side. She showed an interest in me and my dog, then paid me $400 for a six-week-old puppie—and that was a fortune! I’ve been lucky in having good friends.

He shot a sharp look at me when I ventured to ask whether he had any longing to be a romantic actor, then declared: “I’m paid for being ugly, and the uglier I am the better I like it! My wife doesn’t agree with me, but that’s her hard luck.

Sometimes I feel sorry for the load that romantic actors have to carry just on their beauty alone. Well, that’s one thing I don’t have to worry about myself. There’s talk of starring me, but I dunno. They say, hitch your wagon to a star, but there sure are a lot of stars. Just acting suits me, without any starring ambitions. Acting is most important to me now, but I’d hate to feel that any one thing would be the end for me because the world has so much scope. There’s only one other thing I’d rather do someday, and that’s own a cattle ranch. But for the present I don’t seem to be headed in that direction. I live in Beverly Hills,” He grinned. “Guess I’m getting soft.”

Not a chance!

Eve, they say, tempted Adam with an apple, but Clark Gable has his own modern method—a bauble. He doesn’t need it. Rosalind Russell stars with Clark in “The Uniform.”

SCREENLAND

79
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Humphrey Bogart's Warning to Hollywood Actors

Continued from page 56

study these problems in which they profess such vital interest? They're just going off half-cocked, that's all. I know one young actor in Hollywood who was called into the front office to discuss a picture they wanted him to do. 'Does it have a message?' was the first thing he asked. One of the heads of the studio turned to the producer and said, 'He wants a message? Send him a telegram!'

'I don't think stars should ask to make big and expensive pictures in times like these, just to display their talent or versatility when they must know in their hearts that the pictures have little chance of popular success. I'll name one name in this connection because he was a good sport about it. Eddie Robinson was crazy to do 'Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet' so the studio finally consented. The picture was far from being a box office smash and the bosses went to Robinson and said, 'We let you make that picture against our judgment. Now you give us a break and do one we've picked out for you.' So Robinson made 'Brother Orchid' and the studio came out ahead on the cost of the two pictures combined.

"But there was another actor (whose name I won't mention) who liked making the same kind of pictures. He always got superlative notices for his work—but all his pictures never made any money. When the bosses called him in and asked him to make a picture with popular appeal so they could catch even, he said, 'Gentlemen, I haven't the slightest interest in whether you make money or whether you don't.'

"Another pet peeve of mine," went on Mr. B., "is actors who come out here from New York and make more money than they ever dreamed of. But are they satisfied? Are they grateful? NO!!! They no sooner get a car (which most of them have never had before) and a swimming pool (which none of them have ever had before) than they start yapping about socialism or communism and returning to the stage or making 'artistic' pictures. If they love the stage so dearly why did they leave it? No one pointed a gun at their heads and said, 'You've got to go to Hollywood, or else!'" If they are so interested in 'artistic' pictures why don't they reduce their salaries for those pictures and give the producers a break? And as for their communism and socialism, they haven't the remotest idea of what either of those things are. They're dabbler's in them because they think it's smart and sophisticated. They're just parlor-pinks!

"It's nearly always those same actors, too, who have never before had two dimes to clink together in their pockets, who come out here, make a hit in one picture (or two, if they're lucky) and immediately start squawking about everything connected with pictures. Sometimes they want more money. Sometimes they want to pick their parts. Sometimes it's their casts and directors they want to obey—but always it's something. Once in a great while they may have a justifiable squawk about the dough but, as a rule, when it comes to picking stories or casts or directors they know as much about it as a goat.

"There is one actor who came out from New York a couple of years ago and made a hit. And he's been scrapping with his studio conscientiously and religiously ever since. He finally went back to New York and did a stage play that he had picked out and about which he had everything to say. It was one of the prize hops of the season! But did that shut him up? Hell, no! He's still squawking and still saying he won't do this or that picture when he has shown how little he knows of story values. His argument is that he is not interested in making successful pictures—he wants to make 'artistic' pictures. Does he think producers are in business to gratify his personal ambitions? If they didn't make successful pictures they couldn't pay him the big salary he gets. He says he isn't interested in money but he went on strike for more

"Am I what you'd call a jealous wife?" cries Myrna Loy, of which point she proceeds to give William Powell the cold shoulder. Count to ten, Bill, before answering. Better still, light a ciggy. It's a scene from 'Love Crazy.'
dough once and he makes guest appearances on the radio (at a big salary) every chance he gets. I often wonder if he thinks there is anything artistic about the skits in which he appears on the air? He has the privilege of turning those down—but he doesn't. If he but knew it he's the laughing stock of Hollywood.

"And all those little so-and-so's in the group theaters and artsy summer stocks! They gather after the theater at night and instead of discussing their business and trying to learn something, they're either waving a flag for radicalism or tearing down somebody who, by dint of years of hard work, has finally made the grade. Suppose Lunt & Fontanne or Helen Hayes open in a new play. The play may not always be perfect but their performances are, and critics who have spent years watching actors and who can spot a ham a mile away, will heap superlatives of praise on them. But those little upstarts will sit there assuming each other that those artists are really nothing but a bag of tricks! And their mouth-filling phrases! 'Free love' and 'a man of expression.' Why don't they just say right out that they are heartily in favor of sex and let it go at that? They're dirty in mind as well as body."

And what right have the mouse-trap society crowd out here in Hollywood to be dabbling in politics? I know a few women who set themselves up as great social leaders. They only live to get the morning paper and see if they have been mentioned in somebody's column. They give charity benefits and all that sort of thing. But does the fact they know how to entertain (since they have unlimited means) and that they do a lot of charity work necessarily mean that they are also analysts of world affairs and qualified to tell people what should or shouldn't be done? No! If they spent their time delving into world affairs, like Dorothy Thompson, H. R. Knickerbocker, Pierre Van Paassen, etc., then I'd listen to them. But when they skim lightly over a partisan newspaper, memorize a few lines here and there to quote and then try to pose as profound, I just think they are making spectacles of themselves!

Suddenly he stopped and grinned. "If you're still kicking around Hollywood when I kick off—I mean, if someone hasn't put you out of the way before then—there is one thing you can do for me. Have carved on my tombstone, 'Here lies an actor without a message!'

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SCREENLAND
land to the best of my knowledge, to build a shelter. The neighbors laughed at me and shook their heads—he’s crackers,” they said. But many of us would be minced-meat now if I hadn’t built it. Many of us are, in spite of it. The Heinkels see to that. The shelter is built right where the great copper-beech in the center of the garden used to be, you will remember—

(“Yet, Dad, yes, I remember and I ‘will remember,’ . . . it was in the copper-beech that my sister and I used to play at theater, in the branches of the copper-beech we played the ‘Swiss Family Robinson’ and ‘Jane Eyre,’ with me as a very appleptic ‘Mr. Rochester’ . . . and that tree was ‘Treasure Island,’ too, and Ham Peggotty’s house in ‘David Copperfield’ . . . now it is blown down, blown down by War . . . and most of my childhood is blown down with it . . .”)

The shelter has revolving doors, as I wrote you, which keep on revolving during a raid so that complete destruction is not so possible and much of the debris is whirled away. The ceilings and walls are of thick steel, the floor is steel and concrete—well, our garden runs into the Dairy’s, as you know—they were blown up the other day, the whole works. It was as though the world stood on end. All of the men were killed, most of the women. And all of the good cows and their little calves. Milking was going on at the time. You remember, Ida, how you used to love to go there at milking time. The most peaceful time imaginable, isn’t it, milking time, with the drowsy, sweet-smelling cows, the milkmen in their white coats and scrubbed, gowned hands, the milk foaming into the bright, scoured tins—that is how it was, just as it always was and then, suddenly, all hell broke loose. I was at the end of our garden just where it dips down and into the Dairy meadows and I had the sensation of being lifted by bodiless, powerful hands and thrown high into the air. Which, indeed, I was. And knew no more until I came to, in the field over and beyond the dairy. I looked down at my arms and thought I had no arms left. They were mashed and flattened as thin as paper, much like the old Keystone comedies when a steam-roller would pass over a man and leave a tissue-paper doll where he had been. I didn’t dare to take a second look. An armless Venus di Milo might get by, I thought, but an armless Stanley Lupino would be a poor thing. Imagine an acrobat without arms!

When I looked in other directions, it was worse—all I could see was smoke and Things and bodies—strangely enough, they all looked rather peaceful, though, the bodies of our good milkmen. I had the thought that the Aggressor was cheated of what he wanted, the suffering of his English victims—these were not blown to bits but had gone suddenly to sleep, as children do. Even the animals looked at peace.

I crawled back into our garden to look for the other Air Raid Wardens. I found two of them. I got them to pour hot water over my arms and Scotch into me and then we went out to see what we could do for the others—not much, so few "others." If Germany thinks terror is the thing to win the war, they will get it back, double-fold. Soon, now, day and night, hour upon hour, the aeroplanes of England, Canada, Australia, South Africa and the United States of America will be on their way to Germany. And as each month passes we shall pile up an air offensive that will make the considerable damage the R.A.F. is doing now, look like peaceful play.

The Germans are doing their worst right now. We haven’t even started. With it all, I am grateful for one thing— for the protection the United States is giving my little family. Goodbye, darling, Dad.

Dearest Ida: Thanks for the postcards . . .

(“This letter came much later. I was working in “High Sierra” at the time. We were at Mt. Whitney, a peak in California up in the Great Western Divide. I have just written a post-card to you: “I have just started back . . ."

Thank you for the postcards. What a grand and wonderful place to be! I wish I were there. It seemed such a strange reversal of things—when I received them, I had just come off duty, covered with dust, mud, soot, particles of glass in my hair—it kept driving me crackers, that glass in my hair—but I dare not scratch it because it causes the head to bleed. I found it often on the mat, so I took them into the kitchen, put the kettle on and saved them to read until I had a cup of tea. I sat there and looked at it (for quite awhile) before I read the messages—and got very lost. I wanted to be right there, tuck myself into the midst of those huge mountains and go to sleep. If there were some mountains around here, I showed them to my mate who came in looking as bad as I. He said the thing I was thinking, "Oh, Stanley," he said, "wouldn’t it be nice to have a hole in the bottom of one of those mountains for a shelter?"

We had just had a very, very bad raid. Nine houses are completely demolished on our block. The church is blown up and the house down just down the road is no more. One wing of our house is now gone. We have just taken the bodies out of the post-office which was also blown to bits. You remember Miss P—? How she always talked about taking a "long vacation" some day, how she wanted to go "far away, to some distant land?" Well, she was in there when it happened. And now she is getting her "long vacation" and, poor darling, I hope she is happy in her "distant land."

There were some twenty to one hundred and fifty of us Air-Raid Wardens up until 6.30 this morning, clearing up and searching for the murdered. That’s what they are, aren’t they, the murdered? I have to cut off for a minute, have to go and day action bomb. If we do not locate it, if it goes off, it will mean the deaths of fifteen mothers who are expecting their babies in the one wing on the shattered hospital still left standing.

Back from looking for the delayed action bomb. Found it and put it out of commission, thus killing Herr Hitler of the blood of fifteen mothers and their unborn, or just born, babes. A nice feeling. A good morning’s work. Soon I must go out again. First Aid for those who need it after the last three-hour raid. They’ve been coming in relays—almost every night, now, we have fourteen-hour duty. You see, so many of the Air-Raid Wardens have been wounded or bowled over, we have to take on double duty. Do you know that they call us Air-Raid Wardens the "Good Angels" because we are the ones upon whom it devolves to keep up morale during the raids—never expected

Mr. Gloom takes a vacation when such nice people get together. You know ‘em, but we’ll call ‘em off, anyway. Left to right: Louis Hayward, James Stephenson, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Ida Lupino and living Rapper, director of Warners’ “Shining Victory.”
your old Dad to get billing as a "Good Angel"—now, did you?
Well, I was just parking myself in a
dark deck chair for a leisurely reading of
your post-cards when we heard the
scream of the bombs again, and the
thuds—"oh, hell," I said—so out I
stumbled and promptly fell flat on my
face over the damn garden hose—funny
how little things get you where big
things don't—that stumble broke me up
for no raid has done—then my mate,
Billy Rose and I, you remember Billy,
in the road, just by our little First Aid
Station, we heard another pack of Nazis
coming overhead. I felt sure that this
time I was in for it. I went down flat
on my face and huddled into a pine
tree—the bomb hit the earth with a
terrific impact and we felt the whole
garden stand up on end. Again (this
is getting monotonous, I thought) I was
lifted into the air, hurtled into a
meadow some twenty-five feet away. The
bomb dropped on open ground, making
a crater some 80 feet across. Then more
and more came down. I shouted to Billy,
through the wet grass in which we lay,
"I hope to God they keep dropping
them in the same place"—meaning of
course, that I hoped they would con-
tinue to drop them in the crater already
made. But unfortunately, they did noth-
ing of the sort. They dropped them
helter-skelter (their aim is always atro-
cious) far and near—then came the
shriek of the Wardens' Distress Sig-
nals, from all directions, making us
realize that this was no local matter
but a blitzkrieg of bombings—from then
on it was a case of sweat and dust and
blood, of the dead and the dying and the
living, in a gigantic snarl—we have
not seen our beds or bathed or shaved
for four nights—so, darling, when at last
the All Clear sounded and I clump-
clumped up the old road in these bloom-
ing, great sea-boots we wear, I felt like
doing the strongest string of curses you
ever heard.
I sat on the doorknob for a minute
and to find my doorkey and there were
your post-cards still awaiting me—those
pictures of the lovely, old peaceful
mountains and canyons—it was like
having a mind-bath. Here was a place
safe, sleeping and hidden away from
devil, death and disaster—it swung back
the old clock again, to when London
was a mass of gay lights, theaters open
and—
("... but he has a theater open, even
now... his is the only show going in
London, when I last heard... his Christ-
mas Pantomime... he wrote my mother
that it was 'a little late for a Christmas
pantomime' but that, in these days, 'it is
ever too late for Christmas... it is
good,' he said, because it takes the chil-
dren's minds off things children's minds
should never touch'—")

—when the air-raid warnings come, we
step up the show, we sing more loudly,
we dance more violently, the orchestra
plays more loudly. And we have often
been gratified to see that the children
are so amused they don't even hear
the Warnings. It lends a new and deeper
meaning to the old cliche, 'the Show
Must Go On,' experiences such as these.
I want to put on a play with Jessie

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and is bottled locally by authorized bottlers from coast to coast.
"Kisses for Breakfast" is the name of Dennis Morgan's and Jane Wyatt's new picture, but it seems like sound, every-day advice.

Matthews and Sonny Hale, too, if possible, right in the heart of London. I have been advised against it but I can get a company together, think we shall do it.

("He'll do it . . . if it is humanly, or superhumanly possible to do it . . . eight generations of Lupinos . . . that didn't mean very much to me before . . . now, somehow, as if it were the purpose of us and the Show has always gone on . . . and continues to go on . . . and will continue to go on . . .")

—theaters open, and I would get into my nice, cozy car and go to the theater, would see my name blazing out at me, "Stanley Lupino in 'So This Is Love.'" Jessie Matthews and Stanley Lupino in "Hold My Hand"—the names of many great stars blazing out at me—would whirl by me, old dressing room, make up, go out there, then, after the show, to a little, old café in Soho to have supper and meet all the gang, and swing me back across the sea to New York, too, to the days when I played "Ricquette" there, with Mitzi Hajas, "Nightingale" with dear Peggy Wood—when Ziegfield, dying, called me and asked me if I would be his new comedian, and I said I would, and never did, because he died too soon. I closed my eyes and saw it all again, days of peace, days of plenty, like a mirage, Ida, in days like these—and then in came my mate and I just pushed a cup of tea over to him, the post-cards, and he said, again, what he had said before—and then, and only then, did I realize what had been done to our house.

Our house is gone, Ida. I wish I could break this to you more gently. I don't know how to speak gently of such ungentle things, I am afraid. The house is gone, nothing left standing, except—the shrine of my life of Christ. The only thing left standing in the whole house is the figure of the Christ on the cross to which he is nailed—that and in your little room, the sketch I made of you when you were fifteen—that, too, remains intact, fluttering like a gay, little pennant from the one remaining upright. I must confess I sat down and, for the first time in ten years, shed a lot of tears. Then I said, "Oh, to hell with it," made myself another cup of tea, shared it with my Pekingese—and by the way, I and three of my Warden pals have been sent the Recommendation for Bravery. By the Government, you know. I thought you might like to know. Very decent of them.

("Our house is gone—but that is the house we were brought up in, as children—and Dad's little Shrine, in his den, his hobby, that shrine, his dearest possession, goes—we know that shrine which depicts the whole Life of Christ, I used to help him with the shrine—I would go out and pick little evergreen bushes and bring water for the miniature lake, which represented the Sea of Galilee. We were like conspirators, the two of us, always dashing off to a house with Dad and to the shrine once, I remember, a party was being given for us in London—we had pictures opening that night, side by side, in adjoining theaters; my 'High Finance,' his 'Love Lies'—the producers were giving the party for the Press and we were, of course, invited. That afternoon Dad came home, said, 'Let's jump in the car, Ida, and drive down Brighton way I think I know where we can find a charming old bit of an Apostle's figure for the shrine—we forgot to come back, we never showed up at our party—what my mother said to us—we were so absent-minded Dad who dare not be absent-minded now!")

There are no theaters in London any more, they are all dark excepting for the—where my pantomime is playing. We play the pantomime in the day time, of course, and duty at night. London is just a City of the Dead now, from end to end, except for an occasional shadow that comes out of the dark. But Dad's Wardens, Air-Raid Wardens, like a band of little, tin-hatted Charlie Chaplins.

("I can picture him looking like that, exactly—he is the same height as Chaplin—it is uniform for him, he says, his hats are all too small, his tin hat stuck to his head, he said, and he has to sleep in it now, I get awfully sad, I get sad in this way: not sad because he has to do it, because everyone is doing it and I am proud of him that he is doing it so well; but he is not a very well, little man, never has been able to stand up to anything that required physical stamina and I know it isn't his health, that's keeping him up, it's his spirit, which is a living spark struck off from the whole, great spirit of England. Superhuman beings, they are, giving the greatest show of courage the world has ever seen—but wouldn't I love to get out of this show, not a trooper, like my Dad ...")

The only thing that is making England nervous is that Hitler has NOT invaded England. We want him to invade. We are ready for him, more than ready for him. There are 4,000,000 men on the coast lines alone, watching, waiting. WE ARE PREPARED. We expect him to use every diabolical weapon of modern day science. We are not afraid and cannot be surprised. We have a few little, dainty devices of our own. [Here are some lines cut by the censor.] Now it's like a first-act curtain that is 20 minutes delayed. A hot anger that he has not come is what we feel—Frenchmen, all de Gaulle's forces, Belgians, Dutch, all of us waiting, side by side, just waiting, WAITING.

And now, Ida dear [concludes his last letter], I come to you. Of course you know I love you very dearly. Be cheerful and contented in whatever work or tiny hour of laughter you can get; hold on to your lovely, sunny land over there, and to those you love; these great gifts can only be truly known for their worth when you can no longer possess them. Give every lighted lamp in the street a friendly nod; every offer of work, a thankful consideration; every peaceful night's rest, a morning prayer and every kiss and caress from your loved ones, let them be a whole lifetime; these are words that come from my heart written, as they are, in a dirty coal cellar which I have come to love, by the light of an oil lamp which is now my friend.

These are grim and fearful days, Ida, but somehow my little altar in the den seems to tell me that I shall yet drink of the cup. I don't worry about me, I am sure I shall live through this. The fact that my little figure of Christ survived, untouched, seems to promise what it has always promised—continuing life. And remember this—actors never die, they only fade away. Cheer up, over there, and God bless, Dad.

("Cheer up over there, says—he tells us to cheer up over here THAT'S what I mean, that's, that's why they are undefeated, why they will never be defeated. That's why there will always be an England—they take time out, they do, to tell us to cheer up! Every letter that comes, of course, makes it worse . . . you read letters you get a sort of—NOW what? NOW where is he? NOW how is it with him? But that's all you say. And you say that to yourself. I feel, you feel, we feel, this fear, this horror, about a—about a—about a—about a—about a—Oh, about it, mustn't bewail my father's fate, whatever it may be, because—HE Doesn'T!"

There was a silence in the dim, fretid room as Ida slipped the last letter into its envelope, gashed with the censor's tape—then she said, "another cup of tea?"
I wish my Daughter would

"I wish my daughter would avoid extremes in make-up! But her friends all go for fire-engine lipstick. So what can I do?"

Well, don’t take it too seriously, because it’s not worth an argument... and she’ll outgrow it!

Use a little tact... teach her tricks in matched make-up (and moderation).

"I wish my daughter would tell me things!"

This is important! Tell her things... and a sense of comradeship will bloom. Advise her about “difficult days,” for instance. The difference a really comfortable napkin makes. Explain that Kotex sanitary napkins are less bulky and naturally less apt to rub and chafe.

Tell her, too, that she need never feel self-conscious with Kotex. Because Kotex has flat, pressed ends that never show... never give away her secret. Be a real help to her, and she’ll confide in you!

I wish my Mother would

"I wish my mother would wear smarter clothes!"

You’ve got something there, young lady... you want to be proud of her. So talk up shorter skirts, to begin with. Go shopping with mother... your fitting room “oohs” and “ahs” will do the rest. Make her feel smarter and she’ll dress to match!

"I wish my mother would stop asking questions!"

Maybe that’s your fault... maybe you resent her criticism about slang, make-up or dancing. Don’t blame mother, then, if she shies away from giving you more intimate advice... such as telling you how Kotex helps make your “difficult days” less difficult.

But give her half a chance and she’ll explain that the new safety-shield in Kotex gives added absorbency... extra confidence. That Junior, Regular and Super Kotex give you a right size for each day’s needs.

Be confident... comfortable... carefree... with Kotex!
New under-arm
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration

1. Does not harm dresses—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.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.

Women use more Arrid than any other deodorant.

ARRID
39¢ a jar
AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
(Also in 10 cent and 59 cent jars)

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TO BE SET TO MUSIC
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J. CHAS. McNEIL
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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—
Without Calomel—And You’ll Jump Out
of Bed in the Morning Karin’ to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into
your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing
freely, your food may not digest. It may just de-
cay in the bowels. Then gas builds up your stom-
ach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and
the world looks dark.

It takes those good, old Carter’s Little Liver
Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to
make you feel “up and up.” Get a package today.
Take as directed. Amazing in making bile flow free-
ly. Ask for Carter’s Little Liver Pills, 10¢ and 50¢.

SALTY LUNN
1½ cups Swansdown flour
3 teaspoons Royal baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons sugar
2 eggs
3 tablespoons melted butter or Crisco
½ cup milk

"I believe my cousins think I’m more
interested in how I decorate a table than
in what I serve," she smiled. "But only the
starving Hollywood dieters understand. I
suppose we get too food-conscious and be-
gin to look on any dish as so many calories
too much." The menu today was fruit cup, molded
vegetable salad, wheaten biscuits (or Sally Lunns) jam tartlets and tea.

"We make fruit cup with Pepsi-Cola,"
volunteered Pat, "it’s a little early in the
season for the prettiest cup, but I love to
serve icéd melon balls—watermelon, honey-
dew and Persian with a spring of mint on
top—with Pepsi-Cola poured over them.
You can use any sort of fruit in the same
way, but that’s the most attractive. And is
it good?"
The jam tartlets and Sally Lunns are
cherished recipes of the Morison family
which SCREENLAND readers may enjoy.

JAM TARTLETS
Cut the unbaked pastry into small
circles and place each little circle of
pastry over muffin pan openings, lift
the edges of the pastry and allow to
sink into position, then carefully and
lightly press into position with fingers,
being careful to close any cracks in
pastry by pressing the pastry together.
Fill with jam; turn oven heat regu-
lator to 450 degrees. Bake until edges
of pastry are a rich golden color.
When cold, lift out by carefully pass-
ing a small knife around the edges and
drawing it up as you cut around.

SALLY LUNN
2 cups Swansdown flour
3 teaspoons Royal baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons sugar
2 eggs
3 tablespoons melted butter or Crisco

3/4 cup milk

Into a bowl sift the flour, baking
powder, sugar and salt; stir to mix
thoroughly. Separate the eggs and beat
the yolks until thick and lemon colored.
Mix milk with beaten yolks and then
pour into flour mixture. Add melted
butter and mix thoroughly. Now beat
the egg whites until stiff. Empty the
beaten egg onto the batter and cut and
fold it in until the egg white disa-
ppears into the batter.

Pour the mixture into a greased round layer cake pan. Turn oven to
425 degrees. When hot, place pan near
center of oven and bake about 25 min-
utes. To test if baked, press lightly on
top of cake with flat of finger; if the
slight dent made springs back, the cake
is finished baking. To serve slit through
the center and toast cut sides, butter
and serve hot.

"Scotch Scones are also favored in this
house, but more especially for tea," said
Pat. "We’re a great family for tea. But
now I’m so food-conscious I seldom in-
dulge.”

SCOTCH SCONES
2 cups Swansdown flour
4 teaspoons Royal baking powder
3/4 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
1 cup milk (sweet or sour)

Sift the flour, baking powder, salt and sugar and stir the ingredients with
a knife. Add the milk and mix all
together with the knife. This makes a
rather wet dough. Sift plenty of flour
onto pastry board and use the knife to
scrape the dough out of the bowl onto
the center of the floured patch. Sift
flour over the dough and roll the dough lightly to about 1/8-inch thickness. Cut into shapes and bake in a 350 degree oven for about 35 minutes.

The molded vegetable salad is a recent discovery of Pat's, both different and delicious.

**MOLDED VEGETABLE SALAD**

1/2 tablespoons Knox gelatin dissolved in 1/4 cup water
1/2 cup boiling water
1 bottle Pepsi-Cola
2 tablespoons lime juice
1/2 cup diced celery
1/2 cup shredded pineapple (Dole)
1/2 cup shredded cabbage
1/2 cup shredded carrots

Dissolve gelatin in cold water, add the boiling water, lime and Pepsi-Cola. Mix celery, pineapple, cabbage and carrots and add to thickened gelatin. Pour into mold. Chill and serve on lettuce.

"This dining room is too small for formal dinners or big parties, so we usually entertain informally. We have buffet suppers or simple luncheons like this one. If the guests feel like it, we roll up the rugs and dance or play records and listen, or perhaps someone sings or plays or everyone talks. We have great discussions, sometimes quite heated, going on, but I listen and let them talk. If it's a luncheon, we sit outside and knit or sew for the war relief, or run down to the courts and play badminton.

"I'm mad about Spanish or Mexican music, so I always enjoy playing new records. Portugal isn't Spain by any means, but it's close enough so that I felt right somehow doing my latest picture, 'One Night in Lisbon.' You know the Spanish invaders landed in Ireland a few centuries ago and girls being girls the colleens married some of them. Which I like to think accounts for Irish girls having black hair and blue eyes, myself among them."

Another luncheon menu favored by Pat is this:

**PINEAPPLE SHERBET MADE WITH PEPSI-COLA**

1 bottle Pepsi-Cola
2 cups shredded pineapple (Dole)
1 cup water
1 cup sugar
1 tablespoon Knox gelatin in 1/4 cup water
2 tablespoons lemon juice

Boil sugar and water five minutes, add dissolved gelatin and other ingredients. Cool and pour into freezing tray.

The sandwiches are mostly open-faced ones of cheese (Blue Moon), Heinz peanut butter, egg, etc. Pat recommends a special cheese brand made of sharp cheese (Kraft), shredded, mixed with a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, butter, minced olives or chives. Cut your bread in circles or diamonds and spread; then toast lightly just before serving.

"You can use raisin bread spread with cream cheese and decorated with a nut in the center. Pimento cheese on white bread with a slice of stuffed olive is pretty, and peanut butter mixed with honey and decorated with a bit of green pepper is good."

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**IS YOUR HAIR A HALO OF LOVELINESS?**

Does your hair glisten with lustrous highlights that reflect lovely, soft tones in your complexion? It will—when you use Nestle Colorinse. Colorinse helps remove the dull soap film that robs hair of its natural lustre. This magic-like rinse, created by Nestle, originating in permanent waving—rinses sparkling highlights into the hair—gives it a new richer tone and a beautiful silker sheen. Colorinse leaves hair softer and more manageable—helps curls stay in place longer. Not an ordinary dye nor a bleach, Colorinse washes out easily with shampooing. Whatever the color of your hair, there is a shade of Colorinse to glorify it. Choose your own shade from the Nestle Color Chart at beauty counters. For best results with Colorinse, use Nestle Liquid Shampoo.

**IS YOUR HAIR A HALO OF LOVELINESS?**

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**YOUR GUIDE AT A GLANCE TO BEST PICTURES**

"I WANTED WINGS" commandant is no stuffed-shirt but a real guy, a grand performer. Wayne Morris, who seems to be growing steadily but surely into Andy Devine's big shoes, provides more or less comic relief. Constance Moore is a pleasant heroine—but Veronica Lake, much-publicized newcomer, is the old-time screen siren for all her breathtaking streamlined curves.

"STRAWBERRY BLONDE" long time. Rita Hayworth is a handsome Strawberry Blonde, Jack Carson and Alan Hale are excellent—but it is Olivia de Havilland, in her best role since Melanie, that of a serious-minded but very sweet nurse, who will make the most gratifying impression on you audiences. Wait until you see that wink of hers—naughty but nice.

"ROAD TO ZANZIBAR" and fiddle—although the Bing seems to be working twice as hard when he's with Bob—he has to, to get himself noticed. The Crosby croon and the Lamour coo make several songs endurable even though they break up Mr. Hope's priceless routine. Nice to see Una Merkel again, too.

"TOBACCO ROAD" orable if shocking screen portrait. Gene Tierney as Ellie May makes her few scenes count, Elizabeth Patterson as Ma, Ward Bond as Lov, Marjorie Rambeau as Sister Bessie, and William Tracy as Dude are all excellent.

"NICE GIRL?" Gillis and Anne Gwynne, charm as her younger sisters.

"THAT NIGHT IN RIO" about "Alexander Graham Bell." Alice Faye is overshadowed by the oh-so-vivid and tempestuous Carmen Miranda, South American star whose first brief appearance in "Down Argentine Way" may not have warned you of her potential importance.

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Meredith's mural at the two-story Bermuda Oberon looks on the near-lethal scene with horror. It's "That Uncertain Feeling" which causes the painful misunderstanding—B. M.'s pain.

**Hollywood's Gayest Bachelors!**

Continued from page 29

For a third time there was an impasse. And for the third time Meredith had an inspiration: there would be a second annex—anything so as not to break the spell. They set out in separate motorcars to scour the town. And met each other, amazingly enough, just as they climbed out of their automobiles in front of the house vacated by the Morrises short moons ago.

"This is just what we need," Tone said, as he climbed out. "It looks like a perfect second annex." Meredith said. They called up the agent and signed the lease that very day.

"There's going to be a servant problem," Tone remarked as they headed back in Meredith's motor to tell Jimmy all about it. "Just leave that end of it to me," Meredith said.

When Wood and Evelyn arrived six days later in the Meredith "town car," a gone-to-seed limousine which had been drydocked at Meredith's country place in Nyack, New York, they stood there and blinked. Wood pulled out the telegram and looked at it again. The address checked all right. Yet somewhere, somehow, he felt, a gram mistake had been perpetrated. The house was of Bermudian architecture and painted a chaste white with clay green shutters. Huge acres of fantastically landscaped grounds girded the manse. "Genteel, that's what it is," Wood remarked suspiciously. "I don't understand this at all. It isn't like the master."

"You might ring the bell," Evelyn suggested. He finally did—very much against his will. It was Meredith himself who answered the ring, parapositioned in a checked apron and clutching an egg beater. "You're just in time, Wood," he said. "I was trying to whin up a little something for dinner."

"Pandemonium," as a second wag has renamed the place, is a lordly chateau perched on a little green hill in Brentwood Heights. The Nelson Eddys occupy the adjoining house. Anna Sten lives at the foot of the miniature mountain. Hard by dwell the Allan Jonesses, Ditto the Frank Capras.

It was Bubbles Morris who had found the place. She was fascinated by the fantastic flora that covered the eight and one-half acres. Too, she was impressed by the agents' claim that the house was bombproof and earthquake-proof. That is how it is during the springtime of young love. Anyhow the Morrises took over prepared to stay an oon or two. Bubbles went to work immediately. There were a few little changes to be made. The chaste white exterior, that is all Bubbles' doing. And the blinds, too. But her true creative spirit is expressed inside. Unforgettable, one might say.

That first cocktail party which the boys tossed was out-of-this-world. There was Wood, the major domo, at the door to receive the callers in the best P. G. Wodehouse tradition. Then the guests stepped into the living room. It might have been a sketch out of Dalí's notebook, a surrealistic masterpiece, this living room. The walls were a pale blue set off by a gray carpet. Two disconsolate love seats done in yellow leather hugged the fireplace, over which a mural by Lee Blair (a South American cockfight framed in blue mirror) looked down upon the motley guests. And, of course, there were the two hosts, Meredith gay and debonair and Tone suave and debonair, dashing about quaffing the health of the various ladies and gentlemen present.

"Like a place," Hopper, the photographer confided to Wood, as he ducked out.

"In a strictly remote sense, one might say, sir," Wood rejoined.

Certainly remote is right. Take the sleeping quarters now occupied by Burgess Meredith. Once the guest room, it is a monument to the decorator's art. The walls are done in red and white, a woo sleep. The floor is covered with a sea green carpet. A white chintz coverlet with red ruffles covers the bed. The door handles are red to go with the general color scheme. There are flaming draperies. The red and white motif is done in a raspberry pattern which intrigued Meredith from the start.

"For an actor it's a perfect backdrop," he said to Tone, "and I claim it."

The Meredith bedroom is nude compared to what was once the master bedroom and is now the chamber of Mr. Tone. Against all competition it would stand up as the most sexy and glamorous bedroom in Hollywood. To begin with the biggest bed in California—a little number measuring exactly ten feet long, ensconced on a pale gray rug and sporting a half-camouflage of coral. The walls are pale blue. Green curtains, very pale, are set off by greener draperies with valances of tufted sea shells. A chest of drawers of bleached mahogany rounds out the picture. The lights are soft and harem-like.

While Tone is technically the only occupant of this magnificent Ode to Meredith, there is at least one other admirer of the room. Namely Bad Boy, a colossal great Dane who is constantly bolting from his kennels and exploring the bedrooms. By day Bad Boy loves nothing more than to sprawl out in the guest room and sniff the raspberries. By night, he paces up and down the master bedroom looking grim and wading off burglars.

There are other mementoes of an unhappy idyll. The bathroom, if the Hays office won't mind the reference, is a beautiful affair with walls of pale green over which there are painted some very iridescent bubbles. "The lady who did it was a stickler for realism," Mr. Tone explains. "She came by one afternoon at the behest of Mrs. Morris and blew bubbles for fully a half hour before she got the right mood." The scales by which the former mistress of the mansion kept tabs on her calories are still about but are now purely ornamental. With Tone and Meredith the dilemma is how to put on a few pounds—no how to keep them off.

If either of the gentlemen does anything noteworthy in the new residence, the ex-lady of the house will deserve a good deal of the credit. Right up until the break-up occurred, Bubbles was busily engaged in carving out an opus on writing circles. At least fifty of her best (and thus far unpublished) short stories were typed in the room now used for writing room by the new tenants. Still on hand is all the physical equipment that went into her writing, typewriter, foolscap, carbon paper, etc. And she romped with ideas for plays, novels, and short stories is now being used by the Meredith-Tone secretary, a jaunty young lady named Jan. The story that seems to follow Burgess Meredith whenever he makes a picture, most of it from college girls who seem to find him "mental but nice," to quote a little vision from Texas University.

Time has, of course, wrought a change
or two. Wayne Morris, being athletic, set
great store by the lawn tennis court. The
masters of Pandemonium who would rather
read a good book are foregoing, mainly,
the thrill that comes of pummeling a harm-
less red ball back and forth. Besides, there
has sprouted up a veritable wilderness of
crab grass on which tennis balls don't
ricochet so well. For a while the situation
bothered Meredith until he decided that
the huge enclosure would make an ideal
place to walk the dog. In that way Bad
Boy would be keeping in shape and also
warding off the malicious gossip that no
one in the house walked a single extra
step than he had to.

Eight and one-half acres, as they say,
isn't exactly a child's sand pile. Conse-
quently there were things about the hearth
and homestead that the boys were learning
right up until Thanksgiving Day, post-
Roosevelt species. On that day, it seems,
Meredith was rummaging around the
garage—a huge, four-car number which,
oddly enough, was totally without doors—
when he discovered a button. He flicked it
on, wondering if, beside a veritable flood of
light, the button wouldn't set in operation
a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta. Nothing
of the kind.

Suddenly there was a rumble. And down
from out of nowhere a massive steel door
began to drop slowly toward the ground.
For a second or two he watched it, fasci-
nated, with a feeling akin to that of the
bird on the branch gazzing down at a ser-
pent. It was like a Buck Rogers mystery.
He came to with a start, dived under the
door, and made it just in time.

Now the mystery entered a second phase:
how to get the door open again. There were
two good cars locked behind that incred-
ible contraption. For two days they used
taxis until Wood, the ever-trusty, made a
suggestion. Why not write the owners for
the combination? They did.

The answer came back from Bubbles,
herself. It seems that there was a button
in the kitchen, right over the very sink in
which Evelyn washed the dishes and all
you had to do was press it! But pande-
monium still gaily reigns.

"MY LIFE IS AN OPEN LOOK"

OLIVIA de HAVILLAND, star of the Warner Bros. film,
"STRAWBERRY BLONDE" is another of the many well-groomed, well-
look screen stars who use CALOX TOOTH POWDER.

PERC WESTMORE, Warner Bros. make-up
expert, gives Olivia a check-up before she faces
the camera. Olivia says: "Ever think how your
smile would look, with a couple of 2000-watt
lights on your face?"

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HELPS YOUR TEETH SHINE LIKE THE STARS'
BY BRINGING OUT NATURAL LUSTRE

Come out from behind those glasses,
Franchot Tone; we know you! He's with
his "She Knew All the Answers" girl, Joan
Bennett, who seems to have his number.

SCREENLAND 89
very lonely in a strange studio. But you have been so kind I feel right at home.”

“I owe your child a doll,” said Joan. “My child broke your child’s doll in the park yesterday. The nurse tells me they play together every day. How old is your baby?”

Of course Joan had Christina’s latest pictures might there in her dressing-table drawer and Ingrid Fishered around in her purse and produced a few snaps of her baby, and there we were in the midst of a discussion of diets—just like two proud mothers in Long Island, certainly not like two Glamor Girls in Hollywood. Well, I finally managed to give Miss Bergman the brush-off and was showing pencil and paper at Joan again when—of all horrible things—lightening struck the power plant and we were plunged in the darkest darkness I’ve ever experienced. Everything happens to me.

Sometimes I think—on days like this—that it might be easier to overcome my allergy to the typewriter and write my own darned stories. I’m going to give it a thought. Anyway, I at long last managed to pin Joan down. What do you think of her story?

What I’ve Learned About Men
From Working With Men
Continued from page 33

rest of the company he might just as well give up his profession. He won’t get far. He might make a good politician, but he’ll never make a good actor. Of course there are a few (the sweeter set calls them “dull jerks”) humorless actors in Hollywood who have done rather well, but they are the exception that proves the rule. They won’t last the way the Gables, the Coopers, and the Tracys last.

Spencer Tracy and Clark Gable are one hundred per cent when it comes to a sense of humor. I don’t mean that they go around like merry, irresponsible children, whooping it up, and playing gags on everybody. No, indeed. I’ve never known two men who worked harder than Spencer and Clark. And I’ve never known two men who made as little fuss about it. They have a way of assuring you that nothing is terribly important, including themselves, and you might just as well relax and take things easy. No matter what goes wrong on the set, and plenty goes wrong in every picture, I have never seen Spencer or Clark go into cheap dramatics. I worked in a picture once with an actor, who shall be nameless, who sneered and griped and fairly yapped his head off every time he arrived on the set and the director wasn’t ready for him. He considered himself much too important to be kept waiting. Waiting is a necessary evil of the movie business. All actors simply accept it as such. But not this one. When he got through griping then he’d try to be funny. But his humor was strictly malicious.

I’ll never forget the day I arrived on the set to do a picture with Spencer Tracy. Spencer greeted me with, “Since you and I are going to do love scenes together, I have arranged for you to see my last picture with Luise Rainer. I realize that you know very little about such things.” Similar kidding went on all through the picture and never once did things get tense and strained. Spencer has a great knack of kidding you into relaxation.

Clark Gable, I believe, has more respect for another actor than anyone I know. No matter how well an actress knows her lines there are times when she can’t help but blow up. I did one morning on the “Strange Cargo” set, and kept Clark in a most uncomfortable position for what seemed hours. But was Clark annoyed? Not the least bit.
That superb. The Clark must started You were the push more they was the language.
thing they were the things going smoothly. The day we did the big love scene in the picture I contended to him that I had had chives on my salad at lunch. "Don't mind, babe," said Clark. "I had garlic." It's wonderf ul to work with guys like Gable and Tracy who are understanding, comfortable, down to earth, and above all, have a sense of humor.

Jimmy Stewart's humor is different from that of Gable and Tracy. You don't laugh right out with Jimmy, you just giggle. I hate women who giggle, but I must say when I play in pictures with Jimmy I suddenly become the worst giggler west of the Rockies. Jimmy has a way of saying something funny with a perfect deadpan, and it always breaks me up completely. There is nothing taut or restrained about a set when Jimmy Stewart is on it. Jimmy has a way of talking on and on in a somewhat whimsical manner.

When I started this picture with Melvyn Douglas several people said: You won't have much fun with him, he's strictly on the intellectual side. But they're wrong. I don't mean they're wrong about being on the intellectual side, but in addition to that, Melvyn has a perfectly grand sense of humor, though I admit that you have to bring it out of him. He doesn't take himself any more seriously than Spencer, or Clark, or Jimmy. We were doing a hospital scene the other day where he's supposed to wash his hands, in the medical manner, and then push back a cellophane curtain with his arms. This being quite difficult to do there was a prop man concealed to pull the curtain back with a draw string. Every "take" the prop man would pull the curtains too soon, then he pulled them too hard and they fell down, then the water ran over, everything had to happen in that one scene. It was not Melvyn's fault, he was doing his part perfectly. A lot of actors would have gotten impatient about the tenth "take," and would have called down the bumbling prop man in rather severe language. But the more things that happened the more hysterical Melvyn got. When the scene finally did go right he was laughing so hard that the tears were running down his cheeks.

That's another thing I've learned: The actors who have the sense of humor are also the ones who have the most patience and understanding. Too often we fly off the handle the minute something goes wrong.

And as for George Cukor, who directs being gay "A Woman of the People" (and also directed me in "The Women" and "Susan and God") no one in this industry deserves more praise than he does. There is a man who has the greatest talent and patience in the world, and certainly the greatest sense of humor. It doesn't sound funny in writing but I must say the times I have spent with him in the projection room looking at the day's rushes stand out as a new high in laughs. George will look at the screen and say, "Ah, superb direction. Look at that scene. Magnificent! Really magnificient direction." "But George," I'll say, "what about the acting?" "Well," says George, "the acting's pretty good, but the direction is superb."

One of the sweetest, easiest young actors to work with is Robert Young. In "The Shining Hour" he helped me over many a bad spot. Bob, unlike Spencer and Clark, gets all upset when he forgets his lines, or doesn't do a scene correctly. But it isn't really. Because he takes himself seriously, no indeed, it's simply because he thinks he is keeping the other actors waiting.

From working with men on the set I have learned that they are usually very punctual people, and loathe un-punctuality in women. They also hate primping. It irritates them to have a Glamazon girl swoop down upon the set and then proceed to look at herself in the mirror for a goodly hour or so, while they stand around waiting for her to go through with the scene. And I'm certain that what's true with men on sets is also true with men in your living room.

I've also learned that men detest women who are coy and just too, too utterly cute. We had one of those in a picture I did with Clark Gable once—and you should have seen Clark's expression when she started one was a coy. Men, as a general rule, are liberal in the business, but very jealous in the business, beware of the gaga stuff.

And once more, remember, to be a successful actor in Hollywood you've got to have a sense of humor.

S C R E E N L A N D

Jeanette MacDonald and hubby Gene Raymon made one Sunday afternoon sheer pleasure when they took to the air with Violinist Albert Spalding and Conductor Andre Kostelanetz.

Why I switched to Meds

We airline hostesses are modern-minded. So I've always preferred internal sanitary protection—though I admit I hated to pay the extra cost.

That's why I was so tickled when I learned that Meds had brought out Meds—a new and improved tampon—at only 20¢ a box. Meds certainly are miles ahead. And they're the only tampons in individual applicators that cost so downright little.
He sat from February till October. Then came rumors that Chaplin was considering him for a part in "The Great Dictator," "I figure he might want me for Goering or something. When he sends for me and tells me it's Napoli, I die. I wanna kiss him. I wanna blubber. I think what can I do for the guy? My money, my life, he doesn't need. I know—I'll fool him—I'll go on the wagon."

Kind friends told Oakie he'd last ten minutes with Chaplin. They told Charlie the same. "Why stick yourself with him? There are plenty of Italians around who can play Mussolini."

"What's funny," asked Charlie, "about an Italian playing Mussolini?"

Jack went on the wagon. A couple of weeks of non-Oakieish behavior, and Charlie got worried. "You haven't had a drink on this picture, have you, Jack? Don't let me cramp your style. Get drunk if you want to. I'll sober you up one day."

"You sobered me up when you gave me the job, honey. If it's okay with you, I'll stay that way."

And stay he did. "From Chaplin I went to Shirley Temple," he explains, "who was having a tough enough time without me puffing liquor at her every time she came up for air."

He gags it, but the truth of the matter is that Jack's a new man and enjoys the sensation. "You go for six months without drinking. A year passes. The actual chemistry of your body changes. My nerves are in good shape. I sleep like a baby. Who comes in bright-eyed and bouncing every morning? Venita's Jackie. I used to float all over the place. Now I walk. I see where I'm going and I like what I see. It's all happened since Charlie. Heil Charlie!"

A thoroughlygoing extrovert, Oakie's not given to hero-worship. Which throws his feeling for Chaplin into striking relief. It's a reverence that stops the other side of idolatry. He's not shy about it either. He flaunts it, swelling with visible love and pride. "They can pull the curtain down now and stick the whole business up the chute. I've touched the heights. I've worked with the master."

Allowing for hyperbole, the kernel of the sentiment is genuine. As is the wistfulness with which he adds: "If my poor mother had lived to see me with Chaplin, that would have been the crowning glory."

Hero-worship or no, he remains Oakie of the freely wagging tongue. On several successive scenes one day he blew his lines. "For that much money?" Charlie hinted mildly.

Jack bided his time. Acting, writing and directing, Chaplin had a number of things on his mind. Yet he rarely muffed. Jack had to bide considerable time, but the moment came. "If it's not too late to replace this guy," he bellowed, "call Harry Langdon."

He deplored Charlie's rejection of the New York Critics' Award for "The Great Dictator," and hurled himself into the diplomatic breach. "Dear Boss," he wired Rosley Crowther, "in view of the fact that Mr. Chaplin has refused the award I will be strictly really happy with a box to Miss Hepburn" (from whom he'd borrowed the location) "to go to New York and receive the plaque transportation paid both ways by you know who and I don't mean me love and kisses."

The press boys love him. He handles both them and his fans with a consideration due partly to innate good will, partly to gratitude, and the rest to policy. He won't let them step on him, though. He doesn't subscribe to the theory, held by a persecuting minority, that a ticket at the box office buys you a lien on the players in addition to a seat.

"Write something funny," demanded a woman, sticking an autograph book under his nose.

He'd already signed a dozen, and was try-
You'll find all the good old American customs in "The Great American Broadcast." See you in the movies, Alice and John.

OUR LOVE AFFAIR

This Is How She Feels About Him!

Continued from page 24

always tried to hide it instead of exhibiting it. So much time has elapsed since I made 'Balaikin,' I thought I had lost much of my confidence. In his devotion to me, he forgot his own inhibitions. I feel that my work will be better too. Someday he will do things like 'Lilbom' and 'Dorian Gray. This may sound strange now. But you will see!

"I think I am fortunate that Alan loves to be outdoors. I know farm life and above everything else I want to grow things we can eat. At one time in my life a cow was much more precious than the rarest jewel. I promised myself, I would own many cows. He doesn't like night club life; instead, he loves all kinds of sports. With him I have learned to ride and fish and shoot a gun. I never liked these things before. Maybe because never before did I have such a wonderful teacher!

"It has been said that people are never truly in love unless they are jealous of each other. I have never believed this until now. But for the first time I find I am behaving like a woman in love. I am very jealous! For one of his singing lessons, Nina Koshetz gave Alan a song to sing from a musical comedy called, 'Hit the Deck.' There are two lines that read, 'Sometimes I love you — Sometimes I hate you.' When he sang those words they were so painful to me, I begged him never to repeat them. They shouldn't write words like that, is all I could explain. I guess this sounds pretty foolish, doesn't it? But people in love will understand?"

This Is How He Feels About Her!

Continued from page 25

I read scripts out loud to help my speaking voice. She makes me see my pictures several times. She criticizes my work and points out where I can improve. To relax

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"Our plans for the future are bright," says Alan Curtis. Curtis and his bride-to-be, Ilona Massey, put the colt born during the making of their co-starring picture.
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This Is How They Got That Way

Continued from page 25

Alan to breakfast at her table. Alan was told that it might be the charming thing to accept. She said that a "conceited" breakfast guest didn't particularly appeal to her. He decided that his food would taste better if he ate with someone who was "friendly" and "real."

Their return trip home started out this way. Alan and Ilona rode part way with the Governor and his wife. The other cars followed. The road was narrow and slippery from recent rains. Just outside of McCall a car suddenly loomed out of nowhere. Too late to avoid a crash! There was a sickening thud. Shrieking brakes. Flying glass. Everyone was badly shaken up. The Governor's wife alone was bleeding profusely.

Alan tore off his coat and converted it into a pillow. His handlebar he made into a bandage. He worked swiftly, capably and calmly. Ilona played the role of nurse. They were so concerned they didn't notice their own clothes were soaked and ruined. But they did begin to notice each other. The other car went on ahead. They promised they would rejoin them after they had driven back to the nearest hospital.

After the Governor's wife was made comfortable, they decided to remain over until she was out of danger. In fresh clothes they went out to dinner. They talked until dawn. Somehow it seemed as though they had always been waiting for this moment. There were so many things to be said together. He seemed so eager to understand. She didn't have to explain "her dreams." Her eyes shone. She nodded knowingly when he spoke tenderly of things close to his heart.

Two radiant people bade the Governor and his lady goodbye. Alan and Ilona were deeply, ecstatically in love. From that moment on, their hearts started beating as one. Ilona Massey, born Ilona Hajimass, a poor peasant girl in Budapest, and Alan
Curtis, born Harry Uberroth, a former Chicago advertising model—brought together by those invisible forces of life. Over and over again they told each other, “Our love was meant to be.”

Despite the fact that Alan and Ilona have never wanted for the usual attentions (especially in Hollywood), they found each other when they needed each other the most. A marriage in Vienna that ended disastrously convinced Ilona that happiness was not far from her. The University had always been a challenge. Work was to be her life. Music her one true love. Only last year a divorce for Alan was the solution to his problems. He and his young actress wife tried to make a go of it. But somehow they couldn’t agree. Alan and Ilona were two of the loneliest people in Hollywood with love by hate.

Ever since she has been in Hollywood, Ilona has worked and waited for the rewards that are now coming her way. She thought her prayers were answered when M-G-M officials visited Vienna. They saw her photographs and decided to put her in the movies. Being born in the squalor of a tenement, being cold and hungry and miserable, she had always dreamed of becoming an actress. The discovery of music—a battered Victrola owned by a man in their crowded dwelling—convinced her that music was food and sunshine and cleanliness. It gave her the will, the abiding faith to make her dreams come true.

Much, much stranger than fiction is Ilona’s flight to fame. Men have fought duels over her in Vienna. All along the way her beauty has dazzled. From farm girl to a dressmaker’s apprentice. From full-fledged seamstress to musical student. Young concert singer. Grand opera. But when she arrived in Hollywood, it all seemed to have been in vain.

She was plump and must reduce at once. She and her manager came over with her. She could no longer indulge in the baskets of baloney and cheese packed by the loving hands of her mother. Her clothes were wrong and caused amusement at her first Hollywood party. Where had she found those square-toed shoes? Her sister went back. The studio decided she should share a small apartment with an unknown girl named Hedy Lamarr. But Ilona didn’t like parties. She didn’t like going out. Soon she was living in a small home in Beverly Hills with an aunt who served as secretary and housekeeper.

Except for a brief appearance in “Rose Marie,” two years passed before Ilona made “Batalaika.” Sometimes she got so desperate she was a flirt for her own life. She wanted a career above all else. Every day she’d come to the lot and work on her English. At night she’d go to the movies. Some pictures she saw four or five times. Occasionally she went out with Michael Whalen. A mutual friend had introduced them. But Ilona was lonely and miserable. “Batalaika” had clicked with the critics. Fan mail began to pour in. Yet it was one of those unexplainable things that can only happen in Hollywood. Ilona was lost in the crowd.

Alan Curtis, being a soldier of fortune, the kind of a guy who can laugh in the face of disaster, went back to Hollywood seriously when he first came out. In Chicago and New York, he was making a comfortable living as a professional model. Hollywood held no illusions for him. Still, when RKO offered him such excellent money for “doing nothing,” he hadn’t the heart to refuse. Directors tore their hair over his acting. Alan got kicked out of it. He didn’t ask to be an actor he told them. Why didn’t they send him back?

Then came the day they were searching for an actor to opposite Joan Crawford in “Mamiequin.” It was the kind of part that would bring overnight success to an unknown. Oblivion to an established hero. The role demanded a man who was so wickedly irresistible, the girl loved him for making her life a hell. Alan’s test was better than the part and settled down this time seriously. Spencer Tracy and Joan Crawford helped and encouraged him. And he all but took the picture.

It was during this period at M-G-M that Alan took his eventful trip to Boise, Idaho, and met Ilona Massey. Soon after they started going together both were dropped from the contract list. It was purely coincidence that it happened this way. Alan wasn’t satisfied with his roles. When 20th-Century offered to buy his contract, M-G-M pleased him by letting him go. Ilona did nothing until she and Alan co-starred in their latest picture, “New Wine.” He plays Franz Schubert and she plays a young peasant girl who starts the great composer on the road to fame.

Working together was one of the happiest experiences of their lives. As this is being written, the picture is finished. Plans for their wedding are under way. Unless they have last minute changes, around the twenty-fifth of March Alan and Ilona became man and wife. His family is in Chicago. The wedding was planned to take place there. Ilona’s aunt went along, of course. There was to be no fuss. A simple ceremony with a plain old-fashioned wedding band. Right after the ceremony the happy pair went off to New York. On April first (according to plans at this writing) they sail for Rio. Ilona will sing at the famous Carioca Night Club. Alan will make personal appearances.

Right now they have their eye on a small house in Brentwood. Also a ranch in the desert Southwest. They hope to spend their days and live off the land when Hollywood is but a memory. Great happiness has come at last to the peasant girl who has never forgotten that she is the kind of person who has never forgotten the pain of her yesterday’s and is grateful for the blessings of today. Always there will be a place in her life for good music. But love and happiness, comes first. Alan and Ilona love each other. Maybe it be a “New Wine” in their lives that will sparkle until eternity!

WATCH FOR CONTEST WINNER ANNOUNCEMENT IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!

First of the winners in SCREENLAND’s 6-STAR CONTEST is being selected now, the first of six, with five others to follow. 6-STAR CONTEST in our April issue featured Dorothy Lamour, Jeanette MacDonald, Constance Bennett, Irene Dunne, Claudette Colbert, and Joan Bennett with each star offering not only helpful advice, but a personal gift.

Look for announcement in the next — the June issue — of the first of the six winners, with five more to follow.
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The Surprising Mr. Stephenson
Continued from page 34

A study in gracious living: Mr. and Mrs. James Stephenson, above. Stephenson's sudden and spectacular rise to fame in "The Letter" has not halted this important tea-time twosome.

James Stephenson pauses on the spacious grounds of his newly-built domicile in San Fernando Valley. He is within walking distance to his studio, which is keeping him pretty busy.
James Stephenson using the “hunt and find” system on his shiny portable. This attractive combination living room-den would even be an inspiration to the most tardy letter-writer.

was gently trying to shove him out. But even a passive Englishman can stand so much and so many. One morning he hurried down to see his agent. “If I don’t get some better roles, he demanded in a determined voice, “I’m going to get myself another agent!”

It was an irrevocable edict. But it worked! At that time the casting for "The Letter" had already begun. It was Bette Davis’ picture. She was to star with Herbert Marshall supporting her, William Wyler was to direct. The agent knew Wyler. He rushed over to see him about giving the third important role of the picture to Stephenson. He must have been a darned good agent. For even though Wyler had to wage a bitter battle against the studio executives who insisted on a name actor for the part, Stephenson was given a break.

"By this time," Stephenson confided, as he crossed his long legs and lit a fresh cigarette, “I had been thoroughly fed up. I, too, knew they were looking for someone to play the role of Howard Joyce, the lawyer. I couldn’t see the sense of hiring an outside player for the part when they had me under contract. And what was even more—I wanted to do that role very badly. If you know how we Englishmen feel about Somerset Maugham and his works, you can understand my anxiety.”

The first time I saw Stephenson was after the preview of "The Letter." He was acclaimed on all sides by those very people who had recently ignored him. But there wasn’t the slightest trace of bitterness in his voice. There wasn’t even evidence of triumph or cockiness that the average actor would show at having won a point over his studio.

"Never did I dream of the results it would bring," he told me in his pleasant, close-chipped manner, "All this is very surprising. But there was a merry twinkle in his eyes—and even though he is supposed to be a combination of Errol Flynn, Cary Cooper and Fred Perry, the tennis player, James Stephenson reminded me more strongly of Ronald Colman. And Rice Colman, he has the same suave, smooth man-of-the-world manner. There is breadth and charm about him. There is an unpretentious sophistication. Yet beneath it all lies a zestful enthusiasm for life and an interest in everything about him.

For a long time, Hollywood didn’t think he looked like a film hero. And when he was
told this, he asked, "What does an actor look like?" In this single, terse sentence, he stumped all of his would-be critics. But a few months later, he had a chance to find the answer for himself. We were waiting in the lobby of the theater for the preview of "Flight from Destiny." The print was late in arriving. But it gave us some fifteen or twenty minutes in which to talk.

"How quickly things change," he said, "A few weeks ago, I could go anywhere without getting a second glance from people. But now, if I want to go shopping I have to go on days when the stores are crowded so that people will overlook me in the throngs. And even if they do recognize me, they insist on calling me ‘the man from The Letter.’"

Among Jimmy’s most ardent boosters is Bette Davis. The day after "The Letter" opened she passed by his table in the dining room of the studio. Laughingly, she threw a batch of newspaper clippings to him. "Here, Jimmy," she said, "these should interest you more than they do me. I’m just the woman in the case." And when he started the first

James Stephenson and Geraldine Fitzgerald in a scene from "Shining Victory."
If scooting can make Constance Moore so pretty we're all for it. She even makes the scooter look prettier. Her latest pictures, "Los Vegas Nights" and "I Wanted Wings."

day's work on "Shining Victory." Bette borrowed a nurse's uniform from the wardrobe department. Unobserved either by Stephenson or by Irving Rapper whose first directorial assignment this was, Bette waited until it was the nurse's turn to go on. There was a twinkle of merriment in everyone's eye. But both Stephenson and Rapper were too engrossed in the scene to understand the reason for all the surreptitious giggling around them. Bette was going through her little ruse completely unobserved. Suddenly both actor and director were aware that something unscheduled was happening. They scrutinized the nurse more closely—and then burst out laughing. Bette kissed them both and wished them luck. For she was deeply interested in their individual successes.

James Stephenson is definitely no glamour guy. He doesn't want to be one. But still there is about him that quality which causes a feminine fluttering of pulses whenever a woman gives him one of her inventions or glances. A bit over six feet tall, lanky and hard-muscled, with a thin, typically British face, he is very much the matinee idol. But he himself doesn't think so. Even today he scarcely thinks of himself as an actor. For despite the fact that he is thirty-seven, Stephenson didn't set foot on the stage until seven years ago.

Born in the village of Selby in Yorkshire, he had a completely different sort of hero-worship—his particular idol being, of all things, the town's dentist! Nothing else interested him. He, too, was determined to devote his life playing around ailing bicuspid molars. However, he soon learned there wasn't enough money in it to justify the long training and the work involved. At the time, he decided to "go toddling about" the jungles of India and the upper Sudan in Africa. Soon he was attracting attention as a big game hunter and a naturalist.

"I still can't figure out how I ever became an actor," he candidly confessed. "I never studied for a career on the stage. Never even gave it a second thought. I'd been in the cotton business for years and I was quite satisfied with my prospects. I had to do considerable traveling and I even lived in Shanghai for a year. So you see, it wasn't wunderlust. I had been a captain with the East Lancashire regiment, 64th Division, in service in France during the war, so it wasn't excitement or a quest for thrills that led me into acting. It was simply an accident."

"One day a friend asked me to help him out by taking a part with the Barnley Drama Guild. I told him I couldn't act—that I had never done anything like it in all my life. But he insisted. And I took the role of John Towner in Shaw's 'Man and Superman,' and if you recall, it's one of the longest parts in any modern play. When it was over, I thought my career as an actor would end then and there. But no. The play was a success. And to my surprise so was my role. That was the beginning."

"It wasn't that the acting bug actually took hold of Jimmy after his first taste of success. Nor was it his ideals about art and the theater either. It was simply that acting paid better money than the cotton business. From three pounds a week, he skyrocketed to fifty. And being a clear-headed, practical person, he realized it was mighty difficult to make that kind of money in any other field."

So during the next four years, he kept close to the theater.

While honeymooning in London, he received an offer to appear in "Storm in a Teacup." By that time, he was known throughout England. Warners sent for him to play in "The Perfect Crime" and he re-merged at their British studios to do four other films.

"So you see," he concluded with a shrug of his shoulder, "that's what I mean when I said I was an actor only by accident. I never spent years of struggling and studying and slaving to achieve it. It simply just happened. That's all."

Today, none of the Hollywood directors call this six-foot, brown-eyed, resonant voiced Englishman an "accidental actor." Anyone who can even make the time to steal a picture from Bette Davis or Thomas Mitchell must be gifted with an amount of talent equal to that of this outstanding pair, after three years of wrestling about the Warner studio here in Hollywood doing infinitesimal parts and never once voicing an objection, Stephenson is now still naive and unschooled in the ways of the film colony. The other day, Director Irving Rapper noted that between scenes in "Shining Victory," Stephenson continued to look grim and sour. Seeing other people noticed it and said—"Just like Mini—he doesn't relax between scenes. And they were greatly impressed. But Rapper wasn't satisfied. At last he asked about it. Stephenson broke into a painful grin. 'I'm glad you asked about it,' he said. 'I'd made up my mind not to complain. But the reason I'm so sour and glum is that the starched collar on this doctor's gown is too small and cutting my neck. It hurts quite badly!"

Simple little incidents such as these have gone a long way in endearing this droll, un-effected Englishman to everyone who meets him. They still cannot understand his utter simplicity and his lack of fuss over anything. And by degrees, his modest manner and naive actions are becoming legendary not only at his own studio but throughout entire Hollywood. He is getting to be just as incredible to the movie colony as the movie colony is to him. Even after being proclaimed the "letterman of the 66th Division," he didn't want to just sit around and wait.

Breaking all precedents, this handsome smiling Britisher graciously accepted a one-day acting job in "The Perfect Crime," a two-day part in "Trial and Error." Nowhere else in Hollywood, nor on the recent records, has a star like Jimmy asked for and been given a part while waiting for his next assignment to come along.

In "Shining Victory," he told me, "I'm a doctor again. But this time, a research doctor. 'It's from the A. J. Cronin play, you know,' 'Jupiter Laughs.' Before he realized what he was doing, he had given me a performance of the first magnitude, judging by that little preview, even the condensed one-man interpretation is equal to his performance in "Shining Victory."

Meanwhile, James Stephenson wanders around his little Palisade cottage wondering what has really happened to him within the past few months. Many people rise up out of the Pacific and rests languidly on the mountain tops, he relaxes a trifle. "When I see that," he explained, "I really am fairly convinced that I'm lost in a fog. After all, it seems only yesterday I was in the cotton goods business. It's hard to believe what can happen to one in a short time. And it's even harder to get accustomed to such a change."

Even the family maid has had her routine completely disrupted. Talking to Mrs. Stephenson the other day, she said, "You know, ma'am, that the Mister is important, and so many people always callin' him, he done better leave messages wherever he's goin'."
“Why let other girls get all the thrilling compliments,” said a smart young woman we know.
“I’ve proved for myself that Maybelline does make a difference. Now, men often say nice things about my eyes”.
Maybelline Eye Make-up is truly bracing, because it’s natural-looking, our lashes are perfectly lovely with Maybelline Mascara, created for real-life effect — never stiff or gummy, ou know, Nature fades out all eyeshapes at the ends. Darkened to the very tips, they appear much longer and more luxuriant! Then see how expressive your brows are, when clearly defined and tapered gracefully with the Maybelline smooth-marking eyebrow Pencil. And there’s a soft sheen for eyelids… flattering background for eyes, a touch of subtle eye Shadow. Make your eyes irresistibly enchanting — today — with genuine Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Handy purse sizes at all 10¢ counters.

Maybelline
WORLD’S LARGEST-SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS
IF IT’S LOVE you’re after—and when you come right down to it who isn’t—remember this Number 1 rule: Don’t be careless about your breath.

Without an agreeable breath, your charm, personality, good looks, and attractive clothes count for little. Just ask yourself: Could you be interested for long in a man whose breath would knock you down? Of course you couldn’t! Nor could you expect a man to be interested in you if your breath were off-color.

Guard Against It

Don’t take foolish risks in friendships, romance, and popularity. It’s often so easy to put your breath on the more agreeable side with Listerine. And the precaution is as easy as it is delightful.

Before business and social engagements, just rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. Almost immediately your breath becomes fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

Halts Fermentation Quick

Although sometimes systemic, the major cause of breath odors, according to some authorities, is the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic halts this fermentation and then overcomes the odors themselves.

Don’t forget this easy, pleasant, invigorating Listerine Antiseptic precaution. It may mean the difference between an evening that’s a wonder and one that’s a washout... a boyfriend who’s for you instead of against you. If you’ve got a date tonight, remember Listerine Antiseptic.
I Still Prefer BING!" By Dixie Lee Crosby

Oscar Levant: SourpuSS To Sweetie-Pie

Armen Miranda Turns on Love—Hot and Cold
I had a date with Bob to go to the movies... his attentions had been sort of half hearted so it worried me when I noticed that my complexion was having one of its "dull" days.

I remembered what an ad said about Westmore Foundation Cream and Powder... how it covered up that sallow, spotty look, those tired shadows, with a flattering "film of beauty."

I decided to try it... found there were four skin tones in the Foundation Cream, and eight blending tones in the Face Powder to choose from. I took the shades most flattering to me.

Honestly, it was remarkable what a difference it made in my looks... smooth, fresh, glowing—"star lovely"! I really felt glamorous when Bob came for me! And the look in his eyes told me lots!

We went to see Ellen Drew in the Paramount picture, "Reaching for the Sun"—and there on the screen I saw the film credit, "Make-up by Westmore." The same make-up I was using!

It was a wonderful evening. Bob held my hand when the picture made me cry a little. But the tears didn't hurt my make-up I found, when I glanced in my mirror. It was fresh and lovely as ever!

Afterwards Bob told me I looked beautiful. I thought (but didn't say), "Why shouldn't I... using the same make-ups as Ellen Drew?"

I honestly believe, as Westmore says, that using the combination of Westmore Foundation Cream and Powder will make anyone look lovelier. They're only 50¢ each... Smaller sizes at variety stores, 25¢!

Send for Westmore's Make-up Guide. Shows which of the seven face types you have, and how to bring out all the glamour of your face with make-up! Only 25c.

Name
Address
City State
A LOVELY SMILE IS YOUR MOST IMPORTANT BEAUTY ASSET!

say well-known beauty editors of 23 out of 24 leading magazines

Smiles gain sparkle when gums are firm and healthy. Help to keep your gums firmer with daily Ipana and Massage.

You can have dates and dances—admiration and romance. Charm counts as much as beauty. Even the plainest girl has an appealing charm if she keeps her smile at its sparkling best.

Make your smile the real, attractive you. But remember, bright teeth and sparkling smiles depend largely upon healthy gums. So help keep your gums firm and your smile more attractive with the aid of Ipana and massage.

If you ever see “pink” on your toothbrush—see your dentist immediately. He may say your gums are only lazy—that they need the work denied them by today’s soft and creamy foods. And like many dentists, he may suggest “the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.”

For Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans your teeth but, with massage, is specially designed to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth.

That special invigorating “tang” means circulation is quickening in the gum tissue—helping gums to new firmness. Make your smile your most important beauty asset with the help of Ipana and massage. Get a tube of Ipana today.

Even if you never lead a Beauty Parade...

YOU CAN WIN... If your Smile is Right!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

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Cover Portrait of CAROLE LANDIS
It's annoying when your partner trumps your ace...

but not half so annoying as

infectious dandruff

At the first sign of trouble
GET BUSY with LISTERINE

WHAT makes the infectious type of dandruff so annoying, so distressing, are those troublesome flakes on collar or dress... and the scalp irritation and itching... that so often accompany the condition.

If you've got the slightest evidence of this common form of dandruff, act now before it gets worse.

Has Helped Thousands

Start right in with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. This is the medical treatment that has shown such amazing results in a substantial majority of clinical test cases... the treatment that has also helped thousands of other people.

You, too, may find it as helpful as it is delightful. Listerine is so easy, so simple to use, and so stimulating! You simply douse it on the scalp morning and night and follow with vigorous massage.

Thousands of users have marvelled at how flakes and scales begin to disappear, how much cleaner and healthier their scalps appear. And remember:

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs on scalp and hair, including Pityrosporum Ovale, the strange "Bottle Bacillus" recognized by outstanding dandruff specialists as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

This germ-killing action, we believe, helps to explain why, in a clinical test, 76% of dandruff patients showed either complete disappearance or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff within a month.

LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

the delightful treatment
THAT great guy Gable undoubtedly holds a consuming fascination for the opposite sex and there is no denying he has a great way with the ladies. But even heart-throb Gable has weaknesses that all his feminine fans know nothing about. No one ever brags about Gable's prowess at tripping the light fantastic. In "The Uniform," his dancing scene with Rosalind Russell had necessarily to be done without any music. So Clarence Brown, the director, sat out of camera range and waved his arms in frantic, exaggerated motions to simulate the beat of the orchestra. Clark tried again and again to walk over, take Rosalind in his arms, and start dancing on the right beat. Mr. Brown was very patient but finally. Clark, himself, shouted, "Holy smokes, if you expect me to get this right will you hum or something, so I know what I'm doing?" So, with Clarence Brown humming and his sophisticated helpmate, Roz, giving him a knowing and forceful helping hand, great guy Gable was prodded through a simple dancing scene that was a great ordeal for him. Imagine, with Rosalind Russell as his partner, too. Well, it goes to show you, you can't have everything! Gable finally pranced with polished finesse.

YOU'LL see a different Sonja Henie in "Sun Valley," her first movie since she became Mrs. Dan Topping. In person she appears much thinner, and is, by almost eight pounds. Her hair, inexplicably, seems much lighter. When we were ushered onto the special ice rink stage that 20th Century paid very nearly $50,000 to rig up for her pictures, she was practicing over and over again the routines she already had down pat for her new numbers. She was dressed, not in her usual outfit resembling a ballet skirt, but in an abbreviated, close-fitting costume like a bathing suit. She looked more than ever like a blonde, dimpled keepee. If you thought Sonja's spins in her other pictures were fast, wait till you see her in her streamlined version. You will, too, because she'll try out her discovery in "Sun Valley." "I've found," Sonja said, "that wearing this tight-fitting costume gives me much more facility. In one number I have almost doubled the speed of my spins by shedding the resistance that full skirts give me. Watch!" she warned. With that, she swirled away in an effortless glide, slowly gained speed, and then suddenly went into a fantastic spin that melted her figure into a blur. You'll see her do it in "Sun Valley."

THE seemingly superior attitudes of Orson Welles still make Hollywood gasp in misunderstanding and despair. The boy wonder's proven versatility keeps a lot of his supposed admirers here in the throes of deepest envy. All through the many weeks of legal lambasting promised him if he didn't change his "Citizen Kane" to be less revealing, Orson busily consummated more diverse artistic endeavors than any other four chosen Hollywood big names. Between the numerous threats of doom to his artistic life, and his stubborn determination to do as he pleased, the wonderful Mr. Welles carried on as if nothing at all was out of the ordinary. The only annoying thing about the complications arising over whether he could, or could not, show his first picture was that the threatened legal actions tied him up, for many tedious hours at a time, in lawyers' offices. But he managed, on the side, to direct the stage version of "Native Son," he startledly sandwiched in an amazing lecture tour and, when he felt like it, he gave the air waves more astonishing examples of his bent for other dramatics. He did a little writing on the side. He finally shot the retakes that would make the showing of his picture possible, and what's more, he kept languard Dolores Del Rio on the emotional qui vire.

(Continued on page 17)

HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD

Bob Hope is "Caught in the Draft"—and seems to like it! We don't wonder why, if it includes an armful of Dorothy Lamour—and hi-jinks with film teammates Eddie Bracken and Lynne Overman, above. Every movie fan, boys in service, will be watching for this.
having the time of their lives in the best picture of their lives,

"THE BRIDE CAME C.O.D."

Isn't it wonderful!—both in the same picture!!
IRRESISTIBLE Romance

Heaven, behind claim ferry Hinds hero. insanely.

the sea for SCREENLAND who saved You'll with son's creamy-soft, ever-popular SMOOTHER STAYS with New! a witching all smartest, matching Irresistible Rouge. way!

"Pink longer, non-drying LOGGER... new Foundation. Whip-Text, that enriches... all. It's sea...

irresistible's enchanting new lipstick, for "Pink Rose" is a rich, raw red... the season's smartest, most flattering shade. Blends brilliantly with all the new fashionable clothes colors. It's a creamy-soft, non-drying lipstick that goes on easily and stays on longer, because it's Whip-Test, the secret Irresistible way! Try other Irresistible favorites... the ever-popular Candy Stripe, a true red... or, vibrant School House Red, the brightest red of them all. Matching Rouge, Powder and Foundation.

IT'S Whip-Test STAYS LONGER... SMOOTHER

10c AT ALL 5 & 10c STORES

Mother's Day PERFUME SURPRISE!

New! The bonus bonnet box with Irresistible's gay bewitching perfume! A tribute to Mother's youthful spirit... a compliment to her charm.

IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME 10c

Tagging the Talkies

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53

The Sea Wolf—Warner

Jack London was noted for his grim and gripping tales of the sea. His characters come to life with Edward G. Robinson as the brutal captain of the "Ghost"; John Garfield as the convict who sought anonymity on this hell ship, and Ida Lupino, the reformatory girl, rescued from a ferry disaster. Alexander Knox plays the role of the writer in a manner London himself would have liked. Finely acted. Nature—man and sea—in the raw.

The Lady from Cheyenne—Universal

Some wit, made of course, once said "all female children should be drowned at birth." We hope Loretta Young's engaging performance as leader of a woman's suffrage group changes his cynical mind a mite. We think it will. Edward Arnold is tops in his meanie role. His unscrupulous tactics transforms Arnie (Loretta) from a naive schoolmarm into a spirited, flirtations lobbyist. Robert Preston, Frank Craven and many others, excellently cast.

Las Vegas Nights—Paramount

Virtually plotless, you'll agree it doesn't matter. Gags galore, some old, some new. Tommy Dorsey's in it too. Norma (Constance Moore), her two sisters and brother-in-law Bert Wheeler, go to Las Vegas to claim an inheritance. Hank Ladd tries to ely them out of their ill fortune. Bill (Phil Regan) falls in love with Norma and, even though his father is behind Hank's deal, outwits the pair. Silly but pleasant. Hank's worth watching.

Man Made Monster—Universal

For those who like "electric" thrills tramping along their spine, this film obliges. It's about a man, Lou Chaney, Jr., who is immune to death when electricity is bolted through his body. Samuel S. Hinds, electro-biologist, becomes interested in Chaney. Lionel Atwill, a mad genius, experiments on the subject. Chaney, super-charged, becomes a monster and kills Hinds. Good, provided horror stuff agrees with your hgh blood pressure.

Rage in Heaven—M-G-M

Philip Monrell (Robert Montgomery) is insanely jealous of his friend Ward (George Sanders), and plans to kill him because he believes his wife Stella (Ingrid Bergman), is having an affair with him. Frustrated in this, Philip commits suicide in a manner that points to murder. Ward is sentenced to death but is saved by a matter of minutes. A tense, somber drama beautifully portrayed by polished artists. Femmes will adore Sanders as a hero.
Guard underarms against telltale odor. Use Mum every day—before every date!

June isn’t fooling anyone! Behind that mask there are tears—under the maskerade there is heartache! June wants the admiration other girls rate—a rush from the stag line, popularity and a man to call her own! But underarm odor is no help to popularity.

The sad part of it is a girl can offend and never even suspect she’s at fault. She trusts her bath alone, but a bath can fail her. A bath only takes care of past perspiration—smart girls depend on Mum to prevent risk of odor to come. Just one quick dab of Mum under each arm—takes only 30 seconds—and your bath freshness lasts all day or all evening long.

Every single day—and before every date—play safe with easy, sure Mum.

Quick! A dab under each arm—and you’re through. Takes only 30 seconds—can be used even after you’re dressed.

Safe! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to any kind of fabric. So safe it can be used even after underarm shaving!

Sure! If you want to be popular—get Mum today. Long after your bath has ceased to be effective, Mum will go right on guarding your charm!
FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$10.00

My father used to say that when he put his coat on he knew what he was there. In other words, dad liked to see a good, strong, healthy, plump girl.

He would have had small temptation among the ladies of Hollywood. I have never seen a more emaciated, hollow-cheeked, slab-sided lot of females in my life. They have dieted not only the flesh from their foreheads, sparked their eyes, the spring from their walk, and the fire from their acting. Their thin, pike-stem legs carry them languidly from one scene to the next, and their skinny arms around the hero's neck remind one of the love-making of a wrath rapidly running out of ecstasis.

We hear on all sides the old cry that the camera adds ten pounds to any actress' weight. Well, what of it? This country needs more girls who aren't ashamed or afraid to weigh what a woman should weigh. It needs girls who look womanly. It needs girls whose ambition is more to a healthy future than toward size twelves.

Give us back our WOMEN—CHRISTOPHER BOWEN, Columbus, Ohio

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$5.00

I am an elderly man and not a great movie-goer; I prefer quiet evenings at home playing chess. However, last week my wife and daughter kept after me to see some movie that had come to town—"Strawberry Blonde," they called it; said it would bring back memories, and so on; to keep the family peace, I put on my hat and went to see it.

Well, I recognized the costumes and the manners, the slang and the songs as the ones in favor when I first came to America. I remember especially the one about St. Louis, St. Louis, I lived in Brooklyn then and the hurdy-gurdy men played it every corner.

Frankly, the names of actors and actresses never stay in my mind very long; however, the little girl who played Amy—the one with the cutest wince I ever saw, the kind of a wince nobody had forty years ago—I'll remember her. Her name is Olivia de Havilland. (I won't forget it—that's the kind of a hairpin I am.)

ISRAEL KATZ, Brockton, Mass.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS
$1.00 Each

Being a widow with a slim budget and three children of school age, keeps me busy trying to keep our heads above water.

Dimes up bits for movies are not very plentiful but we still find a few for that necessary purpose. Of course, the children get the lion's share of our movenge, but that doesn't mean that their mother is left out. The children cooperate, and all of us saving, lay aside the price of an occasional movie for mother, too.

To me, the movies are always an intensely interesting interval away from my busy and, oftentimes, anxious life. I've never had the opportunity to see so many of them that my keen enjoyment of them is dulled. Every time I get to see one it is a real occasion to me.

To many, my way of living would be very dull indeed. I couldn't see at least one movie a day, they would probably feel cheated, while if I get to see one a week, I feel I've been particularly favored. I've found, too, that even one movie a week often means the difference between merely existing and enjoyable living. Some day—and I hope it isn't too far away—I hope I'll be privileged to enjoy more of the interesting and comforting entertainment and recreation offered by the movies. Until that time, I'll continue to enjoy and appreciate the few I do get to see.

RUTH C. WESLEY, Zanesville, Ohio

Did you hear me scream last Saturday around ten-thirteen C.S.T.? No? It's a wonder because I had just seen "Blondie Plays Cupid," and, boy, did I howl! There was Glenn Ford, the reason I went to see the movie, practically bound and gagged. They just stuck him in the corner and forgot about him. For the love of Pete, why Glenn Ford? I thought the corner was the exclusive property of Baby Dumpling.

But you just stop, look, and listen. You just wait and watch the Ford boy shoot skysward. He's talented with the looks and personality of the "boy around the corner," the one we all know and like. I'll bet "So Ends Our Night" will prove my prediction to be correct; so mark my words.

IRENE McMANUS, Omaha, Neb.

Last night I saw "Come Live With Me" and noted the disheartening fact that Hedy Lamarr is still kicking with her usual lack of animation. Considering that fans and critics have been practically unanimous in lamenting her lack of histrionic ability, why, oh why do the producers insist upon thrusting that beautiful morsel down our throats? For the entire length of the picture she stood about looking soulful. Not once did she come alive.

But not even an inanimate heroine can crush Jimmy Stewart's style. When I adore the droll way he goes around peering through his eyebrows! He's good because he's a natural. Take the boy next door and a measure of genius; mix well, and you have—Jimmy Stewart. And may I add a word of commendation for Adeline De Walt Reynolds? As the adorable old grandmother, she was wonderful.

Yes, the picture was a success in spite of Hedy's persisting in getting beautifully in the way. But really—if, as is evident, her sole talent lies in looking decorative, then why not hang her on the wall where pretty pictures belong and let the real actors go on with the show?

EILEEN WARREN, Fairfield, Wash.

The motion picture theaters take in well over $600,000,000 a year from us Americans. That means many people attend the movies. Like most people, I enjoy good pictures, but the reason for my writing this letter on my twenty-third birthday is that I think something should be done about the popcorn problem in movie houses. The other night I had to move three times, until I got to feel like a fugitive from noisy bags of popcorn.

LEON ARNOLD MULLER, Chicago, Ill.

What is this myopia that afflicts the film producers? Why can't they recognize a unique personality when they have it under contract? They unearth their starlets in beauty parlors, on college campuses, in night clubs; set the Westmores to work on them, toog them out in five hundred dollars' worth of clothes, pay their publicity agents to dream up titles like "pimp girls," "ompah-pompah girls" (though in some cases "sympathic" would be more apt), and when these manufactured marvels are loused on the public and received with apathy, "the public" is a trifle hard.

My particular peeve is the mishandling and neglect of Priscilla Lane. The casting of this little girl as an insipid ingenue or an unhappy wife is the grossest waste in pictures. Her bright youth, her timeness and daintiness, her wonderful childlike charm should be given center stage. In this picture, Castile Marguerite Clark played so believably.

Rescue our Priscilla before she drops into the oblivion which awaits the perpetually miscast player. Give her a chance to display her talents and her matchless personality. And watch her become the most popular star on the screen.

E. M. HILL, Pittsburgh, Pa.
A salute to "Arizona!" At last a picture with an Indian fight in which no horses were tripped, So often I have gasped and shuddered when witnessing the so-called "thrilling" spills the horses are forced to take in big riding scenes. Recently I have read an article on how the horses are purposely tripped and how often they suffer broken legs and necks to provide these thrills. So it really was a relief for me to see a picture whose director didn't think it necessary to be cruel to dumb animals and still pack his picture with thrills!

MRS. FREDA KRIEGER, Oak Park, Ill.

First, I want to extend my thanks to Warner Brothers for giving us such a wonderful picture as "The Sea Wolf." I haven't seen such an excellent sea-adventure picture for a long time.

Secondly, I wish to congratulate Alexander Knox for such a superb performance of Van Wyden in this film. When I entered the theater, he was unknown to me, but I left with the realization that I had seen a magnificent actor. . . . Alexander Knox proved to me that an unknown name can be as great as better known names. Congratulations, Alexander Knox, and may we see much more of you in the future.

MARJORIE MILLER, Albany, N. Y.

Remember the big clean-up crusade of a few years ago, when the churches and women's clubs churned a stormy blititerie against the movies for their general slackness in morals? The bombs burst in air over Hollywood glamor factories for many a month, causing magnates to quake in their gilded boots, and promise solemnly that, if the shooting would stop, they would be good boys and serve the public only a spotless product thereafter.

They adhered to their word, too—for a while. Quite a lengthy while. And then little by little promises were forgotten, and rules were relaxed, until lately—well, lately there doesn't seem to be any rules. Anything goes. Plots skid on thin ice, costumes are becoming increasingly revealing, dialogue is heavy with double meaning and love scenes are rising in temperature.

Careful, Hollywood! You've bailed out, and return to the straight and narrow before you are jerked back again by main force? Maybe it's fun being daring, but perhaps it is better business in the long run to conform to the prescribed conventions. Remember it was conclusively proven that the public prefers good taste to sensationalism.

DEE CHAPMAN, Los Angeles, Calif.

Valentine's Day I attended a concert given by Jeanette MacDonald in Beaumont, Texas. To see and hear Jeanette, my favorite, in person, was something I had often dreamed of but never realized would actually happen. But it did. And was I happy and Jeanette beautiful!!! So beautiful that she could have just silently stood there on the stage. But she had more to give. She used her golden voice with expressiveness and, at times, with bewitching coquetry. There were numerous encores and even after the final song the audience was still reluctant to go home. Never will I forget that day when Jeanette, a dream singer, proved how nicely she can get along without microphones, etc.

How nice it would be to see Jeanette and Gene Raymond in a picture together.

HELEN PODRASKY, Lake Charles, La.

NOW! GET LONGER STOCKING WEAR WITH NEW COOL-WATER IVORY SNOW!

Get 2 Safety Advantages in One Speedy Soap!
COOL Suds, PURE Suds in 3 Seconds!

YES—STOCKINGS CAN WEAR LONGER when you trust 'em to a nightly bath in cool-water Ivory Snow!

Facts: Ivory Snow has 2 safety elements.
First, purity—gentle Ivory purity! And second, cool-water suds—it piles up suds in cool water—
in 3 seconds! Remember—hot water and strong soap weaken delicate silk threads! And when a
thread weakens, beware! That's the way many a run begins! So wash your stockings every night in cool-water Ivory Snow!

COOL SUDS IN 1-2-3

Yes—in 3 seconds
Ivory Snow gives
glorious suds in
cool water. Nightly
stocking washing
takes only 2 minutes!

HERE'S TEAMWORK FOR STOCKINGS!

Cool suds, pure suds—that's Ivory Snow's safety team that helps stockings w-e-a-r!

NOT A RUN
IN SIGHT!

Moral: Wash your stockings every night with cool, pure suds of Ivory Snow!

NEW FORM OF IVORY SOAP 99%+100% PURE

LARGE ECONOMY SIZE

HANDY MEDIUM SIZE

Screenland 13
The Wolf met Little Red Riding Hood going to Grandma's with a basket of food and a package of Dentyne (that delicious chewy gum that helps keep teeth bright). The Wolf could have gobbled up R. R. H. right then and there if he had thought he could eat Grandma first. So when R. R. H. arrived, there was the Wolf pretending to be Grandma herself. "Hello, Grandma!" said R. R. H., pretending she didn't recognize him. "How do you keep your teeth so bright and sparkling?" he asked. "By eating raw meat!" snarled the Wolf. "How old-fashioned! You should chew Dentyne. Its extra firmness helps your teeth keep healthy and lustrous white. And that spicy flavor—mmm!" And she offered the Wolf some Dentyne. "My! My! How delicious!" purred the Wolf. "From now on I exercise my teeth only on Dentyne!" (Moral: Help your teeth keep bright and sparkling this pleasant way—chew Dentyne! You'll enjoy its smart flat package, too.)

Inside the Stars' Homes

Beauty and the Barbecue! Smart starlet Gene Tierney turns an outdoor feast with spareribs and trimmings into a glamorous and gay occasion

The Tierney apartment, to my way of thinking, is the answer to any apartment dweller's dream, but the thing that had attracted Gene and her mother was the walled-in patio. It's a flagstone-floored, sunfilled patio with a wall of white-washed brick; there's cactus in bloom, acacia trees and even a little low hedge. The barbeque and fireplace are set in one corner and Gene has installed a soda fountain in another. Then there's a pingpong table, lots of comfortable, weather-resistant rustic furniture, and what an invitation to joy! "In California, there's no sense in being indoors if you can possibly help it," Gene pointed out, as she hovered over her choice spareribs, just hot from the barbecue, "so whenever I entertain, I do it out here. I'm no cook, but I can turn out spareribs and a barbeque sauce that amounts to art! We usually serve beans and brown bread with this, and some interesting salad and dessert."

Barbecued Pork Spareribs

Buy young pork spareribs with plenty of meat on them. Run cold water over them for fifteen minutes, then dry. Rub in some olive oil, plenty of freshly ground black pepper, paprika and salt. Put on barbeque grill over fire so low that it's reduced almost to embers, and cook fifteen minutes on each side. You can get practically the same flavor...
indoors by putting the spareribs under a very slow broiler and cooking fifteen minutes on each side.

BARBECUE SAUCE
Chop 1 large onion, 1 small bell pepper, 1/2 clove of garlic, 1/3 cup olive oil. Cook until mixture is light brown in color. Add 3 cups Heinz tomato catsup, 3 cups Heinz chili sauce, 1/2 cup Gebhart's chili powder, 1/4 quart Hormel chicken broth. Simmer for two hours on slow fire and strain. This can be served hot or cold.

"One of the salads I serve is called Tierney salad by my friends, because they say you never know what's coming next!" confided Gene.

TIERNY SALAD
Place in a cold bowl that has been rubbed with a clove of crushed garlic. 2 cups cold young string beans, (cooked) cut in inch lengths, add 1 cup cold cooked celery root cut in thin slices, three peeled chilled tomatoes cut in cubes and drained, 1 cup cold cooked green peas and enough Best Foods French dressing to mix well. Arrange on six lettuce-covered plates and garnish with strips of pimento and green pepper.

"If it's a warm day, ice cream, sherbet or water ice make welcome desserts. Do you know about water ice? You take 2 cups of water, 1 cup (Please turn to page 86)
Great beauty is immortal! As long as celluloid lasts, Vivien Leigh's glowing portrait of Emma Hamilton in Korda's big film will live as a tribute to a most gallant and gorgeous woman.

Romney painted her—and fell in love with her beauty. From obscure and sordid beginnings she rose, by reason of her high spirit, intelligence, and fascination to be the beloved of the great naval hero, Lord Nelson. Her story is stirringly realized in Alexander Korda's lavish new motion picture—with interesting implications historically and even more exciting romantically, for who can resist the screen reunion of those real-life lovers of today, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Olivier!

"That Hamilton Woman" reveals the artistry of Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier as they portray those fabulous lovers whose romance is a colorful chapter in England's history.
Meet MacDonald Carey!

Latest Broadway stage actor to be snatched by Hollywood is Macdonald Carey. Called "a cross between Tyrone Power and Franchot Tone," he made his legit hit in the leading man's role opposite the fabulous Gertrude Lawrence in the smash play, "Lady in the Dark." Paramount saw him, signed him to a long-term contract. A fine actor, he is also o most inglorious personality. But don't crowd, girls—he's taking a bride with him to Hollywood, none other than decorative Betty Hacksher of the Philadelphia Heckschers. Above, a portrait. At right, in a scene with Miss Lawrence from the Most Horr play which brought Carey to stage and screen prominence. We'll be telling you of his Hollywood progress soon.

The whisperings have it that the discord repeatedly hinted at as going on between Carole Landis in her new studio connection at 20th Century-Fox, is, finally, all ironed out. That very restrictive clause in up-to-the-minute contracts giving studio executives a say-so on star's contemplated marriages could have, in a pinch, decidedly cramped Carole's plans. She politely and firmly told her bosses so and this hotly contested point stood like a sore thumb right in the middle of their eventual get-together. Miss L. also has seen to it that, now, her contract specifies that she can date whom she pleases, when she pleases, and no questions asked. "Because," as Carole puts it, "love is that certain thing that happens to two people and surely business should never enter into it." However, business is in no sense of the word one of Carole's weak points. In "Miami," her first picture for 20th Century-Fox, she manages to appear in four (count 'em) completely different bathing suits. And, as you'll agree, Miss Landis does exceedingly well by a bathing suit. No matter how you look at that it ain't hot. It's more like hey-hey!

FEMININE HYGIENE
ADVANCED AMAZINGLY

Safe, modern method gives hours of medication.

ON all sides, women are turning to an amazing safe way in feminine hygiene. A way that is not only dainty and safe—but gives continuous medication for hours without use of poison. And actually kills germs at contact.

Called Zonitors—those dainty, snow-white suppositories spread a greaseless, protective coating. To kill germs, bacteria on contact. To cleanse antiseptically. To odorize—not by temporarily masking—but by destroying odor.

Zonitors are most powerful continuous-action suppositories. Yet entering gently to delicately tissues. Non-caustic, contain no poison. Don't burn. Even help promote healing.

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From the studio that gave you "That Night in Rio!"

Alice Faye
John Payne
Jack Oakie

THE GREAT AMERICAN BROADCAST

with Cesar Romero
Mary Beth Hughes, James Newill
Nicholas Brothers, Wiere Brothers
The Four Ink Spots

Directed by Archie Mayo
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
Original Screen Play by Don Ettlinger and Eudine Blum, Robert Ellis and Helen Logan

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

New Hit Songs
by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren!
"Long Ago Last Night"
"I Take To You"
"I've Got A Bone To Pick With You"
"The Great American Broadcast"
"Where You Are"
"It's All In A Lifetime"

Dances staged by Hermes Pan

Radio Ad Songs: "Chesterstrakes" • "Chapman's Cheerful Cheese" • "Porter's Puppy Biscuits" • "Wavo"
DEAR PVT. STEWART:

From $13,000 a month to $21 is quite a jump, but you’ve made it, and landed on both feet. From Academy Award Winner-movie star to buck private—it’s a new rôle calling for all your talent and so far you’re giving your greatest performance. Best part of it is, you’re not acting at all.

That first day in Uncle Sam’s Army must have been the hardest. You were a Symbol—as somebody said—of America’s Young Manhood at its Finest. Now, that’s even a harder title to live up to than your Oscar—and it’s to your everlasting credit that you didn’t try. You didn’t attempt to look or act like a Symbol, but just like any other young man being inducted into the Army. The lad whose latest movie job was making love to Paulette Goddard suddenly had to face a barrage of publicity never before aimed at anybody, and you came through with flying colors. I like the story about your first Hollywood visitors, hurrying forward to greet you with outstretched hands. You gave ’em a salute instead—and there were no cameras present.

From Ciro’s to K. P. can’t be easy; and even a studio call for 6 A. M. was luxury compared to being routed out at 5:30. The erroneous report that your film studio would keep you on the payroll at $1,000 a week must have hurt. After all, James Maitland Stewart from Indiana, Pa., of good American stock, whose father was a Captain in the AEF, who just happened to become a high-paid movie star instead of helping his dad run the family hardware store—that James Stewart is only doing what he, and a lot of other American boys, see as a job to be done. Good luck.

Delight Evans
Father Flanagan’s magnificent work in behalf of under-privileged boys is screen history. The revered Priest, above with Spencer Tracy, smiles in amusement at Mickey’s tale.
FOUR GLORIOUS PICTURE PAGES OF HOLLYWOOD HEADLINERS!

Len Weissman's camera does everything but talk, so we'll supply the dialogue and tell you who's doing what and where.

Always conservative, we call a photo-finish as to whom can out-talk who. Rosalind Russell and Cary Grant, above, use their own sound effects at Screen Guild Radio Show.

Who says pop eyes have no oomph? Oh, yeah! Well, look at the expression on the face of Arthur Farnsworth as he gazes at his bride, Bette Davis, at Mitch Leisen's Revue.

A gay crowd welcomed Mitch Leisen's new revue. The younger set was well represented. Above, Dave Rose, Judy Garland and hand-holders Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper.

Len Weissman has a Mary's little lamb complex, 'twould seem, as he follows Bette Davis around. Claire Trevor, above, pinch-hit for Bette during a radio rehearsal.

Age has not dimmed their youth (not you, Auer!). William Farnum, George Barbier, May Robson, Hobart Bosworth and Mischo toast Farnum's 50 years in show business.
Sanja Henie, like a dream in Snow White, with her socialite husband Dan Topping, above, at the premiere of "That Hamilton Woman!" Celebrities galore attended affair.

It's no case of "Here's your hat, what's your hurry?" Edward Arnold passes the President's campaign topper for War relief. Above, Eddie Robinson, Melvyn Douglas, Jean Harsholt.

There can be no dispute as to the handsomest romancers in town. Lana Turner and Tony Martin, above, win unquestionably, hands down. Their latest is "The Ziegfeld Girl."

Mary Parker, star of Mitch Leisen's Revue at the Grove, plays "Patty Cake" with Tony Martin, above, much to the amusement of Lana Turner. Mary and Billy Daniel made a hit.

Ciro's also attracts the glittering stars at night. Witness the above happy foursome: Mr. and Mrs. Stu Irwin; Jack Oakie and Alice Faye. Mrs. Irwin is the former June Collyer.
Ann Sothern, all "banged" up (ouch!) leans forward so as not to miss a word Mrs. George Murphy is saying. It seems as though Jimmy Cagney has heard the story before. Eh, Jim?

It seems only yesterday that Jane Withers and Freddie Bartholomew were cutting childish capers on the screen. But here's proof aplenty that time dances on, and on and on.

Roger Pryor, resplendent in tweeds, rehearsing Irene Dunne and Robert Montgomery, above, for the popular Screen Guild Radio Show. Charity, you know, reaps all the benefits.

A hard taskmaster is Roger Pryor as he coaches his stars at the Screen Guild radio rehearsals. Olivia De Havilland and Robert Young listen attentively to the "Master's voice."

Cocoanut Grove simply oozed with Hollywood Headliners when our roving reporter made his nightly round. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Montgomery lend an ear to Ann's Roger Pryor.
All Hollywood holds its breath when Betty and George get up to do their rumba! Read what screen cafe-society's most exciting couple really think of each other. 

The night I first saw Betty Grable and George Raft dancing together at the Mocambo, Hollywood's smart night club, I decided then and there that I would never dance again, much to the evident relief of my escort. "You're no George Raft," I said to him regretfully, as completely fascinated I watched their graceful bodies sway to the slow intoxicating rhythm of the tango. "And you're no Betty Grable," was his retort discourteous. And I think he had something there.

"If I ever saw two people who were meant for each other," said Joan Blondell across the table, "they're Betty and George. They ought to get married and have children. Oh, there's a rumble! Come on, Daddy," she said to Dick Powell, "let's give them our quiet version of the rumba. Nobody will look at us anyway with Grable and Raft on the floor."

Joan was so right. I mean about Betty and George being meant for each other. People are always getting mismatched in this town. I think it's the climate that has something to do with it, and it's so nice for a change to have two people fall in love who have something in common.

Norma Shearer was not for George Raft. They both found that out more sooner than later, Norma is a grand person, but after all she is—and has been for a long time—the First Lady of the Screen. A great dignity goes with that, and also a lot of artificiality. "The First Lady of the Screen" is a definite strain on any guy, it's hard to live up to, and especially on a quiet, modest guy like George who has no more affectation about him than a platter of ham and eggs. The trouble with Norma and her set is that they have completely lost touch with "the little people." George never has. He probably knows personally every John Doe in Hollywood. As a matter of fact he has probably slipped rent money, doctors' bills, funeral bills, etc., to a goodly percentage of them. I know dozens of cases just around the studios where, thanks to George, life has been made easier for unfortunate mugs.

"George is the most generous man I've ever known," Betty Grable said to me. "I can count on one hand the number of nights we've been out that someone hasn't asked him for a loan. Why, one night he shelled out five hundred dollars, without batting an eye. I told him he'd probably never get it back, and he said he didn't care."

Betty has that same warm, human quality that George has. It's no strain to go with Betty. She's frank and honest and fun-loving, without the slightest sham. When she was in New York last year, appearing in "DuBarry..."
Was a Lady,” the rich young men about town, including a Prince and wealthy Alexis Thompson, simply went mad about her and fairly smothered her in orchids. (She’s allergic to orchids.) After the show every night they would take her to supper at New York’s smartest, and most expensive, night clubs. What they didn’t realize, poor dopes, is that Betty hasn’t got expensive tastes. She’d just as soon had a chocolate soda at the corner drugstore. Swank and ostentation and pretense, which mean so much to New York and Hollywood, don’t mean a thing to Betty and George. They simply aren’t impressed. No wonder that as soon as they met each other they fell in love.

George first mentioned Betty to me out at the Santa Anita track. George gave me a tip. I ventured two bucks on it, the horse galloped in, and I collected. George was sitting in the bar with his pal Mack Gray and a coca-cola (George never drinks) when I stopped by to thank him.

“Don’t thank me,” he said, “thank Betty. I’ve never seen anything like the way she can pick the winners. I’ve made a thorough study of horses. I know everything about them, but can I pick a winner? No. But Betty doesn’t know a thing about them. She barely knows the head from the tail. But she can take the morning paper, read over the names, and pick a winner in every race. It’s uncanny.” And then George, fearful that I might think that he only liked Betty because she picked horses for him, went into a big to-do about her—from which I gathered that the old love bug had (Please turn to page 84)
WHEN the terrible infant of "Information, Please" showed up in Hollywood for his second picture, the event was noted by a columnist thus: "A lot of happy faces turned sour yesterday. Oscar Levant arrived at Paramount."

Oscar blinked, less at the jab than its source. In a spirit of scientific inquiry, he approached the lady. "I thought you were a friend of mine."

"Who says I'm not? That was good publicity I gave you."


Good or bad, the statement was built on more than shifting sands. During Oscar's first tenure at Paramount, strong men swore and weak women wept. Stung by his barbs, they paused not to consider but fled. If they'd taken a good look, they might have discovered that what they had to deal with was no sadistic man-hater but a terrified porcupine at bay.

Proof lies in the pudding. A publicity man, new since the first picture, was assigned to the second. His mates wrung his hand and promised to have a stretcher waiting against his return from the opening bout. He returned grinning, and grinned for the duration of Levant's stay. A girl in the same department, old memories smirking, skirted Oscar on her first trip to the set of "Kiss The Boys Goodbye." He hailed her. Witnesses say she kept her fingers crossed as she wavered toward him. An hour later she emerged, squealing: "I must have been cra-zy! He's a pus-sycat!"

Why Pussycat Levant clawed through his first picture and purred through his second makes an illuminating tale. Let me say in passing that you who prefer him unregenerate don't have to worry. A sniff of treacle sets his tongue on edge, and his natural habitat will always be an atmosphere of well-turned insult. It's not the insult but the spirit behind it that counts. Oscar's grows mellower. He views the change with detachment. "I don't think I'm so fresh lately. I get this feeling I'm solicitous, kind, and slightly eager. Maybe it's because I don't know as much as the others, so I have to overcompensate."

It didn't work that way last time, so maybe it's because his nerves are less jittery. "Three years ago," he says, "I spent my life in the corner of a restaurant. Everybody else was going to bat. I made the cracks. It's very attractive, this ivory tower you impose on yourself—you can crawl inside and moan that nobody understands you. Suddenly I found myself outside—wide open for cracks to be heaved at me. Sure I know the answer. I could dish it out, why couldn't I take it? In my own racket, I could. But this was something I had no equipment for—like walking a plank. I'm pretty vulnerable. I knew I had a good chance of being lousy. So I got hysterical."

After a concert with the San Francisco Symphony last spring, he came down to Hol- (Please turn to page 76)
Exploding the legend of Ogre Oscar Levant and presenting the brilliant and regular guy behind the grimace

By Ida Zeitlin

TO SWEETIE-PIE!

The scowling fellow on the opposite page is just the mask for the real Oscar Levant, who is exposed in our exclusive interview. These pictures help to prove that the famous Sourpuss is a Sweetie-Pie at heart! Top, duet with his pretty wife, Above, accompanying Mary Martin in a song for "Kiss The Boys Goodbye," their new film. Panel at left shows Levant as a proud popa, with Don Ameche in a scene from the film, and—solo.
JEANETTE MACDONALD SELECTS WINNING LETTER FROM A FAN! AWARDING MISS JANE GIBSON A PERSONAL GIFT AS WELL AS ADVICE ON CAREER PROBLEMS!

JANE GIBSON TO JEANETTE MACDONALD: "Do you think I should take a chance on a theatrical career or should I teach or marry, casting my life's ambition aside as a foolish dream?"

READ JEANETTE'S FRANK, SINCERE ANSWER IN HER OWN WORDS! EVERY AMBITIOUS GIRL WILL BENEFIT BY THE STAR'S SANE, SENSIBLE ADVICE TOLD FREELY HERE

By

Jeanette MacDonald

I'VE WRITING this letter to all the Jane Gib-
sions because the answer is the same to all girls who want to act. So—

Dear Jane:

You say, "Miss MacDonald, what shall I do?"

I want you to walk into your room, shut your door, stand in front of your mirror—and face yourself. I ask you to stand there and analyze your entire situation objectively. Please, for these honest moments, give earnest considera-
tion to your family's thought that you are merely stage-struck. It is possible that you are, you know. There is the chance that you are basing your dreams and ambitions upon a desire to experience glamour, the applause and the excitement of a successful theatrical life.

If your honest answer to this suspicion is conclusively no, then I have another quiz box for you on the subject which is foremost in your mind. First, (Please turn to page 74)
A CAREER MEANS TRIUMPH!
The star walks through cheering crowds of admirers.

A CAREER MEANS PARTINGS!
She kisses her husband before leaving on her tour.

A CAREER MEANS INTERVIEWS!
Facing eager, inquisitive throng of young writers.

A CAREER MEANS A CROWN!
She and Ty Power chosen screen’s Queen & King, 1939.

A CAREER MEANS HANDSHAKING!
Greeting Gold-Star mothers as they visit studio.

A CAREER MEANS AUTOGRAPHS!
At Hollywood movie premiere she gets writer’s cramp.

SEE COMPLETE WINNING LETTER ON PAGE 74
What happens when a handsome he-man meets a frivolous Hollywood beauty? Fireworks! You'll find fun and romance in this rollicking fiction story based on the film co-starring two sensational newcomers, gorgeous Mary Beth Hughes and stalwart George Montgomery.
WHEN Lank joined up with the Rodeo I just naturally up and went along with him. For all that Lank’s so big, six foot four if he’s an inch, he sorta needs someone around to look after him, and I didn’t want him traipsin’ all over the country and maybe gettin’ himself in trouble, what with him having the sort of good looks that make women go plumb loco over him. And I’d heard plenty about them Rodeo girls.

Lank was the headliner of the show. You’ve never seen a surer hand at lassoing a wild steer or showing a bronco his place. Besides it was the way he looked doing them. Even me who’s known him since he was knee-high to a grasshopper can see he’s an eyeful of cowboy.

So when the picture magazine people came out to take shots of the show, they made the most of Lank and it was his picture they put on the cover too, grinnin’ in that way only Lank can grin, as if he and the world are pals and everything’s clover. That’s what began all the trouble, for no sooner was the magazine on the stands than some man in Hollywood wrote to Lank and here we were on our way to be in the movies.

Lank didn’t like the idea at all, but I took charge of the situation. If ever a boy needed a manager it was Lank, and who was better fitted to be it than me who was his pal? So before he had a chance to say no I’d gotten him in the car, with our horses in the trailer, and we were off.

“Hollywood!” I says to him as we turned into Sunset Boulevard at last, giving him the old pep talk because I could see his heart wasn’t in it even now. “It’s just like I pictured it. Lookit, there’s Earl Carroll’s. That’s a hot spot. Lots of girls. I seen pictures. Boy, you can tell you’re in a new world! It even smells like movies!”

“I don’t know,” Lank says, not caring at all. “I never smelled a movie.”

(Please turn to page 66)
For the latest lowdown on The Crooner, read this closeup by the one person who knows him best—none other than his beauteous blonde wife! Exclusive family pictures by Mrs. Crosby herself.

One little, two little, three little, four little Crosbys, below—on vacation with Dad at Sun Valley. Lower, Bing falls—but hard!—for winter sports—by the way, Hollywood stars enjoy the Idaho resort at any season of the year.
Because Bing is allergic to most interviewers, his pretty wife consented to talk about him for us, in the very human, intimate story you'll be reading here. Snapshots are all by Dixie, except the center picture below—that's by Bing, of Mrs. Crosby and their eldest son, Gary.

E VERY five years the Editor calls on me to sit down to the typewriter and "Tell All" about my illustrious spouse. And it seems as though I have barely finished telling everything when five more years have passed and it's time to do it all over again!

Two thousand words seems hardly enough to "Tell All" about a person like Bing, who is a mass of contradictions and changeable as April weather in his moods. On the other hand, five hundred words would more than suffice for what I have to add to the things I have already told about him.

Basically Bing doesn't change. Despite publicity put out by the studio (propagated by Bing, himself, I dare-say) he would still appear well up on any knowing person's list of the world's ten worst dressed gentlemen. Caps are still his favorite (Please turn to page 79)
"What about romance?" I asked Glenn Ford.

With a grin, he countered, "What about it? If you mean, am I in love, I can answer, no! Not with any one girl—I like 'em all. But this I will say, when I do fall in love I shall marry, for I'll never let anything stand in the way. There are two things a man desires: success, and a happy romance. I want them both. But at present, my career is a full-time job. Romance is, too. So I hope love won't bump into me too soon."

Since Glenn Ford scored sensationally in the picture "So Ends Our Night," as the lonely refugee without a passport, he's been acclaimed one of the brightest of the recent discoveries. His success seems one of those amazing over-night triumphs that frequently hit Hollywood, but he says it isn't sudden, at all. He's worked at it for years, following his pet theory that if you want something very much, and prepare yourself, opportunity will come. And it did for him. But only after many defeats, many disappointments.

An only child, Glenn was born in the little town of Glenford, Quebec, twenty-three years ago. For several generations the family have (Please turn to page 90)
SIREN AT WORK!

Rita Hayworth lures Tyrone Power in “Blood and Sand”

As the handsome young bullfighter beloved by two beauties, Tyrone Power has his great chance to prove himself the screen’s most romantic male star in the role made famous by Valentino. Rita Hayworth plays the part first enacted by Nita Naldi.
As the sweet and good influence in his life, Linda Darnell is lovelier than ever opposite Tyrone Power in "Blood and Sand," screen drama of sultry passions and pure love—and the thrill and color of the bullfight.
No wonder every pose of Peggy Moran makes a pretty picture! She's been well trained in the photogenic art by her father, well-known poster artist—so now she's a model movie actress.
MODEL GIRL!

Universal's starlet poses for her artist-father, Earl Moran.
The "Rebecca" Girl is back! Joan Fontaine co-stars with Cary Grant in Alfred Hitchcock's new mystery romance, "Before The Fact"—in which her acting—see ugly duckling pose, left—and her beauty—see above—are in full bloom.

Grant goes from one rich rôle right into another! Having completed "Penny Serenade" with Irene Dunne, he rushed into the Hitchcock movie and between scenes dodged reporters on the trail of his oft-rumored marriage to Barbara Hutton.
Hi, Di!

Can it be that Bill Powell is calling on his pretty wife (page opposite) for protection from the wiles of Myrna Loy? No, Joe—it's just a scene from his new Powell-Loy picture, *Love C*
Miss Lewis to YOU, Please!

Not that little Diana isn't proud to be Mrs. William Powell, but who can blame her for wanting to make good as an actress on her own? You know she has talent if you saw her in "Go West," with the mad Marxes.
LADY in the LIMELIGHT

You can't keep Bette Davis out of the news! And who wants to, when every performance she gives is a masterpiece, her marriage is a romantic idyll, and the girl herself is such a great and genuine personality? Her latest films: "The Great Lie" with George Brent; "The Bride Came C.O.D." with Cagney.

No, Bette isn't in a picture with Gary Cooper, but they have been working at the same studio, so tall Coop comes over to visit Miss Bette on her set—and is put to work!
MAN with a MISSION

Gary Cooper is again cast as The Typical American, following "Meet John Doe" with "Sergeant York," picturization of the life of World War hero.

You'll like Cooper in the role of Sergeant York—typical of every "average" yet idealistic American man. At left, with his 18-year-old leading lady, Joan Leslie, when her sister, Mary Bradel, came over to meet Gary.
BEWARE of the BLONDE!

If you like excitement, you enjoyed watching Veronica Lake bemuse the boy heroes of "I Wanted Wings." Watch out for her next film, in which she'll play a night-club singer in embattled China.
HEDY'S HUSBAND!

But only on the screen, in "Ziegfeld Girl," does Philip Dorn have that enviable title of "Mr. Hedy Lamarr." Dorn, young Dutch actor who leaped to film fame in Hollywood with his first fine performance in "Escape," repeats his success as the musician-husband of the gorgeous Hedy in M-G-M's musical extravaganza.
Nothing smarter this Spring than beige gabardine. Ann adds stunning cape of lynx, left. Below, Hattie Carnegie sports ensemble in navy and white checkered wool, with white silk shirt, sleeveless navy blue sweater. Above, you must have at least one ‘pompadour hat’ like Ann’s. Facing page: left, dinner dress with definite sarong effect in gay tropical print; right, dream dress of chiffon in green, blue, and yellow.

LADY
Be Smart!

Ann Sothern, star of “Lady Be Good,” assembles this wonderful wardrobe as a chic change from her Maisie clothes.
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

Gary Cooper in "Sergeant York"
Confessions of a Fatalist

Professional secrets, straight from the broad shoulder of a most successful cinema actor

By Walter Pidgeon

Surrounded by such femmes fatales as Pidgeon is, above, who wouldn't be a fatalist? At right, our hero in a closeup from his latest film, "Blossoms in the Dust," which stars lovely Greer Garson.

As told to Gladys Hall

"I've never been a Failure," said Mr. Pidgeon, disappointingly, "nor even a near-Failure." He added, "because there's no such thing."

That's how it began and that's how, I thought, it would end. Because I was lunching with "Pidge," as the home-folks call him (his directors call him "a sweetheart" and everyone else in his world calls on him when they want favors done) in the M-G-M commissary for the express purpose of asking him to give us his Confessions of a Near-Failure. That's the story I was after. And why not?—because, he had failed, hadn't he? When, along around 1929, musicals did a mass floppola, when he left the Warner Brothers Studios, his option about as much good as a wisp of papyrus out'n Tut's Tomb; when he couldn't get a job singing because there weren't any singing jobs; when one of his pictures was billed, "WALTER PIDGEON WILL ONLY SING ONCE IN THIS PICTURE!" and a pal cracked "maybe that's too much. Pidge, eh, what?"; when the sales force at the studio sent a memo to the Front Office, pleading "DON'T GIVE US PIDGEON!"—well, that's being in the neighborhood of failure, isn't it?

Most men, I thought, and still think, would consider themselves near-failures if they'd cooled their heels in Hollywood, unsinging and unsung; if they'd had to pack up and go away without one dissenting voice crying "Stay!"—but if Mr. Pidge wouldn't admit to having been a near-Failure, then I was stopped in my story-tracks—but wait!

"You see," Pidge was saying, then, "I am a Fatalist. Not a word-of-mouth Fatalist, a practicing one. The dictionary defines Fatalism as: Doctrine that all events are subject to Fate and happen by unavoidable necessity. That's what I believe. And it's by that doctrine that I, not run my life, but _run with it_. There's a difference.

"I believe that we go through cycles, some good, some bad, some productive, some non-productive, but everybody goes through them and we can't do anything about them. Nor should we even try to buck the tide. Because these cycles are similar to the tides which come in and go out, operating impersonally and by the cosmic law under which we are helpless. We can't bid the tides to come in or order them to go out. It's the same with the cycles in our lives which are the tides in the affairs of men. If you try to buck the tide, you know, it tires you, fatigues you. So that when the tide comes in again, you're too tired to come in with it.

"I want to make myself very clear about this, however. I wouldn't want people, especially young people, to get the idea that I think we should just sit down and let Life carry us, doing nothing about it ourselves. I don't mean anything of the sort. When I said I do not 'run my life, I run with it,' that's precisely what I mean. Each one of us must pick a point of destiny—(Please turn to page 92)
"MEET JOHN DOE"

ONE-WORD GUIDE:
SPLENDID!

SEE IT BECAUSE:
It is Director Frank Capra's and Writer Robert Riskin's finest picture, packing a moral lesson with a wallop and one badly needed right now.

It preaches the doctrine of neighborly love without bathos — and besides, it's always good entertainment.

Its plot concerns the transformation of a hobo into a celebrity and a symbol of good, so it's still the good old American Success Story with all the trimmings even while it is standing up for ideals and all that. It'll be an inspiration to you, painlessly applied.

It offers Gary Cooper his greatest role, which he plays with all his usual superb nonchalance — and a little more. It gives veteran James Gleason his long-deserved chance for a magnificent acting comeback as a supposedly hardboiled guy who's really soft inside. It has Barbara Stanwyck in one of her typically believable forthright roles — and Walter Brennan and Edward Arnold at their best.

Warner Bros.

"POT O' GOLD"

ONE-WORD GUIDE:
GAY!

SEE IT BECAUSE:
It is James Roosevelt's first effort as a Hollywood producer, and while frankly light-weight it should please, particularly youngsters.

It is refreshing because it is so unpretentious, never aspiring to more than its just claim of cream puff entertainment.

Its plot (?) glorifies the efforts of a musical-minded boy and girl to put over a swing band despite opposition from the boy's rich and business-like sourpuss of an uncle — and you need be no soothsayer to guess which side wins. It's fair fun while it lasts.

It gives grand Charles Winninger a riproaring opportunity to amuse you as the crusty uncle. He's good for many laughs. You'll enjoy James Stewart and his lanky-lazy technique as the boy, though you may wonder why he went to all that trouble for Paulette Goddard, whose appeal seems so superficial here.

Horace Heidt and his band help. Heidt photographs handsomely though he's no actor — but he and his boys put on a sparkling show.

United Artists

"THE DEVIL AND MISS JONES"

ONE-WORD GUIDE:
FUN!

SEE IT BECAUSE:
It's the gay, original, and uninhibited first production effort of writer Norman Krasna and Jean Arthur's husband, Frank Ross.

It presents a fresh idea unhindered by stodgy convention — and, amazingly, as fresh in dialogue and direction as in theme.

Its plot imagines the humorous plight of a rich man who takes an incognito job as shoe clerk in his own store to uncover the ring-leaders of a union who have been holding him up as Horrible Employer Example No. 1. Result of it all is: he ends up in the picket line himself.

It's a field day for Charles Coburn as the rich man — just the fat part this fine and versatile actor has been working up to. And how he plays it! Jean Arthur holds her own as the salesgirl who befriends him, and she's as personable and appealing as always. Robert Cummings, because of unfortunate direction or his own exuberance, over-acts.

RKO-Radio
to the BEST CURRENT PICTURES

Delight Evans

"THE GREAT LIE"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: GOOD!

SEE IT BECAUSE:
It gives Bette Davis a chance
to be young and glamorous
again, with fewer sob scenes than
usual—about time, isn't it?
It's one of those pictures
women are supposed to go for
—and most of them doubtless
will—but can the men take it?
Its plot—the triangle again,
this time two women after one
man, with Woman I, whole-
heartedly in love with him,
Woman II, sharing him with her
career. Complications: a Baby
belonging to Woman II. and
mothered by Woman I, and
that's plenty complicated.
It's Bette "Dark Victory" Davis
again, and welcome—she is full
of youth and charm and humor
in some scenes, and looks lovely;
of course, she has some of those
emotional scenes, too, and alto-
tgether it's a brilliant perform-
ance. George Brent is hand-
somely plausible as the sought-
after gent. Mary Astor, though
attractive and interesting as a
high-powered woman pianist, is
scarcely convincing competition
for the appealing Miss Davis.

Warner Bros.

"MEN OF BOYS TOWN"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: FINE!

SEE IT BECAUSE:
It is the sequel to the success-
ful "Boys Town" of two years
ago, with the same stars, Spen-
cer Tracy and Mickey Rooney.
It gives the whole family a
chance to cry and laugh at the
same movie for once, being
wholesome but never a bore.
Its plot continues the saga of
Boys Town, the life work of the
famous Father Flanagan to re-
habilitate wayward boys, school-
ing them to become worthy
citizens.
One of his best jobs is char-
acter played by Mickey, who
tries to carry out the Priest's
 teachings.
It is the team of Tracy and
Rooney you'll go to see and you
won't be disappointed. Tracy's
Father Flanagan has become a
classic role, but he seems in this
sequel to realize its opportunities
even more poignantly. Mickey,
shedding more and more of his
mannerisms as he grows up, is
sincerely moving. Larry Nunn and
Darryl Hickman are outstanding
in supporting roles.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"THAT HAMILTON WOMAN!"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: IMPRESSIVE!

SEE IT BECAUSE:
It unites the attractions and
talents of Vivien Leigh and Laure-
nce Olivier as a team of Great
Lovers of History.
It's a typical Alexander Korda
production—big, lavish, often ex-
citing and always seeming "im-
portant."
Its plot—well, you know, as
who does not, the romantic ap-
peal of the beauty who was the
sensation of her time, playing
her own piquant part in British
history and being an "influence,"
good or bad, on the great and
glorious Horatio Nelson. It's all
glamorized.
Its stars are perfection as you'd
hope. Vivien Leigh's Emma will
bewitch you, a provocative cre-
ture of mood and impulse, tamed
only by her devotion to Eng-
land's hero of Trafalgar. She's
always fascinating, sometimes
exciting, and finally terribly
touching. The picture is hers—
Olivier's Nelson is dignified but
not quite real. Sara Allgood is a
delight as Emma's garrulous
mother; Alan Mowbray excellent
as Sir William Hamilton.
UPID seemed to be skirmishing around the rim of her plate, shooting his little darts from one angle then another and always—ping!—scoring a direct hit on his heart-shaped target. So it happened that lunching with Carmen Miranda proved to be both a social pleasure and a liberal education in the tender art. For, in the course of it, she turned on love—hot and cold. As to her own temperature, it came out, revealing the real Miranda, her true quality, with passing, of all things, the pepper!

“No, thank you,” sizzled the Brazilian Bombshell. “Pepper from the outside I don’t use it because always I have it on the inside!”

That spilled it. Curbing an impulse to throw salt over my left shoulder, I made contrite apology. After all, carrying coals to Newcastle would have been a highly intelligent procedure compared to offering a little warm seasoning to a lady fully equipped with her own central heating. But, rather than the slow, steady kind, hers was an explosive heat. She fairly popped with it. Vital statistics to the contrary, I felt sure Carmen Miranda had been born in a fireworks factory.

“But I am not the beeg bombshell,” she flashed with a blinding smile, “I am just the leetle bombshell—no strong. It is only when they geeve me many lines to speak in ‘That Night in Rio’ that my head it beeg like this,” and she made a gesture of balloon proportions.

Bound about that head was a flaming scarf that gave her electric face, vivid in its lightning changes, a gypsy defiance, a wild flavor. Challenging, provocative, she was heady as sun-drenched wine of mellow years. (If this doesn’t sound reasonable, neither is she.) As for her own years, they apparently were on the knowing side of twenty-five—that is, one over. And hers, if I’m any good at guessing, was a woman’s knowledge calculated to put Mona Lisa’s in the kindergarten class.

Big or little, as bombshells go these days, the one and only Miranda—there’s no one like her in the whole amusement world—certainly could lose her “Souse American” songs with a bang. This she first did in what she, like New York’s scholarly Al Smith, pronounces “raddio.” Then, after a night club sortie in Rio de Janeiro, she took a shot at the New York stage and made a killing. There, in turn, too few of her songs were “shot” for the picture, “Down Argentine Way.” And now here she was a Hollywood star of first magnitude in “That Night in Rio” and running away with the whole picture without turning a hair of her turbaned head. It was her songs, or rather her sexy way of singing them, that won her sensational film distinction. This being the case, I wondered if there were much sex down her way.

“Ah, sex!” she glowed. “In my home the people they like it more as anything! Other peoples, too. That first time in Noo York I am a leetle afraid, but it comes out good. Right away they know what I mean, so it make no dif’rance they don’t understand the words. They like when I sing of love, songs more funny and nosentimental, with a leetle bit of slang and—you know?”
Carramba! Could she doubt my knowing she sang of the land where she had lived and laughed and loved, just to mention a few details?

"A'right," she agreed. "Now I ask you something." Her face grew serious with import.

"Is it not from sex that comes love, and from love that comes life—yes?"

There was the answer as well as the question. Let dry philosophers write weighty tomes on the subject that the juicy Miranda could put into a mouthful. "But the love it must be warm like the heart," she insisted, clapping a hand on the general region of that organ. "The cold love it is no good around the house if the people they get married, no. It is just part of the furnisher, something what you buy in the store and push in the room. Perhaps I explain it to you more if I say it is like the icebox. That is a'right in the kitchen, but not okay in other rooms. When this happen then the husband and the wife they also are just furnisher. That is because sometimes the husband he buy the wife and vichy versus. What they have in their hearts is money, not love. (Please turn to page 88)
Rita Hayworth, radiant star of "Affectionately Yours," illustrates her conception of a typical Young American Summer wardrobe. For where to buy these fashions, see Page 92.

Ascending a long, golden stair, Rita's dark beauty is accentuated by a classical gown of white Jersene by Celanese. The beautifully draped bodice is achieved by bias, braided bands of the fabric and the tiny draped sleeves add just enough restraint for that "one gown to go everywhere." The gown has no dated details. You may wear it the year-around. White is perfect for your one formal gown; pastels, also. Under $20.

For that one after-dark gown to go on vacation, Rita's choice in brilliant tri-colors is excellent. For she chooses a shirtwaist model in Jersene by Celanese. The demure shirtwaist is white with short sleeves and the cummerbund and flowing skirt are brilliant red. A tiny wool jersey bolero in deep blue accompanies. That cape Rita is wearing is not part of the costume. Very packable and very picturesque; and under $20.
Don't face warm days without at least one jacket costume. Rita's favorite is a tailored frock with softly fitted jacket in cocoa Tropic Sky, a Celanese washable rayon crépe. You can travel in this outfit; you can go to business, to luncheon, to cocktails—everywhere. The jacket gives a formal touch. Without, you have a cool little tailored frock. Douse it in gentle suds when it needs refreshing. Top it with your best white breton or sailor. add your white gloves, or dress it up with darker accents. It will see you through so many needs that you'll live in it and love it. In lovely colors, and happily priced at about 8.8.

For less formality, here is a three-way frock, with great possibilities. Rita likes this in a muted, cool green, but it comes in other fresh solid tones as well as a white polka dot on a variety of backgrounds. This dress has three lives. It is a two-pieceer, so you may fit the blouse with its tie belt to another skirt; you may use the skirt with another blouse, or you may wear these good partners together. It is made of Carlisle, a Celanese rayon washable crépe, and is carefully made to fit and keep its original good lines in spite of washings. The blouse has back fullness and the skirt a good slim swing for freedom. A little Summer treasure, at about 8.8.
For the play scene, choose a play suit with its own skirt. This will see double-duty. In the suit, you are ready for the great outdoors and the country veranda. Add the skirt, and you can go 'most any place.

Right, we have Rita in a pageant of color—raspberry for the suit with white sleeves and yoke; panels of raspberry, soft blue, and white for the skirt. For the flattery of color and more color, here is your play suit. Made of soft, cool rayon jersey by Celanese; priced at about $12. Another play suit to hold attention is the one below. This is also made of Celanese rayon jersey, white with a warm South American red for the collar and pocket of the suit and the gay skirt. The suit buttons with little gold-colored stars which also brighten the convenient pockets of the skirt. You'll look as gay as a geranium on the veranda in this. Priced at about $10. Both suits are tailored with care, with comfortable details for freedom, and smartness, above all! Other colors available.
A light summer suit is not extravagance when you choose a well tailored model to see you through several seasons. A classical, three-button model with a front kick pleat skirt has a life as long as that of the proverbial cat. Rita's suit comes in Wingstrut, a Celanese rayon sharkskin, woven for a porous coolness but with a body to retain tailored lines. The suit is happily priced at about $12.95. Rita adds a casual felt, bright gloves and 'kerchief, and carries a fabric bag featuring one of the British American Ambulance Corps Textiles, in special design.

When you buy wearing apparel or accessories featuring these fabrics, 10% on all original fabric sales goes toward the purchase of more ambulances for the British cause.

If you like the crisp freshness of sharkskin fabrics, then Rita is wearing your suit. This comes in Cellbreeze, a lightweight rayon sharkskin by Celanese, to take washing after washing. The fabric seems, too, to resist the usual crumpling of leisure lounging and retains its pristine whiteness through much suds. In the small picture, you see the rayon print skirt that accompanies the suit. Rita chose the skirt in a lemon yellow with white and brown in a big tropical print. The skirt comes in other colors, priced about 88. The fashions in these pages have the approval of Rita Hayworth for their beauty, their style and their all-around adaptability for the needs of young Miss America on vacation or at home, in town or country.
If you like those smart accessories, beret, bag and ringlet bow, that Priscilla Lane wears with her trim suit, you can make them at little effort and cost, of Royal Swan grosgrain ribbon in alternating stripes of a rich red and navy. Add your favorite emblem for a military note. Easy to do, so new and very inexpensive.

For your sweetheart, far, far away in camp! Begin your knitting now. Military set, knitted of Botany No-Dye-Lot yarn, in easy standard knitting stitch. Any or all will make truly appreciated gifts and will add much to his soldierly comfort and dash.

Brand New Ideas for Those Who Sew and Knit

Instructions for making the beret, bag and ringlet bow trio, and for knitting the man's set will be sent free on request to Courtenay Marvin, Screenland
In this case, the blonde bride wore white lace, and she is Anna Neagle, as you will shortly see her in "Sunny." With pompadours and pompadour effects so much in vogue, the bridal veil or cap should add great beauty to the blonde, brunette or red heads. There is a trend, too, toward unconventional flowers for the bridal bouquet, but the orange blossom still holds traditional honor with other wedding sentiments.

THOUSANDS upon thousands of times each year that line, "The bride wore white—" appears in newspapers throughout the country. In spite of some tendency toward soft pastels for the formal wedding gown, the brides predominantly still wear white. White for this gown seems as much a tradition of romance as the Declaration of Independence does of our nation, and is much, much older.

Perhaps no other material point of any wedding receives and deserves as much consideration as the wedding gown. Later, it will be treasured in a chest, cherished in memory, and for those in any doubt, white is advised. You may wear a white bridal gown but once in your life. Opportunity does not knock twice in this instance. If you remarry, it may be in whatever color you choose but never again in the white of that first young love.

A wedding gown need not be costly or an heirloom to be beautiful. At this point, many Deanna Durbin admirers have enjoyed the vicarious romantic thrill of her beautiful engagement diamond. When you read these words, you will probably know exactly what Deanna wore, probably something simple and beautiful in keeping with her youth. If you are young and romantic and Father's life will not be marred by a financial splurge, then remember the poetic gown Madeleine Carroll wore in "Virginia," an idea easily adaptable and distinctly in the currently popular Early American trend. Or, if you have an eye toward beauty but not cost, Ann Rutherford in "Keeping Company" offered a happy inspiration. She wore a lovely decolleté gown (Please turn to page 82)
MADAME OUSPENSKAYA is as famous a teacher of the drama, as she is an actress. The latest giggle here over her dramatic antics concerns her methods of instructing her students. The story is told about an actress you all know very well on the screen who enrolled with Ouspenskaya for some brashness up. "Ah, yes," said the fiery Russian, "we will start immediately! Show me how you walk. Let me see you cross the room. I want you to walk as though you were carrying on your head a pitcher, one-quarter filled with thick cream." The actress was amazed but a good sport. She walked—and beautifully! However, Madame was far from pleased. She found fault, she asked for repeats, and finally the great Ouspenskaya cried in desperation, "That is not right! I told you the pitcher was one-quarter filled, not half full!" But did this bit of subtlety floor the ambitious actress? No! She tried again and yet again.

A certain florist in town has just recently confided to a certain writer that his shop has for the past month had a standing order to deliver to Miss G. Garbo, one lonely yellow rose each and every day until further notice. If some deluded romantic is thinking that such a gesture will pique the melancholy Swede's fancy, he's mistaken. Miss G. has, for years, taken truck loads of anonymous flowers in her silent stride and has never as much as raised an inquisitive eyebrow. Can't help wondering what she does with these. . . .


THOSE in the know are whispering that the often hinted at enmity between George Raft and that so-famous actress, didn't get any nearer an open feud during their working together in that Warner picture because neither one gave the other the chance to be anything but distantly and formally polite. . . . The day after Katharine DeMille suffered a heart attack by drowning, Joan Crawford had a score of workers employed building a fence completely around her beautiful pool for the utmost protection of little Christine.

MANy people insist that the new women's short hair vogue that is being affected throughout Hollywood will eventually sweep the country and cause an unprecedented hairdressers' boom, and most likely numberless mass male suicide pacts as a last-resort protest. Feeling has already risen to an alarming pitch of pro and con over this silly to-do concerning your favorite femme's crowning glory. There are those who insist that Janet Gaynor's (the shortest in town) drastically diminished curls are "too cute," and others who think she looks exactly like little Willie, freshly shaved and shorn for a cool summer's cavorting in the ol' swimming hole. However, everybody is positive that Janet's ulterior motive in sporting that amazing freshly plucked look, is that she is flaunting her one-woman decision that she is the only actress in Hollywood nissy enough to play Maria in Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls." That, Hollywood figures, is the reason behind the whole new fad. If there isn't some kind of curv in our actresses shearing their hair, I wish they could all manage to look as well as Mary Astor does with her cropped head. Men would go for that kind of cut, I know. Mary's coiffure, you'll agree, is outstandingly stunning in "The Great Lie."
NOW, at last, Hollywood has gotten around to giving some share of its attention to Ingrid Bergman, and the most amazing tales have begun to be gossiped about this Swedish sensation. As the stories go, Ingrid is the only actress in Hollywood who isn’t ashamed to admit that she cooks and washes for her husband and child and, what’s more, thinks it the most natural thing in the world to do. On the other hand, because of her overwhelming shyness she registered under an assumed name at a local dance studio for instruction on how to step off the simplest fox trot and waltz rhythms. She admits she doesn’t know how to dance, and that she’s much more at home and happy in her own kitchen than she is on a sound stage. Her household gets along beautifully without a single butler, chauffeur, secretary, cook or even maid. Ingrid thinks the real reason Hollywood is so successful, is unquestionably due to the thousands of perfectly trained technicians and little people here who work the whole fantastic show, unseen, from behind. Do you wonder the raves are being showered in praise of Ingrid Bergman from every department in the industry?

DID you know that Charles Boyer still does all his counting and mental arithmetical French and many times restaurant waiters have to be very patient while M’sieu tries to check and double-check the column of figures first in English and then reverts to his native tongue to be sure that everything is right? . . . Those startling taurians that the Brazilian bombshell, Carmen Miranda, flaunts with such dash, are not, as envious Hollywood women have been led to believe, John Fredricks or Lily Duché creations. Miranda whips them up herself in inspirational moments from odd and ends of brilliant material to add an extra eye-flash or two in her direction.

By Weston East

Ray Milland and Claudette Colbert co-star again in “Skylark.” Watch for complete fictionization of film in early issue of SCREENLAND.

HOLLYWOOD
SUCCESS STORY
OF THE MONTH

Meet “Tillie the Toiler”—in real life newcomer Kay Harris, “discovered” by producer Robert Sparks of Columbia Pictures in Cincinnati, Ohio, where Kay was working as secretary in a radio station. Sparks, who had tested hundreds of girls for the starring role of Tillie in the movie version of Russ Westover’s famed comic strip, took one look at Kay and arranged a Hollywood contract. Result, there’s a cute new kid on the road to stardom! Nice angle on this success story is that producer Sparks was honeymooning with Penny Singleton, famous Blondie of his other popular series, when he discovered Kay—and bride Penny approved the choice with alacrity.
"Pretty Pussy!" says Anne Gwynne, and with good reason—Ann gets her best role to date in "The Black Cat," in which she is the ingénue lead—with such sterling thespians as Basil Rathbone and Gale Sondergaard, below, supplying the menace.

On her own admission she fought like fury with every studio she ever was under contract to. That's why she's free-lancing now. That's how it happened that she made her own deal with Frank Capra. And that's how, rumor has it, it was arranged that she made that picture for not one cent of salary, but for a better deal than any other woman in Hollywood ever arranged for herself—a percentage of the picture's entire box office take. And that's how it happens, also, that all the other actresses in town are giving her that giggle eye. But Barbara Stanwyck's one gal who can take the giggle eye from all and sundry.

Each member of the fabulous family of the Lane sisters has always mercilessly kidded all of the other members of the clan in a little game they've played between themselves for years. There is no more to the gag than simply poking all matter of fun at the other's boy friends, particularly when these swains are new to the family or when they are too go-ga in their attentions. All the girls have at one time or other taken the count with a royal roasting, but Rosemary, right now, is getting the worst ribbing in the family's history. The whole group happened to be present the other night at a smart café where they were celebrating a kind of reunion. All the members of the party had ordered and Rosemary happened to be the last to tell the maitre d'hôtel what she had chosen. She gave her order but the fellow just remained standing there moaning deeply into her eyes. Suddenly he took a deep breath. "Miss Lane," he pleaded, "will you do me a great favor?" Rosemary smiled and answered, "Of course, what is it?" The waiter hesitated, sighed and then whispered tenderly, "Call me Andre!" Those three words have become the Lane family's cue for a hilarious laugh at Rosemary's expense.

Informative miniature interviews: says James Stephenson, the critic's pride, and the despair of Hollywood's more patronizing hostesses since his first virile appearance on the screen: "I've never been in such overwhelming social demand before in my life! It's much too fantastic to believe. Nevertheless, I cannot accept dinner invitations from these total strangers simply on the strength of my performance in 'The Letter.'..." Rita Hayworth, whose deck and luscious lines have put up a permanent dent in the egos of a few stars who visibly fade beside her startling chic, throws a bountiful bouquet straight at her husband. "Why should I deny it?" says Rita, "I'm terribly proud! My husband does choose most of my clothes for my personal wardrobe. If there is any credit due, it goes to him."... Ann Sothern, the frankest girl in town says, "Yes, Roger and I have had a misunderstanding, what normal marriage doesn't have its ups and downs? Yes, it could have been serious. But everything is just as it should be again. It's time to call off the rumor bounds. We are not getting a divorce!"

Somehow you never expect Ronald Colman to be a hail-fellow-well-met, practical-joking kind of person, but he does possess a lively sense of humor, even if a little on the incredible side. A friend and Ronnie were exchanging crisp, British pleasantries on the set of his new picture, "My Life With Caroline." The setting was a replica of one of our famous Western ski resorts. Ronnie begged his guest a moment's interruption. Might he introduce a charming young girl? Colman pointed, "She's on the other side of the set, I'll bring her over here." As the friend watched, Ronnie crossed the great hall like a figure in a fantastic dream. The farther he moved away the larger he appeared to grow. At the other side of the room he actually loomed to awful proportions. Other people were dwarfed beside him. Then still more fantastic, reticent Mr. Colman politely put his arm about the waist of a smartly dressed miniature girl in ski togs and swung her to a sitting position on his right shoulder and started back across the room. With a grin, Ronnie introduced the young girl, a midget, and explained the whole gag. The setting, something new in Hollywood, is all an optical illusion. It's built in perspective to appear huge and is, in reality, less than ordinary size. Consequently the background has to be peopled with diminutive extras to keep the whole thing on the same scale. The perfect illusion got the better of Ronnie's pixy sense of humor.

There never were greener looks of envy ever cast in anyone's direction than are right now being rather coldly tossed at Barbara Stanwyck by every other fighting-for-the-top female in Hollywood. Barbara is smack on the pinnacle of the heap what with her hits in "The Lady Eve" and "Meet John Doe," and that's a bad place to be if you're not ready and able to fight tooth and toenail to keep yourself there. There is no inference intended that Barbara can't fight her own battles, because fight is the best thing that redheaded Ruby Stevens from Brooklyn has ever been able to do. She's been punching along for herself ever since she was fourteen years old.
DID you know that Ingrid Bergman has never let a Hollywood make-up man ever apply the standardized glamour mask to her features? Very few actresses here would venture before a camera without that accepted, flattering make-up. For this rugged individualism of Ingrid's we have been rewarded with the fresh naturalness of her beauty and a curious kind of reality in all she does that is rarely seen on the screen. . . . The one thing that any visitor leaving the Don Ameche home is always most warmly and deeply impressed over, is the beautiful private shrine installed there for the at-home worship of his devout family. The Ameches have the special permission of authorities to perform church rituals there. . . . No wonder Sabu has all the young girls in town looking daggers at each other over each one's insistence that the young Hindu has given them that certain sly insistence of the eye. Sabu makes a sight that isn't readily forgettable when he rides down the boulevard in his brilliant, new, bright yellow station wagon casting those friendly knowing looks most generously. Every girl is positive they are meant for her exclusively.

CAN'T you just visualize how fittingly this whole incident was acted out with Merle Oberon lending her very own charming brand of British hauteur to set the pace? She was strolling along a beautiful stretch of California countryside on her way to an early morning studio call. Soon her limousine slowed to a halt and our cool-eyed actress, as is her British wont, slipped out of her car and set off down the road for a brisk walk. Her chauffeur, who was not in uniform, followed slowly in the limousine. Miss Oberon rapturously admired the spring morning beauty of that acacia-bordered lane. But soon there was an intrusion in this private ritual. An impertinent little roadster had joined the slow procession and our heroine sensed rather than saw that both machines stopped and she began to hear voices being raised and then she barely caught the challenge of the intruder threatening, "Just because you drive a big shiny car don't think you can follow that girl!" Merle whirled around and got between the two men just in time and charmingly explained the situation to the young Lothario. He was so embarrassed he didn't utter a word, but crammed to the ears, raced to his car and hurriedly headed in the opposite direction. In an amused and flattered frame of mind, Merle drove on to her studio.

NOW that Hollywood has at last had the opportunity of closely focusing its prying eyes into Sonja Henie's marriage on a real closeup view, the I-told-you-so conclusion arrived at is that Sonja is every hit the major-domo in self-managing that happy union that know-it-alls predicted she'd be.

**A GIRL AND TWO GUYS!**

But as usual, only one lucky man can win, and in this case he is Jeffrey Lynn, caught giving Priscilla Lane the kiss of triumph, below, for "Million Dollar Baby." Good-natured actor is Ronald Reagan, at right with Pat and Jeff.
I decided to ignore that. No sense in getting into an argument and maybe havin’ Lank turn around and mosey back to New Mexico and the ranch.

“And pretty soon you’ll be part of it all,” I says, slapping him on the back. “Maybe a big star.”

“Movies are not for me,” Lank shook his head. “I keep tellin’ you that, Sherriff.”

“Well, stop tellin’ me!” I said. “They’s money in movies, big money. And you got as good a chance as any. Make a lot of dough quick-like. Think of the stock that’ll buy for the ranch.”

“You sure do a lot of plannin’!” Lank shook his head, but I could see that the idea of doing things for the ranch got him. That ranch of his near the Gila River comes second in Lank’s heart. Ethyl comes first, of course.

“If you won’t think of yourself, Lank,” I said then, “think of Ethyl. Ethyl’s got to have her chance. And they go for blondes out here. She’ll be famous right along with you.”

And I’ll be a son of a gun if Ethyl didn’t hear me away back there in the trailer where she was riding, for she let out a whinny you could heard clear back to New Mexico. Lank grinned at that and leaned out of the window to look back at her, and Ethyl began stamping those legs of hers that are as good as Marlene Dietrich’s in their own way. All palomino horses are easy to look at, but I never seen as pretty a one as Ethyl.

“Take it easy, girl,” Lank said. “We’ll be goin’ home soon.”

“Don’t talk like that, Lank,” I told him. “Not till we get that money, anyway.”

But I knew having a movie star on my hands wasn’t going to be any cinch when I saw Lank beginning to get that restless look in his eyes when we saw the World Wide Studio ahead of us. And when we sailed through the gates and the man in uniform came running after us and jumped on the running board I figured I’d better handle the thing.

“Where do you think you’re going?” he asked as Lank put on the brakes.

“We’re Lank Garrett,” I told him, “and we been to have a test made. Mr. Johnson sent us. Mr. Phineas Johnson.”

Well, I could see Mr. Johnson must be the boss of the outfit the way he took that and just motioned us to go in when I showed him the letter he’d sent Lank.

We’d been told to report to the casting office and we were just wondering where it would be when we saw the girl. She was coming out of one of the buildings marked “Star Dressing Rooms’ and for all that she looked like she was in a temper about something, she was the most beautiful girl I’ve ever laid eyes on, Blonde, and with a figure that was made to fit into a man’s arms, she made me even if I never had much use for girls want to take my heart out and send it to her all tied up with pink ribbon bows.

That’s what worried me, thinking what Lank might be feeling, I mean, for I didn’t want him getting all mixed up with these Hollywood girls any more than I had with the Rodeo ones. When the time came for Lank to be getting back to that ranch with all the money for the stock and everything, it would be soon enough for him to be thinking of some nice ranch girl who’d make him a good wife. You know what I mean, a square-shooting sort of girl, a real girl who’d want a home and kids. For to my way of thinking, only the best is good enough for Lank. But this girl looked like trouble the minute I saw her.

“Pardon me, palomino,” Lank said to her, and that sort of got me nervous too, seein’ that he noticed that blonde hair of hers was just about the same color as Ethyl’s. “Could you tell me where the casting office is?”

She drew herself up and glared at him. “Just who do you think you’re addressin’?” she said. “And what was that you called me?”

“Palomino, Ma’am,” Lank said. “That’s a kind of a horse.”

“A horse!” she cried, and for the life of me I couldn’t see how that little mouth of hers could make so much noise. “Well, of all the —” And she was gone so fast I never did hear what she was going to say.

Well, we finally located the casting office and met Mr. Gregory who was in charge of it and Mr. Gilbert who was a producer, and from the way they acted I figured they wasn’t any more set on havin’ Lank than Lank was on being there.

“World Wide Studios don’t make horse operas,” I heard Gilbert whisper to Gregory. “Why should we test a cowboy?”

“We don’t have to use him as a cowboy,” Gilbert whispered back. “Hollywood needs some new blood. Besides, don’t forget who discovered him. The great Phineas himself.”

I could see Phineas Johnson was important, but I didn’t know then just how important he was. It was afterwards I
found out he was the president of the bank that had control of the studios, and for all the others blustered and complained, they had to do what he wanted.

Another man they called the talent coach came in and started looking Lank over too. Lank didn't care for it and I can't say I blamed him much, for the three of them acted like the judges at the cattle show back home. I was expecting them to force open Lank's mouth and look at his teeth any minute.

"He looks all right," the coach said then. "If he can talk, We'll have to hear him read!"

"He can talk," I told them, "Say something, Lank!"

And Lank was real obliging. "Hello," he said.

"Do you have evening clothes, pal?" Gregory asked, and when Lank stared at him not knowing what he meant he went on; "You know, clothes you wear at night.

"Gosh, I'm afraid not," Lank said, looking pretty embarrassed. "I always sleep raw.

"That was too much for me. After all, I had Lank's interests to heart. "You ain't goin' to test him like that, are you?" I demanded.

"It might be our best bet," Gilbert laughed. Then he said he'd see about getting some things for Lank to wear in the test and told us to meet him in the wardrobe department after lunch.

Well, you could have knocked me over with a brush. As it was, we could have lunch right there at the studio, so Lank and I went to the place he told us about. It was crowded when we got there and got shyer, because there wasn't the palomino girl sittin' at a table all by herself while all the others were crowded, so we moseyed over to her.

"Mind if we sit here, Ma'am?" Lank asked, and though he was as nice as could be about it, she looked mad.

"Don't call me Ma'am!" she said. "Don't you know who I am?"

"Well," Lank said, looking mighty uncomfortable, "I guess you're a movie star.

"You guess!" The girl looked as if she was going to hit him. "I am Crystal Wayne!"

As soon as she said it I knew who she was. I'd never seen any of her pictures. The only ones Lank and I see are the Westerns because they strike us so dognamed funny. But I'd heard she was one of the biggest Hollywood stars and I thought I'd better stop Lank from making her any madder. It might interfere with his career.

"Well, Lank," I said, hoping he'd take the hint and make up to her a bit. "You and the little palomino don't seem to be hittin' it off so good."

You can't never tell about girls. She acted as if I hadn't been trying to fix things for her at all. "This is too much!" she yelled, getting up so fast she almost knocked over her glass of water. "Get out of my way, you cowhand!" And she sailed past us out of the room and from the way the other people laughed after she was gone, I figured they didn't like her very much.

And afterwards I found out I was right about that, for it seemed she was the general headache at the studio. She was always fighting with the director and the publicity department and her leading man and complaining about the clothes they wanted her to wear and tearing them in pieces after people had been sittin' up nights making them for her. There wasn't anything any one could do about it either, for it seemed her pictures were the only ones making money for the studio and they had to take whatever she wanted to give them, good or bad. Only it was all bad.

But things wasn't all bad about the studio. One part of it was like home. When Lank asked where we could put up our horses Gregory suggested there might be a place on the back lot and had one of the studio policemen take us out there. There was all sorts of things on that back lot, darned if there wasn't even some kind of a lake with a wharf on it and a boat tied up to it that the policeman told us was a part of New York Harbor, and there was a bit of Chinatown right out of San Francisco and all sorts of other places he told us used for sets in pictures. But the one Lank and me liked best was a real old ranch house made out of adobe and timbers and to make it seem even more like home there was cactus growing around it, and behind it was the neatest corral I ever laid eyes on. And say, did those horses act like they had come home when we put them in it.

We felt like we had come home too when we went inside the ranch house and saw that it was all fixed up as if it had been waiting for us, and when we asked the policeman if anyone lived there and he said no, we decided to stay there, what with it being so homelike and all and yet being right in the middle of things too, with a part of New York Harbor right in our backyard and Chinatown just a few steps away.

But Lank was sort of quiet, and when he took out his guitar and started singing I was nervous. Then I knew I was right and he was thinking of the girl. "Wonder why that Crystal Wayne's mad at me," he said.

"She's kind of pretty and there's something sort of special about her. Maybe it was my fault, I sure wish I could make it up with her."

"Well, you know where she lives," I told him, remembering the house we'd seen her coming out of that morning. At first Lank acted kind of shy about going there but after a while he decided to go and so I thought it was just as well if I went along with him and kept my eyes on the situation.

Pretty soon a car drove up in front of the building and then after a while Crystal came out followed by a girl who turned out to be her maid. And when Lank went over to her and smiled in that way he had and said he was sorry she didn't look so mad when she turned around. "Maybe you can
Mischa Auer appears to be quite overcome with the heat or something while dancing with "The Flame of New Orleans." The place was Ciro's and the cause a worthy one—Charity.

explain why you found it necessary to call me a horse," she said then, "A—A—whatever it was you called it."

"A palomino," Lank said it for her. "But gee, Ma'am, Miss Wayne, that was meant for a compliment. Horses to me are beautiful and a palomino's just about the most beautiful horse there is, so when I see a girl as beautiful as you, all blonde and everything, why palomino just seems like the only name for you."

"Well," she said, and then she smiled and it was just like the sun coming up over the desert. "That sounds kind of pretty." And when Lank grinned and asked if she wasn't mad at him any more, she smiled some more. "Of course not. I never was, really, you beautiful dope!"

"Dope?" Lank asked in a stunned kind of way, and then she laughed. "Yes, dope! All men to me are beautiful, you see, but the most beautiful of all are the dopes. So when I see you I just naturally think, dope!" And if she wasn't smiling so sweetly, I'd have been sure she was joshing him. But I knew she couldn't have been when she drove us home to the back lot in her car.

Times were different after that. Lank and Crystal went riding together and sometimes at night she used to come to our ranch house on the back lot and Lank would get out his guitar and sing. It worried me for I could see Lank was getting in deep and I felt no good could come out of his loving Crystal. Of course, I could see how easy it would be to feel that way about her for she was as gentle as a broken colt these days.

The studio didn't know what to make of it at first. Here she was with smiles for everybody and never complaining about anything any more. But it took them a long time to get hep to what made the difference. I could've told them right along but nobody asked me.

Me and Lank had been hanging around the studio for a couple of weeks now and nothing had happened about a contract. Of course, they took tests of Lank every day but they all just sort of groaned when they looked at Lank emoting, as they called it, and told him to come the next day for another one. I guess they'd let him go if it wasn't for this Flinnea Johnson who kept telling them they had a good thing in Lank.

It was making me kind of nervous thinking how maybe me and Lank would be going away without any of that nice Hollywood money for the ranch. So one day I went to see Gilbert to ask how about it. His office was right next door to Gregory's and as I sat waiting I suddenly heard them talking in there.

"I've just put two and two together," Gilbert was saying. "Listen: valuable blonde star, temperamental, hard to handle, has tantrums, holds up production, costs studio plenty. Blonde star meets big, handsome cowboy, cowboy makes her happy, she be- haves on sets, production speeds up, saves studio thousands of dollars, everybody's happy. Now, wouldn't you say the cowboy was worth something to the studio, say a contract of one hundred or so a week?"

I did some quick arithmetic and saw that a hundred a week for a few months could buy plenty of stock for the ranch. But I couldn't ever tell Lank what I'd heard. He'd pack up and go home and there wouldn't be any arguments to stop him. So I knew that for once in my life I'd just have to keep a secret from Lank and make him think it was all regular and over the board.

Then just when I was figuring some way to get out without anyone knowing I'd been listening, I heard Flinnea Johnson come into the office next door and start raising ructions about Lank's last test and saying he'd been mistaken about Lank's being movie material and that he was letting him go. And say, you'd have laughed to hear Gilbert and Gregory jumping in, both speaking at once and insisting they keep Lank on because they were sure he had something, though they'd been all for letting him go before.

"I don't know about that," Johnson said. "I ran off all his tests for the studio stenographers to get their reaction and what do you think they said? 'He's cute.' All this trouble we've gone to and all they say is, 'he's cute'!"

"Well, that's not so bad," Gilbert said. "If we can get fifty million American women to say the same thing, we've got a new star."

That must have made sense to Johnson, for he took hold as if it had been his idea from the beginning. "I've got it, gentlemen!" he says. "It's those tests, those contract players they've been testing him with. Garrett might do better with somebody to stir him up. I've got it, gentlemen, what about Crystal Wayne? If anyone can get something out of that cowboy, she can. I'll ask her this afternoon. She'll do it for me."

He went out then and I was going to make my own getaway when I heard something else the others were saying. I wish I hadn't, for it was about Crystal being Johnson's girl. And I knew that was something else I couldn't tell Lank if I didn't want our friends smashed up and I sure didn't want that. I kept thinking of it that night when Crystal came over to the ranch house after dinner. At night with the moonlight shining down and the sky thick with stars, it wasn't any different from New Mexico. Lank had his guitar and I was playing my harmonica and then Lank began singing a song we used to sing back home, all about a cowboy who loved a girl until he found she had another sweetheart.

It was then I knew it was true what I'd heard that afternoon about Crystal and Johnson, for she looked as if there was something on her conscience that was both- ering her, and when she spoke it was just as if tears had gotten all mixed up with her voice. "Lank," she said very softly. "Do cowboys feel that way about women, the way that song tells it? Do they really never forgive the girl who does 'em wrong?"

"I don't know," Lank said. "I didn't write the song."

"But you sang it so lovely, Lank," she whispered. "As if you meant every word of it." And then suddenly there she was moving closer to Lank and the first thing I knew he had his arm around her and was kissing her, and so I put my harmonica in
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my pocket and tiptoed away.

It was the next morning Lank was going to make his new test with Crystal. Johnson introduced them just as if they hadn't met at all and Lank looked puzzled when Crystal acted as if she hadn't ever seen him before. But he didn't have a chance to say anything, for the director started them out on the scene they were going to do. Lank looked more like himself now, wearing his own cowboy clothes, and I guess he felt more at home too since they were taking it out on our ranch, the one on the back lot I mean. But they'd just started the scene when a couple of airplanes flew over the lot and the engines made so much noise the director motioned to them to stop.

"If it isn't bad actors, it's noisy planes," he said, but nobody paid any attention to him. For Crystal and Lank were standing there talking to each other and everybody else was looking up at the planes. Then when they were gone they started the scene all over again and the camera man gave his assistant a bawling out, for it seemed he'd been letting the camera run all the time.

They were going to run the test the next day and I got to the projection room early, for I wanted to see if Crystal had improved Lank's acting any. Lank had given up seeing his tests but I felt it was part of a man's job to keep watch on everything. But as early as I got there Gilbert and the director and Johnson were there before me.

If it had been anybody but Lank I could have laughed at the fool way he looked standing there on the screen making love to Crystal. Maybe it was the things he had to say to her, maybe it was because he was just naturally shy, or maybe it was just because he wasn't no actor at all. But even I could see he was gosh darn awful, though I'd have biffed any one else who said it on the law.

"It's going to be hard," he was saying up there on the screen, looking at Crystal as if he thought she was going to bite him, "leaving all this, the clean blue of that heaven, the smell of that dust and the sage. I'll miss it all.

"And me?" Crystal asked in that sweet voice of hers. "How about me, Slim? Won't you miss me a little?"

"You," he said, looking more scared than ever and his voice sounding like he was juggling pebbles in his mouth. "You most of all. You are the blue heaven. You are the dust and the sage and the beauty and the wonder of it all..."

Then all of a sudden there was a whirring sound and Crystal and Lank looked up and the film wobbled a little.

"This is the wrong take," the director said. "This is where the plane comes in. How in blazes did this come through?"

But in just a second the picture went on and it wasn't the scene at all, just Lank and Crystal standing there talking, with the camera running and the sound track still on.

"Never mind," Johnson said then, "We'll look at this too. Might as well see them all."

Just now you acted as if you had never seen me before," Lank said, as the test went on. "What was the reason for that?"

"It seemed the wisest thing to do," Crystal hesitated just a little. "Somebody to warn Lank. But when I found him he was on his way to Crystal's dressing room..."

"I got to find out about something," he said. "I heard some of the girls talking and they said Crystal's got a girl friend and I was just being kept around and paid that money every week to keep her happy. I got to see Crystal and find out about it."

I could see he was still hoping that it wasn't, but when we got to Crystal's dressing room we heard Johnson inside talking to—

"But you told me to play up to him in the test," Crystal was saying. "What did you mean when I help it if I'm such a good actress?"

"Can you help it if you're a double-crossing little cheat, you mean," Johnson shouted. "What could you possibly see in that cowboy?"

"What could I see in him?" Crystal shrieked. "What did you see in him? It was you who volunteered to have him make good. I was only doing you a favor. Do it for me! you said. Do it for old Phinny!"

She started to laugh then.

"It's funny, isn't it?"

"I'm not laughing," Johnson said.

"I am!" Crystal sounded as if she was having hysterics and crying like that at the same time. "You thought we could take that greenhorn cowboy and make a ham actor out of him. Well, let me tell you what I think. Let me tell you, my sweet, precious Phinny!"

But he didn't hear that, for Lank backed away from that door as if he'd stepped into a plot of rattles. I knew better than to try to talk to Lank when he looks like that and besides, I wouldn't have tried to argue with him. Even if he'd had been right about Hollywood in the first place. It wasn't for the kind of man he is, and I should have known it.

I'd been right about Crystal too, but it didn't make me happy knowing that. There are some things a man'd rather not be right about. It didn't take much to see Lank didn't get over it. And when we got back to New Mexico, even if he never as much as mentioned her name. And when she spoke about going back to the Rodeo I knew it was because that ranch house of his reminded him of that other ranch on the back lot and he'd be remembering how Crystal and her maid got out of it.

So that day I rode into town and saw the headlines on all the papers saying Crystal had disappeared in Hollywood. I didn't even tell Lank about it, hating to bring up anything that would remind him even more than he was being reminded already. But I had to think on my mouth to keep from doing it. Then the next morning I'll be a coyote's uncle if a thing or two. Crystal and her maid got out of it. Crystal didn't say a word at first, just ran to Lank and put her arms around him as if she never let go of him before. I never saw girls so cold as a desert night as he pulled her arms away and stood holding her. Did you know there's a girl who's just walked out on her whole career to be with the man she loves?" Crystal asked then. "What happened, Lank?"

"You're asking me what happened?" Lank said. "That's kind of funny." And he turned and walked out.

I went along with him, for there was some fences that needed mending. But we'd no sooner started than there was Crystal sitting there crying as if she never been crying her eyes out.

"Why won't you listen to me, Lank?" she said.

"I listened to you once," Lank said.

"That time you were telling Mr. Johnson what you saw in me. You said I was a greenhorn cowboy."
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"Oh," she said, and then she smiled, and with her eyes shining like that I knew she was telling the truth. "The trouble is you didn't listen long enough, Lank. If you had you would have heard me say what really thought of you, that you were the grandest, realest person I ever knew and that I was in love for the first time in my nasty, ill-tempered life and that if you wanted me I was going with you and Phineas and the whole World Wide Studios could go and jump in the Los Angeles River. I admit that in the beginning I was kidding you because I thought it was fun. But that didn't last long—the kidding, I mean."

She waited for Lank to say something and when he didn't she just sort of pulped a bit before she went on. "I've told you everything now," she said pleadingly. "And I know that there's a lot I ought not to even ask to be forgiven for. But you never know how things will turn out. You never know just meeting someone that day that someone will be the only thing in the world that matters. If you did, you'd plan things differently. You'd be honest and clean and clear right from the start. You ought to be able to see that, Lank. You would, if you really loved me."

"What do you think I ran away for?" Lank said then.

"And what do you think I came back for?" Crystal asked. "To—to—to watch you mend fences?" And she took his pliers and threw them away and the way they stood there looking at each other I knew it was about time I should be leaving them alone. But then I saw it wouldn't make any difference if I went, not with all those cars turning into the ranch, not with Johnson getting out of one of them and coming over toward us.

"Well, well," he said. "Nice work, Crystal, finding him for us. Lank, you ran off at the wrong time, just when I had a contract all ready for you. But it'll all be right now. I've brought photographers with me, both newsreels and still men. It'll be the greatest publicity stunt in years. The whole country looking for Crystal Wayne, and they find her in the arms of her lover. You're a real cowboy, for the greatest romantic team on the screen!"

Crystal was staring at him as if she didn't believe her own eyes. "Phinny, what are you talking about?" she demanded.

"It's plain enough," Lank said then. "I get it. Don't let on like you don't understand. I've got to hand it to you two. You work as well together as you do separately."

"I know," Crystal said, and she seemed to droop right there before our eyes. "I didn't have anything to do with this. Tell him that, Phinny."

"Do you think he would believe me?" Johnson asked grimly.

Lank turned on him then. "At least you've got it right. You know when to stop acting. Now, if you'll get out of here I'll be much obliged. Come on, you, all of you! Get off this ranch!"

He turned and started toward the house and Crystal ran after him. "Lank," she called. "You've got to listen to me. I didn't do this. You've got to believe me. You've got to listen!"

"I don't have to listen and you don't have to talk," Lank said without even turning around. "I want you and this whole outfit out of here in fifteen minutes. Understand?"

For all Lank's so shy at times and so easy and everything, when he talks like that people usually do what he tells them to. And he had just made me, that lonesomest place in New Mexico. Lank left it was, too, you could see that the way he wandered around. But this time I wasn't going to hold my tongue. There was something about the way Crystal looked when she got in her car, at last that made me know she was telling the truth. But the more I thought, and even the time I saw that paragraph in the paper saying Crystal was getting out of pictures, he wouldn't say much at first.

We'd been packing up to go back to the Rodeo when I found it and for a minute after I'd read it to him Lank kept right on.

"You see, you were wrong about that girl," I said after a while.

"Well, it's too late now, even if I was," Lank said.

"We could go to Hollywood," I suggested, and for a minute I thought he was going to take me up on it. But he shook his head.

"And miss the Rodeo at Albuquerque?" he asked. "We're all signed up for that."

"There'll be other Rodeos," I told him.

"There's only one Crystal."

"Don't talk like a romantic old squaw!"

As soon as Olympe Brodano completes "Highway West" she will wed Douglas Wilholt, above. May your smiles always be radiant!

he said then. "She probably even wouldn't see me. I'll stick to Rodeos. I can handle them. Blondes are too much for me."

But even the Rodeo couldn't take his mind off Crystal. I saw that the day we were opening, for nothing made any difference to Lank, the big posters all over town with his name in letters a foot high and the kids following him around and the Rodeo girls clustering around him, or anything. Even when the crowd cheered as he came riding in on Ethyl it was just like he didn't hear them at all and he didn't even smile or throw his sombrero in the air the way he always used to.

He didn't even look at me sitting in the grandstand the way he always did, and I was feeling as low as he was when I heard someone call my name and when I turned around there was Crystal getting into the seat next to me.

"I was on my way to New York," she said. "And I got off the plane at Albuquerque just to walk a little and then I saw Lank's poster and I couldn't go on. I had to see him again, Skeeter, even if he does hate me."

But hate was the wrong word, even if poets do say it's the next thing to love. For just then Lank looked up and saw her and if you could have seen his eyes and the way he smiled! But it was too much for him, seeing her suddenly like that. And the next think you know, Lank had fallen off his horse. Lank, the champion rider of the world, the man no bronco had ever thrown! Crystal caught her breath in that quick sob and then she was running right out of the grandstand and over to Lank. And this time he didn't even try to get away when she knelt down beside him and put her arms around him.

"Oh, Lank; you stubborn dope," she said.

Lank grinned. "That's what you called me that first day," he said.

"Am I still a palomino?" she asked then, and when he grinned again it didn't make any difference that flashlights were popping and photographers were running over to take their picture. For you'd have thought they were alone, with not even me there, the way they kissed each other. That's how it come about Lank's photograph was on the cover of that picture magazine again, only this time Crystal was there right along with him, although you wouldn't have recognized either one of them with their faces just melting into each other's like that. It made me wonder how I'd ever thought Lank was bashful.
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AND WHEN THE MOMENT of good night comes—yes, even if it is midnight, you will have never a sign of vanishing Face Powder. For your Lady Esther Powder is still faithful to your beauty, still flatters you with the glamar it gives your skin. Yes, Lady Esther Powder does cling, and cling, and cling!

Thank you, Lady Esther, for 4 thrilling hours of Lasting Loveliness!

THE HOURS of 8 to midnight are the hours of parties, fun, romance. Can you stay lovely to look at from 8 to 12?

Your nicest evening can be spoiled if you have to play a guessing game with your Face Powder, if you constantly wonder "Is it on, is it off?"—For can any girl be lovely if her powder won't cling?

Lady Esther Face Powder clings and clings, for my exclusive Twin Hurricane method of blending gives it a smoothness—and an even texture that enables it to cling for 4 lovely and exciting hours.

Undreamed-of Beauty from 8 P. M. to Midnight

Of course, you look lovely as you leave your dressing table—but with Lady Esther Face Powder you look just as lovely two hours later—at 10 o'clock—and at 11 o'clock. Yes, and you still look lovely at midnight. For your Lady Esther Powder will still be flattering you—still making you lovely and glamorous.

Find your Lucky Shade at My Expense

I want my powder to bring you luck in loveliness, says Lady Esther. So find the right shade, the exact shade that can bring vibrant, radiant beauty to you and your complexion.

As harsh light can age your skin... and soft light flatter it, so your one lucky shade in my face powder can make you look younger... look lovelier!

The only way to find which shade is best for you, which lovely tint is supremely becoming to your own coloring... is to try them all right on your own skin. So I invite you to try all seven Lady Esther Face Powder shades at my expense. Use the coupon below.

When you have found your lucky shade, wear it by day or by night with the confidence that it will flatter you... giving you an undreamed-of glamour, as if your beauty came from within.

SEVEN SHADES FREE!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER,
760 West 6th Street, Chicago, Ill. (68)
Please send me FREE and POSTPAID your 7 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

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ADDRESS______________________

CITY_________________STATE_____

IF you live in Canada, write LADY ESTHER, Toronto, Ont.
READ
Winning
Letter
in our
Jeanette MacDonald Contest!

First Winner of the 6-Star Contest!
Continued from page 28

what have you to offer the theater or the screen? What makes you feel down deep within you that you are capable of making a niche in the field where ninety percent of aspirants fall each year? What is it inside of you which urges you to follow this ambition? Is it a deep, burning sureness that makes you know that regardless of everything, and everyone, and every sacrifice and disappointment, you still want to act?

If it is that kind of ambition, I feel you won't need me or anyone else to advise you. For if that is the kind of ambition you have it will be accompanied by a determination which will sustain and encourage you and drive you upward. You will find a way to go to dramatic school. Nothing ever diverts the person who is sure of his or her objective. But do not underestimate that word "sure." It is the dynamo, the motor which forces progress.

I wish you to be honest enough to admit that your indifferent decision that you can teach school, marry, isn't any assurance that you would succeed in either field. You'd hardly be fair to your pupils or your husband if you promise yourself in advance that you would be discontented. You must bring all this confusion and repression out of your mind into the open and analyze it. If teaching is your alternate choice of work, what are your qualifications for teaching? Can you, would you, direct the minds of children into constructive channels? Are you patient, understanding, compassionate? What gives you assurance that you would be a good school teacher, or a good wife, or a good mother?

The world is full of people who have taken the easier road of second choice. I feel sorry for the husbands of girls whose acting ambitions were too frail for them to sacrifice the security offered by the many proposal, but who are yet too strong to be forgotten when they took their marriage vows. Yes indeed, I feel sorry for such husbands. They aren't getting a square deal. Such girls cheat themselves and they cheat their husbands. They carry a torch of frustration throughout their lives. They make no one happy. Not themselves, their husbands, or their children. And unless they get wiser, they're pretty certain to deter their husband from his own deserving success. Few unhappy husbands reach their goal in life.

In my experience I have met numerous wives who have confided to me that they had great talent in their youth and "never had the chance to express it." I have visions of what it must be every time this type of woman has a dispute with her husband! I can hear her shrilling, "If I hadn't married you I could have become a great actress," etc. etc. ad infinitum. I'll guarantee none of these women ever really deprived the stage of anything. They simply did not have the self-discipline and intelligence to clarify their ambition. And today they place the penalty for their lack on others.

No one has ever made a success in any line of endeavor by taking the easiest route. I know that every great pianist, singer, painter, and actress has had to fight through the maze of continuing advice from "best friends" and "good enemies." Their determination has had to be like a clear white light, leading them through all the darknesses of professional work and delay.

That is why I say to you in answering your question, ask yourself if you really want to act. Find out if there is that something within you that you can count the cost—in money or personal sacrifices—or even care too much for success. If that is the case, you won't need my advice, or the advice of anyone else. You will be an actress! Nothing can stop you.

You'll go to a good dramatic school for a while, then get a job in some obscure stock company. You'll work toward Broadway—and on the way you may have to work in dusty, dirty playhouses for "cakes," but you'll love it. You'll give your family the credit they deserve for insisting upon your college education. You'll find you can use it. There is no job in the world where education can be more advantageous—though, of course, it is true that in the acting profession many have become successful without it. However, if made the most of, a college education will immeasurably hasten your progress. It should give you understanding and adaptability. It should be an important asset in being prepared for your opportunity when it comes along. I do not believe in the adage that "opportunity only knocks once." I know opportunities are always coming along. We think it only knocks once because we only hear it, recognize it, when we're ready for it. We're ready for it only once.

To expect assurance that you will be successful in an acting career, is to ask something which no one can give you. Something no one can give in anything. What assurance has anyone of anything? But I promise you this: If you have determination and courage, you have the greatest assurance possible. That is all that Lincoln had, all that Curie and Paderewski and Duse had. All that Columbus and Carnegie and Washington had. It ought to be enough. It's got to be enough. Because it is all there is! Oh, there are pats on the back as one goes along. That's as close as you come to assurance—and that is as temporary as the pat, because assurance is like tomorrow, ahead of you always.

That is why I say, Jane, that the first step toward considering your ambitious undertaking is just yourself thoroughly. Make up your own mind. No person should ever take the responsibility of making a decision for another person. But, unhappily, I am telling you exactly what you must do when I send you into the recesses of your own conscience for your decision. Unless it's a means to an end. You can tolerate what you dislike if it is the means to an end. As a youngster I

265 Prospect Street
Morgantown, W. Va.

Dear Miss MacDonald:
From childhood I have had one goal—one ambition—in my life and that is a theatrical career.
When I graduated from high school, I begged my parents to send me to dramatic school. Believing me "stage struck," they would not listen to my pleas.
I am a senior in college, twenty-one, and have participated extensively in college plays. My dramatic teachers say I am talented and that I should continue my theatrical training.
I am prepared to teach school which I shall thoroughly despise. If I should go to dramatic school and try to advance toward a theatrical career, it would take possibly ten years before I would ever receive recognition. Ten years of hard work would mean nothing if I knew that I would be successful. Unfortunately I have no assurance of a successful career.
Do you think that I should take a chance on a theatrical career or should I teach or marry, casting my life's ambition aside as a foolish dream? If I do the latter, I'm afraid I can never be contented because I shall always feel, within me, that my life has been wasted. Miss MacDonald, what shall I do?

Sincerely,
Margaret Gibson (Carolyn)
P.S. I put Jane in parenthesis because I am called Jane and never Margaret.

Kiss the boy hello! After her final concert of current season Jeanette MacDonald is reunited with fond husband Gene Raymond. Her new film will be "Smilin' Thru."
Like a tingling splash of salt spray is the new Cutex Butterscotch—it has such dash and gleam and gorgeous stimulation. Stunning with suntan!

Luscious Lollipop, looking for all the world like iced claret cup! Slither it onto those fun-faring fingertips and watch the lads "come about!"

* Frothy frills or clinging crepes do more for you, sweetened up with Cutex Lollipop or Butterscotch! And does HE love it?

Utterly delicious—these two new Cutex summer shades! Wear that mouth-watering Lollipop—like ripe raspberries!—with your pinks, blues, beiges, and see the lift it gives them. For yellows, greens and tans, change to Butterscotch—its burnt-sugar cast is positively delectable!

Other hot-weather Cutex confections include Riot, Rumpus, Cedarwood, Tulip, Old Rose, Laurel, Clover, Cameo. And all nearly twice as porous as any other leading polish in the same price range. Start using porous Cutex regularly and see if your nails don't grow longer and more beautiful this summer! Cutex is only 10¢ in U. S. A. (20¢ in Canada).

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London

Tops for Flair and Wear
MAKING UP YOUR MIND TO

Be Yourself... Be Natural!

Take this silent marriage vow—that you'll always Be Yourself, Be Natural. When you make-up, wear Tangee Natural... the lipstick that enhances your own individual lip beauty.

As you apply Tangee natural...see how it changes from orange in the stick until your most flattering shade of tempting blush rose is produced. Then, complete your make-up with Tangee's matching Rouge and Face Powder.

Made with a pure cream base, Tangee Natural helps end that dry, "drawn" feeling and helps prevent chapping. Wear this famous lipstick for soft and youthfully beautiful lips that stay fresh for hours on end.

Oscar Levant: Sourpuss to Sweetie-Pie!

Continued from page 26

lywood for a Bing Crosby broadcast. Crosby was about to do "Rhythm on the River." Oscar doesn't know, never having asked, but has a feeling it may have been Bing who catapulted him into his film career.

Wise—New York engagement of Paramount phone and offered him the part. He said no. Saying no is an impulsive, frequently indulged in. When he told his wife, "My old lady talked me into it," he explains. "She's known me a lot of years and she's very good on decisions for me. So public thing, you know, if I'm lousy, I'll blame it on her."

He made his acceptance subject to one condition. "You've got to hire whoever's directing it," he told Mr. Salisbury, 'that I can't act, and it's unpredictable if I can even make a gesture to get away with murder. The west coast was delighted with starr's difference. He was asked for a formula that would cinch the deal, he could have done no better.

He arrived quaking, so overcome of his own ineptitude for the job that to say he was frantic with fear is putting it moderately. When the time came to speak his first line, he lost his voice. He also arrived with a chip on each shoulder—in the language of psychoanalysis, a defense mechanism. On the strength of his reputation for the acid comeback, the press had built up a similar front. Quivering in anticipation of the justie-thrust, they tried to beat him to it. From such encounters, each with drew strength, and it was to be interviewed for?" roared Oscar. "I'm not an actor."

"You can't photograph me. I've got a sourpuss." With his conclusions at least, the press found itself in fervent accord.

The picture was finished and released. A couple of Oscar's close friends attended it with him and, in the open-hearted way of their circle, told him he stank, "Which dispelled any tendency I might have felt to comment on him. Anyone, I agreed have second chance in your mind when thinking of marriage. Think over what I've said, Jane, and good luck!

Tangee Natural

"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT


Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge to both Natural and Theatrical Red shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 66c (stamps or coin). 15c to Canada.

Check Shade of Powder Desired: [ ] Pearl [ ] Light Rose [ ] Flesh [ ] Dark Rose [ ] Bed

Name: [Please Print].
Street: 
City: [ ] State: [ ] SU61

Maris Wixon has an intriguing name and a most intrigue face to go with it. She'll charm you in Warners' "Santa Fe Trail."

SCREENLAND
just sitting around. Last time I was here, they surrounded me and said in effect, be funny. I said the hell with it, I may be a show-off, but I've got to show off my own way, I can't custom-tailor it."

This reasonable analysis provided common ground for understanding. As he observed, Oscar's no freak. Like the rest of us, he prefers friendliness to hostility. The change in his own mood was reflected in those around him, "They're very nice to me now," he says, then lest that smack of preening, he adds quickly, "Nice to the point of indifference." Which, needless to say, isn't true. Among the emotions he stirs, indifference is absent.

Vying with each other to make him feel at home, another columnist welcomed him back with the pious hope that he'd be better in his second picture. I won't be," said Oscar, "I gave my all to the first." Victor Schertzinger, director of both films, says he'll be incomparably better.

Levant was lucky in Schertzinger on two counts. They share the bond of music. Schertzinger revels in Levant's tattiness, and remains unfazed by it. Oscar's a chain coffee-drinker, "I love coffee," he opines, "so we can get to work." Schertzinger would bawl. Or, in a scene between Levant and a girl, "None of that morbid business of looking her up and down."

"Yeah, but how about the drool on my upper lip? That's attractive, isn't it?"

"He's so self-conscious before the camera," Schertzinger says, "that the only way to get spontaneity is to let him play the clown. He complained that he never got a look at the script. He didn't want to look at it. It was more fun composing his own lines and everybody else's. His favorite crack was, 'It's in the script, I don't like it.' So he'd dream up another, which was often a lemon. But when it was good, it was worth waiting for.

"In the first picture, he and I were new to each other. This time I realized what I was up against and let him have his head. He's the kind of guy whose best scenes you've got to extract with a tweezor. I'd let him ramble along for seventy-five hundred feet, most of which might be nonsense, but somewhere you'd get a brilliant flash that repaid all the effort. It was that flash we worked for and that flash alone which we used."

Levant's script suggestion, duds or no, popped at the rate of one a minute. He was at the piano in a scene with Virginia Dale—he the composer of a show, she trying out for a part. She capered as she sang, and so on, for the benefit of the audience present. Oscar, who had been expounding his views on the rights of the auteur, came to these, "If I were a writer, they'd have me blacklisted by now."

And so, Oscar the manic depressive, the secretive, the inveterate dater, the playful hoofer, the comic with a serious streak, returns with his next film, "I'll See You in My Dreams."
Out of his daze, Levant spoke. "What's her name?" For that crack, he's got to take Grafton's word. He remembers none of it.

He now produces a theory to demonstrate that the parents of girls have it all over those of boys. "Suppose she's a lousy pianist, who cares? Suppose she sings badly, nobody gives a damn." He has a feeling she doesn't like music, but is vague as to how he arrived at it. She likes him, though, which leaves him in a state of high content. "She doublecrossed me," he'll tell you, to cover the glow in his eyes. "She smiles all the time. Funny for me to have a baby that smiles all the time. Maybe she knows she couldn't have a better father. I can safely say I'll be a papa like the papa in 'Barretts of Wimpole Street'—I won't let her out of my sight.

Levant, the timeless, has been roped and loves it. Levant, the homeless, lives in an apartment now, "which, when I got married, was out. We were going to live in a hotel—I thought. Symbol of freedom—all you have to do is phone downstairs and say, get my bill ready, I even look at people's furniture now and ask where it came from. I turn plates upside down to see who made 'em. I used to sit up till four. Now no one's more delighted than me when I yawn at eleven."

His wife, and her nurse went to Hollywood with him. "I call them the Rockettes," he says, with the grin which breaks his face up into that of a defenseless child and makes you ready to forgive blacker sins than he'll ever commit. (sorry, Oscar, that's how it affects me). Some day he may even live in a house. Mrs. Levant thinks the California schools are wonderful and Marshall will have to go to school some day. "Will you come back for another picture?" Schertzinger asked him.

"Yes, The Rockettes like it here."

In his introduction to "A Smattering of Ignorance," Sam Behrman tells a story which many of you have heard. I repeat it for those who haven't, and because it shows Levant up for the sissy he is. "He had run into a mutual acquaintance," Behrman writes, "and had walked along with him in pleasant converse. 'I found him agreeable and intelligent,' said Oscar. I was amazed . . . 'I thought you hated him' . . . Oscar made a quick shaggy-faced defense. 'Well, you know, I hate 'em till they say hello to me'."

Hello, Mr. Levant!
headgear, and he still leans toward sports shirts so loud you can hear him coming a block away. He still can't tell one color from another and it is nothing at all unusual to see him breeze jauntily out of his dressing room, his way to the golf course or studio arrayed in green slacks, orange shirt, red tie, purple socks and a blue cap. Haberdashers he patronizes should remember him in their prayers at night for his ties and sports coats are atrocities anyone but Bing and the manufacturers would shrunk from in horror.

He still abhors night clubs and when we go to New York his idea of a swell time is golf in the morning, races in the afternoon, and bed at night. He won't sit through a play and I fend for myself as best I can. On our last trip I was left alone so much I wondered why he had asked me to accompany him. Bing is a man of few words but you don't live with a person ten years without acquiring some knowledge of his motives. It wasn't until I remembered that Hattie Carnegie's shop is only a block from our hotel that I figured out that was why Bing had asked me along. But it was tough having a closet full of new clothes and then having to wait until I got back to Hollywood to get to wear them.

One of the thorns in our married life I have finally managed to remove. I have now got him to the point where he remembers anniversaries. My patience has been well rewarded for he not only remembers them but remembers them handsomely.

He still gets violent crushes on people and cannot see enough of them—for a few weeks or months. Every time I eventually find something in common with the wife of his current passion Bing has tired of the man and we start all over again. However, he has been a close friend of Lin Howard's now for several years and I am beginning to hope that this one will last, as Lin's wife (Judith Barrett) and I were friends before either of us knew our husbands. When occasionally, we persuade our consorts to take us to a night spot it doesn't take long

PRISCILLA LANE, star of the Warner Bros. picture

"MISS WHEELWRIGHT DISCOVERS AMERICA"

says a Hollywood smile has to have glint and sparkle always! Impossible? "Easy!" says Priscilla... "if you use good sense and a good dentifrice." Like Calox Tooth Powder!

PRISCILLA, AGE ONE got off to a fine start for sound, lovely teeth! A careful diet. Lots of sun. Plenty of visits to her dentist. Then she grew up and became interested in beauty.

"I'VE FOUND you can't beat the advice of Puck Westmore, make-up expert at Warner's." And that is Calox Tooth Powder, choice of so many well-informed stars for daily cleansing and polishing. If you like a brilliant sheen, try Calox!

Helps your teeth shine like the stars!

BY BRINGING OUT NATURAL LUSTRE

1. CALOX CONTAINS 5 CLEANSING AND POLISHING AGENTS. Calox is a real beauty tooth powder... it promotes a brilliant gloss!
2. EXTRA SOFT AND SMOOTH because it's double-sifted through 100 mesh silk screens.
3. FRESH-TASTING—no strong medical taste. Your whole family will like its clean, tangy flavor. Children love it.

McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.
Broke a date with Jim for tonight. The way my head aches, I don't feel like seeing anybody. Guess I need a laxative, but I dread taking one.

Aunt Helen tipped me off to Ex-Lax. Said I ought to give it a trial. I hate the taste of laxatives but Ex-Lax was a pleasant surprise. It tasted just like chocolate!

Slept wonderfully all night. Ex-Lax worked fine this morning. No upset or anything. Beaudette's all gone, too. Sure hope Jim calls me tonight.

This still depicts a dramatic highlight in M-G-M's "Washington Melodrama," with Virginia Grey, Don Dailey, Jr. and Ann Rutherford, Funnyman Frank Morgan's in it, too.

for us to realize we might as well have stayed home. Bing and Lin sit on one side of the table and talk about the race-horses they own jointly. Judy and I sit on the other side. If I venture the criticism that all they talk about is horses they say, "Well, all you two discuss is clothes." But, at least, we're talking about different dresses whereas their talk is about the same horses. Bing's answer to that is, "Well, naturally, you don't keep talking about the same dresses. There's no point to your saying to Judy, 'How's that little Schiaparelli number doing today?' but I want to know if an ailing horse has recovered or if, by some fortunate chance, any of our stable is showing an improvement.

If Bing is bitter about anything it is his publicity. He has been criticized a number of times recently for not appearing at benefits when he is advertised to do so. The explanation is simple. He hates playing benefits and usually says "no" when asked to appear at one. But they go right ahead and advertise him anyhow. I have told you he is strictly a nine o'clock guy and at a benefit you never know what time you're going on. At the last one he played they promised him faithfully he would be through by ten o'clock. He didn't even get on the stage until quarter to two.

Bing works hard except for the two months he has off during the summer. He can't sleep in the morning and is invariably up and dressed by seven o'clock. "If he doesn't get to bed early he's a wreck, and I, for one, don't blame him for his attitude. He does more for charity in his own quiet way than almost any two other people in town—but he won't let his good deeds be publicized.

He has also been criticized for not signing a million autograph books every time they're shoved at him and on a couple of occasions people have said, "How do you get that way? It's we fans who pay your salary." Well, I suppose indirectly the fans do pay his salary. But customers also pay the salaries of bank presidents, aircraft company presidents, etc., etc. But just because you happen to put your money in a certain bank or ride a certain airline doesn't give you the right to ring the president's doorbell and expect to be asked into his house.

Fans don't go to see Bing's pictures for his sake. They go because they enjoy seeing him on the screen and hearing him sing. As soon as they get tired of him, or if he should be unfortunate enough to make a couple of poor pictures, they'll quit going and he'll be through.

No one is going to be foolish enough to pay money just to patronize his films and keep him on the screen if they don't feel they're getting their money's worth. And as long as they are getting their money's worth neither Bing nor I can see why he should be expected to entertain continuously. Neither can I see if he goes out and pays his way the same as anyone else in a place why he shouldn't be permitted to enjoy himself in peace like anyone else.

There was another time during the presidential campaigns when he made a radio speech for Willkie and was roasted by almost every paper in the country. One of them said they didn't see what Bing had to squawk about when it was the W. P. A. (founded by the Roosevelt Administration) that had lent him money to build his race track. That got under his skin to such an extent he wrote them a letter—the only time I have ever known him to do such a thing. When he wrote it he said, "I know I'm making a mistake doing this because the press is to have the last word, but I just can't let it pass."

In his letter, and it was a classic, he said people argue and try to bring you around to their own way of thinking and that's their privilege. That was all he had tried to do and he felt he had a right to his own opinion. As far as the race track at Del Mar is concerned, the county had wanted a track and told Bing if he would invest $100,000 the W. P. A. would build the track and put up the rest of the money. Very shortly before the track was supposed to open they told him they had run out of funds and unless he lent the W. P. A. another $400,000 they couldn't finish the track. There was nothing to do but lend it to them. That was four and a half years ago and he still has only got about half his money back.

The newspaper's comment was, "We can't feel very sorry for anyone who has $400,000 to lend the government."

To get back to lighter things, if Bing's critics knew that Bing is the softest touch in Hollywood they might change their tune. He'll give almost anyone any amount. And no one ever hears anything about it.

I suppose nearly all parents dole out their children but ours are a fetish with Bing. We seldom have dinner before eight because the minute he gets in at night he's...
up in the nursery playing with the kids. They have all had the flu and I've had to keep them in bed. The other night I thought the roof was coming down so I called up and told them to quiet down. Gary said, "We can't. We're beating up on Daddy and it's a man's size job!"

Bing came down a little later laughing to beat the band. He said, "If that's not a bunch of Irishers for you! You say something to one of them and all of them pile on you."

I think one reason he gets up so early in the morning is so he can play with them before he goes to the studio.

There are not many things he's as proud of as of the way they ride. As for himself, his equestrianism is still confined largely to riding a lead pony from the stables to the track when the Binglin horses go for their work-out. Anyone who volunteers to ride out to the track with him and watch his horses work out is his friend for life—or, anyhow, until they lose interest in horses.

He still cultivates as many people outside the industry as possible. Christmas is a nightmare to me every year because he'll bring me a list of names to buy presents for—names of people I don't even know—let alone know their tastes or needs. But he'd have a fit if one of them was overlooked.

He still has the same aversion to gossip and I have had to forego the company of many people I like, simply because they are inclined to "dish" and he won't stand them around.

I still think, when he hasn't his nose in a book or newspaper, he's the best company I have ever encountered. And I still prefer Bing's humor to that of any comedian I know. His wit is dry and his quips are tossed off as lightly as—er—thistledown.

His favorite people are fighters, jockeys, and athletes. Recently someone brought Don Budge out to the house for tennis one Sunday. Someone else snapped a picture of Bing and Don. I don't believe there is enough money in Ft. Knox to buy that picture and it's a toss-up whether Bing or Budge got the most kick out of each other. It has been said that Bing is curt and ungracious. It isn't true. I don't believe anyone who has ever been a guest in our home could truthfully say that Bing hasn't done everything humanly possible to make him feel at home—and welcome.

Away from home, Bing simply follows Shakespeare's advice and is true to himself. No one can be more charming than he when he is interested in someone. On the other hand, if a person hasn't originality or personality Bing won't bother with him. And those are the ones who complain.

He cannot endure people who ask personal questions.

I can only sum Bing up this way: Ten years is a long time to be married to one person, according to Hollywood standards. If I had it to do over again I'd marry him in a minute and even though he hadn't a dime or never amounted to a hill of beans I would still look forward to at least another fifty years with him.

Mary Martin's smile didn't have a chance to go rusty while working with America's No. 1 wit, Oscar Levant, in "Kiss the Boys Goodbye." Work became play for Mary, Don Ameche and others.
Yours for Loveliness

In the language of perfume, here is romance! And it really does come bottled.

HEAVEN-SENT is Helena Rubinstein's newest beauty halo. Writing about it, with a little on my wrist, I want to turn to my dictionary for poetic words. Perhps if I tell you that it seems to be a distillation of the beauty of all poetry and music, you will get the idea. Heaven-Sent promises to be what Madame Rubinstein's Apple Blossoms proved to be, a walloping, huge, colossal success, in Hollywood parlance. There is an eau de toilette that will make you think you're an angel with harp and all, a body powder, a bath oil, a nice, big bath soap, and complexion soap. Truly angelic, all!

TABU, the "forbidden" perfume may now be bought in America. Tabu, formerly, had a Marco Polo aura. It could only be bought in far-flung, strange cities. But that was only one of the strange aspects of this rare perfume. Contrary to general practice, you use it on fabrics or furs, rather than skin; you are warned that you may have to accustom yourself to its tantalizing, compelling scent. It is so very different, because rare aromatics go into that chaste bottle, illustrated. It is surprisingly lasting; it clings like a strange spell. Frankly expensive, and very worth it.

IF YOU literally like to swim in an effervescent, dizzy loveliness, then ally yourself with a bottle of Suzanne's "toute de suite" eau de Cologne. It is a sunny, light-hearted version of that crisp, sophisticated perfume, Suzanne's "toute de suite." It gives you the lift ofables or a beautifully cut diamond or something precious and rare. It has a saucy, provocative quality like a tiny, beguiling veil, an exotic lipstick or perfectly turned ankles. It is a throb and a lift and a song, all brewed together to make its wearer quite unforgettable. It is a beau-catcher and holder, if you know what I mean.

WHEN a warm breeze blows over a June flower garden, more than likely you fall under a spell. It is just this romantic delirium of June that has been caught in the Floral Fantasies series of eau de Cologne, by Dorothy Gray. To the well-known lish and exotic South America, and the pungent Pink Old-Fashioned Bouquet, have been added Siren, just about what its name implies, and Sweet Suggestions, like a soft voice in the moonlight. These scents are all inexpensive, considering what you get, and one is just made for you—or maybe all, if you have a real yen for fragrances. You can afford a bottle of each, one for every Junetime mood.

AS AN urge to use your precious perfume and can de Cologne to fullest advantage, which means a little at strategic points to cover a wide and effective area, I tempt you with a truly beautiful set of DeVilbiss atomizers with opalescent dots on crystal, blue or green bottles. You will adore them for their beauty and good service, a pretty gift for the June bride or the sweet girls graduating, they are a gem of a thought.

MAYBE now we should give a few thoughts to body sweetness, devoid of any under-arm dampness or embarrassment. Actually, every adult, men, too, if we could persuade them, need some aid, for perspiration is healthy and natural to every body. For those still seeking, let me suggest Arrid. I hear so many verbal bouquets for this gentle, white cream. It eliminates odor and stops perspiration on all parts of the body. It is odorless, greaseless, colorless, and suits fabrics, and just to prove this to yourself, you might begin with a ten-cent size, graduating to the larger.

WHILE we’re in a sweet mood, do the names Butter-scoth and Lollipop appeal to you? The colors will, when you see them in Cotex. Both are new, and my thought is that Butter-scoth will do something very smart for dark or tanned hands, while Lollipop will make pale hands even more fragile and beautiful. C. M.

"The Bride Wore White"

Continued from page 61

and little fitted, long-sleeved jacket of white soufle, somewhat like mousseline de soie. The gown was designed as a three-timer for the wedding and for social use afterwards, a practical idea for the far-thinking bride. Jacketless, the gown would be charming for spring and summer for formal evenings. With jacket, it could go to formal dinners or during warm weather. Whatever you choose, from regal satin to the smart little going-away wedding costume, deserves love and care in choice. Wear what is best often to your means and the occasion of your wedding.

But be the most beautiful bride! A strange fact is that most brides are beautiful, regardless of features or coloring. Being a bride just seems to make them so. They rise to the occasion nobly and beautifully. But, alas, how many has-beens have I heard say, "Actually, I was so tired I hardly knew what was happening." That seems too bad. Not to have been vividly alive, alert to every admiring gaze, each note of music, each last word and important word of your vows, will later remain as a wistful nostalgia. You wish you could re-capture your most important moments.

To be practical, there is a way. It consists in not over-tiring yourself with trousseau, invitations, reception details and the dozen and one unusual and delightful duties of this occasion. Make Mother and sisters do everything they can for you, or you'll love it. Plan as far ahead as possible, do what you can and leave the rest up to the gods, whom we are told are kind to lovers.

If you are having a person to do have that several weeks in advance of the wedding. This will permit at least one or two normal rests, so that the wave should be at its very best when you want it most to be. Most hair looks far prettier the second or third day after a shampoo and set, and this is a good thought for the bride. If your hair is arranged especially for your veil or cap, then it often wise to arrange to have your hairdresser come and arrange it on the wedding day.

Keep your manicure appointment as near the day of the wedding as possible, and use a delicate, not pale, shade of polish.

Get to bed early the night before, even if you just lie and think. Though you will be so tired at this point that you'll sleep like our favorite Chosse kitte.

Give yourself plenty of time for dressing for your wedding. Be strong-minded and simply refuse to let anything stop you.

The bride requires very special make-up and this takes time. Allow at least an hour for your face, and if you finish before, so much to the good. Deep emotion has a tendency to blanch the face of color, to make eyes big and bright. No bride wants to look deathly pale nor to glow as if she had just come in from a brisk walk. The temperature is a soft kind of radiant light. That sounds like magic, perhaps, but the effect is charmingly attained largely by the use of a foundation over the whole face. Layout of the cake or liquids are better, and if blended well over the face, give a foundation of tone as well as a base for rouge and powder. If you are blonde and inclined toward paleness, then use such a preparation with a rosy cast; if you are brunette, then use a foundation with a deep, brownish color. After the foundation is carefully applied, use just a faint blush of rouge over the upper curve of the cheeks.
so that only a faint glow is imparted to the skin. I urge you to try a cream rouge for this use, because it can look so natural and because it is so easy to enhance the effect with a light brush of dry rouge later on. Use an eye shadow very delicately, for a softness on the upper lids, or you may prerich a light touch of oil or cream here. Accent brows and lashes, if they need this touch, but keep the effect soft and unartificial. Now powder—powder as you never have before, probably, all over, everywhere, then remove about ninety-five percent of this powder, and the effect will be ravishingly lovely. We need to put on plenty of powder, but too few of us remember to remove most of it. Brush your brows free of any clinging powder. Brush your lashes, too, and a little dry mascara brush will serve if you haven't a regular brow and lash brush. This dry brushing of lashes also serves to separate them and give a most natural appearance. Touch a thin bit of oil or cream again to give your lids a child-like shine.

The bride is called upon to kiss far more than she anticipates, and not the lucky man! He gets his one, and the guests get the rest. So if ever you needed your lips well colored, now is the time. There is a liquid that is ideal for this because it simply won't kiss off. If you wish to use your regular lipstick, then follow this plan: Have your lips absolutely free of cream, then powder very lightly. I think there is no method like the tiny brush for outlining, but if you are unfamiliar with this way, this is a line for experimentation. So do it the way that gets best results for you. Keep the lines soft and pretty but use no exaggerated shaping for this occasion. Now press a cleansing tissue over your mouth to remove the surface rouge. Powder very lightly, go over your lips with the lipstick again, and blot again. You have lips now, reader, to defy a great deal of kissing. Beaut-age readers, please copy, to save suitors' collars and cheeks!

Now as you proceed to slip into your white satin slip and on into your gown and while your veil is adjusted, the warmth of skin will be settling your make-up. If all of us might have this brief respite between applying make-up and appearing in public, perhaps we could present lovelier faces to the world. Frankly, often you won't know your own face twenty minutes after you've applied make-up, unless you are an old, experienced hand at the art. Skin warmth has a surprising way of bringing out the depth of rouge, of making lips far redder and saner than you intended. An extra veil of powder will soften the too radiant cheeks; a little more blotting with tissue, remove a too-rouged look from lips. If you feel tense, try to talk naturally with those about you while dressing. This is wonderful for relaxing face muscles.

By this time, you should look and feel beautiful. You have met the moment and He is almost yours. You can almost hear the guests whispering, "She looks beautiful," and the knees that a moment ago were knocking against each other suddenly became staunch little supporters. And within you there is a radiant glow, a candle of love forever and ever, amen. The first note of the organ swells from the cathedral-like silence, the stage is years now as it never has been and never will be again. And days and years later you will now and then turn fondly to newspaper clippings and invariably come across this line, "The bride wore white..."

To the many girls who would like to be brides on principle only, because Mr. Right has not yet appeared on the scene, here is a thought from Loretta Young, a bride of not many months. "You can't look for romance and find it as you might a job. It is a thing that happens, and all the planning in this world, for or against it, wouldn't help in any true sense. It is like the weather; you can't control it. But you can keep yourself alive to it and aware of it. Perhaps a sense of happy anticipation for ultimate realization is the right attitude. When you find it, you will know!"

And I might add, you will know! You will know as you never knew anything else in this world. And then you will worry about your wedding, hurry and scurry, and maybe be a happy wreck on that glorious day, but better a beautiful and happy wreck than a placid maiden, wondering what this thing called love is all about.

I think it would be wise if all the unmarried world might find partners right now. Nobody would have time to think about war, as every bride knows!

---

**WHEN IT'S "TIME OUT" ON THE LOT PEPSI-COLA STEALS THE SHOW**

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So Halo your hair tonight. See how Halo leaves your hair radiant, soft and easy to curl—how it gives eye-appeal to "mousey" hair. And Halo makes oceans of lather in hardest water.

Buy Halo Shampoo in generous 10c or larger sizes. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE — Without Calomel — And You'1l Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

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

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills, 10c and 25c.

George Raft and Betty Grable—On Fire!

Continued from page 25

George good and proper. "Gee, she's a swell kid," he finished with, as I hurried off to play Mickey's Best, another of the Grable bunches.

A week or so later I met Betty on the "Miami" set at Twentieth Century-Fox, where she was doing a scene with Don Ameche and Bob Cummings. As quickly as possible she slipped out of a very beautiful white and gold evening gown, which exposed plenty of the Grable midriff, and into a tailored suit. Betty likes sports clothes and tailored things. She apologized for Mr. Zanuck's very expensive evening gown by saying, "It's a little gay, but it's very good for the dance I do in it."

In the restaurant she dallied with the idea of ordering steak, she adores steak—another thing she has in common with Mr. Raft. She asked everybody around what they had ordered for lunch, and then because I told her that a doctor once told me that chop suey wasn't fattening, she ordered chop suey. "I gain when I work," said Betty. "I've got to take off six pounds."

And then she topped off the chop suey with a slice of chocolate cake with butter icing. Which all goes to prove that Miss Betty is delightfully inconsistent, and feminine.

"George is certainly the nicest person I ever met," she said, "I met him first back in—well, whatever year it was we had the big earthquake. I remember I was the only one who reported to work that night. I was hooping my brains out then at the Club New Yorker on Hollywood Boulevard. George and his friend Sammy Fain used to drop by there after the baseball games, and watch me do my number. I was only a kid hoofer and he was an important movie star, and I was greatly impressed. One night as I passed his table he asked if my sister Marjorie and I would like to go to the bicycle races with Sammy and him the next night. I was thrilled, of course. He bought me soda-pop (I never could get enough soda-pop in those days) and hamburgers with onions—and both Marjorie and I pronounced it a perfect evening. But George didn't date us again.

"I went on tour about that time with Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay in their production called 'Cattle Tales,' and after that I was out of town with the Fio Rita and Jay Whidden bands, and incidentally I married Jackie Coogan, whom she divorced in 1939, so it was a long time before I saw George again, that is, close enough to speak to. I almost bopped in to him on the Paramount lot a couple of years ago, and was hurrying in the opposite direction when he called a friendly 'Hello, there,' to me. I had some kind of a complex when I was at Paramount. If I saw anybody important coming toward me I always ran the other way as quickly as possible. I was so afraid that they wouldn't speak to me. George always spoke, no matter which direction I was running. I used to give myself pep talks in those days, silly, isn't it? I'd say to myself, 'Betty, how can you expect the stars to speak to you when they don't even know you? I haven't that consolation now,' said Betty with a laugh. "When they don't speak now I know they don't like me."

It was only a few months ago that the Grable-Raft romance got off to a good start. Alexis Thompson, disappointed no doubt, had returned East. Norma Shearer—\[LEN WEISSMAN\]
George Rait had called everything off months before. Mary Benny's sister called Betty one night and said, "I saw George Rait last night. He's very nice. He asked me if I thought it would be all right for him to call you. I gave him your phone number. I hope you don't mind."

But Rait didn't mind. That date at the bicycle races, with the soda-pop and the hamburgers, was still one of the nicest dates he'd ever had—and since then she'd been doted on by royalty and millionaires.

"George called, and we made a date to go to Ciro's on Sunday night," Betty continued. "And then the most provoking thing happened. I caught cold. I thought, well, this will ruin everything. George will think that I invented the cold just to case out of a date with him, and he'll never call me again. What rotten luck!"

But George did call again. The day after he returned from the President's Birthday Ball in Washington, "We made a date for that Sunday night," said Betty happily, and we've had a date for every Saturday and Sunday night since—and if I'm not working, nights during the week. When I work I go to bed at nine o'clock, because I'm one of those people who just has to have eight hours sleep."

Betty has always insisted that her boy friends (she prefers them dark and handsome) be good dancers, as dancing is one of the things she most likes to do. In George she has certainly found the perfect dancer. She thinks nothing of doing dance routines all day Saturday at the studio, and then stepping out to Ciro's and the Mambo that night to dance some more. She and George really make a striking couple on the dance floor—nothing fancy, mind you, just smooth and rhythmical. After seeing them you feel that no one else should be allowed to dance. Unfortunately, but naturally, quite a few columnists commented on George and Betty being such perfect dancers—and Betty has become sensitive. "I don't want people to think we are exhibitionists," she said sadly. "George and I like to dance together, but we certainly don't want to be called show-offs. Ever since all that publicity appeared George and I have become terribly self-conscious. Now we don't even get up to dance until there are ten couples on the floor."

Nights they don't dance Betty and George go to the baseball games (both of them being slightly cracked on the subject of baseball) the fights, the tennis matches or skating matches, the movies, and if the bicycle races ever come to town again they'll take up where they left off nearly ten years ago. Good all-American fun, that's what they like, and they get a great kick out of liking it together.

Though she is one of those very rare smokers, Betty could hardly wait to pull her cigarette case out of her bag the day I finished with her. A gorgeous thing, all gold and jewels. And a compact to match.

"From George," said Betty, "it's the first cigarette case I've ever had. I can't help but flash it at people occasionally."

But it wasn't a cigarette case she was flashing at George the next time I saw them together. It was a smile. And I'm sure no young man ever got a better smile out of Grable. A smile of complete adoration. And George, usually quiet and expressionless in public places, was simply going around in circles, and grinning like a young man in the throes of love. George, the unsmiling. I could hear him whispering to her—"Seven couples, eight couples, nine couples, how can we dance?"

George took Betty to the Diamond Horseshoe Ball which finished off the Santa Anita racing season. He must have gotten diamonds on his mind, for several days later he gave Betty a diamond bracelet. Yep, that's love.

—

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To Arthur Murray's glamorous dancing teachers, daintiness is not only a matter of personal fastidiousness. Their very jobs depend on it! And they depend on Odorono Cream to guard against underarm odor and dampness even on their busiest days!

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**Gitane** smart and dashing "gipsy" shade
**Magnet Red** a dramatic red shade
**Daklia** a flower-scented red...very young
**Tamale** new "Latin-American" shade

**Inside the Stars' Homes**

Continued from page 15

There is nothing like a Dash H. cake for dessert—dark fruit cake. You can depend on tasting this at my table whenever I'm lucky enough to have any in the house!

**DARK FRUIT CAKE**

1 lb. Swansdown cake flour
1 lb. butter
1 lb. dark brown sugar
12 eggs
1 lb. crystal cherries
1 lb. crystal pineapple
2 lbs. seeded raisins
2 lbs. currants
1 lb. citron
1 lb. mixed nut meats
1 pint black molasses (Brer Rabbit)
1 heaping teaspoon nutmeg (Burnett's)
1 heaping teaspoon mace (Burnett's)
1 heaping teaspoon cloves (Burnett's)
1 heaping teaspoon allspice (Burnett's)
1 heaping teaspoon cinnamon (Burnett's)

Cream butter with half of the sugar, then add alternately a small portion of the remaining sugar and one egg at a time, beating well, until all sugar and eggs are used. Add molasses, add ½ cup flour sifted with spices. Mix well. Add fruit which has been mixed with remaining flour. Also nuts. Have fire very low. Bake two and a half hours. When you can run a knife through the cake and it comes out clean, the cake is done.

Gene believes her apartment is called Swedish moderne. "But it's probably really just California-Beverly-Hills," she smiled.

It is decorated in Provincial style, with blue and gold-colored rugs in living and dining rooms. The living room couch is stripe, and most of the chairs are soft and figured. "I adore the real fireplace," exclaimed Gene. "I can't get enough of fires! Of course we couldn't have one in it this weather. The clock on the mantel is terrible old—I saw the date 1811 on it somewhere. It won't go, but it's so decorative with its carved cherubs and horns of plenty that nothing would induce me to part with it."

Her special pride are two waxen figures set in small shadow boxes and fastened to the wall above a lamp made of a peasant-vegetable-seller. The figures are an old man and an old woman, each against a background of hill and valley. The old woman has real hair in her basket and holds some of the strands in her fingers. "She has on a real petticoat, too," said Gene, eagerly. "She charms me for hours!"

When Gene took the apartment, the dining room walls were pale yellow with some sort of silver doo-dahs on the yellow. She hated them. "The decorator suggested that we have cream cocoa walls with white woodwork and paneling. I thought it would be horrible and so did, but he was so enamored of the idea that I let him try it with the promise that he'd change it if he didn't like it. When he finished and hung the picture of a young hero on it, delicate green mat on the wall, I gave in!

There is a handsome silver soup tureen on the buffet—Sheffield silver of early 1800 and the corner closet holds some delicate Old Italian dishes with pictures of lovely ladies in their centers.

Gene's own bedroom is in green, with old-French prints framed on the pastel walls and a small French dresser with a mirror that closes down to make a desk.

"But you must see my club house!" cried the Ellicay of "Tobacco Road," looking in her fresh linen, like no relation to that shabby young character. "It was a pretty room in blue and pink when we came. I loathed it!"

"It's no longer pretty-pretty. The paper is knotty pines, the drapes of gay plaided linen, with a couch to match. The bar is.
a shining half-circle with a row of red-topped stools before it and tall lamps on
either side. A strip of linen printed with
sketches of horses and riders has been
framed and set into one wall, and there are
tables for cards and games. "The club
house is fun at night," conceded Gene, "but
to me, the patio is the heart of the home.
"If you don't care for spare ribs, you can
serve your favorite meat marinated in a
tasty sauce before barbecuing. Steak, chops,
chicken, weiners, whole small fish or larger
files of fish are grand this way."

**BARBECUE MARINADE**

1/2 cup Crisco
1 teaspoon Gulden's mustard
1 teaspoon sugar
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 can red chili sauce
1/2 teaspoon paprika
1 tablespoon Heinz vinegar
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
2/3 cups water
2 tablespoons tomato ketchup
1 tablespoon grated onion
1 garlic clove

Melt Crisco in saucepan, blend in com-
bined dry ingredients. Gradually add liquids,
then onion and garlic, stirring constantly.
Cook slowly until slightly thickened, about
20 minutes, stirring frequently. Remove
garlic.

"With the meat try French rolls or hard
French bread, toasted over the embers and
spread with butter that has been creamed
with dry mustard, Worcestershire sauce
and onion juice.

"Of all vegetables, corn—when it comes
in season—is best with a barbecue. You
take your corn in its husk and dip the
whole thing in water. The water turns to
steam inside and cooks the corn, making it
delicious. Roast the corn in its husk on
your grill for twenty or thirty minutes. For well-
browned corn, remove most of the husk
and let the rest burn off when the corn is
gently steamed.

"Something that goes well with this is
pumpkin. You get Dole's long pineapple
spears, dip them in the barbecue sauce, and
pinch roll them in a frying pan.

"If you serve potatoes, they are at their
best if roasted in a deep bed of ashes. A
fire can be made on top of them after they
are buried, if you have but one fireplace.
Bury at least one where it can be easily
found, so you can try it with a fork occa-
sionally. Allow from forty-five to sixty
minutes for these."
Present Arms!

That are Hair Free!

ZIP DEPILATORY CREAM

I have created a new and better hair remover— a paste that is far superior to oldtime depilatories—a cream which can be used without offense to others in your household. Zip Depilatory Cream instantly and permanently removes every hair of it, keeps your skin smooth, and leaves your entire person hairless. A dainty snow-white cream. Simple to use. Destroys body odors. Harmless to clothing. Delightfully refreshing. Large jars 15¢ & 35c. Also 10¢ size.

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STOPS PERSPIRATION

A dainty snow-white cream. Simple to use. Destroys body odors. Harmless to clothing. Delightfully refreshing. Large jars 15c & 35c. Also 10¢ size.

Carmen Miranda Turns on Love! Hot and Cold!

Continued from page 55

and money is so cold they never warm up
to each other in their whole lifetimes. Be-
fore marriage it is the same thing, but some
people they don't find it out quick. Me, I know.
If a man he is cold, right away I get the
chills in the heart and s-s-h-h-i-t-c-r-r-r-t-

It likewise made me shiver to imagine
that the hot-blooded Miranda might have
found North American men colder than
South American cavaliers, perhaps with
ice cubes cramping their romantic style. She
let this frosty idea thaw out in her mind
before replying: "Not really that is so
North American men are not cold—that's
something in a story book. Many Brazilian
girls marry North Americans. They like
their directness, and if those men are hand-
some in their country they are just as
handsome in ours. And the North Ameri-
can man, I think, has inside him the same
romance, the same poetry of love, as the
South American, if he can get it out. Only,
he is even shyer about it. He is afraid some-
body make fun of him. But love is no joke.
Sometimes it is worse than serious. Not
long ago in Brazil a poor girl who fell in
love with a Hollywood actor just from see-
ing his picture in a paper tried to kill
herself. So you see what the North Ameri-
can man he can do to the South American
girl even when he don't make love to her.
Anyway, he is more quiet. When the young
man in South America he is in love he talk
much about it. Because he speak out his
feelings, he may seem more poetic than the
North American, but this is not so. In both
people places in love are the same inside.

That view of the situation left me a bit
puzzled, as I'd always heard that music
was a great help to love in Miranda's part of
the world.

"Music, yes, it help love, mostly in the
night time," was her considered opinion.
"The man and the woman they like the
emotion it stir when the moon it shine and
the lice birds sleep in the tree. The seres-
manda, oh yes, I have it. And I like it? W-well,
sometimes when I'm not sleepy."

That, of course, was the sensible way to
look at it. After all, the fascinating Miranda,
like any other girl, needed her shut-eye,
and might well be justified in throwing her
shoes, instead of a flower, at a bronchial
tenor who plunked his light guitar while
she was pounding her ear.

"Most with me," she explained, "music is
gay. And if the people they like it then they
love you. I sing with my whole body, not
my voice alone—no, no, no. If here I sing
just with my voice, they don't know what
it is about. So I tell them when I make my
eyes a licee naughty—but nice, you know
—and say something, perhaps, with my
body. People tell me I dance, but I don't
know. Never have I learned dancing. It is
right I tell you we are a quiet family, and

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When your baby suffers from
teeing pains, just rub a few drops
of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on
the sore, tender, little gums and
the pain will be relieved promptly.

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is the prescription of a famous baby
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mothers for over fifty years. One
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baby for the entire teething period.

Just rub it on the gums

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TEETHING LOTION

Buy it from your druggist today

"Smile and the world smiles with you," and believe us it's nice to see the twinkle back in
Wayne Morrie's eye. Wayne, fully recuperated from his marital mishap, dated pretty Pat
Stewart for a night of dining and dancing at the Groove. His latest, "I Wanted Wings."
I am like that. We like to enjoy home.
Right or wrong, it was a surprising bit of news concerning herself, but unaware of this, she went on. "But perhaps it is not right for me to talk so much about love. It's nobody's business when somebody is in love. And maybe somebody else doesn't know what to make of it. It's not like two and two make four, but that two make one. You see, love isn't sensible, you can't figure it out. And you can't put it on ice to keep it fresh, or fix it like an automobile tire if it blows out. You have to be in love to talk about it from the inside. Me, I'm not in love now. But one time I am, and I get so jealous when the man be at another woman that I want to shoot him. Then I am afraid I feel the man, so I break our engagement. What you think of that?"
I could only think, without saying so, that the man had got a break. "Maybe the Latin man, too, when he is in love, is more jealous than the North American man, I think so, perhaps. Anyhow, he talk about it all the time. If the North American man he don't speak about it always he know just as much about love. Never have I seen any man in love who can't say what he wanted to say, except he is stupid. And if a girl she loves a man she loves him no matter what he say, just so it makes a little sense!"
As to the relative sincerity of men and women who are that way, Miranda hesitated to say: "Women in love are more sincere—perhaps. This is so because a woman she always know when it's the real thing. Maybe the man he is never sure. Either he's swept off his feet, or he can't make up his mind. But the woman you can't fool her. She know. She has to. But men are not more deceitful, if you mean what you call the two-time. If it is real love, then both the man and the woman they can't tell something untrue because it isn't in the heart. All the same you have to understand that love means so many things, changes and sacrifices, and if people they know this they don't want to be dishonest with each other. The man and the woman wants to be noble and good together. Their influence on each other is what you call fealty-fidelity. Sometimes a woman make a man deceitful if she is a fool. But the smart woman knows how to hold her man—unless he is a fool, and then he is not worth keeping. If he is just a little foolish, oh well, maybe she kick him under the table when he flirts with a girl in a café! Of course, if they're married, it's a sure thing. But if they're not married maybe she flirts a little, too. These are secrets of women. I don't have to tell them—they know already. Even the Eskimo and the Chinese know, I think, just because they are women. I wouldn't insult your North American women by pretending to give them a tip on how to handle men. They are so smart, so chic, how can I tell them? Maybe they can tell me? Anyhow, I learn something from them. They are perfect—their manner, their poise, their beauty, their intelligence—wonderful! And, you know, a clever woman, an intelligent woman, can make a man fall in love with her. A stupid woman, N-O-O-O. How to do it—well, this depends on the man. An intelligent woman would know just what to do with him. A foolish one couldn't be taught. That's her hard luck. Because everybody know that love is the greatest thing in the world. Even the popular songs say so. But the happiness love brings can be found only by intelligent and considerate people. Fools don't even know what to look for, so how can they find it?"
Stuck for an answer, I offered a cigarette. "Thank you vereee much, but I don't smoke." I was surprised to hear. "And," even more surprising, "I don't drink. You know why? You kees a man and you smoke and it spoils the flavor. And if I drink it make me sleepy and I miss all the fun!"
At that (it may have been the magic of Miranda working its spell), Cupid packed up his arrows and called it a day.

Why Can't ALICE FAYE Find True Love?

ONE GIRL who ought to be happy is Alice Faye. Yet the secret fact is that she is not. Among Screen Guide's scoops for June are the intimate details of her romances.

SCREEN GUIDE, the large-size picture magazine of motion pictures, is edited independently. It tells without fear or favor the truth about strictly "human" stars!

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JUNE ISSUE
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SCREEN GUIDE 10¢
Why I switched to Meds

—by a salesgirl

The latest things always tempt me—especially if they're better than the old. And one modern thing I couldn't do without is internal sanitary protection. That's why I was so downright pleased when Modess came out with Meds—a new and improved tampon—at only 20¢ a box of ten. Thanks to the "safety center," Meds make protection so sure. And Meds are the only tampons in individual applicators at this grand, low price.

BUTTE GRAND, PONS

owned large paper mills, but when Father Ford discovered that his son wanted to be an actor, he decided there would be broader opportunities in California. Thereupon they moved to Santa Monica, where Glenn attended school. Then he discovered the little theaters, and these became his world. The instant school classes were over, he would dash to the theater where he spent every evening—acting, designing scenery, urged on by a driving ambition to know everything about this profession. During this time he appeared in more than a hundred and fifty standard plays which gave him a dramatic foundation few film players have had.

"Oh yes," said Glenn, "studio talent scouts frequently viewed these productions and praised my work. I even had tests, several of them, but the verdict was always that I wasn't good looking enough, my chin was all wrong, so was my nose. They would always 'pretty' me with corrective make-up, put me in tails and topper, and I was terrible. So I decided to forget the screen and concentrate on the theater.

"I did several plays for Homer Curran in West Coast productions, such as 'The Children's Hour' and 'Golden Boy.' Then I journeyed to Broadway to understudy John Beal in the short-lived 'Soliloquy.' Following its speedy close I took my turn at 'pounding the pavement' looking for a job, and went through the semi-starvation and discouragement cycle most actors count as part of the thespian training, I don't regret a single experience, for I needed every one.

"Coming back to California, I went into another play that brought still another screen test, arranged by Tom Moore of 20th Century-Fox studio, who had always been my consistent booster. This turned out a little better and I was given the leading role in 'Heaven With a Barbed Wire Fence.' Since then I've appeared in six Columbia films. Then came the big chance in 'So Ends Our Night,' the David L. Loew-Albert Lewin picture.

"I was crazy over the part from the first reading, but was I scared! Fredric March, Margaret Sullavan and Frances Dee were fast company but all were wonderful and did everything to aid me. Mr. Loew would often come to the set, and to tease me he would say, 'Remember, Glenn, you've got to make good, for I'm gambling a million dollars on you!' And he was, too.

"Here are two items. I had played several stage roles previously acted by Fredric March—'Death Takes a Holiday' and 'The Royal Family,' among others, so I was thrilled to be with him and watch his techniques. Also, I had fallen in love with Margaret Sullavan in the film 'What Next, Little Man,' and sometimes in our scenes together I'd pinch myself to make sure I was actually playing in the same picture with her.

"We had several technical directors for this film who knew all the tragedies we were portraying. First hand, and believe me, we became so imbued with the mood of our drama that we lost our laughter, and momentarily expected the Gestapo to grab us out of the shadows.

"The most exciting experience of my life—so far—was flying to Miami for the premiere of 'So Ends Our Night.' It was a festive occasion. Following the showing of the picture the theater manager insisted that I appear on the stage and say a few words. The applause lasted for minutes, and I was so choked up when the time came to speak that all I could say was 'Thank you, thank you.' When I came off the stage the manager said, 'Boy, oh boy, what an act you gave them!' Act—my eye! That was the real thing, and I was so near breaking down that it still frightens me to think of it.

"During the next half hour I picked up some illuminating points on this new star. Glenn is tremendously interested in international affairs and keeps maps of Europe and the Far East, that hang on his bedroom walls, checked to the latest develop-
ments. He admits he once dreamed of the diplomatic service.

His deepest regret is that his father, who sacrificed his own career to bring him to California, passed away eight months ago, just when he was getting the break they both had worked for. He's an expert at fencing. Also, he plays the violin, and his pretty young mother is a pianist, so the two spend many musical evenings at home. He doesn't like night clubs, or the things that go with night clubs, except dancing, he adores that. He likes ice skating, swimming, riding, tennis, and flying—he's already a pilot.

He still answers his own fan mail, which has gone to the top among Columbia's players on this one picture. These letters ask how he got started, there are many such notes, plenty hot. Born in Canada, he has long been an American citizen.

Three persons have aided him. Tom Moore, whose faith survived several bad tests; Harold Clifton, director of Santa Monica's little theaters, and his agent, Zeppo Marx. He breaks a precedent, too, by being loyally grateful. He now holds a starring contract with Columbia studio, and with David L. Loew-Albert Lewin Productions, and the future is bright. He considers himself a character juvenile and visions a long career that won't vanish with the coming of a sagging profile, and wrinkles. And his all-absorbing ambition is to act, and keep right on acting.

We drifted back to romance when I reminded him of the gossip that he and pretty Patti McCarty, Dorothy Lamour's former secretary, who is now getting her first break as an actress in "Double Age," were "that way" about each other.

He laughed heartily. "Patti and I have been much amused by all this publicity," he said Glenn. "We're pals, good friends, but not romantic. Patti is a grand girl and a lot of fun. We like to go dancing and too, we've had much in common with our careers, each cheering the other from the sidelines. I'm sure she'll click and become a popular star—she has the star qualities.

"Many of my fan letters ask if I'll marry an actress," Glenn's eyes twinkled. "Well, shall I? Or shall she be a non-professional? Probably when I fall in love I'll not stop to consider this question, Yet it might become an issue, and an important one. It must be very difficult for anyone unaccustomed to theatrical life to understand this screwy business. Such a girl, for instance, might ask if I actually meant it when I kissed Margaret Sullivan in the ardent love scenes of 'So Ends Our Night,' and if I replied, "Of course I did!" would she understand that through imagination the scenes we play are real—while they last?"

"An actor isn't the best husband in the world. His profession demands so much. It absorbs his time, his energy, his emotional resources, and it takes deep understanding to avoid the pitfalls these create.

"I have no mental picture of The Girl, but there are a few musts. Never, under any circumstances, would she forget she was a girl—that is highly important and means much to me. She would have the spirit of adventure, be cultured and tolerant, charming and human and vital, with a keen appreciation of life and what it holds. She'd be an enthusiast, and have ideals and precious illusions, and oh yes, a grand sense of humor—we could not do without that. She'd be gallant and have courage, taking the good and the bad in stride. You see, the sophisticated, exotic, artificial type doesn't appeal to me. I'm old-fashioned when it comes to girls and I like the simple, small-town model, because she's real and sincere."

"Shall I marry an actress? Who knows? Not I—yet. But if I do she must be woman first, actress second. She must not be too wrapped up in her career, too eager for fame. Few households can harbor two stars, each battling to keep in the spotlight."

"I may be emotional," continued Glenn, "but I've learned to count ten before every important decision, so I hope I won't be too impetuous when it comes to marriage. I don't want a chequered romantic life, with a series of scars that would make one distrust his own judgment. Love is essential. But it is understanding and companionship that make marriage enduringly happy. I want my marriage, when it comes, to be happy, And permanent!"

That's food for Hollywood thought.
Store Directory

Fashions featured on Pages 56, 57, 58 and 59 will be found in the following stores and in others in principal cities throughout the country.

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Dayton Company, Minneapolis, Minn.
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What kind of a yarn is this, anyway? Relax those knitted brows, folks, and we'll unwind without further ado. That ain't no lady with Myrna Loy; that's Bill Powell, from stem to stern. This gives an inking how wonderfully whiskly "Love Crazy!" is. Lafts, and love Loy.
Confessions of a Fatalist

Continued from page 51

 tion and then get there. How, and more especially when we get there is another matter. The thing is to keep running somewhere, even if you’re off your chosen track. We can talk about that when you’ve made a point out of the fact that’s what we mean. We can’t worry about the detours, the stagnant intervals, the times when the tide is out. During such periods, however, even if we are stymied so far as our own jobs are concerned, we must keep busy.

"When I got kicked out at Warners, kicked out of pictures, actually, I kicked myself out of Hollywood. I went to Chicago and studied singing, thinking, when musicals do come back and, since I’m typed as a singer, I might as well try to improve my singing! When I got back to Hollywood again and there was still nothing doing for me, I went back to New York and did three years on the stage. Maybe musicals will never come back, I thought, perhaps I’d better learn now to act.

"The point I’m making is that I didn’t sit around. Idle, nursing a sore head. I was working all the time. If not in the exact medium I wanted, at least as near to it as I could get. I couldn’t buck the tide of Hollywood, if you follow me. For me, the tide was out and I had to wait for it to come in again. But while I was waiting, I kept active. And that’s how it must be for you other fellows: when the tide is out for you, fill it in by studying and improving yourself in your particular line of work, if you can afford not to be earning; if you can’t afford being unemployed, try some other line of work, until your tide turns.

"To me," smiled Pidge, "to me, the definition of being a Fatalist is: relaxing and enjoying life. And I realize that I’ve been a Fatalist all my life. But the first time I ever consciously realized it, ever put a name to it, was the first time I ever sang professionally. It was in Aeolian Hall, at a concert sponsored by Elsie Janis. It was the first time I’d ever come into contact with a big theater, big audience. I stepped out onto the thing, the damn spotlight hit me, my knees wobbled noisily, the piano looked to be 15 miles away. I looked like a Living Statue of a Shower Bath, the perspiration..."

Torrid Test in Palm Springs proves

a Dab a Day keeps P. O.* away!

(Underarm Perspiration Odor)

This amazing test was one of a series, supervised by registered nurses, to prove the remarkable efficacy of Yodora—a Deodorant Cream that’s actually soft, delicate and pleasing!

1. In the morning, Miss A.D. applied Yodora to underarms.
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Yodora gives positive protection! Leaves no sickly smell on dresses. Actually soothing: 10c, 25c, 60c.

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What are the 10 WORST ENEMIES of any actress?

Ona Munson reveals the "ten terrors" actresses fear most!

Read her thrilling story in the big June edition of

10c SILVER SCREEN 10c

Now on sale at your newsstand—ask for a copy.

KIDNEYS MUST REMOVE EXCESS ACIDS

Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes Flush Out Poisonous Waste

If you have an excess of acid you may have excess of acid in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny fibers and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, labored breathing and energy, getting up nights, swelling, putrefaction under the skin, headaches and dizziness. Frequent urination, nausea, confusion of the brain, and disturbance of memory.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Dow’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 Dow’s Pills.

“MIDDLE-AGE” WOMEN

HEED THIS ADVICE! Are you cross, cranky and NERVOUS, suffer hot flashes, weakness, dizziness, distress of “irregularities”—caused by this period in a woman’s life? THEN LISTEN!

Start today and take Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound. For over 60 years Pinkham’s Compound has helped thousands of grateful women to calm their nerves and to lessen the annoying and embarrassing distress due to this functional disturbance.

Lydia Pinkham’s Compound is WORTH TRYING! Get a bottle today!
Once I informed someone, I didn't say them. I went off and, in the wings, I overheard the manager talking to Else; he was saying, 'I never heard anything like it in my life!' he moaned, 'the worst I've ever heard.'

'Well, it struck me very funny, I thought, this is something to tell my grand-children!' I knew I was washed up so I didn't give a damn. I went out for the second half of the program and sang my head off. I sang three songs and three encores! I went over in the proportions known as big.' That taught me, then and there, never again to worry about anything. That's the gift I'd like to give you folks who are reading this: the gift of never again worrying about anything.

'When I'd been trying, you see, until I sweated, when I'd gone out there despate to please the critics, the manager, the audience, worrying so frantically about what people would say, what the critics would write, I, and my voice, went to pieces. When I took it with a shrewd and a laugh, sang for the joy of it, had fun, it was okay! I relaxed, and I enjoyed what I was doing. My audience relaxed, and enjoyed what I was doing, too. That was the time I said to myself, 'My boy, you're a Fatalist!' And I've been one ever since.

'I don't think much,' laughed Mr. Pidge. 'I practically never think. Am I going to get a good picture next time? Will the next Nick Carter go over as well as its predecessors? Will my contract be renewed? I don't worry about the way I do my job. I don't think. I'm the greatest actor in the world, not by a long call. But I know I'm competent. I know I can do what the average actor can do. I know work hard, don't believe the world owes me a living, I definitely don't and if, doing the best I can, it still isn't good enough, I don't get the breaks, then I know I'm in one of the bad cycles and I don't worry about it. I know that if things are going to happen, they're going to happen in their own good or bad time, and no other. So what's the use of sitting down and thinking about it? What's that you except a headache or insomnia?

'Unconsciously, I was always a Fatalist. I realize that now. Looking back, I can pick out certain events in my life which, considering the way I took them, proves that I was a Fatalist. For instance, I was born on the St. John River, on the Bay of Fundy, I spent most of my boyhood down on the bay front listening to the old salts spinning their salty yarns. My grandfather Pidgeon was an ex-sea captain, too, and set me on cold fire telling me tales of his adventures in strange places. Reefs and shoals and ris and tides and ships that went down to such as these or ships that came back again, made all one saga in the final telling—and I think it must have been that talk of time and tide that gave me the feeling I have that the lives of all men are governed by tides.'

They'd take a row-boat out on the St. John, young Walter and his pals, and sometimes they were Captain Kidd, he said, again they were Long John Silver hunting for Treasure Island, or Blackbeard and the Bloody Morgan. He wanted to be a sea captain, in those days, was sure he'd be a sea captain. But even then the fates were shaping events for him. For actually those games he played, of Long John and the Bloody Morgan, were the first parts he played. They gave him the love of adven-

The home-town girl made good in a big way! Bette Davis, to the folk of Littleton, N. H., is their idea of a right neighborly sort and, of course, the best actress in all the world—which she is. She is shown with husband Arthur Farnsworth in front of Iron Mine Inn, where she was feasted, Littleton citizens, distinguished guests, the press and the Arthur Farnsworths will always remember this thrill-packed occasion. The cheers of the crowds will ring forever.
Mary Margaret McBride, CBS columnist and author of literary gems, extends her heartfelt congratulations to Bette Davis on her history-making, record-breaking birthday celebration.

ture, they also gave him a love of acting which, he says, "is adventure, too, I can't even remember the time when the desire to be a sea captain ebbed away," he went on. "I only know it must have been a fantasia, since I can't remember it. That's why I think I must always have been a practicing Fatalist. I seem always to have accepted things, without struggle or rebellion."

"I've been credited with having a War record, I didn't have one. What actually happened was that, at the age of sixteen, I walked out of High School one day, having decided to enlist. I was a rotten scholar anyway, not Right Bright.I never worried about that, either, I always figured I'd get by and somehow, no thanks to me, I always did—just in the cards, you see.

"I did enlist, as I intended. But one of my older brothers, Colonel Don Pidgeon, thought I was too young and had my enlistment cancelled. I was disappointed—but I remember, even now, how I managed to shrug it off. Nothing I could do about it! And that's what I mean: do everything you can to achieve what you want but when you know there's nothing you can do, take it and try to like it!

"I waited a year. Tried again. I wanted to get to France like crazy. This time I nearly lost my life (at home) by getting my self crushed accidentally between two gun carriages, thanks to being in a place I didn't belong. When they tried me out, I could have passed for Pidgeon jelly. I'm not an exceptionally brave man (I'm scared to death of a mouse, never have been able to get over it, would rather meet a lion in the dark than a mouse!) but I remember coming out of waves of pain and thinking, well, other men have suffered worse than this, nothing I can do about it, anyway? I seem always to have had that sense of the futility of struggling against the inescapable."

Then, for 17 months, young Pidgeon was in the hospital. Sometime during that 17 months he contracted a grave lung ailment. "I can honestly say," he honestly said, "that I didn't worry then, either. It may be a case of where there's no sense there's no feeling! I prefer to call it Fatalism! Whatever it was, I figured it was none of my doing. If I could have dodged it, I would have. But I couldn't, so what? So I went, obediently, to a dozen different places for treatment. A month before the Armistice, the doctors gave me a discharge but told me that if I ever hoped to recover completely I'd have to get a job in the open air."

"Now, there was something I could do about it. And I did. I'd done a lot of singing in High School. I supposed I had a Voice. I figured that if I could put the singing to some account, concert work, stage, whatever, that would give me plenty of time off to be out of doors. I went to Boston; started taking singing lessons and supported myself with a job as a bank messenger. Carrying the currency from one repository to another kept me out in the open. At that time the late R. E. Clive was managing a stock company in Boston. Working around the bank, I'd come to know a little about stocks and bonds, nothing at all about stock engagements. But I assured Clive I could act and he gave me a chance to prove it by giving me a spot in Shaw's 'You Never Can Tell.' Well, I continued throughout the season with Clive, which speaks for itself.

"From the bank, meanwhile, I advanced.
Youth and Freddy Martin's super-elegant Coconut Grove dance band have a strong attraction for each other. That's why the younger element like vivacious Georgiana Young and curly-headed Billy Halop, above, flock there nightly. Is Billy pulling an Edgar Bergen?

Youth and Freddy Martin's super-elegant Coconut Grove dance band have a strong attraction for each other. That's why the younger element like vivacious Georgiana Young and curly-headed Billy Halop, above, flock there nightly. Is Billy pulling an Edgar Bergen?
said, 'before you try a lead. Wait and we'll get you something else!' I waited but they didn't find me anything else. It was just about then that I lost face and found it, singing at Aeolian Hall.

"From Aeolian Hall, we went on tour, a triumphal tour until we wound up by hitting the Palace Theater in New York, I still treasure, 'among my souvenirs,' the clipping from Variety which read: 'Walter Pidgeon looks like an old and dilapidated Abe Lincoln and sings like a graduate from a mail order school in Southern Iowa. Who wants vaudeville when it involves this?'

"But by this time, I was a practising Fatalist, as you now know. I had reached that state of wisdom wherein I knew that, in Life, the jeers and cheers and leers are as indiscriminately mixed as a goulash. I went to London with Elise Jams for the revue, 'At Home.' For this chore, the cheers had it and Broadway began making me offers. I was playing the lead in 'Puzzles' when Hollywood signed me for singing roles—whereupon I made my film début in—'The Mannequin,' opposite Dolores Costello! There followed the moribund musicals which led to the sales force moaning at the bar, 'We DON'T WANT PIDGEON!' —and that's where I came in! That's when I folded, not my tent but my bad notices, and stole silently away, out of Hollywood, first to Chicago, later to New York, to the stage, doing 'No More Ladies' and others, '"A Fatalist," smiled Walter, "is always a terrific gambler. I am. When I came back

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**EDITORIAL**

*How can anyone surrounded
Mrs. Gary Cooper has her lot of good looks, and George Murphy*

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This is what you'd call a story with gestures, or "How to Keep a Top Glamor Gal!" interested in some. Needless to say, Edmund Goulding is entertaining Marlene Dietrich at Ciro's. Marlene will soon be seen in "The Flame of New Orleans." She'd be a flame anywhere.
to Hollywood, this time to stay, at the behest of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. I stood
in front of an executive's desk and dictated
for an hour over the terms of the contract.
When everything was settled, down to the
merit matter of the weekly salary, we shook!
The Executive offered me a certain sum, I
wanted more. I said to him, 'You don't
know it, but you and I attended the same
Alexander School in St. John, New Bruns-
wick. Only you finished before I did and
went into business before I did. Now I'm
no business man and it would be futile for
me to try to argue you into giving me more
money. But I know you wouldn't take ad-
vantage of an old school-fellow from St.
John, so I'll leave the matter entirely in
your hands—or, no,' I said, on a sudden
inspiration, 'no, tell you what we'll do, we'll
flip a coin for it! Heads, it's your price,
tails it's mine!

'Now, that, too, comes under the head of
being a Fatalist, you see! I knew I was
dicked when it came to business bartering.
I couldn't do anything, I didn't try. But I
couldn't talk about it, and I didn't—
and—it worked! L. B. laughed aloud. 'Walter,'
he said, 'you're wrong, you should
have been a business man. We'll pay your
price. Sign here on this line.'

"Even after that, however, there were
plenty of times when I could have had
the gray-green shoulders. I made five pictures,
one right after another, none of which even
have epiphas! Not until 'Saratoga,' which
was Jean Harlow's last picture, did I really
do anything that might be called 'arriving.'
Then the studio considered shelving the
picture, after Jean's sad going. They didn't.
And that picture was a beginning for me
—curious, how the Fates work and weave,
how for one there is a beginning and for
another, a—well, a different kind of a be-
ing—impersonal, the Fates, without
prejudice or pity.

'Then, once again, I came within an ace
of missing my opportunity: it was when
M-G-M was planning to do a remake of
'Take This Woman' with Spencer Tracy
and Hedy Lamarr. They wanted me for
the remake. But because I was busy in
the first of the Nick Carter series, I couldn't
do it. At the time, that definitely seemed
the tide going out for me! But fortunately,
Nick caught on with the public, what
seemed to be my loss was my gain and I,
perform, can have no regrets about losing'

"Since then, my tide has come in: 'Dark
Command' set me up as a villain. 'It's a
Date' made me modern and reasonably
pleasant. Now, 'Flight Command' with Bob
Taylor, then 'The Youngest Profession,'
with Judy Garland. Being the father of a
daughter myself, I like these paternal roles.
Comes natural to me to order Deanna and
Judy around!"

"I once told a young lady," laughed Mr.
Pidgeon, "that I am a Fatalist, and she said,
almost as though I had told her I was a
prong-horned, zombie. 'Owww, does that
make you different from other men?'"

"'It doesn't,' I assured her. 'I am as
other men, as ever was. I have a few little
idiosyncrasies,' I boasted, 'individual points
of interest, you might say, such as I always
carry my left hand in my pocket, and I
rack my knuckles."

"Also, I may be different in that I love
to go shopping! Especially, I love to fool
around in women's shops and buy things
for my wife and my kiddie (my wife, Ruth,
and I were married in 1931) and as they
always keep the things I buy them, I like
to pat myself on my own back for my taste
and discrimination! In all other respects,
I should say, I am Mr. Average Man. I'm
quite a home-body. We have a modest place
in Beverly Hills. Although we're looking
for acreage, something around 500 acres,
where I can grow things and can retire
between pictures. I don't like to go out a
great deal, prefer to have my friends come
to my place. I'm easily amused, I play a
lot of backgammon, love bridge."

"I'm a worshipping man when it comes to
women—what I find myself noticing first
is a woman's profile. I'm always crawling
around sidewise, under hats and things, to
look at—a—now!"

"Man-like, I can't cook at all. Except
for my favorite dessert, crépes suzette. I've
only had enough of them once in my life,
twenty-four, to be exact, at a sitting!

"I see a lot of movies, love to. Since I
can remember I've gone to see John Barry-
more four or five times in everything he's
done. I saw 'The Man From Blankley's'
five times. I nearly missed the Olympic go-
ing to London once to drop in and see
'Beau Brummel.' I'm a terrific Gable fan,
too, and a terrific Hepburn fan."

"Neck-ties are my only personal extra-
avagance, and handkerchiefs. Although I really
do give my clothes some thought. I'm one
of the few remaining actors who does."

"I have some strong vegetarian tendencies.
Once went for three years without eating
meat. Almost every month I consume this
beleaguer of a salad, wilted lettuce with
Roquefort dressing, which you now see
diminishing before you!"

"The worst temptation I have to face is
—no, not the Demon Rum nor the Ban-
dishments of Beauty, but lazineez. I'm just
generally bone-lazy. Like to get in my car
and go browsing about, uncertain as to
destination, unconscious as to time. My pet
hate is golf. Not the temperament."

"I've told you that I'm afraid of a mouse.
I am. Horribly. And all my life I've been
afraid of not having something set aside
for that rainy Day. Yes, I'm a little afraid
of the Rainy Day, knowing that it
must come. And that I can do nothing
about that. But I can do something about
preparing for it, and I have."

"If I have any outstanding virtue it's
that I am grateful, grateful to anyone who
has ever done anything for me, grateful to
Fate for the way, by and large, she has
treated me. I hate ingratitude. I think it's
the most contemptible thing in the world.

"I don't believe there is any such thing
as a 100 per cent bad man, or woman. A
mixture, that's what makes them human.
I don't believe there are any unmitigated
bored. If you have enough patience to give
a complete and courteous hearing to any
man or woman, you'll be surprised by the
interesting things you'll learn. A symp-
thetic hearing—I daresay sympathy is
the strongest force for good in the world.

"And so, by the same token, I do not
think there are any such things as Failures
or Successes. I don't believe in affixing
labels to anything so good as Life. We rise
and fall with the tides," said Mr. Pidgeon.

"I am one of the few, I'm afraid," said
Pidgeon, "who can say and who means
that I'd like to live by my earnings again, even
if I had to relive it just as it was, pain
and joy, both, I'd do it gladly, if I had the
chance. I love Life!"
Dura-Gloss introduces new shades of nail polish as fast as fashion news is made. Every time you buy a new dress be sure to get the newest shade of Dura-Gloss polish to wear with it. It will be right—Dura-Gloss follows fashion trends closely to make it so. Brush it on your nails, make them chic accessories, smart accents to your whole ensemble. Dura-Gloss costs only ten cents a bottle so you can easily afford to have a Dura-Gloss shade for every dress you own! Try the new spring shades of Dura-Gloss today. With Dura-Gloss you’ll have the most beautiful fingernails in the world and the smartest!

Protect your nails—make them more beautiful with

DURA-GLOSS
It's good for Your Nails 10¢
"Molly—this lighter, milder leaf brings a fancy price!—but Luckies pay the price to get it!"
says J. M. Talley, warehouseman of Durham, N. C.

"I'VE KEPT TRACK OF THE BIDDIN' at thousands of tobacco auctions—and I can tell you Luckies go after the lighter, milder leaf and bid it up till they get it. That's why I smoke Luckies myself, like most other buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen."

As everybody knows, you get what you pay for...and Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder tobaccos. So smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke. Next time, ask for Lucky Strike!

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1
WHAT IT TAKES TO BE A HOLLYWOOD HUSBAND!
"MR. RITA HAYWORTH" TELLS

GINGER ROGERS’ NEW FILM "TOM, DICK AND HARRY" FICTIONIZED
Their love burned all the brighter—because it flamed in the shadow of death!

TYRONE POWER...as Juan, the matador of Vicente Blasco Ibanez' immortal novel...

BLOOD and SAND
in TECHNICOLOR!

with
LINDA DARNELL • RITA HAYWORTH

Nazimova • Anthony Quinn • J. Carrol Naish • John Carradine • Lynn Bari • Laird Cregar • Vicente Gomez

Produced by Darryl F. Zanuck • Directed by Rouben Mamoulian

Associate Producer Robert T. Kane • Screen Play by Jo Swerling • A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE
Every busy morning—
Every dancing night

guard your after-bath freshness with Mum!

Avoid underarm odor! Mum every day helps protect your charm, your job, your popularity!

YOUR morning freshness—are you sure it isn’t left in the car or bus on your hurried way to the office? Your evening charm—are you certain it hasn’t wilted and faded even before the music swings? Remember, perspiration can start just after you leave your freshening tub—underarm odor can give the lie to your charm before you are even hours older.

Smart girls never trust in their bath alone. A bath, no matter how glorious, only takes care of past perspiration, but Mum prevents the risk of underarm odor to come. Trust your charm every day to smooth, creamy dependable Mum. Keep sure of daintiness!

MUM SAVES TIME! Takes only 30 seconds! Just a pat under each arm . . . and you’re through! Can be used right after underarm shaving, for Mum won’t irritate the skin.

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to fabrics.

MUM SAVES CHARM! Without attempting to stop perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor. With Mum, after-bath freshness lasts all evening. Women everywhere use Mum . . .yes, and men, too. Get Mum today.

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS. Mum is so safe, so gentle, so dependable that thousands of women prefer it for this important purpose, too.

MUM takes the odor out of Perspiration

SCREENLAND
ROBERT TAYLOR as BILLY THE KID (IN TECHNICOLOR)

with BRIAN DONLEVY • Ian Hunter • Mary Howard • Gene Lockhart • Lon Chaney, Jr.
Screen Play by Gene Fowler • Directed by David Miller • Produced by Irving Asher • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
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Cover Portrait of RITA HAYWORTH, Columbia Pictures

His real name? William Bonney. He's quick on the draw, shoots with his left hand. Can hit a wart on a lizard. Asks questions later. He's Wanted for Murder!

Garbed in black—to match "Hassie," his horse—Billy the Kid will lift you out of your seats with his ways and means. He's a one-man prosecutor and a one-man court. He's a menace. And handsome as Bob Taylor.

M-G-M's "Billy the Kid" is a "Western" true enough. But you gotta use those words "saga" and "epic". Real galloping tintypes and buckets of blood.

Never was Technicolor so magnificent. The sunlit freedom of the open plains, the glory of the canyons, the steel blue of the revolver, the jet black in horse and rider, the peashoot of the fair damsel. Folks, tonight's the night!

You can have your "Easterns" with their villainous demitasses, your "Northern" with their relentless mangenyers, your "Southern" with their crinoline coyness—

But give us a "Western" like "Billy the Kid" any time. And now's as good a time as any other.

Somehow we can't help sending along a fan note to Robert Taylor for his splendid performance. Bob, you're a real great star and this he-man role fits you the way you fit that horse. Which is better than a glove.

No time for elaboration, but would just like to toss a sprig to author Gene Fowler for the way he does it.

It's another big hit from

Leo

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures
ARCHDUKE OTTO of Hapsburg saw Hollywood and Hollywood knocked itself out to see the Archduke. He was wined and dined. He visited famous homes and saw all the local spots of interest. When he made the rounds of the studios, he only asked for one autograph—Ann Sheridan's.

CAROLE LANDIS was not trying to revive the Shimmy while dancing with art director Cedric Gibbons at Ciro's. On the shoulder strap of her low cut gown, the blonde Blitzkreig was wearing one of those tiny vases that hold real water and keep a flower alive. Somehow the bottle tipped and the little drops of water trickled merrily down la Landis' bountiful bosom!

THAT Stirling Hayden-Errol Flynn feud is the answer to a press agent's dream. The two met for the first time when Stirling called for Karen Verne, the European actress who actually escaped from the Nazis. Errol couldn't have been more cordial to any stranger visiting his home lot. Stirling was genuinely pleased at the introduction. By the way, Paramount's prize isn't taking his career lightly. He's just hired Nina Moise, famous voice coach, to go to work on him.

LANA TURNER has been looking at houses with an eye to buying one. Maybe it's marriage for her and Tony Martin when she gets her final decree in September. Then again, maybe it's because she feels she's paying too much rent for her San Ysidro drive house, owned by Loretta Young's mother. Of course too, the neighbors might have complained about the open mullet on Tony's super-charged gasoline buggy. How about a bicycle built for two?

HOLLYWOOD is in hysterics over Madeleine Carroll. Of all things, the patrician Miss Carroll does an impersonation of a sea gull crying to its mate, that is out of this world. It isn't what she says, but how she says it that makes it sound so hysterically funny.

GLORIA SWANSON, peacock feathers and all, are back in Hollywood again. The first day on the RKO lot, her producer asked her if there was anyone in particular she would like to meet. "Yes," said Gloria quickly, "My favorite actor, Bob Hope."

A ROMANCE that has weathered many storms has now definitely come to an end. Rosemary Lane and Buddy Westmore have called it quits, although neighbors report that Buddy still parks his car close to the Lane house in Laurel Canyon. If he does, Buddy has seen Glenn Ford bid Rosemary a charming goodnight at the doorstep. It's Hollywood's newest romantic twosome.

KEEP your ears peeled for that separation news again, between Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor. It's bound to crop up now that both went to New York at the same time—Ann on the train, Roger by plane. Here is the reason. Ann was dead tired after three months strenuous work in "Lady Be Good." She wanted to sleep and relax on the train, so she could enjoy "Panama Hattie," the New York musical she is bringing to the screen. Roger is mad about aviation. When the Luscomb people asked him to fly to New Jersey at their expense and pilot back a private plane to the coast, Roger was simply elated. It meant more hours in the air to his credit and chance to fly to his heart's content.

EVEN blasé Hollywood was that surprised when Connie Bennett up and eloped with Gilbert Roland. Intimate friends were under the impression that the breach between these two had widened too much for a reconciliation. There had been feebile rumors of a romance between Connie and her stage leading man, Richard Ainsley. Gilbert has remained singularly out of the Hollywood scene. Though she is honey-mooned and Gilbert's draft number is practically snapping at his heels, Connie still manages to be a fashion leader. She is the first actress to wear sheen black hose, a style recently revived by Mrs. Harrison Williams, reputedly the best dressed woman in the world.
Paramount Producer
ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Jr.
and Paramount Director
MITCHELL LEISEN
who created "Arise, My Love," set this daring story of tangled loves against the roaring background of America's great flying legion to give you the biggest and the best of all air pictures.

"I WANTED WINGS"

RAY MILLAND • WILLIAM HOLDEN • WAYNE MORRIS • BRIAN DONLEVY

with CONSTANCE MOORE • VERONICA LAKE • HARRY DAVENPORT

Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN • A Paramount Picture

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING
FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$10.00
There's one angle in these modern family-life films that remains a puzzle to me. How can movie mothers always look fresh as a daisy, when housewives are supposed to represent average housewives like the rest of us who do our own cooking, wash the dishes, and keep the house spick and span?

Twelve years of this kind of life have shown me that if I do my chores satisfactorily, I can't find enough extra time to powder my nose, polish my fingernails, and maintain a fashion-page appearance. I can't greet my working husband looking like a dainty deb. Yet husbands expect us to do it because the movies picture it that way.

I hope Hollywood will oblige by revealing the secret of how Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Hardy, et al, can still look like Fifth Avenue models when their husbands beheld them across the dinner table!

MRS. E. M. CARTER, Atlanta, Georgia

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$5.00
The one person who is making it hot for Bette Davis is Ida Lupino. In my estimation, Ida's performance as the murdereress in "They Drive By Night" topped Bette's "Midnight" in "Of Human Bondage." And following that came her role as the faithful sweetheart of the gangster in "High Sierra" which out-shone anything Bette has done in some time. Now she comes to us again in "The Sea Wolf," which is destined to bring her the Academy Award for 1941.

Bette's acting causes me to hate her, while Ida tugs at my heart, making me forgive her for what she has done. She is ruthless, yet beneath it all she has a heart of gold.

Where Bette gets you with her drawn mouth and sharp tongue, Ida plays with her eyes, making you feel the pain and hatred which she herself is supposed to feel. This can be best explained in the close-up at the end of "High Sierra." Aside from mastery of photography, probably the greatest piece of acting was done at that moment, when only her eyes spoke. My advice to Bette is to watch out or Ida will be way ahead of her, and prove to be perhaps the greatest star Hollywood has had in a long time.

LAWRENCE A. WIGGIN, New York, N. Y.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS
$1.00 Each
Perhaps if I made the motion enough seconds would be voiced to help overcome a practice among "praise agents" which is small but PUBLICLY likesome to those of us who are getting no younger fast.

For several years an actress' age is mentioned freely in the press, and apparently truthfully, for the age increases year by year, even as does yours and mine. Then presto and all of a sudden-like, the actress becomes anywhere from one to five years younger, and moreover she stays this much younger from here on out. Now this may at first blush seem like a relatively unimportant matter, which truth to tell, it is. However, it is important enough that the ages are consistently fed to the reading public as part of the regular diet. What the heck's wrong with getting older? Either the actresses should age along with the rest of us, or nothing should ever be said about their ages.

For "checking-up" purposes you might just start with the mild case of Loretta Young, who miraculously got one whole year YOUNGER just lately. That means that I, who used to be the same age as Loretta Young, am now, alas, two years OLDER, because on my recent birthday I got a year older while she was getting younger.

MRS. DALE ORINDA, Oakland, Calif.

A few years ago many movie producers tried to make us motion picture-consumers think that there is no competition with the impressive title stating that, "Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment." After seeing a number of recent movies I am forced to believe that they have forgotten this statement.

Why must the public be subjected to propaganda movies that are either too brutal or, just stupid? In the pictures which try to show the dangers of our enemies within, the villain can usually be recognized in the first reel. They either have a monocle and a thick accent, or a crew haircut and piercing eyes. If every Fifth Columnist looked like this the G-Men would have no worries.

I do not consider pictures such as "Night Train" and "Escape" stupid, because they both had moving, dramatic stories and were done with a minimum of "hells.

If the studios must make propaganda movies I wish that they would remember that the public will not accept movies that are childish or hysterical.

JOAN DOYLE, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Young high-school actresses (Jane Withers, for example) and what they wear helps me in choosing my clothes. I love to see the pictures of new discoveries, for some day I want to be either a singing actress or a reporter on a movie book. I wish you could print your book twice a month instead of once.

SHEILA LEBO, Milwaukee, Wis.

Why oh why, does a half-baked actor like Jimmy Stewart get an Academy Award?

Deliver me from that overworked, stuttering little-boy stuff of Stewart's.

M. CLYMONTS, Webster Groves, Mo.

CASH CORNER

SCREENLAND's policy of publishing letters both panning and praising the stars has unloosed a lot of pent-up feelings. Which, of course, was the idea we had in mind when we allotted this little corner to you readers. And, we might add, Fans Forum is in accordance with consensus of opinion. Also, you have been most generous in your salutes of approval of this, your department. We take advantage of this limited space to acknowledge our appreciation. But, getting back to more material matters — there's the appealing cash rewards! Keep these in mind, and submit your entries immediately. Prizes of $10.00, $5.00 and five of $1.00 each. Closing date is the 25th of each month.

Please address your letters to SCREENLAND's Fans Forum, 45 West 45th Street, New York, New York.

HONORABLE MENTION

If Joe Louis is getting tired of the pushovers he's been fighting, why doesn't his manager arrange a bout with terrific Eddie Robinson? After watching him punch his way through the Yanks, I wondered that even tough John Garfield could stand up under his fury.

Screen fights have always puzzled me. My common sense tells me that they're faked, yet they look so darn real. How do they manage to put them over so that they look real scrap, yet at the same time keep their valuable actors from getting hurt?

MAXINE BAXTER, Norwood, Ohio

I think it was swell of you to put Miss Kathryn Grayson on your SCREENLAND Honor Page. I, personally, think she is destined to become one of M-G-M's best stage and screen actresses. I'm a bit back and listen to her singing for hours.

Why don't we see more pictures of this new star, or does she live too secluded a life? A little more publicity and a few more
good pictures and there is a great star.
Here's hoping that we see a lot more of
her soon.

S. STONE, Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Of course Margaret Sullavan was the
brightest light of "So Ends Our Night," as
is the case with any picture bearing her
name. However, one can't help marveling
at young Glenn Ford and wondering why
his name was omitted from the stellar cast.

Undeniably, he has a mature conception
and capabilities far beyond his years, and
yet he remains the essence of that thing
called "youth." His scenes with Sullavan
were remarkable, because he actually held
his own with that experienced actress. Also
to his credit is the fact that he neither tried
to imitate any proved method or person;
neither did he try to create someone he wasn't.
He was simply himself—Glenn Ford.

He has all the things which make good
Box Office Attraction! Incidentally, how-
ever, he is a member of what I call the
"new order:" one of the younger group of
actors which is surely coming on the hori-
zon. Others have already appeared, but none
so promising. Ford represents the kids who
have almost starved to act. Thousands of
us all over the country are in the position
he held just such a short time ago. We hope
his example is a criterion of the trends.

JANICE DAVIS, Torre Haute, Ind.

I certainly wish Paramount would wake
up and listen to Bob Hope when he talks
about playing opposite Madeleine Carroll.
You'd think Dorothy Lamour and Fred
MackMurray were the only actresses and
actor in town when it comes to choosing a
Hope or Carroll co-star.

I'm on Bob's side. I think a picture star-
ning him with Madeleine would be a hit.
I guess Paramount never realized it, but

their dignified and very charming Miss
Carroll is a swell comedienne. Come on,
now, how about it?

BARBARA DICKIE, Oakland, Calif.

"Rage in Heaven" is the name of the
picture I have just seen, and it brought my
favorite star a step further up on the lad-
der of fame. I am speaking of George Sand-
bands who, with his clear, distinct voice
and smooth, good looks has again scored a
hit... He was given the best role he has
had so far, and he also get the girl, which
should do a lot toward making him still
more popular.

He is tall, dark and certainly handsome,
although he may not be a foster or Taylor,
but with his voice and charming, cultured
ways he can certainly send anyone out of
the theater with not only a lesson in English
acquired, but with a thorough feeling that
they have been entertained.

ESTHER GOLDBLATT, Evansville, Ind.

This is a "Thank You" note to all stars
and movies for doing such a grand job in
our National Defense Program by provid-
ing fun and entertainment for thousands of
our new soldiers. Many of the large camps
are not as yet equipped for organized play,
and many are far from towns. Believe me,
the camp movies and visits from stars do
a grand job in helping to banish boredom
and homesickness. As many of the boys
told me during recent visits to camps:
"These daily movies are a Godsend," and,
"Home doesn't seem so far away when
we can meet old friends and see familiar faces
on the screen."

So I say, "Thanks a million to the movie
industry for the splendid part they are play-
ing in our National Defense Program."

FRANCES MARTIN, Berkeley, Calif.

When I heard that Henry Fonda was to
play a sophisticated and glamorous young
millionaire in "The Lady Eve," I snorted
with laughter. Why, he never played any-
thing but a backwoodsman or farmer be-
fore, and my friends and I couldn't picture
him in a dress shirt and tuxedo.

We went to see the picture just out of
curiosity: I just had to see "Hank" in a
part like that because he's been my favorite
for a couple of years. But the laugh was
on me! It was wonderful! I honestly be-
lieve no one could have taken the part and
done such a grand job as Henry Fonda did.
Barbara Stanwyck was perfect as Eve
and they had a wonderful supporting cast.

It was a "new" kind of romance and we,
the public, like "new" plots in movies. Give
us more pictures with Henry Fonda in
evening clothes with gloriously-dressed
young beauties all about him! Such fine
acting ability and talent for comedy shouldn't
be hidden under overalls.

DOROTHEA R. DUNHAM, Brooklyn, N. Y.

When I saw "Four Daughters" the other
day, I said to myself, Let's have lots more
of Rosemary Lane and lots less of Priscilla.

Priscilla Lane's acting was vile enough,
without Warners topping it off with that
"stinking" hair-do. I think Priscilla is
getting much, much too excited herself;therefore, she completely ruined the charac-
ter of lovely Anne Lamp that she por-
trayed in "Four Daughters."

But Rosemary, on the other hand, was
marvelous. I've always felt that if Rose-
mary was given a part in a first-rate picture
instead of these semi-first-rate shows, she'd
be given an Oscar in two seconds.

So for the future, let's have more of
Rosemary Lane, and very small doses of
Priscilla at large intervals.

ELIZABETH RUDER, Oxford, Ohio

---

COOL-WATER SOAP ENDS HOT-WATER FADING!
TRY AMAZING NEW IVORY SNOW!

Ivory Snow bursts into suds in 3 seconds
in cool water! Safer for bright colors!

COLORS HAVE A BRIGHT FUTURE, with the
new Ivory Snow to give them SAFE washing care!
Ivory Snow's a brand-new soap that bursts into
suds in 3 seconds in cool water! And cool water is
safe for the bright colors of all your washables!

Imagine! Ivory Snow doesn't need hot water! So
you don't risk the heartbeat of watching pretty
colors fade out and get dull from hot water.
Besides, Ivory Snow is pure! So colors get double
protection—pure suds and cool
suds! Ask for Ivory Snow today
—in the large economy size or
the handy medium size.

2-MINUTE CARE FOR
STOCKING WEAR!
Plenty of cool, pure
suds pile up in 3 sec-
onds! (No waiting for
hotwater.) Nightly care
with Ivory Snow helps
stockings wear!

WHAT A PICNIC FOR
PRINT DRESSES!
Yes...Ivory Snow means
happy days for pretty
washables! Wash 'em
time after time in those
cool suds and see how
colors stay bright!

SCREENLAND 9
LOOK BACK TO THE DAYS before Tampax

LOOK back at women's fashions through the years. Gowns, skirts, hats, shoes, hair-do's, cosmetics—all these have changed and developed to suit modern conditions and ideas. Yet one important item remained long unchanged—monthly sanitary protection.

But now Tampax really offers modern protection because it is worn internally and absorbs internally. It does away with all bulges, lines and wrinkles of old methods. There is no chafing; you actually cannot feel Tampax. No odor produced; no deodorants needed. No disposal problems.


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TAMPAX INCORPORATED New Brunswick, N. J.

Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial packet of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

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City __________________ State ______

ACROSS
1. Dr. Killdeer
4. Star of "The Great American Broadcast"
9. Co-star of "Pot O'Gold"
14. The Lady—-— with Stanwyck and Fonda
15. Moving part of machinery
16. To love intensely
17. He plays the Adam who "Had Four Sons"
19. Falsefier
21. To be indebted to
22. Mental image
23. Loose garments
24. Dry
26. Compass point (abbrev.)
27. Co-star, "Penny Serenade"
29. To snore
31. Northwestern state (abbrev.)
32. Southern state (abbrev.)
33. Delton
36. To point
38. Stars
40. Herb used for medicinal purposes
43. Co-star, "The Road to Zanzibar"
45. Gave forth
46. Famous movie and skating star
47. "... My Love," with Claudette Colbert
50. Lipstick color
51. Knotty (as a tree)
53. "The Great—-" with Beulah Davis
55. East
57. A hint
58. Hollow vessels for food or flowers
60. Trouthaire (abbrev.)
61. Celtic
64. Girl's name
66. Co-star of "The Great Ziegfeld"
68. Prefix meaning three
69. He plays Charles Kimble in "The Road to Zanzibar"
70. Prolonged attacks on a fortress
72. Colored girl in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"
74. Star of "Cheers For Miss Bishop"
76. To dine
77. Famous cow (movies and New York World's Fair), now deceased
78. Rabbits
79. "—- Murder," with Walter Pidgeon

DOWN
1. Judge Hardy
2. Elude
3. Have been
4. Live
5. Featured in "Mr. District Attorney"
6. "... Happened One Night," famous Gable-Colette film
7. Her new one is "Skylark"
8. One of the Great Lakes
9. To shake
10. Public notice (abbrev.)
11. Anchor
12. He's featured in "The Light of the Lone Star"
13. Shabby
14. Horse growth at finger tips
20. Poisonous serpents
21. Individuals
23. Last name of 1 across
24. Sitter Bessie in "Tobacco Road"
25. Co-star, "No Time For Comedy"
32. "Murder——-Friends," with Marjorie Weaver
33. Uncle
35. To harden
36. German exclamation
37. Anger
38. Forever
40. To sum up
44. As
45. Exams
46. Famous Mammy Singer
48. This film received the 1940 "Oscar"
49. Religious image
50. Back
52. Island
53. Star of "The Letter"
56. Star of "Footsteps in the Dark"
57. Millionaire
58. To move furiously
59. Savory, delicious
60. Drinks in small mouthfuls
61. China container for food
62. Eras
63. Facial feature
64. Possessive pronoun
65. Hint of the scale
66. Either

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

BELA CARDOHEDY
EROS ODUM ERIE
T W I S T O L D E R E I N A
TIN RAPES INNER
FACTS ETA
RICE FLAME
BEER Y SWAM ERST
OWE LEEDS RIO
BED A R T S G L O R Y
STONE SAIL
AT LATE DOUBT FA
BRENT HOVEL WON
NATIONAL AIDE
EDN A L ITTE AIDE
REAL X ET ERAS

SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle
By Alma Talley

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Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

B E L A  G A R D O  H E D Y  
E R O S  O D U R  E R I E  
T W I S T  O L D E R  E I N A  
T I N  R A P E S  I N N E R  
F A C T S  E T A  
R I C E  F L A M E  
B E E R  Y  S W A M  E R S T  
O W E  L E E D S  R I O  
B E D S  A R T S  G L O R Y  
S T O N E  S A I L  
A T  L A T E  D O U B T  F A  
B R E N T  H O V E L  W O N  
N A T I O N A L  A I D E  
E D N A  L I T T E  A I D E  
R E A L  X  E T  E R A S
MILLION DOLLAR BABY” will be shown immediately!

Hollywood fell head-over-heels for this wonderful story of a girl who falls into a million dollars! (You should read those preview raves!)

It’s so good, and so gay, and so lovable that theatres wouldn’t wait a single moment to play it for you! Watch for it and don’t dare miss it!

It stars, in their very best roles ever...

PRISCILLA LANE
JEFFREY LYNN
RONALD REAGAN

MAY ROBSON • LEE PATRICK

Directed by CURTIS BERNHARDT
Screen Play by Casey Robinson, Richard Macaulay and Jerry Wald • From a Story by Leonard Spigelgass

A NEW WARNER BROS. HIT
Hollywood’s happiest bride, beautiful blonde Brenda Joyce, entertains in her new home

ON ONE of Westwood’s rolling hills, a yellow-trimmed apartment building is set high above a curving drive. Once you’ve mounted the rock stairway, with its sloping beds of giant double petunias, you come upon a wide green lawn, more flowers and a sunny deck filled with inviting patio furniture where apartment dwellers can lounge and sun themselves safe from observation of passers-by.

The young Owen Wards—Mrs. Ward is better known as Brenda Joyce—have a honeymoon apartment here, where everything is brand new, the walls are white and shining, and the view is something to shout about. It’s a real bride’s home, lovely and light, filled with wedding presents, crowded with flowers. “That’s from so-and-so?” “Owen’s sister gave us this!” “My sorority sisters sent that!” is Brenda’s lifting refrain, no matter where she turns.

The living room is in beige and blue, a perfect background today for its owner, slim and graceful in pale blue and white silk jersey hostess pajamas, her hair in becoming curls above her suntan.

“The Capehart is our most important session in this room. I couldn’t tell you how many grand records we have! We’re both mad about music, you know. Some day we may have a music room. We’re building in the valley soon, and every day we think of another room we want ‘some day’! But I shall hate to leave this.”

The dinette—it’s hardly more than that, for the apartment like most modern ones is compact and there’s no waste space—is furnished in chartreuse and crystal. Yes, actually, for the table is glass and so is the serving table, and the chairs have scats of chartreuse.

“When there are
(12)

Better Get Neet today

Screenland
EYES ON THIS
FAMOUS
HIT

941’s Greatest Dancing Show, sumptuously Screened From the Celebrated Stage Success That Made Jerome Kern’s “Who” immortal... With the Delightful star of “Irene” and a Host of Eye-Widening Novelties Never Before Seen On Any Screen!

ANNA NEAGLE in

with Sunny ... “Upstage” with her society sweetie’s family

Spectacular dance numbers glorify “Who” and other Jerome Kern songs

Music by JEROME KERN
With RAY BOLGER
JOHN CARROLL
EDW. EVERETT HORTON
FRIEDA INESCORT
HELEN WESTLEY
And THE HARTMANS
Produced & Directed by HERBERT WILCOX

RKO RADIO PICTURE • Screen Play by Sig Herzig
From the Musical Comedy “Sunny” • Book and Lyrics by Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein II
One Night in Lisbon—Paramount
Fred MacMurray, if he will pardon the 
word, positively effervesces in this, his 
best role to date. He captures Madeleine 
Carroll’s heart at first sight. Fred is a 
reckless American who ferries bombers 
to England. Madeleine, strong on con 
ventions, is bowled over by his vogue. 
While the dialogue is breezy, there is a 
decided let-down when the presence of 
Patricia Morison is brought in. The things 
of propaganda won't spoil your fun.

That Uncertain Feeling—United Artists
Can the eternal triangle have any new 
angles? The answer is Yes. Definitely! 
Jill Baker (Merle Oberon) is discontented 
over her marriage lot; her husband (Mel 
vyn Douglas) takes her for granted. This 
causes Jill mental anguish which results 
in an embarrassing affection—hiccup.
She consults a psychoanalyst. And so 
Burgess Meredith comes into her life. 
In steps the triangle. The three stars dis 
play a juxtaesence of joy. See it!

The Singing Hill—Republic
Tragedy is about to befall the ranchers 
who use the Circle R’s free grazing land, 
because the owner, beautiful, pepper-
tempered Jo Adams (Virginia Dale) ne 
gotiates the sale of her property. Gene 
Autry, foreman of the Circle R, tries to 
reason with Jo, but she remains unmoved. 
Eventually she comes to her senses. Miss 
Dale is attractive foil for Autry. Peron 
ality-kid Mary Lee and Gene sing a few 
pleasant ditties. Good warm weather far

Reaching for the Sun—Paramount
From the realistic novel, "F.O.B. De 
troit," emerges the sprightly and sentimen 
tal screenplay of the romance between a 
backwoods boy and a town girl—satisfac 
tory entertainment if you never read the 
short, disappointingly shallow if you did! 
Joel McCrea is fine as the boy who rebels 
at the routine in a factory and wants to return to the wide open spaces—and 
eventually wins. Ellen Drew is charming 
as his wife. Eddie Bracken's comical.

Rookies on Parade—Republic
Yip, folks, it's about the draft—60 min 
utes of it—which is a bit of all right. Trouble comes double to songwriter Bob 
Crosby when, first, pretty Ruth Terry 
jilts him at the altar; and, second, when 
his musical is about to be produced he 
and his sidekick, Eddie Foy, Jr., are 
made reluctant rookies. Ruth, who can 
really put over a song, and Marie Wilson 
patriotically become camp hostesses. What 
follows is tuneful, danceful and skitful.
Lady from Louisiana—Republic
John Reynolds (John Wayne) is engaged by Helen Westley to delve into the lottery racket headed by General Mirvay (Henry Stephenson). John, in love with the General's daughter Julie (Ona Munson), is almost persuaded by her that the lottery is on the level. But not for long. Blackie (Ray Middleton) encourages Julie to fight John's efforts. Miss Munson uses her charms effectively, giving the film a nice lift. Strong on suspense.

Flame of New Orleans—Universal
The much-touted talent of Director Rene Clair fizzes disappointingly in "Flame of New Orleans." Marlene Dietrich seems miserably miscast too. She's hardly convincing when she pulls that sweet innocence stunt; and that she does too frequently. The story is as old as time itself: the adventures of an adventuress. There's not enough spice. Roland Young and Bruce Cabot are the men in her life. Honors go to Theresa Harris.

Mr. District Attorney—Republic
District Attorney Hinton (Stanley Ridges) is none too happy when forced to add P. C. Jones (Dennis O'Keefe) to his staff. Jones pulls a quicker ten minutes after he is sworn in. Terry (Florence Rice), pretty reporter, sympathizes, becomes his ally. They solve the riddles of a well-known politician's disappearance. Fame and love follow. Routine crime-busting stuff, but manages to hold interest.

In Old Cheyenne—Republic
Cheyenne, in its infancy, was wide open; rootin', tootin', hard-drinkin', sharp-shootin' critters roamed the rugged countryside. Roy Rogers, crusading reporter, is, as usual, an ingratiating personality. He's even prepossessing while serenading his fair Irish-Spanish señorita, flashing-eyed Joan Woodbury. Between ditties there's the business of cleaning up the lawless element. Roy does this with dashin' ease. "Gabby" Hayes helps him.

Pals of the Pecos—Republic
"The Three Mesquitesers" appear in a thing called "Pals of the Pecos." The story is trite but, thanks to Robert Livingston, Bob Steele and Rufe Davis, attention is directed away from the script. Larry (Dennis Moore) tips off an unsuspicious bunch when his dad's payroll is to be delivered. He is murdered. Larry's sister accuses the trio. The boys prove their innocence and ride away to new and, we hope, better adventure.

Footlight Fever—RKO
Alan Mowbray proves once an actor always a ham. Maybe it's vice versa. Anyway, the show's the thing in this farce. Mowbray and Donald MacBride have a play on their hands and handsome Lee Bonnell for the leading role. But alas and alack—we do mean lack—they have no money. Lee refuses to marry Elyse Knox until he is able to support her. Elisabeth Risdon comes to the rescue via a stepdick routine. Silly, yes, but rib-tickling.

**Random Ramblings on a Big Picture**

**There's a great entertainment day coming for you and you and you!**
**America's favorite singing cowboy is on his way!**

**Gene Autry**
Is riding the range again.
In his most thrill-packed drama to date—"The Singing Hill!" More action, more singing, more laughter, than you've ever enjoyed before!
**GENE'S new tunes are the catchiest ever...**
You'll be singing them yourself for weeks after! And **Smiley Burnette** rises to new heights in laughter-laden comedy scenes! Beautiful **Virginia Dale** adds romantic spice to the adventure! Lovely **Mary Lee**, our own singing sweetheart is back with **Gene** and **Smiley**...It's all new...It's all thrill-packed, and it's wonderful fun...

**So watch for Gene Autry's biggest, latest, and best...**
It's called "The Singing Hill!" And **of course, it's a Republic Picture**

*Screenland* 15
SALUTE TO GENIUS!

Cinema's First Shakespeare is Orson Welles, 25-year-old creator of "Citizen Kane," greatest motion picture since D. W. Griffith's "The Birth of a Nation." Producer, writer, director and star of his first film, Welles is the white hope of Hollywood. Don't miss his dynamic début; watch for future movie masterpieces from this most imaginative showman of our time.
Brenda, now Mrs. Owen Ward, in her honeymoon apartment—a real bride’s home, lovely and light. Our exclusive new pictures show Brenda’s cherished Wedgwood china and wedding present silver—and, below, the “sniffer” for flowers.

Beyond the four guest, I can add the serving table to the dining room and seat six, comfortably,” explained Brenda, “but I’m new a hostess to attempt half a dozen. My limit is four. We’ve had Owen’s only and my mother and occasionally a ste.

The glass table makes it possible to use the flowers for decoration underneath, they take up no room. I use cellophane—I have them in both chaffreuse and tap, presents from my chum, most effect. My mother gave us set of crystal, much I use for fruit cocktail or for dessert; and Owen’s mother gave us our adoring Wedgwood set of Alice blue with hand-painted white flowers on the tips of the plates and saucers and around the cups. My silver chest was another gift. All these hurricane lamps with candles inside are from someone else. Louella Parsons gave me my silver vegetable dishes. I adore entertaining, if only because I can use my very things.

The master bedroom has twin beds with matching headboard. Here Brenda’s fa- tred chaffreuse is used in drapes and bed- drapery, and the headboard is painted in red, and chaffreuse, which sounds, as Brenda says, simply terrible, but oddly enough isn’t.

This furniture is to go into our guest room once the ranch house is built,” con- ded my hostess. “Owen has some very old, heavy, masculine furniture of solid alnut for his room, so I plan to have mine try, very feminine, with flowing filmy drapes on bed and dressing table and those imy curtains that look as if one touch could wreck them. But one touch WON’T, won’t fret! Then I’ll have a chaise longue and a delicate French desk, I think.

“We shall start with only three bedrooms and perhaps a den with a bar that can be sung open when needed. You see, Owen and I love informal entertaining. We go with a crowd of university young people who like to hike around the hills and shoot targets. Sometimes we stay out most of the day and come back here around four o’clock for informal supper. Owen loves to cook and is rather famous for his hamburgers, his onion soup and his spareribs. He puts melted cheese, mayonnaise, tomatoes and lettuce in his hamburgers, not to mention onions, and he can dish up a sauer-

krath that makes your mouth water!”

When the Wards entertain the families or give a dinner, there’s a cook to prepare meals and a maid to serve them, but for the informal affairs guests and hosts combine talents.

“We usually have turkey for the special dinners, because it’s a festive dish and you can serve it here all year. Our cook has a wonderful dressing—she calls it walnut dressing—you’ll be sure to like. Then we have marshmallow fluff, which is yams-and-marshmallows, but she puts other things into it. She’ll give you the recipes.”

WALNUT DRESSING FOR TURKEY

Bake with skins on 3 medium onions for ten minutes. Remove the skins, chop very fine, add 1 cup finely chopped tart apple, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 5 cups fresh bread crumbs, 1 teaspoon thyme, 1 teaspoon marjoram, 2 (Please turn to page 98)
I DIDN'T come here to rock at $1.50 per day. I came to mix and mingle, to laugh and live in the summer sun, to wave goodbye to work and worry. So far, no score for Mabel. And so I rock.

I didn't come here to rock. I came to swim and sun with new adoring Adonises . . . but they're out with other girls. And so I rock.

I didn't come here to rock. I came to dance the hours away in the moonlight with a man . . . the MAN I might be lucky enough to meet and maybe to marry. Well, I met him . . . and he's out tonight with Thelma. And so I rock.

Am I slipping? Am I breaking up at 27? Maybe . . .

Still, my hair is nice; my eyes are good; I walk without crutches; I still have all my teeth. I've got a figure to match Eleanor's, a bathing suit to go with it, and three evening gowns that are a little bit of Heaven right here on Earth. I've got a "line" that men like. I even have my own car. Yet here I sit and rock while romance reigns around me and the moonlight mocks me. It's never happened to me before and every time the rocker creaks, it seems to ask: "How come? What's wrong . . . How come? What's wrong . . . How come? What's wrong . . ."

**Take This Tip**

Perhaps, Mabel, yours is that unfortunate trouble that puts so many otherwise attractive people in the wall-flower class—halitosis (bad breath).

The insidious thing about it is that you yourself may not know when you have it, and so can offend needlessly.

Perhaps all you need to get back into the swim is a little Listerine Antiseptic now and then, especially before a date. This amazingly effective antiseptic and deodorant quickly makes the breath sweeter and fresher. Thousands of popular people, fastidious people, simply wouldn't be without it. It's part of their passport to popularity . . . and it should be a part of yours.

**Mouth Fermentation**

Listerine works this way to sweeten breath: It overcomes fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth . . . said by some authorities to be the primary cause of odors; then overcomes the odor themselves. Other cases of bad breath may be due to systemic conditions; to get at the causes, see your doctor.

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and be sure you have it handy at home and office; tuck one in your hand bag when you travel—it pays.

**Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.**

**Let LISTERINE Look After Your Breath**
AN OPEN LETTER TO BABY SANDY

DEAR CUTIE-PANTS:

Go ahead and kick up your heels—it may look undignified for a movie star of your—er—standing, but what do you care? It's the silly season.

Of course, some carping critics may accuse you of being a G-Girl rather than an Actress, and it's true that, so far, you've shown few signs of becoming a miniature Bette Davis. But then, Bette herself is doing a Baby Sandy in "The Bride Came C.O.D." so don't let the sourpusses push you around. Any girl with your figure should worry about Art.

In fact, a girl like you should have no worries at all, now that Shirley Temple and Jane Withers have grown up. You get loads of fan mail but you don't have to read it or answer it, because you can't read or write anyway. If by chance you don't feel in the mood to "give" when your director tells you to do a scene, you don't have to retire to a corner of the set with your script and seep yourself in the character; you just give a sweet, patient smile and wait for the lollipops to be handed out. You always get 'em, too. And, to be sure you're not bored during your working hours, you have such high-powered comedians as Edward Everett Horton or Ray Walburn to put on acts for your special benefit—they'd better be funny, too. Pretty soft, Baby S., pretty soft.

But enjoy it while you can—because I hear you have a brand new baby brother who is already signed to a movie contract. The public is fickle, no matter what they say; competition, you know—so be sure that you keep that girlish figure.

Affectionately,

Delight Evans
"Baby talk? Naw! That’s for the grown folks! See what we mean? They even act silly. Len Weissman’s camera proves that point!"

The Gay Nineties makes a come-back at the Sand & Pool Club. Milton Berle, in a snazzy something-or-other, slips a snack to Marie Wilson, above, as Judy Garland just looks.

Judy Garland! Is that the way to treat your best (and only) guy—with a pie smack in his eye? You love him, don’t you? Oh, it’s just in fun. The guy is Dave Rose, above.

Jackie Cooper’s mama told him not to go too near the water at the Costume and Swimming Party, but his next-to-best girl Bonita Granville, above, says, "Come on, Sissy! Dip!"

Having fun is serious business with Masters Dennis, Lindsay and Philip Crosby, above. Here they are behaving as grown-ups should at the delightful party given by Walt Disney.
Quiz Kid Richard Williams, above, knows all the answers, but here he is pleased as punch and lost for words (almost) as in-between-age Jane Withers gives him her autograph.

"You don't have to tell us how to manipulate the utensils, Papa," says George Burns' adorable youngsters, Sandra and Ronny, above, at the Hollywood Brown Derby, no less.

Just kids at heart are Rita Quigley, Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville, above. They got as big a kick out of Disney's "Reluctant Dragon" as the tiny tots, and show it.

Who's excited? One glance at the Dick Powell clan will tell the answer. Mama Joan Blondell Powell, above, accompanied her charming children Ellen and Norman to the Kiddie Party.

It's the real Pat O'Brien you're seeing here, the Pat O'Brien in his best and happiest rôle, proud papa of Mavourneen and Sean. They, too, loved the Walt Disney Kiddie Party.

"Am I a surprised duck?" Yes, kiddies—and grown-ups too—it's Clarence Nash, intriguing voice of Donald Duck. With him, Carol Ann and Barbara, Robert Young's cutie-pies.
Consider the romantic plight of Hollywood’s most beautiful girl and most brilliant boy!

In HOLLYWOOD we sort of get used to taking love with a grain of salt, followed by two aspirin. Maybe it’s because we see too many boy-meets-girl pictures, maybe it’s because we brush up against it everywhere we go, maybe it’s because we just happen to know the dreary “inside” on so many so-called romances. You can get awfully palsy with love in Hollywood—and you certainly know that one about familiarity breeding contempt, among other things. We who pound the keys have lost our respect for that great big beautiful emotion. We say with a sneer: toujours l’amour NUTS!

So naturally when someone told me that I could probably get a good story out of Linda Darnell as she had love problems, I simply said, who hasn’t, and let it go at that. How could Linda Darnell, undoubtedly the best brought up young girl in Hollywood, sweet, beautiful, and with a brilliant career ahead of her, know anything about love problems? And anyway, Mickey Rooney was in love with her, and that shouldn’t be a problem—that should be a pleasure. So I returned, with the usual tongue in the usual cheek, to the love problems of Miss Lana Turner.

And then one day I bumped into Linda on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot. She had finished early on the “Blood and Sand” set, and it had started raining, and she had to wait for the chauffeur to pick up her brothers Calvin Roy, Jr., and Monte at their schools before he could come after her. I asked politely about the picture and Linda’s answer assured me that despite her youth, sweetness, and good manners, she is just as human as the next one, “All I do in it is pray,” she said wistfully.
"I do wish they'd let me play a bad woman sometimes!" sighs Linda. She's still sweet in "Blood and Sand," with Ty Power.

By Elizabeth Wilson

"I do wish they'd let me play a bad woman sometimes."

We got to talking, Linda and I, and soon the conversation got around to love, as it always does in Hollywood. I said, "Linda, several months ago when someone asked you if you were in love with Mickey Rooney your reply was, 'I'll never fall in love with anyone until I know.' What did you mean?"

"I meant," said Linda, "that I couldn't possibly fall in love with Mick, no matter how much I like him, or anyone else for that matter, until I knew about Jaime."

"And do you know now?"

"Yes," said Linda with that pathetic little smile that is destined to make gelatine out of many a big strong muscle man. "Now I know. I spent three weeks in Mexico City. And now I know that it's too big a thing to say it was swell knowing you, goodbye. Things are in an awful mess."

Well, first thing I knew the ice had melted in my veins and I was all full of sympathy and understanding. Me, the cynic. But that Linda is no phony, believe me. She really has problems, and she has really suffered over them.

I don't know Jaime Yorba. I'll probably never know Jaime Yorba. But he is one young man who certainly has my sincerest sympathy. Imagine being desperately in love with Linda Darnell and not being able to see her! Imagine having Mickey Rooney, the most fascinating adolescent in Hollywood, for a rival! Imagine burning with jealousy while you read in the gossip columns that your girl has been seen (Please turn to page 83)
Announcing the WINNER

CONSTANCE BENNETT

Dear Miss Bennett:

There is such a great deal written about what the "career girl" should wear; for business, etc., which certainly must help them enormously—but what about us "young marrieds?" There are lots of us too! What sort of things should we buy that will please our Mr.'s eye and his pocketbook too? Where should we "splurge" and where can we be economical?

There are so many things that take up my daily schedule, from housework to shopping, luncheon dates, visiting, club meetings, sports, and theater, that there is not much time left for reading. Perhaps I should mention that I am 5'3" tall, weigh 110 pounds, have dark blonde hair, green eyes, and a medium complexion.

I sincerely hope you will help me solve my "clothes problem." I surely would appreciate an expert's advice on the subject. And I want to thank you now for any help you may give me.

Yours very sincerely,

DIANE MARNELL
Quincy, Mass.

Selections from Miss Bennett's personal wardrobe include, above, her pet print frock, grey background with small geometric yellow pattern. Her half-hat is fashioned of yellow lilies of the valley, with a starched veil of brown fishnet over all.

Far casual hours, Connie Bennett glamorizes a slack and shirt ensemble. Her selection is full trousers of brilliant red jersey, with jumper straps over a soft bateau-neck candy-stripe bodice of red and white silk jersey. A red chiffon bandana over her hair.

Another winner in our 6-Star Contest series! Subject, clothes. Star, Hollywood's best-dressed woman, Connie Bennett, whose article in answer to Diane Marnell will fascinate every girl with a clothes problem, and whose latest and loveliest personal wardrobe is pictured here.
of the CONTEST!

Miss Bennett poses with the prize-winning gifts: a complete set of her own fine cosmetics, a smartly-fitted handbag.

DEAR DIANE MARNELL:
Quality not quantity is the basic rule for every woman who wants to dress well. There are certain “tricks” to assembling a wardrobe. These “tricks” apply whether your income is twenty dollars a week or two thousand. Don’t misunderstand me, I don’t mean “tricky” dressing. I do mean that you do not need to depend upon an extensive wardrobe. Know the right lines of your figure and the right tones of your coloring. Then remember one thing—simplicity.

If a girl has twenty dollars to spend, no matter how she may be tempted to buy several things, she should remind herself that it is wisdom and economy to have a few good things. I want to stress that fact. I happen to need, and have, a larger wardrobe than the average woman. But the business girl and you “young marrieds,” as you call yourselves, must make your allowance cover every need, and you should practice buying not cheaper clothes, but fewer.

There are three sins in dressing which are committed repeatedly:
(1) Choosing a dress merely because it is the mode of the moment. No two women in the world are exactly alike in features, figure, or hair. It’s stupid to look at another woman, even though she’s your favorite screen star, and (Please turn to page 77)
WHAT IT TAKES TO BE A HOLLYWOOD HUSBAND!

"Mr. Rita Hayworth" Tells

Aside from that streamlined socko figure, one of the main reasons for Rita Hayworth’s star being so high in Hollywood heavens is a gent named Eddie Judson. Eddie happens to be Rita’s husband.

Now you and I have heard many sad tales of actresses who felt that they had to discard their non-professional husbands because hubby and career conflicted. These back-seat husbands, wail the screen lovelies in court, just don’t understand the complexities that go with their screen careers and it’s a matter of chucking one or the other. Movie careers being what they are, it’s usually the husband who gets the bounce.

Being a husband to a Hollywood star takes a man who is equal parts of Frank Buck, Casper Milquetoast, Clyde Beatty and Robert Taylor. The poor fellow who stands up before the minister with a screen pet must mumble silently to himself along with the other “I promises”—“I promise to be a confidante, go-between, good will ambassador, and international spy. I promise to comfort her when she’s lost a role, to keep out of the way when she’s busy, to be nice to photographers even though I don’t like to have my mugg snapped, to guip and be understanding when I see my wife’s pretty puss plastered in magazines kissing some other man, and not to mind being addressed as Mr. Gloria Glamor.”

And that’s just the half of it!

Well, folks, in this corner we have that jewel among jewels: the one man who has this business of being a movie star’s husband doped out to such a fine science that it’s actually a pleasure. As a result of the many qualities that make Ed Judson the ideal husband for a Hollywood star, Rita Hayworth today has one of the most flourishing screen careers and the dove of happiness flies high in their domicile, tra-la.

You must know, first of all, that Ed Judson is a real guy, not a Hollywood husband who sits in the back seat while his wife drives him. Judson is a businessman and has been one for fifteen successful years. He was formerly an automobile dealer, and is now in the oil business. In fact, because he has proven himself before he married Rita, he is not resentful of the success and salary his wife gets, and is all the more anxious to promote her further success.

Although not directly in the motion picture industry, Ed Judson has had many friends in it for years. It was five years ago, and he had come to Hollywood after a long stay in New York. He asked a producer friend for the phone numbers of some girls and the friend gave him three numbers. Hesitantly, he added Rita’s number too. “She’s all right, but quiet. Does bit parts, nothing very much.”

Eddie phoned the other girls (Please turn to page 90)
She's the streamlined sensation of the screen world—and if you want to know the reason, aside from her socko figure and all, find the man in the case! (He happens to be her husband, lucky man)
Can a girl be in love with three men at the same time? That's the question asked and answered in this sparkling fictionization of Ginger Rogers' new romantic comedy, with George Murphy, Burgess Meredith, and Alan Marshall as the three lovers in her life!

Fictionized by
Elizabeth B. Petersen

O H, THE movie was wonderful, really wonderful! Janie leaned forward in the darkened theater and her heart leaned forward too, reaching toward the girl on the screen who had come through her baptism of suffering and now was reaping her reward in these few minutes of unutterable ecstasy.

She could have been Janie, that girl, with her hair worn in the same long, curled bob, her dark lashes sweeping over eyes that anyone would know were blue even though the picture wasn't in technicolor, a nose tipped ever so slightly heavenwards and a gamin smile that, it had turned out, was just so much money in the bank to a working girl. For she was a telephone operator, just like Janie, and a millionaire's son was in love with her, which wasn't like Janie at all.

It had been so thrilling, every minute of it, the things he said to her and the things she said to him. Janie wished she could think of things like that to say, quick, right on the instant. But it wouldn't make much difference even if she did, she thought wistfully, with only Tom to say them to—and he was too down to earth and practical to appreciate romance. All he thought of was getting ahead.

He hadn't even appreciated the picture. "Say," he said as they sat over their sundaes a few minutes afterwards. "It wasn't true to life. You think a rich fellow like that would marry a poor girl like that?"

"Why, of course he would," Janie said indignantly. "He loved her, didn't he?"
"Yeah, well, sure, I guess he did." Tom looked skeptical. "What d'ya say we drive out to Inspiration Point for awhile?"

They might as well, Janie thought, there wasn't anything else to do. So they got into Tom's sedan which he had been able to buy wholesale since he sold cars and drove out to the lake a few miles beyond the town. There was a moon and the night was warm, so the place was crowded with cars and it didn't look as if they'd be able to find a place but Tom finally managed to park. He was a go-getter, Tom was. He usually managed to get the things he wanted.

"Janie," he said, "I guess tonight has seemed to you like any other night we've had a date together. But it hasn't been. I may have been acting the same, but something happened today that changes everything. I closed the R. J. Hamilton deal! Yep, thirty special sedans. And that's not all. I was promoted! From now on I'm assistant sales manager."

Janie tried to look impressed, but she wasn't really. Tom was always getting promoted. She'd have much rather just sat there lost in her own dreams than be talking about Tom's job. In her dreams anything could happen.

Tom took a deep breath then. "I've done it all for you, Janie," he said. "You don't belong in that phone company, getting up early and plugging calls all day. You deserve something better, and I'm gonna get it for you. I'm asking you to marry me. Will you?"
All her life Janie had dreamed of the supreme moment, when a man would ask her to marry him. It had always been so exciting and glamorous, just the way things happened in her favorite movies. But this wasn't anything at all. Tom's voice was just the way it always was when he was talking about cars and business and things. He didn't look deep into her eyes or sigh tenderly.

"No," she said and as soon as the word was out of her mouth she was frightened. What if no one else ever asked her? What if this was the nearest she was ever going to come to romance? And she did like Tom, she might even love him for all she knew. Besides, Mom and Pop were all for him. They said he was a young man who was going to go places. "Well," she amended hastily, "I don't mean no, exactly. I mean no right now. I'll have to think about it."

"What do you mean, you'll have to think about it?" Tom demanded. "You wanna marry a rich guy, is that it?"

"If I love him," Janie said almost apologetically. "But I tell you, I'm gonna be rich," Tom insisted, "Why, I'll have my own agency in another two years!"

"Aw, Tom, that isn't it," Janie said softly. "You probably want to be rich and even if you weren't, maybe I'd marry you anyway. It isn't that. I just wanna think about it."

"Aw, Janie, please say yes," Tom said, and he couldn't have put more into selling a car than in trying to sell Janie. Why, his voice was almost trembling. "You don't know what it means to me. I'll work my head off. I need you, Janie, I love you!

"You do?" Janie looked at him impressed. "When you think of me, do you melt inside, like a candy bar?"

"Sure," Tom said fervently. "Aw, Janie, you gotta say yes. You gotta! I'll just commit suicide if you don't.

What's a girl to do, when three nice fellows are in love with her and she likes—all three? Ginger Rogers in "Tom, Dick and Harry" which we present to you in fiction form, just can't seem to make up her mind!
Of course, the romantic problem confronting Ginger can be fun! Almost any girl would enjoy the thrill of being pursued by three—count 'em!—three charming men. Well, which one would you choose?

Harry and Tom (at right) don’t know it but they’re engaged—to the same girl! Below, out with Harry, Janie listens to the mechanical fortune teller chant: “When you kiss the man you love, bells will ring in Heaven above.” But Janie—having acquired a third fiancé, the wealthy Dick (played by Alan Marshall)—is more puzzled than ever, though completely surrounded by romance.

What are you trying to do, drive me nuts? I’m not asking you for a dance. I’m asking you to marry me.”

“Well, if you put it that way, all right,” Janie said slowly.

Maybe it wasn’t the way she’d dreamed of it happening. Janie thought as she went into and told Mom and Pop about it. Only she wasn’t going to kid herself any longer and keep on dreaming of Prince Charming. She’d been waiting for him too long, and she was twenty-five now and after all twenty-five was nearer to thirty than it was to twenty. Better to play it safe and thank heavens at that she was lucky enough to have anyone as nice as Tom proposing to her. After all, there weren’t many men with a nice, wide grin like Tom’s. And besides, his breezy personality had a way of creeping under the skin. Janie couldn’t wait to get into bed and think it over. That was where she did her real dreaming—just lying there thinking and thinking how she would like things if she could fix it so that they would come out her way. Only this time she couldn’t use only her imagination for it wasn’t of some man she’d never met that she was dreaming. She had to dream of Tom since he was the one she was going to marry and knowing just how Tom was, she had to make him that way really.

“Do you, Janie, take this man to love, honor and live happily ever after and no fair getting a divorce?” she mused, and it was so real she could almost swear it was the preacher’s voice and not her own asking it. And then after she’d said “I do,” she heard the voice go on, “Do you, Tom, take this woman to love, honor and sell a million cars, so long as you both shall live?” And then, “I now pronounce you a lovely couple.”

So they were married, there in Janie’s dream, and the pillow she was burrowing her head in became a neat little green apron of a lawn and there was the house and especially the (Continued on page 60)
WELL now, are they? Sometimes you have no doubts left. The things they do, actually! Certainly they live bewilderingly. No sooner are you sure about your particular favorites, anyway, than—

Well, I've heard it said that some movie stars pull something fantastic. No matter how often you've read that a movie star is, at heart, just as simple as the boy or girl next door you're still skeptical.

So for the real, honest answer to this persistent question the Editor of SCREENLAND sent me to the star whose reputation in Hollywood itself guarantees a reliable reply. Joel McCrea is second to none in the regard of his fellow movie stars because he is such an all-around success as a human being. No tale to his discredit has ever been whispered, and for ten years he has acted opposite dozens of famous actresses. Away from his work he is undeniably a very genuine guy. For seven years he's been happily married to beautiful Frances Dee; they have two husky young sons. Joel is on friendly terms with all the big names in Hollywood. Everything considered, what he can say packs an authentic ring.

Here, then, is what Joel said to me. Decide for yourself exactly how "nutty" they are after these disclosures. "I won't," he began earnestly, "waste your time handing out whitewash! Of course we're different! The tune of our town is fast, unpredictable, and we've got to play along using our wits. No, we aren't like the boy and girl next door. But we're like they could be if they had our nerve! We haven't time to stand still. The competition's too keen."

"I know," said Joel, quickly to the point, "that 'they'—meaning the people who met a fellow who had a friend who heard from someone who was right there when it happened, no kidding!—are 'wise' to us Hollywood folks. Oh, perhaps and probably there are exceptions, 'they' will concede breakfastedly. But those sly, cutting adjectives, remember? Hollywood's a screwy place full of screwballs. It's the essence of superficiality, the phony Paradise-on-the-Pacific. To the sensational newspaper reporters, Hollywood is ticketed with heartbreak. To get gilded with glamor you must sacrifice friends, fun, privacy, and a normal life. The pace that thrills insidiously kills; I quote any "would-be." Who can also confide to you that in Hollywood there is no security, that you're ignored when you aren't rich and influential, and that getting ahead in the movies is the direct result of kow-towing to the powers-that-be until you can't look yourself in the face!
"But," smiled Joel, sitting across from me in the Paramount café, tall, tanned, and earnest, "you remember, also, the old chestnut? It takes a thief to catch a thief—?
You're a darned sight more apt to be more right when you've been on the inside. An old settler doesn't leap to conclusions. Gossips never add that what they present as morsels might have occurred once or twice, but sheer common sense would point out that nobody could repeat wild indulgences and continue as successes. I've been informed that every actress is years older than arithmetic can make her. I acted with Shirley Temple when the super-sleuths were definite about Shirley being a midget! But I felt Hollywood was for me, I aimed to get into the fun of climbing here, and I've never been sorry.

"Movie stars have different chances. They can earn big money while they are young. They can enjoy the rewards of life when the trimmings look most alluring. Consequently, they aren't slow, stuffy, stick-in-the-muds. They have to be constantly alert, or out the studio they will go and be forgotten twice as fast as they were discovered.

"Here's why we're different, in a nutshell. We dare to be ourselves because we're in a business that lets us be natural openly. We get more wallop from living because we don't disguise going after what we want. We're extremists on the surface; look underneath, (Please turn to page 74)

By Ben Maddox

We're not handing out any whitewash! You've read that movie stars are just as simple and homespun as the folks next door—but you don't believe it, do you? Of course not! If they weren't "different" they wouldn't be movie stars. Joel McCrea says so, and he knows!
ONE of the most amazing young men to hit Hollywood in a long time is William Holden. He was starred in his first picture and he's been starred in every picture he's made since. Even Gable, Cooper, and Power were once extras! And yet in a way, Bill still doesn't know what time it is.

Don't misunderstand me, he is far from dumb—but in a city whose inhabitants pride themselves on their sophistication, his naiveté is—well, sort of breath-taking. His hesitancy—his unsureness—are rather on the refreshing side. Most young people, the moment they click, know exactly what they want (and aren't at all hesitant about demanding it) and exactly how things should be run. Not Bill.

When asked what kind of parts he wanted to play he looked at me in astonishment, “How should I know? I've only played six, and that's not enough for me to know what I can do best. If I'm what you'd call a juvenile, then I'd like to be a character juvenile. I don't want to do drawing room comedies because I don't think I have enough experience yet.”

Humphrey Bogart remarked once that the thing he admired most about Bill is that the minute he landed solidly he didn't go around shooting off his mouth. He doesn't discuss things that are no concern of his, nor does he go around trying to convert everyone he meets to his way of thinking. When he isn't working he goes quietly about the business of having (Please turn to page 96)

Success Hasn't Spoiled Him!

Starred in his first picture, movie lover of Veronica Lake in his latest, and still not spoiled? It's the truth about Bill Holden, and you'll read the real reason here

By S. R. Mook
PARTNERS IN LOVE—AND CRIME!

Together again for the first time since "China Seas," Clark Gable and Rosalind Russell portray clever jewel thieves in the new film, "Unholy Partners." They reform when they fall in love.
"A WOMAN'S FACE"—And FIGURE!

JOAN CRAWFORD celebrates her return to the screen with a marvelous collection of new clothes! We show you the Sequin Series—on this page, a white dinner dress whose only decoration consists of a silver star on each wrist and a row of stars around the neckline.
JOAN'S ALGERIAN MOOD

Interesting dinner frock worn by the star has an Oriental skirt of metal cloth striped with red, blue, yellow, and green, topped by a blouse of soothing pale green.
Star-Shine in Sequins

When a star like Crawford sponsors sequins, you can be sure others will follow. Joan is a style-setter in American femininity. Here she wears a simple dress of heavy white crepe, its one ornament a sequin bow in midnight...
It takes beauty plus daring plus unerring instinct for drama to wear this spectacular gown, but Joan Crawford has all the qualifications. Black beads and sequins, classic square neckline, long slim skirt, topped by a jacket with a gold heart.
When the men are George Raft and Edward G. Robinson, and the woman is Marlene Dietrich — watch for fireworks!

Warner Bros. are famous for giving you sensational entertainment from way back: remember "Public Enemy," "Little Caesar," and later "They Drive By Night" and "High Sierra." Now they have done it again with "Man Power," combining the vivid talents of Robinson and Raft and adding the dynamite beauty of Dietrich. Here are first scenes from the exciting picture.

A WOMAN!
She started it all

Rare photographs from our files show Lana, at left, in the famous sweater that started the whole thing—extremely modest it looks now, but what sensation it caused when she first wore it in “They Won’t Forget.” Above, a scene from that film in which Lana played the high-school girl who was murdered. At right, her very first “leg art,” prelude to climb to fame.

Our new pictures at left and below, and across the page at right, prove that the original Sweater Girl was really a modest little thing. Far left, blonde bombshell Veronica Lake in the first, and probably the last sweater pose you will ever see of her—Paramount wants to concentrate on her acting ability. Brenda Joyce, left, and Gene Tierney, below, carry on the noble tradition. Facing page, pretty Anne Gwynne has no sweater problems at all.
Lana Turner was the original Sweater Girl—but look at ’em now!

These photographic treasures from our files. Left above, Lana Turner on the Campus of Hollywood High School just before signing her first movie contract. At right above, another sweater pose—yes, this demure little girl really turned into tempestuous Lana Turner. At right, Lana turns her back on the whole sweater question. She’s a big star now with star-bright future.
YES!
"SHE KNEW ALL THE ANSWERS"

We can't think of any star who would be more graceful in the title rôle of the above-mentioned movie than Joan Bennett. You see her, here, going all-out for blue in a beautiful gown designed by Bernard Newman. You'll see her on the screen with John Hubbard and Franchot Tone in Columbia's brand-new comedy.
Current craze for movie musicals gives Anna Neagle top spot in her field. The vivacious blonde from Britain has her most glamorous role in Herbert Wilcox's latest film, "Sunny," in which Anna is seen in the dance pictured here.
Nobody knows — yet — if Georgia Carroll can act; but nobody — so far — cares, as long as the beautiful New York ex-model continues to look like this. Miss Carroll can be seen in "Affectionately Yours," and with a new Warner contract she is being groomed for increasingly important parts. Excellent!
Canny Colman keeps right on as a top-flight star after all these years—because he maintains his policy of appearing in just one movie a year, and that one his own personal story selection. His first since “Lucky Partners” will be on the screens soon. It’s “My Life with Caroline”
And the Bride

Since her marriage, Bette has emerged from her seclusion and takes her place as a smart young matron, chic and clothes-conscious, as well as Hollywood's First Actress and First Citizen.
Wore

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

From “Belle Starr”
HEROINE to her Hairdresser

If you want the real low-down on any girl, movie star or not, consult her hairdresser! Here's what Priscilla Lane's "Turpy" thinks of her cute boss

By Marion Cooper

"Turpy" is not only Priscilla's hairdresser but her chum. Below, "Pat" turns the tables. Lower left, the two girls study the latest Lane script.

YOU'VE met Priscilla Lane's "Turpy" in print before—when various columnists told you how the youngest of the Lanes was helping her attractive hairdresser crash the movies. That was just a gag, meant to go no further than the set where it originated. The reason it hit the papers is due entirely to the fact that Priscilla, or Pat as everyone calls her, has a gift for dead-pan joking that enables her to tell "whoppers" convincingly. Helen Turpin, the butt of this particular whopper, told me about it at lunch recently, when I asked her to talk about Pat. And when Turpy talks about Pat her eyes glow with pleasure.

"She was posing for stills, and asked me to sit in for her a minute while the cameraman got set," Turpy said. "A studio publicity man happened by and wanted to know what it was all about." Turpy laughed. "Pat told him seriously that I wanted a chance in the movies, and was having my picture taken as the first step. We didn't think he'd actually fall for it," she finished, shaking her dark head. But she wasn't counting on the fact that this particular publicity man hadn't her four years' experience with the Priscilla Lane brand of humor.

"I met Pat when she first came to Hollywood, for Warner Brothers' 'Varsity Show.' All she knew about pictures (Please turn to page 86)
The Picture to See:
"CITIZEN KANE"

SEE IT BECAUSE:
It is the most controversial picture since "The Birth of a Nation." It is the much publicized, long awaited first film venture of that young genius from radio and the theater, Orson Welles—and it confounds his critics by being great.
It tells the life story of a famous newspaper publisher, using entirely new and radical technique. A fascinating account of material success and spiritual failure, it opens a fresh field for future films. There is stark drama, bitter satire, and many vivid characterizations to color the narrative.
It is revolutionary in lighting and camera angles, making most films seem old-fashioned—in fact, "Citizen Kane" will force Hollywood to experiment in every department of production.
It may puzzle that part of the movie public which insists upon obvious hokum, but it is daring and dynamic entertainment for every fan with a spark of imagination. And I hope—I know—this includes all of YOU.

REO-Radio

The Man Who Made It:
ORSON WELLES

At 25, Orson Welles is the one authentic genius of show business. First, he is a great showman, splurging in the spectacular and reveling in the unconventional. Second, he is a great director, uninhibited and inspired. Third, he is a great actor, of tremendous vitality, rich voice and unerring technique. In other words, Welles is the Man of the Hour; he has shouted, "Wake up, Hollywood!" and Hollywood has been forced to acknowledge the challenge. So will you movie fans.
In his rôle of an American newspaper tycoon, which takes him from youth to old age, Welles has ample opportunity to prove his high place among screen actors. He dominates every scene; sometimes he gives the stage to another player but even with his back to the camera, Welles is the star.

MERCURY PLAYERS

Most of the cast of "Citizen Kane" is composed of members of Welles' Mercury Theater from New York. As directed by Welles, each actor is perfection in the part assigned to him. The best are:
Everett Sloane as Kane's business manager, ironic portrait of a shrewd unsentimental man.
Joseph Cotten as Kane's friend who always told him the truth and was eventually fired for it—Cotten has a permanent place in pictures because he is a personable player who can act.
George Coulouris as the somewhat sinister guardian of the Kane riches—a noted stage actor at his best.
Last but far from least, Dorothy Comingore as Kane's second wife—a relentless closeup of the pretty woman who never wanted to be put on a pedestal and finally walked out of Kane's life. As Linda Winters Miss Comingore was cold-shouldered by Hollywood. It remained for Welles to discover and exploit her unusual talents. Ruth Warrick as the first wife has dignity and grace in a difficult rôle.
to the BEST CURRENT PICTURES

Delight Evans

"GREAT AMERICAN BROADCAST"

ONE-WORD GUIDE:
FUN!

SEE IT BECAUSE:
It is a companion-piece to "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and "Tin Pan Alley"—if you liked them, you'll enjoy this even more, for its gay and giddy low-down on radio broadcasting in the '20's.

It's so crammed with laughs, good tunes, fast dancing and frank fun, you can't carp about the trite, thin story. If you are a radio fan you will be amused at the adventures of the broadcasting pioneers back in the good (?) old days of crystal sets and static, with the first coast-to-coast hookup as a climax.

It's a pleasure to report that, once more, Jack Oakie steals the show. He is louder, bolder, and funnier than ever as a wireless tinkerer who loses Alice Faye to John Payne but prospers in radio and gags nevertheless. Mr. Payne is handsomer, Miss Faye likewise than in other recent assignments. Sweet Alice looks herself again after her unhappy "Night in Rio."

20th Century-Fox

"PENNY SERENADE"

ONE-WORD GUIDE:
APPEALING!

SEE IT BECAUSE:
You liked Irene Dunne and Cary Grant in "The Awful Truth"—and now they're together again in this charming picture which is often as funny as that first hit, and also grand and weepy—so bring out the hankies.

It is sentimental, yes—but only Ned Sparks could fail to be moved by the everyday experiences of a nice, small-town couple who adopt a baby. They cherish the child until she is six, when she dies. Their adjustment to their grief provides poignant appeal, and when they adopt a two-year-old boy you can hear the audience swallowing the lump in its collective throat.

Irene Dunne is just right as the wife—she is an irresistible compound of womanly tenderness and understanding, always believable as a small-town matron, never reminding of the Hollywood star. Cary Grant is good as her husband despite his spectacular goods looks—imagine Cary cooped up in a small town, we can't.

Columbia

"ZIEGFELD GIRL"

ONE-WORD GUIDE:
GORGEOUS!

SEE IT BECAUSE:
It is the most lavish musical show to come out of Hollywood in a long, long time—M-G-M has gone "all out" in everything, including girls, glitter, scenery, stars—and Jimmy Stewart.

It has those spectacular production numbers with eye-popping beauties and incredible gowns and smart songs which are such a feast to you fans of this gaudy form of film entertainment—only you'd better wear your smoked glasses; to watch not only the parades of the glorified girls, but also to see Hedy Lamarr and Lana Turner in one film—wow!

Lana Turner as the tragic beauty of the Ziegfeld girls easily struts away with the show. For the first time she has a chance to turn in a performance rather than merely a pose, and she proves she's an actress as well as a sensational siren. Judy Garland is cutest as the ambitious girl, with Hedy Lamarr being so beautiful as—ahem—the domestic type.
COOP doesn’t talk easily for publication. A modest man, he’s never succeeded in persuading himself that anything he has to say is worth printing. He has, on the other hand, a sense of responsibility and enough kindliness for a dozen. When people ask him to talk, these two sets of impulses clash.

Six feet of lean, tanned brawn, dressed in the farm clothes of Sergeant York—in which he looks and feels comfortable—he entered the Green Room, where Warner players eat. He sat down, grinning that grin—which looks bashful, whether it is or not, which breaks slowly over his face as if a candle had been lighted somewhere inside—ordered a healthy meal and ate. While he was eating, his hands were busy. When he’d finished, you could tell by the hands how things were going. If they were quiet, it meant that questions were being held within fairly impersonal bounds. If he started twisting a handkerchief around them, it meant the contrary.

There are few questions he refuses outright to answer. But he’s so acutely miserable under certain lines of inquiry, that only a sadist could resist. Especially in view of his own sweet reasonableness, “If I weren’t in the movies myself,” he said, “I’d be one of those hanging around the studio gates, wanting to know all about the stars.”

Which supplied a solution and the formula for this story. Suppose, Coop, we supposed, you were one of those hanging around the studio gates. What would you want to know about a guy named Gary Cooper?

He chuckled. “Now you’ve really got your hooks in me! Asking the questions and giving the answers both. Is that the idea?”

That’s the idea, Coop, the fan, picked the questions—more or less. Coop, the star, answered them. Drawling, hesitant now and then, but for the most part freely. Once in a while, he’d fold his lips together, the grin would break through, and from under his brows he’d eye you like a kid who has his own secret source of amusement. That meant, let’s skip it. For the rest, it went something like this:

COOP—First thing I’d like to know is, how did you
Gary Cooper told us: "If I weren't in the movies myself, I'd be one of those hanging around the studio gates, wanting to know all about the stars!" Which gave us the idea for this unusual interview, in which "Coop" asks the questions and Cooper gives all the answers!

By Ida Zeitlin

TO COOPER

ever get into the movies? Because when you started, the leading men were all very handsome fellows, and you certainly can't class yourself as such. No offense meant!

COOPER—None taken. It happened this way. I'd run into cowboys I knew on Hollywood Boulevard. Fellows with big hats who were picking up a few odd bucks, riding horses and stuff. In those days, there were horses and cowboys in every picture. They said, why don't you try your luck? I said, why don't I? Got my first extra job in a Tom Mix picture. That was at the end of the silent era. Mix was making a whale of a salary every week—seventeen thousand or something. I stood there in the crowd, I saw him come in, all tagged out fancy, ride up some steps, pick up a girl, mumble a few words and ride off. I said to myself, this is the business. I can ride up steps too, pick up a girl and make my lips move without saying anything. I never saw myself as a star. That's the truth, so quit giving me the eye! I thought maybe eventually, with more work and more experience—I had plenty of trouble finding work, by the way—I thought I might get to playing heavies, being the guy who comes round to collect the mortgage, the guy that gets hissed, not kissed.

COOP—How come you got changed around?

COOPER—Styles changed.

COOP—You wouldn't want to go into that a little further?

COOPER—Nothing to go into. It's a dead end.

COOP—Little shy, huh? (Please turn to page 87)
THAT "FINISHING" BUSINESS

Thoughts on Good Grooming

By
Courtenay
Marvin
There are faces that can hold the rapt attention like a magnet holds a pin. Often such faces have not one perfect feature. There are girls who cause men instinctively and admiringly to turn their heads when they enter an elevator or walk along the street. This is not boldness but the homage paid to loveliness. Upon analysis, such girls have just about what most have. They aren't so startlingly different from those who practically must announce themselves before anyone ever sees them. What makes this vital difference? It isn't beauty, alone; it isn't personality; it isn't any one thing but a combination of several. It is a kind of white magic—the art of putting yourself together perfectly, so that you make a picture to others. And it is a great big plus in favor of the skirted group, whether eight years old or eighty. It works its same magic with the boys and the men, too. Maybe some are born with this consummate art. But I doubt it. I think it is acquired like any skill. And any skill takes care, painstaking care in every detail. From the French, we have the word chic for this perfection in assembling self. Here, we use the words, good grooming. Basically, it is the result of care, and without it, you simply can't have that look of perfection. You can't make the world stop and look at you with admiration.

In Hollywood, there are some notable examples of this art of assembling self. Foremost, I would name Irene Dunne, blessed with beauty, yes, and a smile and a voice, not forgetting figure and conversational ability. But not one of these assets alone would give her a reputation for chic. It is the whole of them, packaged and perfectly wrapped together. Then there is Carole Lombard, who cuts a definite figure of distinction. And there is Claudette Colbert and there are others.

But, please note that we don't find so much of this particular quality among the younger stars and players. They haven't it because it takes time to acquire it. Every girl and woman ought to grow in good looks and attractiveness. Barring real decrepitude through age, every one of us ought to have something at this time that we didn't have at the same season in 1940. Many women should adjust their mental processes on the subject of age. Too many think that after twenty-six or thereabouts they ought to begin to lose something. Perhaps only the adolescent girl with braces on her teeth, her straight hair still sans permanent, a face without the grace of one make-up touch and a figure much too much or much too little has the straight thinking viewpoint, "Well, maybe I'll look better when I'm older."

Why not start in right now and make time work to your benefit in good looks? Look back over the years, if you need inspiration, and remember how Alice Faye looked when she first came to the screen; how the dramatic and stirring Ida Lupino was a little blonde fluff like dozens of others; how the Oscar-winning Ginger Rogers was just another good dancer striving for a foothold in Hollywood. Look at these girls today. Each has acquired something special in talent and in appearance, too. Time has sculptured the mould of these personalities. And it applies to their appearance, also.

Self-improvement in grooming is a course open to every one of us. And Summer is a perfect time to begin, because if we don't care much about our appearance when the frost is on the pumpkin, we won't give a good hang with July temperatures. "Doing it the hard way is the secret of success," said a big business executive to me recently. It seems to me, too, that the girls who graduated in June and are looking forward to careers might find this a perfect time to practice up on the kind of appearance that does open doors of opportunity.

Since grooming is a kind of orderliness, then your very first step is to inaugurate some kind of ordered plan for your better looks. You (Please turn to page 80)
Gene and Champ are a hit wherever they go, and this story tells you just why. Our exclusive new pictures show Gene with young admirer on personal appearance; at home with his wife; putting Champ through his paces; and, facing page, greeting the crowds in Washington, D. C., recently; working on location; and exterior of the Autry home in Hollywood.

Keep it simple! After an exhaustive survey of Gene Autry from all inside angles: his director, his writer, and his horse, Champ, we come up with this Ben Franklinish axiom. Keep it simple, yes, but be very careful that your simplicity is as complicated as is that of Autry. Like you, we have been curious to find the formula for that cozy clink of gold that constitutes the sound effect for the Autry epics. Any dunce can see that the guy has that naive and simple charm, but it is also fairly obvious that it must take more than that to (Please turn to page 93)
Keep it simple! That's the secret of Gene's success—and Champ's, too!
DITTY the poor movie star who is sensitive to public opinion. Claudette Colbert is such a person. And because of it, she had to forego a trip to New York with a party of friends. Claudette confided that she'd rather stay home than go without her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, who is officially enrolled in the Navy. The last time she went, her entire days were spent in denying those separation rumors.

UNLESS her plans change at the last minute, Jean Parker is packing bag and baggage and brushing up on her Spanish. Lucrative offers from South America, too tempting to refuse, are pouring in. Jean is fed up with Hollywood and short-sighted producers who just won't see her as anything else but a gingham girl, with a lawn snipping at her heels. Douglas Dawson, Jean's new husband, is a member of the Officers' Reserve. He may be called any moment, which is another reason why Jean doesn't want to remain alone at "Sands Park," their new ranch house in the San Fernando Valley.

WHAT'S this about Dorothy Lamour furnishing (herself) a brand new apartment out in Westwood Village? No decorator was called in but the delivery man for a large department store vouched the information—if you want to take a delivery man's word for it. Dorothy has admitted that she is tired of living in her Coldwater Canyon house, but no one has ever heard her say that she wasn't living in it. Looking ahead, Dotty?

ON THE set where John Barrymore is king, the great profile holds court. One day there were a bevy of beauties playing in the scene. One in particular caught John's eye. If she was interested in his admiring looks, she showed no signs. Finally, they went into the scene. Walking down a long flight of steps, the young lady caught her heel in her hem and almost tripped. Barrymore rose to his feet and ambled over toward the girl.

"Do you need any help," he inquired solicitously.

"I do not," was the frigid reply. "But I think I'd better help YOU."

Short Takes on Big News Concerning Cinema Celebrities. It's the Latest Lowdown on the Hottest Events

Cinema's most glamorous queens, Norma Shearer and Constance Bennett, left below, chew the rag animatedly at the Ambassador. Quite in contrast, right, John Hubbard simply can't keep his mind on his "She Knew All the Answers" lines with temptress Eve Arden carrying on so. Bewitched, he follows in her footsteps.
The charity party held in the Fiesta Room of the Ambassador attracted Hollywood’s happiest marrieds. Grinning gleefully, left, the George Burns and Dick Powell.

IT MIGHT have been a publicity stunt when Jane Russell’s mother raised such a fuss about certain poses that were shot. But it’s no stunt and the Hays office aren’t too pleased at Jane’s well-rounded out publicity campaign. So you can imagine how much success a brassiere company is going to have, trying to get Jane’s bosses to endorse their product. Wonder what their slogan is going to be? At one time there was an “uplift” company on Sunset Boulevard. Its window displayed this sign: “What God has forgotten, we stuff with cotton!”

SOCIETY note: Judy Canova, who is doing a Republic picture with Francis Lederer, is teaching him hill-billy talk and hog callin’.

MERLE OBERON is a lady who believes one should indulge in whims. Being a rich and famous movie star, she naturally can afford to do it. Recently, she vacationed in Tucson, Arizona. First she fell in love with a horse they gave her to ride. She bought it on the spot. Then one day she came across a huge six foot cactus plant growing in the heart of the desert. Quicker than you can say “Alexander Korda,” she had it dug up, boxed and shipped back for her garden in Hollywood. Now all she needs is a few sand dunes to go with it.

IT’S kind of cute on Carole Lombard’s part. Because she is so happy living out on a ranch, every time someone has a birthday she sends him or her a complete western outfit. Carole and Clark are looking for huge acreage in Northern California. The Fred MacMurrays are interested too. They may buy together and build on adjoining properties. The MacMurrays want to raise citrus fruit. Clark and Carole want to raise among other things, cattle.

IT’S a shame to spoil their secret, but they won’t be able to keep it long in Hollywood, anyway. Young Michael Ames, who made quite a hit in the New York stage play, “My Sister Eileen,” is now in pictures. His studio doesn’t know it but two months ago he married June Curtis, promising young actress.

By Weston East

Using her fan as a foil, Eve manages to get John’s mind completely off the lines of the script. Eve, below, appears a bit overcome by John’s handling of the situation from that point on. To change the subject Bing Crosby, below right, absorbed in old-fashioned slide at the recent Hollywood Guild charity party.

Len Weissman
Their best friends are whispering about Nancy Kelly and Edmund O'Brien. According to this source of information, Nancy is very unhappy and a divorce is in the offing. Originally they started out in life as childhood sweethearts. After years of separation they came together again when Nancy was loaned to RKO to play opposite Edmund in "Parachute Battalion." Then followed a series of on-again, off-again romantic moments. Then an elopement to Yuma. The marriage is just a few months old and if there is trouble, here's hoping it's just of those first-year adjustment things.

Besides his sister's children, Ray Milland is bringing over two other children from London. They will remain with the Millands until the war is over.

That feud between George Raft and Edward G. Robinson isn't publicity stuff. George was plenty peeved because Eddie constantly wanted to keep adding to his own lines. According to George, Eddie was talking all the time. Marlene Dietrich remained neutral, though she certainly prefers George's company between shots. In "Man Power" you will see a handsomer George Raft. Not only did Dietrich suggest new makeup changes for George, but the special lighting effects she insists on for herself, make George look like an Apollo.

Despite repeated denials, the rumor is still prevalent that Veronica Lake and her brand new art director husband aren't living under the same roof. Her studio denies it in no uncertain terms. His studio representatives shrug their shoulders indifferently and make no attempt to affirm or deny.

Hollywood hostesses have been so puzzled at Hedy Lamarr's behavior. They invite the lovely lady, along with John Howard, to dinner. Hedy accepts eagerly. Then a few short moments before serving time, she calls up and asks to be excused. It's happened several times and some Hollywood hostesses vow they will never ask Hedy again. There is a good reason, and it's this. Hedy hasn't been well and is on a strict diet. She's afraid of refusing invitations because she does appreciate being asked and doesn't want to offend. Then, as dinner hour approaches she gets panicky about her diet and she doesn't want to bother anyone to fix special food for her. So she decides not to go. Her illness isn't serious and soon she will be her sweet self again.

Below, Jackie Cooper, Bonita Granville, Bob Stock and Olivia de Havilland at the Ambassador, Pretty Marjorie Woodworth, left, dressed up and really going places in pictures.

Jerry Colonna and Judy Canova, left, at change tail fish tales at the Hollywood Brown Derby. Above, Henry Fonda and Mrs. Mac Murray register delight at Fred's quips.

Of course it may have only looked that way, but people at surrounding tables were sure that Judy Garland did slow burn. Less than a year ago Kathryn Grayson was a green kid around the lot. Judy was just one of the big family as she showed her the ropes. Then came the night of "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary." Kathryn scored a great hit. After the preview a supper party was given at Ciro's. Kathryn, according to eye witnesses, came in with a chaperon. Seeing Judy at a table as she passed her Kathryn tweaked her under the chin and said: "Isn't it kind of late for little girls to be out?" It seems Judy no like.

Our favorite story of the month. Phillip Dorn (the darling of the Dutch) has been in this country long enough to have heard about a story pertaining to a little Dutch boy who stuck his finger in a small hole in the dam and saved Holland. This is supposed to be a true story of Holland taught to all young American boys. Dorn went to the library on the M-G-M lot and asked if he could read about it. He had never heard the story before!
DIRECTOR Howard Hawks and one of his writers were arguing as to how Gary Cooper would play a scene. Gary stood between the two, listening to what each had to say. The argument grew longer. Gary sat down on the ground at their feet. Five more minutes went by. The two men reached a decision and turned to explain it to Gary. He was sleeping as peacefully as a new-born babe!

B O B T AYL OR got a ticket for double parking on the Sunset Strip. The reason? He saw a hat in a milliner's window that just cried out for Barbara Stanwyck. Bob often picks out things for his devoted wife. What's more, she always wears 'em.

T MAY be love, spinach juice or doctor's orders. Anyway, Greta Garbo has a new health habit and a pretty one it is. For one hour daily at two or three minute intervals, the celebrated Sphinx stops everything and proceeds to stand on her head. What's more, she balances beautifully. We're not advising this procedure for what alls you, but for Greta it is supposed to aid her in digesting her food.

Freddie Brisson and Cary Grant, below, center their rapt attention upon Rosalind Russell. A scene, right, from "Broadway Limited" with Marjorie Woodworth and Dennis O'Keefe.

IT MAY not be a hot romance, but they look awfully cute together. Who do we mean? Why Ouspenskaya and Rudy Vallee of course. One day Rudy walked in on Madame's school quite unexpectedly. He stayed and watched the classes at work. Then he invited "Oospy" to come to his next broadcast. Rudy, by the way, should look much different in his next picture. Most gals would give their best mink to have his wavy hair. But the famous crooner hates it and has found a Hollywood beauty parlor that has a special process for straightening curly hair. It's quite a headache having it done, but worth it.

THE crew out at 20th-Century who worked with Jack Oakie have more than one reason for thinking he's just about tops. This particular studio starts production at eight o'clock in the morning. All of which means that actresses have to arise at five. This gets them into the studio makeup department at six. It takes two hours for them to sit under dryers, get made up, dressed, etc., to be ready by eight. The men who wear makeup have to be in the makeup chair by seven. Jack doesn't have to sit under a drier and he doesn't wear makeup. But he warned them that it would be a nine o'clock call for him and nine o'clock it was. As a result, everyone else got to sleep an hour later too.
YOU won't be seeing Ida Lupino for a while on the screen. After she finishes "Ladies in Retirement" (her first picture with husband Louis Hayward), Ida is planning a six months' rest for herself. Two years ago "mad Idy" couldn't get a job for love nor money, in Hollywood. Now her mother and family are frankly worried over the way she is over-taxing herself to fill all the roles demanded of her. On "Gentle People" it didn't help to do any working for Anatole Litvak. Players complain bitterly because this director makes them repeat scenes again and again in relentless fashion. Ida had terrific emotional scenes. Being forced to work herself into an hysterical state so many times caused her agony.

BETTE DAVIS is a young woman who throws a fit when she sees talent going to waste. Pamela Caveness, her singing protege, is now in a local light opera company. Bette backed part of the enterprise. Now it's Alex Morison, brother of Patricia Morison, who is rating the Davis raves. Bette heard him sing at the "Scheherazade" and is telling everyone in town what a sensation he is. Bette thinks Alex should be on the air where he would be appreciated by millions of listeners. It may happen too, because Bette knows how to bring things about. By the way, when Patricia dines at "Scheherazade," it isn't only to listen to brother Alex. She also likes to listen to "Gogi," who manages the place.

SITTING pretty and pretty looking is Martha O'Driscoll, left, posing in the very latest swim fashion. It's a one piece, two-way stretch lastex, designed to give line to the upper body. Martha is busy working on "Her First Beau."

SOONER or later it had to happen. When Sydney Guilaroff, who whips hair-dos for the M-G-M stars, gave a party, he invited Jeffrey Lynn and Margaret Hayes. He also invited Doris Carne, the very attractive actress who now runs a "Sweater Bar" in Beverly Hills. Dor and Jeff used to make a beautiful pair together once upon a time. Now it seems to be Margaret who has the in. There are two girls were introduced and after a strained moments, everything was fine. Besides that Doris doesn't like Jeff's new moustache and told him so. Margaret also like Jeff's new moustache. Jeffrey? He jut ticks her.

GEORGE RAFT ain't foolin' when he tells everyone that he's had more to do with Betty Grable and likes her better than any other girl he has ever known. One of his gifts was a topaz pin to match earrings and a ring Betty already owns. When she was in the hospital for two days with wisdom tooth trouble, George called both days. One day he brought her a jeweled cigarette case to match. They dine a lot at George's house, play gin rummy and Betty now has George going of all places (according to George)—to the movies!

ONCE a girl who couldn't be budge from her Brentwood Heights home, Joan Crawford has now leased her dear friend Jean Dixon's apartment in N.Y.C. Joan and her adopted daughte Christine intend remaining away until she's done work calls her back to Hollywood again. "A Woman's Face" is rumored to be Joan's best picture to date. For one particular sequence, director George Cukor achieved an unusual result. He wanted Joan to speak in a low, dull, monotonous voice. Somehow Joan always managed to inject too much feeling and color. Finally, Cukor had her recite the multiplication table, over and over again. When her voice became so tired and uninspiring from monotone, it was then Cukor had her lines. The effect was sensational.

THE news that Norma Shearer has bought a romantic interest in society's Ronal Balcom, is welcome news to several groups of people who touch her life. Norma's intimate friends feel that she has been a lonely woman, despite her world of activity. Then there are the fitters, milliners, tailors and seamstresses, who are working on the clothes Norma will wear in her next picture. By experience they have learned that Norma is in no hurry to get home tonight, if there isn't a date waiting. Instead she comes in and casually fits her thin until seven or eight in the evening. Devon as they are to the star, they've had the fall of studio life, come nighttime.
TOLD diggers please note! Randy Scott: 'Now has, not one, but two mines that rich with one. Between them and the salary he is now commanding at 18th-Century studios, Randy is literally worth more than his weight in gold. His interest in June Duprez was just one of those passing things. Right now he is heart and fancy free (Randy is still married to Marion DuPont, you know). Playing opposite the youthful Gene Tierney, Randy is making him feel a bit like a nice, sandy ogre.

NER since her appendectomy Olivia de Havilland has had to count her calories, a never felt better in her life, but her creworkman and designer aren't so pleased. Daring a determined young lady, she'll soon her sylv-like self again. In the mean- while, she's seen here and there with Frank Tone and Jock Whitney. She's alsoettying woolen sox that are sussus-ously close to Jimmy Stewart's size. add it be that our Olivia is putting one over on us?

EE lovable Jack Oakie loves to kid people sometimes with startling results, as last night at the Brown Derby, he was approached by a lady tourist who guessed that it was her birthday and Jack Bob step by her booth and have a drink, as round comedian (who has been on a wagon for months) looked the lady care in the eye and said: "Thank you, sir, lady, but I never drink. You 2. I'm strictly on narcotics." The poor man's eyes popped and with the most gritted look, she fled from the place.

ULL during their broadcast, Jack Benny kept handing Phil Harris a series ofograms. Jack would mouth the words to a audience, "Alice Faye." The audience read it and poor Phil couldn't put down a script long enough to eat a single line. Then they went on the air, Phil tore open envelopes. He discovered the dummy scripts, and realized it was all a rib.

OULD Madeleine Carroll's visit to Nassau have anything to do with Captain Richard de la Roziere being stationed the Bahamas, doing special commissioned work for the Government? Madeleine isn't, so your guess is as good as ours.

udy Vallee and Helen Parrish, right, in a scene from "Too Many Blouses." And below, Rudy apparently with time on his hands but no blonde, Rudy all alone—ut, tut, tut.

HERE won't be a lawsuit and Basil Rathbone should be very grateful. Mrs. Fred Astaire and a friend were playing golf at a country club. Suddenly without warning, a bull terrier came charging at them, biting Mrs. Astaire once and her friend twice. The dog was a highly-priced pet of the Rathbones. The bites weren't too serious, but the ladies haven't been as scared since they last saw Basil doing his sinister stuff on the screen.

BILL HOLDEN has had five months on salary, waiting to start his next picture. During all this time he felt fine. The day before he started, he had a terrible sinus attack. Also, the night before he had been over calling on his sweetheart, Brenda Marshall. The next morning Brenda discovered her little girl had chicken pox. Well, true love never runs smooth. Brenda gets her final in June, so she and Bill should be prepared to weather all the rough spots together. This quiet and unassuming pair certainly have all of Hollywood's blessings.

S p e n s e r T r a c y a n d l o v e l y L o n a T u r n e r, right, as they look in M-G-M's latest version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." St ev e n s o n's weird story of a man's split personality.

T'S Bill Gargan's story about Dave Chasen's first Hollywood premiere. Passing the popular restaurant and noting all the searchlights out in front, Bill pulled over to the curb. Seeing Dave Chasen beaming in the doorway, Bill called out to him. In answer to his inquiry, Chasen replied: "They have premieres for new markets and oil stations. I decided to have a premiere too. I've just opened a new men's rest room!"

H E R E was a very good reason why the Melvyn Douglasses turned down all invitations on a certain Sunday afternoon. Their house guest was none other than Eleanor Roosevelt, who was lecturing in town at the time. For once Hollywood wasn't invited and it didn't turn out to be a field day for the cameramen. Melvyn wanted his famous visitor to have a day of peace and quiet.

E D D I E A L B E R T, who hasn't been too happy with the similarity of his roles, is asking for his release from Warner Brothers. When and if he gets it, Eddie will be able to choose from propositions offered by every studio in Hollywood. He wants to free lance for awhile, which would give him more time to spend with the love-ly Beverly Holden.

H O L L Y W O O D is wondering about the marital status of Karen Morley and Charles Vidor. For many months Karen has remained in the east, her son being with her. Vidor, who is directing "Ladies in Retirement" for Columbia, is seen dining here and there with beautiful Evelyn Keyes. Not so long ago, Evelyn, who hails from Atlanta, was under personal contract to C. B. De Mille. Not only did C. B. supervise all her publicity, but he wouldn't allow her to use red nail polish, or slacks in public.
Continued from page 31

kitchen all fixed up with gay curtains and
didn't have a baby in her arms and
it looked exactly like Tom and it spoke
exactly like him too, a hundred percent
getter even if it had just been born. And
there was Tom rushing in to her with the
news of more promotions coming as regu-
larly and on the dot as the news programs
on the radio. There were presents with each
promotion too. "Junior executive, execu-
tive sales manager" meant a washing machine
all done up in cellophane. "Senior executive,
executive district supervisor" meant a fur
coat plus another baby, also the image of
Tom. "Assistant president" meant a Frigi-
daire and another baby with Tom's face and
voice, so now there were three sons on the
cheering line to shout "Yeah, Pop" every
time Tom dashed in with another promo-
tion.

"You see, Janie," Tom crowed, "All we
have to do is to cultivate the right people.
We have to make a good impression."

"Good impression, good impression,"
Janie teased, "Will you have another cup of
tea, Mrs. Burton?" "Good impression. Good
impression. And Mrs. Burton answered,
leaning at her charm and graciousness,
"If I can influence my husband in any way,
I shall influence my husband in any way."
Good impression, Good impression. Even
the good impressions were rushing the way
Tom was.

Another baby, the fourth this time, and
Mr. Burton, the president, promoted Tom
to be president and Tom fired him. Good
impression. Good impression. And then Tom
came in smiling and for once it wasn't his
usual smile but one that reminded Janie of
somebody else.

"Janie! I've been promoted!" he shouted.
"I'm president!"

"Yes, I know," Janie said. "I was there."

"No," Tom belloved exuberantly, "I'm
president of the United States!" And he
smiled again and now Janie knew whose

Janie sat up in bed and thumped her pil-
low vigorously to make it more comfort-
able. So that was what being married to
Tom would be like.

"Well," she said judiciously, "It's not
bad, it's not bad at all. But I don't know,
I don't know."

Of course, Janie didn't have her engage-
ment ring yet. Tom was the sort who would
have to make sure of a girl's answer before
he invested in one, but she might as well
have been wearing it when she walked into
the telephone exchange the next morning.

She had the look of a girl just engaged,
a little superior, a little smug and very,
very mysterious. A look that said, "See,
somebody loves me! Somebody asked me
to be his wife. Guess who?"

Gertrude, who sat next to her at the
board and was her confidante and frien
d, saw it right away. "Aw, Janie, come on,
tell me!" she urged as she plugged in the
call. "You're not fair. If I had a secret
I'd tell you."

"Can't you wait another coupla minutes
till we're off duty?" Janie asked reason-
ably enough as she put through a long distant
call that was going all the way to New
York through Chicago. A person to per-
call for Miss Brenda Whitney on one end
from Richard Hamilton, Junior, on the
other.

"Richard Hamilton, Junior!" Janie whit-
perted awed. Gee whiz, he was the son
of the most important man in town, a mi-
millionaire! Her pop was foreman in his
father's factory. Richard Hamilton, Seni,
had paid her rent and bought her clothes and fed her all her life and now he was even responsible for her getting married. For it was those thirty cars he had bought from Tom which had made him ask her last night. “R. J. Hamilton’s son!” she repeated dazed. “Wonder what he looks like? Did you ever see him?”

“No, but I saw his car yesterday.” Gertrude chewed vigorously on her gum. “You should see it. About a mile long. One of those foreign cars with a double-talk name.”

Richard Hamilton, Junior, calling a girl all the way to New York. Gosh, he must be crazy about her. Wasn’t that Brenda something or other a lucky girl though! “I wonder what he’s saying?” Janie whispered.

“Why don’t you listen, you dope?” Gertrude asked.

“Ooooh, no, I wouldn’t dare.” Janie cast an agonized glance at the supervisor. “Besides, I’m engaged to Tom now,” she added virtuously. Then she clapped her hands over her mouth. “Oh, I told you the secret!” she gasped weakly.

They talked about it later and at great length when they were waiting for the bus that evening and even though Janie still wasn’t sure she was doing the right thing, it was very heartwarming to see Gertrude’s open envy. But even at that she couldn’t help thinking of the rich boy in the movie last night who had proposed to the poor girl. Why, it was just as if Richard Hamilton, Junior, had asked her. And it was at that moment, just as she was thinking his name, that she saw the first star overhead.

“TOM, DICK AND HARRY”

RKO-Radio Picture. Produced by Robert Sirk. Directed by Garson Kanin. Original story and screenplay by Paul Jarrico. With the following cast:

Janie..............GINGER ROGERS
Tom..............GEORGE MURPHY
Harry........BURGESS MEREDITH
Dick..............ALAN MARSHAL
Mom..............JANE SEYMOUR
Pop..............JOE CUNNINGHAM
Babs...........LENORE LONERGAN

Continuing our fictionalization of Ginger Rogers’ spritely new screenplay, we present more pictures illustrating the romantic story. Here you’ll find the star in various scenes with her three handsome leading men—she’s with Tom (George Murphy), Harry (Burgess Meredith) and Dick (Alan Marshal).

Now, Janie had never been able to resist wishing on the first star and she certainly couldn’t resist now. She closed her eyes and repeated the “Star light, star bright, first star I see tonight,” jingle under her breath and she had no sooner finished and opened her eyes again than she saw the car, the big foreign car with the double-talk name and the free and easy young man in the comfortable open-at-the-throat polo shirt, sitting at the wheel. It must be Richard Hamilton, Junior. Only a millionaire’s son would dare go around looking that way as if he hadn’t combed his hair in months. And when she looked up at the star it seemed to wink right at her.

“Hello,” she said quickly, before the light would change and the car be purring on its way again. Then he looked at her and she looked at him and one of those things happened, those things you can’t explain, like an electric shock dancing up and down your spine and it didn’t seem forward or strange or anything when Janie went right over to the car and opened the door and slipped into the front seat.

“I’m sorry if I seemed fresh,” Janie said then. “You see, it’s all on account of the star. You know, I wish I may; I wish I might have the wish I wish tonight.”

“Oh, sure, sure,” the young man said, without understanding at all and Janie felt quite crushed when she saw the glance he gave her as if he were wondering whether it was safe for her to be out alone. So she managed to sound very haughty and as if she were giving a taxi driver her address when she told him where she lived. Only when they’d gotten to the house and she was standing on the curb again she felt as if she couldn’t, she just couldn’t let all this go out of her life without another try.

“You think I’m just terrible, don’t you?” she said wistfully. “We’ll probably never see each other again and you never will understand.”

The young man sat up at that. “What are you doing tonight?” he asked.

“Oh,” Janie’s eyes widened. “I didn’t mean—”
A memorable moment in a man's and a dog's life occurred when Deanna Durbin presented Private Everett Scott with "Mickey."

"I know you didn't," he grinned as if he were wise to her, "I'm just impulsive. Eight o'clock all right?"

"Janie couldn't whisper dazzled. "Golly!" Eight o'clock and a million things to do before she could get ready for a date like this! Mum ironed out her best dress as she took a shower and even Pop was impressed. And Babs, her kid sister, was running around in circles.

"What are you gonna do for shoes?" she asked practically. "Can't use the one Tom drank root beer out of on New Year's Eve! Maybe Rose Kraus'll lend you hers. I'll run over and get them." Rarely ever had Janie received such wonderful cooperation from the family.

Well, at last she was dressed, what with the help of the neighbors and all, and then there was a ring at the door and the young man was there. It started out so wonderfully, even if he didn't have a car along because he said he didn't have the money for gas and suggested maybe they take a street car, Janie laughed and laughed at his sense of humor. Then she laughed again when he said he was short that week and only had a dollar and eighty cents to spend.

"You talking of being broke, after driving that big car down Main Street today," she giggled happily.

"But that wasn't mine," he explained. "I was just delivering it to young Mr. Hamilton. I'm a mechanic down at Slater's Garage."

Janie felt as if she just couldn't stand it, having her dreams topple around her like this. And that star, what a double-crossing two-timer it had turned out to be! Before she quite realized what she was doing, she slapped him right across the cheek. "That's for trying to pick me up!" she explained.

The young man started laughing at that and his laugh was so gay and lighthearted Janie couldn't help but chime right in with him. And after he'd told her his name was Harry and she'd told him hers was Janie it was just as if they had been friends for a long, long time.

"Come on," he said then. "I'm gonna show you the greatest time you ever had on a dollar eighty cents."

The fun thing was, he did. Janie had never had so much fun in her life, going to the penny arcade with him, playing pin games, turning on the juke boxes and putting a penny in the mechanical Gypsy for-

"Laddie" passed away when his master, Private Scott, volunteered for Uncle Sam's Army. Deanna Durbin, shown with Scott, bought him another Airedale to take "Laddie's" place.

"But you wanna have money, don't you?" Janie asked amazed. "You wanna do things, like, well, like tonight. If you didn't have that dollar eighty, we wouldn't have had such a good time."

"Aw, I coulda showed you just as good a time for nothing," Harry grinned. "I'd take you swimming, fishing. Lots of ways. I just wanna make a living, but I wanna live at the same time. Trouble with ambition is it gives people the jitters. Makes 'em worry. After awhile they don't think of anything else. Worrying and scheming, worrying and scheming, that's all they do at the store."

He paid his check and Janie couldn't help seeing he had only a nickel left, but it didn't seem to bother him. They walked home and on the way Harry stopped beside a stalled car and before the astonished owner could say a word he'd found out what the trouble was and fixed it.

"No, sirs," he said then, just as if he hadn't interrupted his conversation at all.

"Being ambitious does things to you inside. Makes you lie, makes you cut people's throats, makes you kiss the boss's car. And you don't pick your friends because you like 'em but because maybe they can do you some good."

"I think you're wrong," Janie said emphatically. "You see, I've been going steady with a fellow named Tom. Works for Burton Motors. He's ambitious, and he's not hypocritical and mean and miserable at all. He's a very nice boy and he's gonna get somewhere too. And it so happens I'm thinking of marrying him."

"Maybe you ought to marry me instead," Harry said. "How about it, Janie? I've been looking for the right girl all along and you've been looking for the right guy too, or you wouldn't've stepped into that car today."

"You can't use that for an argument," Janie said indignantly. "It wasn't your car."

"Aw, Janie, you're wonderful," he grinned. "You're warm and you're wise and you're lovely and you're silly and you're everything I've ever dreamed of. And if you say yes, you'll never be sorry because I'll take you fishing every day."

"Well," Janie said flabbergasted, and she was glad they had come to her house for she felt so bewildered she just had to sit down on the steps. "I think we ought to..."
know each other better before we discuss any more."

"But I tell you I do know you!" Harry said and then he sat down beside her and kissed her. And from somewhere up above a bell seemed to ring and the tinkling notes floated in mid air, vibrant and suspended. And Harry must have heard it too, because he kissed her again.

"If you want to consider yourself engaged to me, I guess you can," Janie whispered.

"Only, I think maybe we better keep it a secret."

"Look," Harry was smiling. "I'll see you tomorrow night, huh?"

"Oh, no!" Janie came down to earth with a crash. "I have a date with Tom. You know I can't just--"

"No, sure," Harry said. "Well, I'll call you."

Janie couldn't stop remembering that kiss. She held her fingers against her lips as if she were holding it on her mouth as she lay in bed. And then she was off to the skies again and dreaming as only Janie could dream. Only this time it was Harry who stood beside her in front of a justice of the peace, and he was still dressed in that outrageous polo shirt of his and with his hair all unruly.

"And so," the justice was saying, "because that leaves girls like you for fellers like him, do you take this man to be your lawful wedded husband?"

And then after Harry had made his responses too, he went on, "I now pronounce you man and wife and Janie, I think you're making a big mistake."

Then Harry was picking her up in his arms and carrying her across the threshold of their new home. It was a shanty, but each a charming shanty, it looked more like a stage set than a place on the wrong side of the track. And though things went leisurely with Harry, the babies kept coming too, three of them, wasn't that how many the fortune teller had said? and they all looked like Harry, with their hair standing on end. Then there was all of them going fishing and the kids who didn't want to be successful either playing hookey and going along. And at last there was the night when Janie and Harry were sitting in a haystack kissing each other and they heard the radio announce that the Pile of Dough program was ringing their telephone to award them ten thousand dollars, but Harry was kissing her so hard he didn't even stir when the telephone rang.


"I don't believe in it," Harry said and kissed her again.

But the next night he came home all excited. "Jane, Janie," he shouted. "I've got great news for you. I'll never have to go to work again. We can go fishing every day. I just lost my job!"

He laughed and the kids started jumping for joy and even Janie didn't worry any. That was what being married to Harry did to a girl!

Janie felt all mixed up as she turned over on her side and tried to get to sleep. She just couldn't make up her mind if all the wonderful things about a future with Harry would be quite worth the bad. Being engaged to two men hadn't solved anything at all.

Maybe it would all right itself, Janie thought, the next evening as she came home from work. Maybe being with Tom again would make her know her own mind. But he called the moment she came into the house, breaking their regular Wednesday night date because he had to give a demonstration for a customer. So of course when Harry called to tell her he'd been able to get a car from a friend, she didn't see any reason why she shouldn't go out with him.

Only it turned out there was a reason, a big one. For when she met Harry there he was sitting in the car Tom was demonstrating and when he saw Janie he looked madder than she ever thought Tom could look. So Harry was the prospect for whom he'd given up a date with her! Well, she'd show him; she wouldn't tell him that Harry didn't even have a dollar eighty in his pocket since he'd spent it all the night before and she couldn't help that grudging admiration for Harry and the way he'd managed to get his date with her after all. He was a go-getter himself in his own unambitious way.

So Janie thought it was all very amusing to have Tom drive them around, giving a big sales talk, for evidently he wasn't going to let a little thing like Janie stand in the way of a sale. But after Harry had asked him to drive them out to Inspiration Point she couldn't help that little giggle.

"He couldn't even afford to buy a scooter," she said.

"But I can," Harry insisted. "I have a keen scooter. Paid spot cash for it!"

It was too much for Tom. As if it hadn't been bad enough to see his own Jane two-timing him with someone else, here the customer he was taking for a ride had taken him on a different kind of a ride.

"We're always happy to bring people out here," he said as he swung the car to a stop right on the edge of Inspiration Point. "Because we know how many memories a place like this can hold."

He gave Janie a look then, a look that said she'd broken his heart and he'd never forgive her, never, and opened the door with a polite flourish and beckoned to them to get out. "This is where you wanted to go, isn't it? Drop in and see us again some time, won't you? Maybe some
evening when you and the young lady liaise for another drive.”

“I don’t like his attitude,” Harry said as they stood watching the car drive away. “He’s a sordid. Tell him you have a scooter and he goes all to pieces.”

“That’s not the reason,” Janie said smugly.

“Oh, I know the reason, all right.” Harry looked glum. “He’s so jealous he can’t see straight. He acts like you’re engaged to marry him.”

“How long we gonna stand here and talk about it?” Janie was getting irritated. “Do you realize how far we are, how long it’ll take us to walk home?”

“If you like, we can stay right here and establish Harryville,” Harry grinned. “Oh, you make me sick!” Janie was past the point of thinking him amusing. “You and your corny jokes! What’s so funny about being stranded in the middle of nowhere? What’s so—”

She stopped suddenly as she saw a car easing out of the place where it had been parked. It was the car with the double-talk name. She’d have recognized it anywhere and sitting on the front seat was a man who looked as if he were really Richard Hamilton, Junior, and snuggling beside him was a girl Janie recognized as the usherette at the movie theater.

“Hiya, Mr. Hamilton,” Harry yelled, and the first thing Janie knew he had managed to get a ride home for them.

Of course, it wasn’t much, but it was a beginning, even though young Hamilton hadn’t said anything a girl could tie her dreams to. After all, they had been introduced and who knew what could happen after that? Anything at all, Janie told herself fervently as she got ready for bed. Just anything at all.

And this time she didn’t have to moor her dreams to reality. Janie could just see it happening, the headlines telling of their marriage, the two delightful children, of course there wouldn’t be more, the rich don’t go in for big families. And what a wonderful hostess Janie made, moving graciously among her guests and talking horses and music and literature. It was a pretty picture and Janie loved it, every minute of it.

“Darn it,” she whispered, giving her pillow an extra pummelling. “If I have to break every law ever written, I’m going to make this vision a reality!”

But the next morning there was Dick’s call to Brenda coming through, just as it did yesterday and the day before and the day before that. Only this time Janie couldn’t control her desire to listen in. After all, she had a right, didn’t she? She’d met Dick, some day she might even be engaged to him. Quickly she stuck the plug in the board and held her breath.

“Aww, honey,” Dick was saying. “This long distance lovin’ isn’t healthy. Why don’t you and me meet in Chicago tonight? I can’t fly all the way to New York, but if you meet me better than half way we can make an evening of it.”

“Your invitation is actually insulting,” Brenda said then. But that didn’t fool Janie. She knew how girls liked to be coaxed and if she didn’t do something quick, Dick would coax Brenda. Janie hesitated only a minute before she broke the connection.

Both of them thought the other one had hung up and when the connection was put through again they were so furious that they started shouting at each other and before there was a chance of them making up Janie cut them off again.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Hamilton,” Janie said then in her best voice-with-a-smile manner, “Your party seems to have hung up again. Would you like me to try the number once more, or would you like me to try another one? We’ve got an awful lot of them down here.”

“Say,” Dick laughed, “you sound almost human. What about your number? Do you look as good as you sound?”

“You ought to know,” Janie said demurely. “Remember the party you picked up last night? Janie. The hitchhiker.”

“Oh, Janie,” he said. And then came the part that made Janie pinch herself so that she would know it was really happening and not a part of one of her dreams at all.

“How’d you like to fly to Chicago with me tonight?”

“In an airplane?” Janie whispered. “Chicago?”

“Chicago, Illinois!” Dick assured her.

It was real and it was happening. First the plane ride high up above the clouds, so high the stars seemed to be nestling in Janie’s hair. Then afterwards there was dinner high up on a terrace overlooking the city and Lake Michigan and there was real champagne and Janie drank it down quickly so Dick wouldn’t know she had never even seen any before. And it was funny how everything became even more wonderful after that. Why, when Dick bought her orchids, anyone would have thought he had just given her a million dollars.

“Janie, you’re delightful,” Dick said.

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"That's funny," Janie said, feeling as if the glow in her stomach was spreading all through the room. "And you know what? I'm not even married."

"Cigarette?" Dick said then, and for the first time his voice sounded cautious. But Janie didn't care. She was having too good a time. And when they were flying home again she took off the corse she had given her and flung it overboard.

"Looka me," she said happily. "I'm throwing away orchids!" And then she opened her bag and took out the money that was in it. It wasn't much, but it would do, she thought, as she scattered that over the side too. "And look! I'm throwing away money too!"

They both began laughing then and Dick started asking her riddles and finally she took a deep breath and decided to ask him a riddle too, "I got one," she said. "This'll jus' destroy you. Now listen, you say to me 'Will you marry me?' Go on."

"All right," Dick laughed, "Will you marry me?"

"Yes!" Janie cried triumphantly. Then she was sorry when she saw the blank look on Dick's face. "You can back out if you want to," she said slowly. "I guess I tricked you."

"But the funny thing is," Dick said sounding as if he were surprised himself, "it's probably a wonderful idea. Would you really marry me?"

"Would you really ask me?" Janie said wistfully and then she knew he would, even if he didn't answer her, for he took her in his arms and Janie felt her heart had reached right up to the stars themselves.

There wasn't anyone like Dick, Janie thought happily, as he helped her into the big car waiting at the landing field. Why, even though they had come down from the clouds and were on solid ground again and the sunrise was chasing the moon and stars clear out of the skies, he was being just as sweet and romantic as ever. She would have known he was the only man in the world for her if Tom and Harry hadn't been waiting for her when the car stopped at her house.

They were sitting on the porch steps and they looked as if they had been waiting all night and when she saw them her heart began going through setting up exercises all over again. For seeing them all together like that she knew she loved them all, the whole three of them. And it was awful after that, with the three of them fighting over who she really was engaged to. Janie didn't know what to do except sit down on the steps and cry as if she could never stop crying again.

"I know I'm acting awful confused," she smiled. "But that's only because I'm so confused. Golly, everybody's confused, the whole world. You're all so wonderful I just don't know what to do!"

They didn't know what to do either, except to try to comfort her in their different ways and the more they tried, the sweeter they were and that only made more confusion.

"I'll tell you what," Tom said then. "You think it over tonight and then in the morning we'll all come to breakfast and you can tell us which one you really want."

But it wasn't as simple as that, Janie thought, as she got into bed. She put all the dreams together and still they didn't make sense.

"If I could only marry the three of them," she thought wistfully. "The four of them would make a lovely couple."

She must have fallen asleep then without knowing she did at all, for the next thing she knew she heard their voices downstairs in the dining-room. Tom's voice, how certain it was, why, a girl could depend on a voice like that for the rest of her life. It would have been easy to decide then if she hadn't heard Harry, Harry who didn't take anything seriously at all, who could make her laugh at anything. But there was that other voice, Dick's voice, the voice with the golden ring to it, the voice she had dreamed of all her life.

And in just a minute she would have to decide. Which one? Golly, the very thought made her tremble. But she couldn't wait any longer. Her future, the whole three of them, was waiting for her, and she had to make up her mind. Janie took a deep breath and walked slowly down the stairs.

**WHICH OF THE THREE MEN SO MUCH IN LOVE WITH HER DOES JANIE CHOOSE? SEE OUR NEXT ISSUE FOR THE ANSWER! WE WILL GIVE YOU THE ROMANTIC SOLUTION TO GINGER ROGERS' PROBLEM—WILL THE LUCKY MAN BE GEORGE MURPHY, ALAN MARSHALL, OR BURGESS MEREDITH? DON'T MISS THE NOVEL ENDING OF THIS GAY FICTIONIZATION.**
YOU...in a dream of a dress...floating over the polished floor, with the entire stage line at your heels!

It was wonderful...all of it. So now you rush upstairs to wake up Sis and give her your confidential report...share your triumph.

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Doesn't she get the credit for suggesting that camellia for your hair—and then producing nail polish that exactly matched?

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compare, and you'll realize we're less inhibited and there are fewer neurotics among us. It's a funny fact, but when you're most natural you're usually shocking!

"People who are tied down to routine envy others who are free to take advantage of sudden breaks, and I don't blame them. But even so that's no sound excuse for panning us. We risk our reputation with every new picture, every time we lay ourselves open for possible criticism. That's gambling on our own ability.

"Hollywood is a town of oddities. That's why I prefer it. I hate the prosaic. I'm an individualist. I want a series of adventures. I don't want to crawl into a little niche where nothing can ever upset or challenge me. I'll take anyone's challenge.

"Let's mail down those cracks about Hollywood. There's no security for an actor, you've heard." Joel shrugged his wide shoulders, handsomely tweedled. "Pin that down. In the first place, in these days there is no security for anyone, anywhere. In the second place, I don't believe grabbing for all the money you can grab is so smart. Recently I decided not to team with Claudette Colbert; it would have boosted my bank account, but not my health and I needed a vacation. I didn't know what picture I'd land instead. But I was 'nutty.' And in the long run got the smallest role I've ever had, in 'Reaching For the Sun.'"

Joel is one of the better-fixed stars, financially. "But I don't live on a budget!" he exclaimed. "Being that precise would be too much grief, I just save half my movie earnings and then relax by making the remainder stretch. My main object in life is to live. The details are always secondary, and I want my living to be flexible. I refuse to tie myself in knots. I'm open for suggestions, not to be nice but because I value opinions, in proportion to their source. Then I go on and do what I decide for myself means the most living.

From the budgeteer's slant, I'm cuckoo. But I've solved my saving problem. From the snobs' viewpoint, I'm ridiculous. I drive a Ford station wagon when I could own a more expensive car. I don't do it to be humble, to pose as ultra-democratic, nor because I'm stingy, nor to attract attention. It's easier for me to operate and is more useful to me, that's all. If I had eight million dollars I still wouldn't hire a valet. He'd be more bother to me than help. I'd keep feeling that if I had to have my clothes laid out I'd better stay in bed. But I'm broad-minded, completely so. It seems quite natural that someone like Herbert Marshall would have 'a man' at his beck and call. If he didn't, he'd be missing a convenience he can afford. Catch on why I prefer Hollywood? Every man to his own tastes out here!

"I don't do things to dazzle, either, no matter how publicity-crazy some folks claim we are. I know you can't please everyone. I believe it's best to please yourself, make your own standards. I want to depend on my performances to hold my fans; I don't bother to put on a front and get by without one. This isn't blarney," Joel emphasized, steel blue eyes flashing. "I've never so much as been tempted to buy a limousine, a yacht, or a race horse. I like to swim, but I don't long for a boat because I get seasick. Johnny Weissmuller argued me into a slight cruise and a quarter-mile from shore I got sick, which proved to Johnny I didn't want a yacht, as I'd said. I've always had horses, have twenty-five on my ranch, but I have no interest in racing and no urge to bet with my money. When Liz Whitney sent me a fine thoroughbred I didn't race him. 'Nutty,' sure. We all are, in our varied ways. And it's wonderful!"

"Every young married couple should want to buy a house, according to all slogans, I owned my ranch, with a ranch house on it, I'd never moved about, loved roots. But Frances had never lived in one house more than six months at a time, so we compromised. The ranch is our permanent anchorage, and we spend about three months out in the open riverland and four months in the Hollywood house."

Frances Dee, in private life Mrs. Joel McCrea, goes out of the sitting-room window of their San Fernando Valley home. The long and graceful French Directoire couch blends beautifully with the other furnishings. The simply-designed fireplace adds warmth and color.
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of the year there. We have never bought a home in Hollywood and don't intend to; we rent and move frequently. We blunder. We took one house because I'd liked the swimming pool and then the pool leaked out dry every two weeks. We chose another place because I was entranced at the sight of steam heat in California. Surpise-of-the-moment surface choices are antidotes to dullness, though.

"If movie stars appear 'notty' it's because they know they don't have to conform to trite legends. They skip to the core of living. You've got to, to bring color and zip to yourself. The penalty is a lot of misunderstanding; but isn't it better to be misinterpreted than to be a wallflower?"

"Hollywood glamour is based on exaggeration; no doubt of that. Both our nesses and our faults are built up. Cut through, however, and what do you find? Take the so-called high-hat stars, for Case 1. Why, they're victims of their own inferiority complexes! I know Katharine Hepburn is praised because she's insincere to the press. But I know too, that she's a swell sport. You see, when she first came to California I was under contract to RKO and I was the one sent by the publicity department to greet her at the station in Pasadena. A cameraman went along to film our meeting. I thought it was pretty odd. But I was an employee, so I beamed and attempted to act as though I did it everyday. She took it in perfect stride, never batted an eye and was as gracious as could be. Hepburn temperamental? Maybe, when she has a cause to be.

"You have to check up for yourself to be convinced. When I was in college we used to sneer at George Raft. In our estimation he was a night-club drunk, a slicker. But when I got back to Hollywood and got acquainted with George he turned out to be quiet, extremely polite, and he neither drinks nor smokes out of camera range."

"Myths spread so. Gibb explanations of what a pipe it's been for so-and-so. I was amazed at what I heard about myself. When I got into the swing of things here it was said I was the play-boy son of wealthy parents. I did go to school with Louis B. Mayer's daughters, and they invited me to dinner, and I was still Hollywood's most unsuccessful extra! My father was no more than a well-to-do business man and I certainly counted on earning my living. I don't enjoy anything if I haven't worked for it, and I don't complain because hard work and personal contacts—not pull—have taken care of me fairly."

"Movie-making is hard work, and you've got to deliver box-office worth to last. Personal contacts, borsalino-wearing, socializing everywhere else. Social invitations were a help when I started because by being among those present I convinced some people I must have been hired. DeMille wasn't sufficiently impressed to get me my first contract at M-G-M, and to test me for a part in a picture of his. I didn't get the role; I got no others, and in the lot was fired. Through William LeBaron I got a smile on my face again; DeMille wasn't more than casually interested until years had passed and DeMille himself wanted to act a lead for him. LeBaron got me a similar, lovely stock contract at RKO. Then, for eleven months, I wasn't assigned even so much as a bit part. One day a total stranger, William Sistrom, a producer I didn't know, saw me standing around. He said, 'You look like an actor.' I retorted, 'I suspect I can be one.' He put me into my first lead.

"Why not make it a point to know the leaders in your business? I do, and I get roles. I owe most of my principal performances, or through my agent, as a result. The influential leaders are glad to find you are sincerely eager as to why they tick, and become acquired taste. Frank Capra's direction, but I want to. I secured my break with producer-director William Wellman by visiting at Capra's one night. Somewhow Wellman got an entirely new idea of me at that personal meeting, and his impression of me gave him the notion of casting me as he visualized me. But, ah, that's a line I've invented about movie stars being party-mad. Frances and I don't give big parties, not because we disapprove of them, but when we invite one couple to dinner we can have a keen visit.

"A Bea Brummell of Hollywood tag was once circulated for my asserted benefit. I did date sophisticated actresses before I married Frances because I was anxious to learn what sophistication is. I didn't drink or smoke. (Does the boy next door have nerve enough to remain that 'notty'?) Joel was often ill-at-ease, but he had ideals about his physique and gradually could banter with the best of them. "I drove a second-hand Dodge and their limousines didn't scare me into dipping into the half of my earnings I was bent on saving. I didn't— and I'll bet this sounds crazy enough for you—meet the present King of England when he visited Hollywood because I didn't have the proper tails to wear and didn't want to rent badly-fitting clothes. I sent Gloria Swanson, who'd asked me to her escort to the affair for the distinguished prince, my regrets.

"Whether movie actresses are up to society girls is a handled-about question. Joel continued. 'I went with society girls and they are not as sincere, not any nicer, no more moral than actresses. Furthermore, society girls put on much more pretense and prissiness. Actresses say what they think. They're never artificial, except when they have to act to keep alive. They must be considered in their careers. Most of the actors, for that matter—fellows like Gable, Tracy, and Cooper—are as regular as any white collar man, continent, cooperative.'

"You shed a lot of hesitations when you work in Hollywood. You learn to express your emotions, which is great stuff for the character actor.
Found by eminent doctors: on comparing, four other leading cigarette brands average three times as irritant as the strikingly contrasted Philip Morris—and, the irritation lasts more than five times as long? Philip Morris smokers enjoy the world's finest tobaccos—with no worry about throat irritation—even if you inhale!

Announcing The Winner of the Constance Bennett Contest!

Continued from page 25
this for bridge, luncheon, for meeting the husband for dinner, for Sunday afternoon, and for the theater.

You should have one simple, sophisticated (rather severe) black evening gown and a bolero to turn it into an informal dinner gown. You can have several dinner gowns by simply having several boleros in different shades—tangerine, chili-red, nosegray blue, or a vivid green. All go beautifully with the black dress. A white piqué jacket is smart for a change, too.

For occasional "shock effects," use combinations that are unusual. Yellow is becoming to most blondes and brunettes. It’s smart to wear with black. A bright yellow hat, or yellow suede gloves, give snap to black dresses. And you can pep up a black tailored suit with a bright yellow boutonniere as well.

White piqué touches on suits and dresses perk up the simplest ensemble. Employ the piqué boldly on extreme-wide lapels of suits. Break the left lapel with a smart tricolor pin or clip.

If your budget allows, a silk print is always good in a summer wardrobe. If not, you need not be ashamed of your cotton prints. If they are kept fresh they are always chic. Your dresses should have short sleeves so they can also be worn for informal dining.

Your hats should include one good sport felt, a neutral shade to combine with your strict tailleur; a perky black straw to wear with your suit; a flowered tip-top or picture hat for your cotton dresses, and a tiny half-hat of flowers for evening.

Diane, if your eyes are truly green, never wear colors which detract from the true green.

Regarding shoes. You can walk a fair decent "best dressed path" with one pair of classic black pumps and one of Engish tan yellow; two pairs of good comfortable sports shoes; a pair of black sandals; semi- and formal occasions. You decide the color according to the color of your evening gown—which I hope is black.

At this point if your budget grows thin, and you’re faced with having S.O.S. the man of the house, why not revert to good old-fashioned femininity? Women sometimes become more conscious over their budgets than their husbands. They work so hard at keeping a tidy home they forget the virtue of keeping her charmed. Duncan Giffard, Warner Brothers designer, said something the other day which is apropos; "Take your husband shopping with you. Nine to one you’ll cut home with a smarter and better dress hat than if you shopped alone. Most pocketbooks have a way of becoming elastic when they see a gown or hat one hundred percent becoming to the wife."

And Mr. Giffard is right. There is no law against using a few feminine wiles to charm the man into stretching the normal allowance. Once in a while, anyway.

A final thought for you "young maids. Neither under-estimate nor over estimate the importance of being" groomed at all times. And the word "groomed" is synonymous with femininity.
YOU'RE A SHINING EXAMPLE, MR. MACMURRAY!

FRED MacMURRAY, star of the Paramount picture, "ONE NIGHT IN LISBON" flashes a gleaming, shining smile. Keeping "groomed to the teeth" is a prime principle with Mr. MacMurray—as with most Hollywood stars. Many rely on CALOX TOOTH POWDER.

SCREEN WORK IS A BUSINESS where immaculate teeth are a vital necessity. You may be sure that Hollywood stars have an excellent reason when they choose Calox. The reason? Calox promotes a really brilliant gloss.

PEOPLE WHO SMOKE A LOT—like Mr. MacMurray—appreciate a dentifrice which does a good job of polishing as well as cleansing. Calox is really competent, because it contains five different cleansing and polishing agents.

HELPs your teeth SHINE LIKE THE STARS'

BY BRINGING OUT NATURAL LUSTRE

1. CALOX CONTAINS 5 CLEANSING AND POLISHING AGENTS. A real beauty tooth powder, promotes a brilliant gloss!
2. EXTRA SOFT AND SMOOTH because it's double-sifted through 100 mesh silk screens.
3. FRESH-TASTING—no strong medical taste. Your whole family will like its clean, tangy flavor. Children love it.

MCKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
Yours for Loveliness

Points of interest from head to toe for those who would a traveling go and for stay-at-homes.

TOO much hot July sun; too much salt water bathing; too much heat generally and your baby-soft body skin isn't what it used to be. There's softening, soothing help and plenty of it in the new giant bath size of Jergens Lotion. Keep it by your tub, and use after your bath for a velvet skin. That huge opaline bottle may later be used for a lamp base. And try Jergens new Morning Glory Cologne, sweet and fresh as an early and sparkling Summer morn.

FROM Richard Hudnut comes a galaxy of intimate sweetness in Spring Lilac, to blend with lilac costume tones that promise all-Summer importance. Shown, are the dusting powder, talcum and cologne. There are also three sizes in perfume, and toilet water with or without atomizer. In each charmer, the flower fragrance is faithfully captured in smart containers, ever to remind you of soft winds over country gardens and the gentle lilac in the Spring.

CAN you imagine shampooing with whipped cream? Orkid, an imaginative new shampoo by Lechler, is in light, frothy cream form, to be smoothed to a mother-of-pearl foam in your hands, then applied to your hair. It is exceedingly easy and delightful to use, and the creamy quality later imparts to your hair beautiful high-lights and a rich sheen. I don't think you have known anything like it before, and the tube is convenient for vacation packing.

FOR "difficult" perspiration cases, I have often suggested Nonspi, and practically everyone has later thanked me. Here is an excellent product for all, in a most convenient bottle. The perforated cap applies the product to the skin. It seems to do a very thorough job as a nonpersiprant and deodorant, is dependable and gentle. If you are in process of trying to find your sure aid, try Nonspi. This department grades it high! Nonspi comes in cream form, also.

WHEN I saw Revlon's miniature dressing table package, I wished I were six. The table is so perfect for a little girl's play. But when I review the many gorgeous finger embellishments, among them Cherry Coke, Hot Dog, and Rosy Future, I'm glad I can wear them. The little table comes with your preferred shade of enamel, oil remover, emery boards, orangewood stick and cotton. It costs only the price of the splendid products, is a perfect small gift.

"POUR yourself a pair of stockings" is our leg beauty theme song for Summer. You "pour" these "stockings" with Miner's Liquid Make-Up, which gives your legs a new beauty and glamor. The deep Hawaiian shade is perfect for legs, but any tone will do a neat trick. Wonderful when you go stockingless, yet want to glamorize your legs. The same Miner's adds a beauty finish to face, neck and arms, and it stays put a long time. C. M.

Little lessons in "finding time." Irene Dunne, between scenes of "Unfinished Business," catches up on current reading.

That "Finishing" Business!

Continued from page 57

simply cannot go haphazardly on your wardrobe and expect to have that beautiful, freshly turned-out look. No matter what your circumstances, there is a plan that will work for you, just like a plan for saving money or doing your job or running your home. It is far easier to achieve any purpose by setting your course than by whim.

If you are a business girl or hope to be one, reconcile yourself to the fact that you must get up half an hour earlier than absolutely necessary if you would leave home at the peak of perfection for what the day may bring. That half hour gives you time to put on make-up carefully, to do your hair perfectly, to fix up a chipped nail, sew on that slip strap instead of resorting...
YOU CAN HAVE YOUR HAIR RESTYLED

BY

Perc Westmore

WORLD'S FOREMOST HAIR STYLIST
AND DIRECTOR OF MAKE-UP
FOR WARNER BROS. STUDIO

SIMPLY SEND YOUR PHOTOGRAPH

...and this greatest of all hair stylists, who makes up Hollywood's most beautiful stars, will serve you too. You will receive a portrait copy of your photograph with your hair completely restyled to bring out every bit of your inherent charm and loveliness — all ready for reproduction by your favorite hairdressers. Thus you will see yourself as others will see you, before your hairdresser actually duplicates your glorious new Perc Westmore hair-do.

1. Send your photograph to:

Perc Westmore
WARNER. BROS. MAKE-UP, DIRECTOR
CHARM GUILD, DEPT. S7
4963 SUNSET BOULEVARD,
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

2. For best results, send a clear, sharp print. It can be a very small snapshot (all snapshots are enlarged) or a larger size photograph. Select a full face view or one with face slightly turned.

3. Write name and address lightly, in ink, on back of photo and give your height, color of hair and eyes, and complexion.

4. Send $0.50 in coin to cover complete cost of restyling, enlarging to portrait size photograph, facial analysis, individual make-up directions, handling and return postage.

5. Your original photograph will not be returned. You will receive a new portrait photograph with your hair restyled to suit your individuality.

6. This offer good only in U. S. A.

Perc Westmore

WILL ALSO GIVE YOU COMPLETE
DIRECTIONS FOR YOUR INDIVIDUAL MAKE-UP

These directions will emphasize your good features and play down your weak ones. Followed carefully they will add much to your loveliness. IN ADDITION—the famous beauty experts pictured here, and others, in a "Beauty... and You" brochure, give you the priceless glamour secrets that they prescribe for moviedom's greatest stars.

WALLY WESTMORE
Paramount's Director of Make-up

ORRY KELLY
Warner Bros. Fashion Designer

JULIETTE MARGLEN
Authority on hair and nail beauty

BUD WESTMORE
of Twentieth Century-Fox

PAUL M. MAC WILLIAMS
Consultant on care of the teeth

Copyright 1941, Charm Guild, Inc.
Having completed "A Woman's Face," Joan Crawford treated herself to a well-earned vacation in New York. She paid a visit to the Post Office to make a wise investment in Uncle Sam's Defense Savings Bonds. Millions of alert Americans are also following suit.

wardrobe: decide what should be cleaned or pressed and get it off at once.

If you are a home-body, your schedule will be different. In daylight and fresh air, you can do much that your working sisters must do by night. Perhaps your beauty time is just after luncheon. Make time for it, and work out your calendar of personal care. Use every possible beauty-saving device in your housework, like soap suds or flaks for the dishes, gloves when dusting. If you are a bride, be smart and use your skin softening cream or your curlers when your only companion is the kitchen sink. They work just as well by day as by night, and then you need never present the disfiguration as portrayed by the comic supplements, and your husband will probably boast, "My wife always looks pretty. She never puts the tiniest things on her head or gets all greased up." What he doesn't know in this case won't hurt him.

Now we are up against a situation that confronts one every one of us at times. We want to improve; we are willing to work for improvement; but we don't know what to do about ourselves. Most of us have too many preconceived notions about our appearance simply because we don't see ourselves as others see us. These notions keep us from exploring and discovering interesting angles about ourselves, and possibly the curves, too. We ask advice, only to have our ideas about ourselves confirmed by others, instead of having absolutely open minds and proving new ideas to ourselves. But ask, if in doubt. Read your magazines and papers for help that applies directly to you. Take advantage of radio on good looks, Join any classes that are available to you. Experiment, and just see what you discover. If you are a school girl and your public school, high school or college has classes on good looks, join by all means. One Brooklyn high school is doing commendable work along personality and fashion lines for its students. I urge an attitude of keen interest in your looks, and action, and, not for vanity's sake. This department has little use for that alone, but will be in the interests of living fully and getting the very most you can out of life, which means making the best of every possible within and about you. That's success, living, and full and happy living. We are clinging to our dreams of handsome, courteous and manly men, and so it is more than likely that every man's dream is something quite easy to look at. And eye appeal is so largely a matter of making an attractive picture of yourself, honestly, in good taste, colorful and all. Since Irene Dunne has this wise train of thought, a word picture seems order. I first met her about five years ago. Her hair is a warm light brown; her eyes are light brown, too, so skin seems to blend with both. She has a culture voice, low and pleasing, and she does talk slowly. At that time she had a new hair-do, a very smart but which would look startling in this day of pompadours. "I like an upward swing," she told me, "to harmonize with the tip of my nose." I've typical that was remark of a keen observation and senshitiveness, probably the result of her excellent taste. Though I believe Irene Dunne's furs, Dres drees very simply. Her clothes are nice and nice. She is somewhat of a girl. She has a good figure for suits.

At this point, let us set our sewing kits, sit right down and substitute a neat stitch in that hem now held in place by a safety pin? Shorten that long skirt and that coat? Fix a hem here and there.

And shall we go through the wardrobe discarding every dubious garment or that we just might wear on a rainy day be practical? Yes, hang on clothing do us more harm than they do the budget better. We, better, think we'll organize costumes with appropriate accessories than new furs with nothing to go with them. Get rid of the clothes which you are not sure. Somebody or some organization will wice them. It is charity in this case to give greater charity to yourself to get rid of what isn't right for you.

And let's scrutinize our make-up and all-seeing eyes of the powder light for your sun-warmed skin? Isn't that pinky lipstick, so sweet with its first flower hat and long lines, jilt this little tan? We wouldn't it be smart to harmonize that little face with a nice new lipstick, maybe try a sleeper face-do for the whole world? After all, it is much more frey, di-ally on the beach? And try a leg make-up? Rich, deep tan, so you can stock and look so nicely groomed.

And wouldn't it be nice to smell if your garden even when you prepare dinner for that hungry husband or take a picture of yourself in your own? Cologne, never strong enough to hit; the most sensitive boss in the face but fresh and lovely enough to remind you that you're famous. The perfumers say, "Some one lovely has just passed by, dollar or less buys a quantity of the sweet smelling things, some with spray, which you can affix in, as spray or two of sweet seduction while set the table or file your letters will mind you that you are still a lovely person in spite of the daily life." That finishing of ourselves is so thought, care and work. With the exception of Schubert's great strain, "Unfieled Business," the world has not in amused with you or your job half it. It asks for the finished product, perfect presented!
dancing, bowling, riding, with the screen's young idol! It must just about kill Jaime. "He writes and tells me every place I have been," said Linda. "I guess the newspapers must keep him informed. He is very jealous of Mick." 
"And is Mickey jealous of Jaime?" I asked.

"Mickey says that in a year or so I'll get over it," Linda said, very seriously. "That's one of the things I like about Mick. He knows I'm kind of attached—and he's very sweet about it."

Jaime Yorba, as you doubtless know if you read the magazines, is Linda Darnell's first romance—and only romance up until the advent of Mr. Rooney, some few months ago. But to understand Linda's problems we have to go back four years ago, when she first met him, in Dallas, Texas. Jaime came into Linda's young life when it was at its lowest ebb, when she really needed a friend. Although she was only fourteen at the time, Linda's heart had been completely broken—by a cold, callous Hollywood that had sent her, and then after a balled-up screen test, had told her to go home, that she would never become an actress. (If you saw Linda in "Star Dust" you know all about this, parts of that picture were Linda's actual experiences.) It's very humiliating to have to go back to your home town, and admit that you're a failure, especially at fourteen. Linda's family, naturally, were kind and understanding, even though the kids were disappointed about Hollywood, but her classmates were something else again. It's strange how cruel children can be. "At all hours of the night the phone would ring," Linda said, "and when I answered it some child would say, 'How would you like to make a screen test?' or 'Is this Linda Dar-

**Beaux gather** like bees around a honey-pot—when nails are sweet with the new Cutex Lollipops or Butterscotch. One's rich red raspberry, for blues, pinks, neutrals—one brown-sugary and sun-touched, to spice up yellows and greens. Irresistibly tempting! And—when you use Cutex Polish you're being specially kind to your nails—it's nearly twice as porous as any other leading polish in the same price range! Only 10¢ in U.S.A. (20¢ in Canada).

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London

**Cutex** - Tops for Flair and Wear

**Lollipop and Butterscotch** for Summer's "Sweet fingertips"

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**Original Text:***

Will Mickey Win Linda?

Continued from page 23

Blonde, dimpled, dainty Sonja Henie will soon be seen with John Payne in "Sun Valley Serenade." Sonja has been away too long...
KEEP YOUR EYES LOVELY!

Brown...blue...grey eyes...whatever their color, they will be lovelier if they are bright and clear.

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

Use EYE-GENE

REMOVE UNWANTED HAIR
The clean dry odorless way
Lechler's VELVA-TIZE

AS EASY TO USE AS A POWDER PUFF

$1.00
Full Season's Use

No muss, no odor, not a depletory. Always ready for use. In smart pastel compact you can carry anywhere.

THE HOUSE OF LECHLER
506 Broadway, Dept. K-12, New York, N. Y.

[Boxed ad]

*Screenland*

Take it easy, girls! We don't relish the idea of those slicky knives at John Carroll's throat. A scene from M-G-M's "Lady Be Good!" with Eleanor Powell and Ann Sothern.

Tell the great moving picture star? and they'd just die laughing, while I, of course, cried my eyes out the rest of the night."

Jaime Yorba is a Spanish refugee. And handsome. He had a permit to stay in the United States for three months. He wanted to study English and that's what he was doing in Dallas. Linda was trying to make up for the time she lost in Hollywood, and was doing extra work in the Dean's office. That's where she met Jaime. "I was sad and sort of crushed," said Linda, "and when we were introduced I said how do you do without any interest—and then I looked again." Jaime, evidently, was the Clark Gable of Sunset High School. "All the girls went crazy about him," said Linda, "including myself." No wonder. Jaime was twenty, handsome, and full of Old World gallantry.

"I lived eight blocks from the school," said Linda, "He used to walk home with me every afternoon. I used to wish it was eighty blocks!"

And so Jaime and Linda fell in love, that first love that is always the most important in a man or woman's life. Jaime forgot all about his three months permit.

And then Linda got an innocent little wire again on the morning of April 2, 1939, summoning her a second time to the land of promise—except this time it turned out to be more than just a promise. And Linda wasn't the only one who was told to pack in a hurry that same week—Jaime was notified that he had overstayed his permit, that he would have to leave the United States immediately, and that it would be very difficult for him to return.

But laws mean little to a man in love, so Jaime bid Linda a tearful, goodbye, with a "sort of an understanding," and assured her that he would be in Hollywood with her before Fall."

"That was three years ago," said Linda, "Jaime couldn't get out of Mexico. He wrote me constantly, always saying that he would see me soon. And then—things began to happen to me. I became terribly interested in my career—and I met Mick. I met him for the first time last October 19th. I didn't want to meet him because I had read a lot of things about him and I thought that he must be terribly conceited and fresh as everything. My agent, Mr. Freeman, and his wife invited Mick and me to go to the theater with them that night—he's also Mick's agent. And I had a big surprise coming to me. Mick isn't contented at all. He's just about the most sincere person I've ever met. He's so different from anybody I've ever met before. Sweet and considerate, and so much fun. When I started going with him you have no idea how many people went out of their way to say to me, 'What do you mean? A nice girl like you! Don't you know that Mickey Rooney is the wildest person in Hollywood!' Well, all I know is that around me Mick is as nice as he can be. He respects me. He knows I don't like dirty stories and all that and when we are out together he watches out for me like a mother hen."

So there was our little Linda, falling in love with Mickey Rooney, and you can't blame her for that, but all the time cherishing the memory of her first romance. It was then that she said, "I will never fall in love again! I know." But how could she know whether it was only a childish memory or a reality? Jaime was hundreds of miles away. He could not cross the border. And she did not have money enough to go to him. "But the more I thought about it," said Linda, "the more I knew that I would have to see him again before I could become interested in anyone else. Three years is a long time. And during that time I had grown up. Maybe I wouldn't like him now that I had become an adult. I must know!"

Last winter the Kansas City Horse Show sent an invitation to Linda to represent Hollywood at that gala event—all expenses paid for herself and her mother. And that's when Linda did a little high class fagling. The studio approved of her going to the Horse Show, so she told the Kansas City officials she would be glad to accept if they would give her a return trip to Hollywood via Mexico City. They would be delighted. And so Linda and her mother arrived in Mexico City and were put at the station by a Jaime simply hysterical with joy. Linda took one look at Jaime—and knew that she had not cherished a memory for three years all for nothing. Jaime was still "in."

The visit, however, was rather unsatis-
factory. "Every time we tried to snatch a few hours off to be together somebody interfered," Linda sighed. Mexico City went mad about her, of course, and there were all sorts of banquets, and luncheons, and official things to do—and you can be sure that the representatives of Twentieth Century-Fox there were determined to make as much out of Linda's visit as possible. "At banquets," said Linda sadly, "they would place him at one end of the table and me at the other. Every time we thought we were going to be alone somebody would turn a spotlight on us. Jaime was furious. I was on my toes every minute trying to keep him pacified. I tried to explain to him about studio publicity, but he simply wouldn't try to understand.

"He is dead set against a woman having a career. If I married him he would want me to give up my career—and I love my career. I don't want to give it up. He would want to be the boss of the family, and that wouldn't suit me. I realize that he can't change his viewpoint, that he's an European—but I'm terribly fond of him. Reason tells me that we live in entirely different worlds, I know we can't marry. But I just can't say to him that this is the end."

This summer Jaime's permit to stay in Mexico is up. He can't come to the United States. Back to Spain? Perhaps, but that would be six thousand miles or more away from the girl he loves. "In his last letter," said Linda, "he said he just didn't know what to do."

And poor Linda doesn't know what to do either.

They tell a very amusing story on Linda at the studio. It seems there was a visiting editor out from New York last winter who wanted to meet all the young hopefuls at a luncheon at the studio. Carole Landis was there, and Betty Grable, and Mary Beth Hughes, and Cobina Wright, Jr., and Linda. The conversation turned to "love" and all the girls were expressing opinions. Linda didn't say a word. Finally someone turned to Linda and said, "What do you think, Linda?"

Linda looked hastily at her watch. "I'm so sorry," she said, "I haven't time to answer, I have to go to school."

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New Beauty Test for Teeth
...as important as make-up

Learn Beauty's final secret...

MAKE THE
TONGUE TEST

1—DO THIS... Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth... Feel that filmy coating? That's Materia Alba... and it doesn't belong on teeth!

2—YOU'LL LEARN... that filmy coating on teeth is a warning your tooth paste may be letting you down. Because sticky coating collects and stains, dims the brilliance of your smile.

3—SWITCH TO PEPSODENT with Irium. You'll know the power of a flashing smile when you feel the smooth sparkle of shining teeth.

• Only Pepsodent gives you Irium, super-cleansing agent that loosens and flushes away filmy coating.

• Only Pepsodent contains the patented high-polishing agent which buff teeth to such shiny smoothness that coating slides off before it can collect and stain.

Get a tube of Pepsodent with Irium today.

Greer Garson, mothering a tot in the touching film, "Blossoms in the Dust." The story is based on the real biography of a noble woman.
was what she'd heard or read, and she was on her guard. I found out later, Turpy smiled, "that both she and Rosemary shared a sneaking suspicion the first thing we'll want to do would be to bleach or dye their hair. They'd made up their minds," she went on, "that they'd quit the minute we tried it."

That they didn't try it is one of the reasons Turpy is still working on Pat's hair at Warners. But it doesn't account for the friendship between the star and the hairdresser. To me, always positive my hairdresser is my mortal foe when she talks me out of wearing curls where I want them, such a friendship is an incredible thing. Turpy cleared it up.

"Pat has definite ideas about what she wants done with her hair," she explained, "but she's reasonable. When I try it her way and she realizes I was right, she admits it. On the other hand," Turpy went on, "if, after I get through, she still thinks she's right, she sticks by her guns and I give in."

With this give-and-take as a basis, they got along so well together during working hours that pretty soon they were seeing each other outside the studio, too. Visiting at each others' homes or going off to the mountains for weekends of hiking.

"Pat likes the simple things," Turpy explained, "she doesn't go in for Hollywood parties or that sort of thing. She'd much rather play badminton, for instance, than dress up and step out to a night club." She added thoughtfully: "John is like that, too."

John is John Barry, editor of a Victorville, California, newspaper, with whom Pat's name has been linked romantically for some time now. It was even rumored at the time she obtained her divorce from Oren Haglund that her interest in John might be the reason. It's true that she spends all her spare time in Yuca Loma, a desert resort near Victorville, and it's also true that John makes his home in a bungalow on the grounds of the hotel where she stays. But whether it follows that she will marry John, she won't say. She will admit, however, that she has the time of her life with him, horseback-riding and dancing at the Green Spot, Victorville rendezvous for all the cowboys for miles around. As Turpy says, Pat loves the simple things and she's never happier than when she dons cowboy clothes and boots and sets off for the desert.

But Pat's interests doesn't stop here. At least, started before she met John. When she was making "Cowboy from Brooklyn," for instance, the director always knew where to find her when he needed her. She was sure to be somewhere just out of camera range, talking to the cowboys working in the picture or learning rope tricks, of all things! So their common love of the outdoors is no doubt at the bottom of his new friendship—or is it romance?—of Pat's and John's. Whether it actually is a romance, Turpy said she didn't know. The only person who does for sure is Priscilla herself, and she refuses to discuss it.

"There's nothing I can tell you about it," Turpy said again, by way of emphasis. "Pat doesn't discuss her personal affairs much, even with her friends." Then she was silent a while, picking thoughtfully at her salad. "I suppose you know about Pat's cetino hair," she asked, suddenly reminded. I shook my head.

"She goes on food binges," Turpy said, "choosing one food and sticking to it three times a day until she grows tired of it. Once, when she was on a chili bean binge, she even gave a chili bean dinner for the cast of 'Brother Rat and a Baby.'"

Despite her healthy appetite, there are times when Pat is underweight, especially when she's been working very hard. She'd made three pictures in a row before "Four Wives," and the start of the film found her running far behind her usual poundage. "One day her mother visited the set with some candy," Turpy said, "Rosemary and Lola wanted to be in on the feast, but Mrs. Lane looked them over carefully and said meaningly: 'Pat needs this more than you.' They took the food and stuck to it three times a day until she grew tired of it. Once, when she was on a chili bean binge, she even gave a chili bean dinner for the cast of 'Brother Rat and a Baby.'"

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Sez "Coop" to Cooper

Continued from page 55

COOPER—I've heard it called that.
COOP—Then how did you feel when that girl came up a little while ago, and told you how grand you were in "John Doe"?
COOPER—Embarrassed! But so was she. And when you see someone else is embarrassed, it eases your own embarrassment.
COOP—How did you ever learn to act?
COOPER—There's a question as to whether I ever did. I experimented with the technique and mechanics of acting, but didn't get far. Always made me self-conscious, trying to use modulations of voice and play of tone and all the other things finished actors know how to do. There are one or two established tricks, like timing, that come more or less automatically after a while. Otherwise, I have no technique.
COOP—What do you do when you're up there in front of the camera?
COOPER—Listen to the director, try to feel myself into the skin of the person I'm supposed to be, try to think how he'd act in a given situation, let the rest take care of itself. That's the only thing I can do.
COOP—Is it hard?
COOPER—if I had more technique, I might use up less nervous energy or something. This way, it sometimes feels at the end of the day as if you've been hauled by the heels over the Hollywood hills.
COOP—Is screen acting an art or a business?
COOPER—Ask the marines! I think of myself as a commodity, like a make of car, with a personality that photographs and has a market value.
COOP—They say you don't like publicity. How about it?
COOPER—That can't be answered by yes or no. The natural inclination is to duck the whole works. Then the publicity people come at you, that's their job. Golly, they say, you have to go to Chicago to help open the picture, we've spent so much dough, did you see last night's paper, did you see this morning's paper, there's going to be a terrific turnout. So you give yourself a rough argument, pro and con. The principal con is, what business have you got riding down the street in front of a bunch of people, like a hero or someone who's really done something? Makes you feel silly. It keeps sneaking in on you all the time, how do you know there'll be any people? Pretty funny if there weren't. The principal pro is the sales talk. You owe it to the boss. So, depending on your sense of obligation, you do it or don't.
COOP—How does it feel when you're actually doing it?
COOPER—That's the peculiar thing. You start down the street, wishing you were the invisible man, and people start waving at you. They seem to be having fun, they seem to like it. You think, after all, they don't have to come out and wave if they don't want to, nobody told them to. You think, what's the difference, you're not hurting anybody. And pretty soon, you begin having fun yourself. It's catching. It's like sneaking a couple of drinks and feeling happy.
COOP—So next time all the publicity guys have to do is crook a finger.
COOPER—(grinning) I wouldn't go that far. You see, there's always the initial

YOU CAN'T BE GOOD in Hollywood
(And Make Good, Too)

FACTS are more fascinating than fiction, and SCREEN GUIDE, the large-size picture magazine of motion pictures and their strictly-human stars, gives you facts—pure facts! For example, read in July Screen Guide how stars who stir up trouble usually make good—while the goody-goodies don't. These facts are fun!

Other Scoops in July Screen Guide:

Ginger Rogers: Strange situations in her amazing private life.
Errol Flynn: Challenged by real-life sea-captain Stirling Hayden, of "Virginia," for No. 1 spot among screen adventurers!
Lana Turner: The "Sweater Girl" is better without her sweater!
Deanna Durbin: First photo scoop of Deanna as a married woman!
Carole Landis: An intimate visit with Movie's most exciting female.
Hedda Hopper: Hollywood Cafe Society, reported by an "insider."
Irene Dunne: Her complete new wardrobe, described by Yolanda.

COLOR PORTRAITS: Lana Turner, Errol Flynn, Cabina Wright. ALSO pages of gossip, beauty hints, movie reviews, fashions.
Torrid Test in Palm Springs proves

a Dab a Day keeps P. O.* away!

(*Underarm Perspiration Odor)

This amazing test was one of a series, supervised by registered nurses, to prove the remarkable efficacy of Yodora—a Deodorant Cream that's actually soft, delicate and pleasing!

1. In the morning, Miss A.D. applied Yodora to underarms.
2. Played 2 sets of tennis—at 91° in the shade!
3. Examining nurse pronounced underarms sweet—not a taint of P.O.—Perspiration Odor!

Yodora gives positive protection! Leaves no sickly smell on dresses. Actually soothing: 10¢, 25¢, 60¢.

McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

panic to overcome. And there’s bound to be a headache or two along the way. Getting up on a stage, for instance. You shouldn’t do that unless you can dance or sing or tell ’em a tale. But the boys say no, all they want is to see you. So you find yourself uttering words, and you’re not funny or very intelligent or coherent. You feel you’re up there under false pretenses. Your original lunch was right.

COOP—You mean they throw things?

COOPER—Not yet! As a matter of fact, they’ve always been very kind. Which makes you feel worse. Because they don’t get a run for their money. The least I could do is turn handsprings for them.

COOP—Why don’t you?

COOPER—And fall on my face?—It’s an idea, at that. Give ’em a laugh.

COOP—What’ve you learned along the way? What would you tell a guy who was starting where you did ten years ago?

COOP—Not to shoot his face off. You’re likely to do less harm by keeping your mouth shut than open.

COOP—As for instance?

COOPER—Well, everybody in Hollywood has a problem, and no fellow really understands the other fellow’s situation thoroughly. So you’re seldom qualified to give advice. Somebody comes to you, let’s say, “They want me to do this part.” He tells you, “I’ve read it, and it stinks. I’d be miscast.” He tells it to you in such a way that you may agree with him. You get hot and bothered. “Tell ’em to go soak themselves,” you say. “Who do they think you are? Tell ’em you won’t do it.” The guy was steamed up before, you give it the finishing touch. He goes and raises hell. Somebody else does the part and it does the other person a world of good. The first guy gets sore at you. Even if he doesn’t say so, he’s thinking, why didn’t that fellow have to sound off? And he’s right. Then there’s another kind of talk that does still more harm. You meet a lot of people. Some you like immediately, some you dislike immediately. You’ve got no reason to dislike ’em—just something you get or don’t get in the personality. A name comes up, and you find yourself throwing in a crack about a fellow you don’t really know. Maybe you get to know him later, and discover how thoroughly wrong you’ve been. Maybe he’s like yourself—self-conscious in certain company, always putting the wrong foot forward at the right time, with a kind of diffidence, maybe, that covers up what he’s really like. You’ve contributed loose talk about someone who never hurt you, who you said only nice things about you, maybe, and when you hear that, you really feel like a louse.

COOP—Same idea as “John Doe”?

COOPER—Something like it. Only I dug this up on my own, not to plug the picture.

COOP—It’s “Sergeant York” we ought to be plugging now.

COOPER (Uneasily)—Sure. Can’t we save it to the publicity boys?

COOP—Here’s something I’ve always wanted to get off from headquarters. This one’ll tell you Hollywood’s been a mistake. That one’ll tell you it’s as normal as any place else. Which is it?

COOPER—Both! But more sane than loony. Only people like to believe it’s the other way round. More exciting. Say, something crazy happens in Hollywood. By the time the public hears about it, it’s been blown up till it really sounds like a dinger. I maintain that life in Hollywood, as lived by seventy-five percent of the movie crowd, is normal. Screwballs here, same as everywhere else. But the average of decent, hardworking people is as high here as anywhere. In liberality, higher. I think they’ve part with more money for the other fellow than persons of equivalent earning power in other walks of life. I think they’re okay. Get a little tired of seeing mud slung at ’em. Makes me a little mad.

COOP—What about plush bathtubs and goldlined swimming pools?

COOPER—And a team of white elephants to drag ’em up Hollywood Boulevard! That’s what I mean by blowing things up. Most of the movie people I know spend sanely and save sanely. Of course you could live in a two-room flat, hire no one to do your laundry, pay what dough you should to the government, and come out with a fairly goodsized piece of jack at the end of a few years. But to do that, you’d have to divorce yourself from life. On the other hand, you don’t have to own an expensive foreign car or jewelry from here to there. You can live as you would.

Dorothy Thompson, brilliant columnist and radio commentator, visits blonde Virginia Bruce and director Al Green on the “Sene Paye Boys” set. With all Miss Thompson’s inside Washington dope, it would seem her presence was a decided asset to the all-star cast.
There's a definitely undecided look in Joan Bennett's eye, almost as though she is giving last-minute contemplation as to who will be the lucky man in 'She Knew All the Answers. The predatory males, John Hubbard and Franchot Tone—as though you didn't know.

in any town, spend according to your means, save in proportion, make a group of congenial friends, entertain once a week, enjoy the present and plan for the future—as far as your spirits will let you, knowing what people on the other side are going through. Of course there's this. If you stick around Hollywood all the time, there's the risk of losing your sense of proportion. You want to get out every so often. And that doesn't mean hop a train, go to New York, spend your time at 21 and the shows, and come on back. That means, you lose contact with what your country's made up of—the people in between. When you get the chance, let Hollywood and New York go hang. If I happen to be off the winter, my wife and I drive a couple of days out of Tucson for the hunting. Or up to Idaho for the trout-fishing. I was born in the Rocky Mountain section. It's beautiful. We get out into the real country, and stay as long as we can among the people of the country. I haven't the words to describe exactly what it does for you. All I can say is, it makes you feel good. We stop at little towns and sort of look around a bit, go into stores, see what other folks do, see what a dollar buy there, compared with what it buys in Hollywood and New York. The difference is sometimes pretty startling. When you get back, your perspective is clearer.

COOPER—I hear you've always wanted a cattle ranch in the Rockies.

COOPER—Still do. May get one yet if I can find the right place.

COOPER—What do you do with yourself when you're not working?

COOPER—Does anyone care?

COOPER—You'd be surprised!

COOPER—Well, what I like best when I get a day off is to ride. We keep a couple of saddle horses on a ranch leased by a friend of mine, about half an hour's drive from the house. I like tennis, you swell way to get a workout. Never played till I married, but my wife's very good and I had to learn in self-defense. She can still beat me, though I've had her on the ragged edge once or twice.

COOPER—How about evenings?

COOPER—When I'm working, just dinner and maybe a movie. We see most of them at the neighborhood theater. Once in a while in a friend's projection room. One thing I don't do is curl up with a book. Not much of a hand at keeping up with the current output. Half a dozen pages an evening, maybe once a week. Dance—after a fashion, I'm not very hot at it. It's fun, though.

COOPER—How old's the little girl? Maria?

COOPER—Three and a half.

COOPER—What are you trying to do with that handkerchief? Make shredded wheat?

COOPER—How about laying off me at this point?

COOPER—Ah, come on, Coop. I know you don't give out about the kid, but strain a point, will you? Does she look like you?

COOPER—People say she looks like both of us. I don't think she looks like either of us. She's quite a kid, husky, big for her age and plenty tough. Likes to get out on the beach and into the water. I'm going to teach her to swim this summer.

COOPER—What do you mean, she's tough?

COOPER—Just naturally tough, that's all! Rides a bike. Rides a pony. I take her down to the place where they sell pom-poms, and she doesn't want me to hold her on. Nuts about stories. Stuff like Benny, Penny and Peter Rabbit. Makes me read 'em over and over. All the way through too. Won't let me skip. She's got a couple of bantam hens and a rooster. To her the chickens are the actual chickens in the book. Walked out of the pages. Same with Peter Rabbit. Once in a while she'll see a cottontail go whisking over the grass. She can't understand why he won't say hello to her, why he's such a friendly guy in the book and so shy on the lawn. This stuff sounds kind of silly to me!

COOPER—Sounds like music to me. Know any more like that?

COOPER—Well, she did pull a fast one the other day. Heard somebody say, 'Pop's going out.' She picked it up quick. "G'by, Pop," she said. Sort of surprising, the first time your kid calls you Pop. Look, this is nothing new to people with kids of their own. I'll bore the hide off 'em! Got to be getting back to the set, anyhow. Been nice seeing you. Come around again, and we'll talk about bears and mountain lions. So long.

COOPER—So long, Pop!

Why I switched to Meds

by a dancer

Like lots of girls who are plenty active, I'm keen about internal sanitary protection and I'm always on the lookout for any improvements. So the minute I heard Modess had brought out Meds—a new and improved tampon—I got some quick. And am I glad! Meds give me wonderful protection for they're the only tampons with the "Safety Center." As for comfort, I hardly know I'm wearing Meds. And imagine! Meds cost only two cents a box of ten—they're the only tampons in individual applicators that cost so little!
What It Takes to be A Hollywood Husband!

Continued from page 26

and they were all busy. Remembering his friend's halting recommendation of Rita, he phoned her grudgingly. The voice at the other end of the line was quiet and quite prim. "No, I'm not busy," she was saying in that soft voice, "Yes, you may come up, but if you want to take me out you must meet Mother and Father first."

Holy smoke! Judson winced but went. Surprisingly, the girl was not dull or money. She had a full-blown, lush brunette beauty and was quite a looker—if you looked hard enough. Trouble was, she was timid and shy and hid her light under a dark bag of a dress.

When he left that evening, Ed thought: "There's a potential leg of dynamite if only she'd let up. That girl could be the greatest siren in pictures if she only knew what to do with herself. Why, she could make every other girl look like Miss North Clam Beach of 1925."

A week later, Judson, leaving for South America, called on Rita to say goodbye. At that time, Rita was working in westerns at one of the Grade B movie outfits that turn out "quickies." She had just been let out at Fox and this was the sure road to oblivion. Eddie found her sitting on a box in the dim, draughty stage. Her Mother was hovering over her.

"Look here," he said impatiently, and without quite meaning to say it, "your mother shouldn't be here with you while you're working. You're a big girl now. How do you expect to be treated like one if you're always tied to Mama's apron strings?"

Rita looked up with a start, and Eddie backed away embarrassed. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to butt in and no reflection on your Mother, you know. It's just that I think you can go far if only you'd do things the smart way, instead of the wrong way..."

And so they were married! It was after marriage that this modern Pygmalion took his Galatea in hand and transformed her from an obscure, drab bit player who loitered on the fringe of the movie sets, into a breath-taking star, a girl who is more in demand for gloriously glamorous roles than any other star in Hollywood. During the past year, Rita's salary was doubled and she has had only eleven days off in all between pictures. She has appeared in seven pictures and could have worked in five times that many if she were quintuplets.

How it was done is not magic, but Judson. Eddie Judson is a shrewd businessman. He used the same business principles to sell Rita that he employed to sell automobiles and oil contracts. He mapped out each step of his wife's campaign just as he would map out a sales campaign. There would have to be certain investments made in Rita, but each investment would have to pay. This would seem like a daring—perhaps an idiotic campaign to anyone else. To Eddie Judson it was safe and sound business principles to put a commodity across, and they sat down together to map it out.

"You're lucky you aren't too well known in Hollywood," Ed told her, not unkindly. "Because you're going to start all over again, and this time the right way. Here's the way we ought to plan it: Step No. 1 will be self-improvement. Step No. 2 will be self-display. Step No. 3 will be making a name for yourself. Step No. 4 will be getting the right roles and keeping you smash before the public so that you'll be 'hot' at the box office."

Rita listened breathlessly to her husband's ambitious plans. Without his vision and common sense to conceive this undertaking, and without his financial aid at the beginning to help her, Rita might still be one of the girls in the mob scene.

They decided that she should take direction, French and singing lessons to improve the resonance and flexibility of her voice; then dramatic lessons to make her less self-conscious and more professional. Rita studied prodigiously. Lessons were the best—$20 a shot for dramatic lessons, $10 apiece for singing and so on.

With Rita studying so intensively, there was so much improvement within six months that they decided she was ready for Step No. 2—"to wit, self-display."

Eddie went with her on the first clothes-buying splurge and selected a form-fitting gray gown that clung to her like silver fluid poured over her body. Then he suggested that she wear her hair long and loosely waved, instead of in the tight, tortured curls that were the style then.

"I'm not a clothes designer or a hair-dresser," Ed laughed, "but I am a man and I know what men like to see on women."

Following Eddie's advice to the letter, Rita appeared before him dressed exactly as he had told her, her head held high and proud.

"Honey, you look wonderful," he gasped. "Now I want to show you off to the right people."

He took her to the Trocadero that night, and it was to be the turning point in her career. Eddie knew what he was doing when he escorted her into the plush inner sanctums. This was the hangout of the stars and star-makers, and he knew it would be the right showcase for Rita. But even he wasn't quite prepared for the sensational good luck they were to have.

Seated at a round table when Rita walked in with Ed was Howard Hawk, the producer. He stared at her unashamedly.

OUR COVER GIRL

RITA HAYWORTH

Another fetching pose of Miss Hayworth, Columbia Pictures star, wearing the dazzling bathing suit you see on our current cover. Because of the interest—even excitement!—sure to be aroused by the beauteous portrait, we're giving you a description of the suit.

It's Catalina Swim Suit Style 4497—twopiece candy stripe satin L autres with quarter-skirt and self belt. Retail for $4.00.
The press boys like Eddie too. He is hearty and jovial, invites them to the house and is a regular guy with them. When Rita is so busy in pictures that she has no time to pose for photos they arrange for her to devote her free Sunday to the chore. He does everything he can to make things easy as possible. As a result, these Sunday sessions are well-organized and run smoothly and quickly. Everyone gets what he wants—the boys get their pictures and Rita gets pages and pages of publicity, Ed, of course, has his own work which keeps him busy during the week, but no matter how strenuous his own job is, he always finds the time to devote to Rita's progress.

He realizes the importance of eye-catching gowns for his wife and it was his idea that practically all of Rita's salary go into

This is "step no. 2" in the Ed Judson campaign to make his beautiful and sultry wife famous: Being seen in the right places by the right people. Rita Hayworth and her most unselfish spouse dining at the Cocoanut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel, Hollywood husbands would do well to note Mr. Judson's philosophy.

Len Weisman

The campaign was working! Rita got the part, and it was the role of the sultry harmer in the picture that brought her to the attention of the public.

Now Eddie Judson was the husband of a Hollywood glamor girl. The dangerous part was this: he would have to work not only to effect the successive steps in the campaign to make his wife a star, but he would also have to preserve her own ego and personality in the face of her wife's accumulating success. But they never deviated from their plan.

Step No. 3 was to get Rita's name before the public so that fans would ask for her. Such requests have a habit of getting the attention of movie producers.

By this time, Ciro's had replaced the tree as Hollywood's showcase. Here, sightly photographers fell over each other to snap pictures for all types of publications. Once a week, Rita and Ed went to Ciro's. Invariably, when Rita entered, heads turned to stare. No other woman in the room was dressed with the chic and the dash of La Hayworth. All of her gowns were designed to accentuate her womanly charms. Rita never appeared more than twice in the same gown, and every time she entered the photographers woke up with a start and scrambled to be able to shoot her.

The photographers and reporters are crazy about Rita and would do anything in the world for her. Why not? No matter how busy she is, she never turns down their request for pictures. When she appears in public, she is dressed the way the public likes to fancy a Hollywood movie star is dressed, and her pictures are easy to sell to editors. Katharine Hepburn, Ginger Rogers and Margaret Sullavan may appear in dungarees and polo coat and scowl at the camera boys as though they were boogey men, but not Rita. She gives them her money's worth, and they have rewarded her by making her the most widely photographed actress in Hollywood.

This, of course, is showmanship par excellence and Rita is just following their plan. Ed knows the importance of the press and he always tells Rita, "Be nice to them. Cooperate, and they'll be a great help to you."


And Pepsi-Cola is the double feature favorite all over America, too. Millions prefer this BIGGER drink with the BETTER taste. What's more, you get 12 full ounces . . . tangy and flavorful. Down a Pepsi-Cola today . . . and enjoy those extra sips . . . for a nickel.

Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company Long Island City, N. Y., and is bottled legally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast.
If Underarm Odors Cling
TO YOUR CLOTHES

1. UNDERARM PERSPIRATION, unless checked, soaks into the fabric.

2. THIS HINDERS evaporation—causes perspiration to turn embarrassingly rancid.

Avoid It
This Simple Way

1. CHECK the FLOW of perspiration safely and effectively with Liquid Nonspi.

2. NONSPI CHECKS ODOR ... dries quickly.

3. APPLY AS OFTEN as needed. Nonspi is harmless to skin or clothing when used as directed.

4. SEND 10¢ for trial size of Liquid Nonspi to The Nonspi Co., Dept. R-2, 113 W. 18th St., N. Y. C.

Also in CREAM FORM

NONSPI
A REALLY EFFECTIVE DEODORANT!

Dr. Kildare—
AFTER office hours!

When MGM cameras finish another episode in the exciting Dr. Kildare series—the handsome young doctor (Lew Ayres) drives home—alone!

Young ... handsome ... friendly ... healthy and wealthy—he has everything most people think should make him happy.

Yet he lives alone—in an uncompleted house. The walls and roof are there. Everything is ready for the finishing touches. But Dr. Lew Ayres Kildare won’t go ahead with it until he marries again!

Read why
in the big July issue of
10¢ Silver Screen 10¢

Ask for a copy at your newsstand!

a glamorous wardrobe while he foots the expenses of home and incidentals. That, you must admit, is a generous husbandly gesture.

It was Ed who put Rita wise to the trick that her gowns should be selected for their photogenic value. Eddie says, "A gown that looks well in the flesh but doesn't photograph well is not much use to Rita's career. All of Rita's gowns are the kind that will look well in the retro-gravure!"

Being married to a movie actress is no cinch for the man. Ed's work is done at five, and being a normal, fun-loving sort of guy he likes to go out in the evening. But when Rita is working—and that seems to be all the time these days!—her alarm is set for 6:00 a.m. That means she goes to bed early. This hampers Eddie's social activities, but he doesn't mind. He wheels up some of the boys for a poker session or an evening at the fights.

When they do go out, however, Eddie still insists that she dress up—and he abhors donning his "soup and fish" so you can imagine what a sacrifice it is—and go to the Right Places, be it Ciro's, a theater opening, or some smart event that draw the crowds. Rita doesn't buy a gown without consulting him and his advice is so sound that photographers still rush to her side to click away for her.

They enjoy going out because both Rita and Ed love to dance, but on the other hand, Ed doesn't think it is a good idea to overdo it, so they limit their "public appearances."

"If Rita made Ciro's a nightly hangout," Ed explains, "she'd become as taken for granted as the silverware. Rita must maintain her exclusiveness."

Does that technique still work? And how! When Ann Sheridan walked out on Warner Brothers during her strike for more money, there was a vacancy left in "Strawberry Blonde." It was a solidly glamorous role and one that many a star would have given her best pair of eyelashes to get. Raoul Walsh, the director, happened to see Rita in one of her Venus de Milo gowns at Ciro's, and gasped, "There's our Strawberry Blonde. She was tested and hired on the strength of that.

Which reminds us, too, that while Ann Sheridan and other film stars may go on strike because they feel that they are underpaid, Dr. Kildare, as one friend has said, that his wife never does anything like that. Although Rita has had her pay almost doubled in one year, it is still a small salary, judged by triple salaries of well-meaning friend pool-pooched Rita's salary, said she was worth much more considering her tremendous box office appeal and suggested that she walk out in a demand for more money.

Eddie angrily put his foot down. "Listen," he said, "I've been a businessman a long time; long enough to know that there isn't a man who is bigger than his indorsement. No one person is responsible for the success of an undertaking, and there isn't a soul who cannot be replaced. I don't care what the other stars are earning. Rita makes more than enough to live on very well. We're not squawking and she's not going to walk out on an industry that has been very good to her. Her boss, Harry Cohn, has been very kind to her and it would be sheer ingratitude to be anything but appreciative."

Yet in spite of the integral rôle Eddie plays in Rita's career, he never visits her on the set, has never been an "interfering" husband, stays stave and smiling in the background. It is a silent rôle that is important. The importance is realized only by Rita. Gene Markey, a good friend, happens to know the vital interest and good judgment that


Ed manifests in her work, "Stick to the fellow and take his advice," he once to Rita. She said, "Rita, for instance, would like to swap from sirens to "nice girls." Would like leave the flash and sex and do the sort timid rôle she did in "The Lady in Question," in which she walked through a picture bedraggled and lifeless. Ed, wants her to establish herself as a sire first. "That's the sort of rôle that's talk about. Play as many of these lush parts possible, and when you've established you can play the other kind of rôles."

George Raft's latest picture but she is Ed talked it over and decided against because she would have only two chang of costume in it. When Marlene Dietrich later accepted the rôle, friends thout this time Eddie was crazy. But he wasn't. Rita went into "Blood and Sand" instead and played one of the most spectacularly glamorous parts in movie picture history. It made Nita Naldi five years ago. It will probably make Rita the most talked-about girl in films.

In "Blood and Sand" Rita has wardrobe which costs over $50,000. Her gowns are so tight she can hardly sit them. The studio boosted her from a quarter of a million dollars worth of jewels to dress on her, and the sets which serve as backdrop for her cost the studio $75,000. In one scene, she and Tyrone Power can what will probably stand out as being its spine-tingling scene of the year. Ty kneel at her feet, and Rita pulls him up slow by the hair until his lips meet her. (See June SCREENLAND photo for picture of this scene.)

The love scene with Tyrone Power was hot, in fact, that the set was ordered closed that day. This is the sort of thing that drives many a Hollywood husband batty—wondering what goes on in his wife's mind while she is receiving kisses of some other man, even if they are for the benefit of a movie camera.

But this Hollywood husband is different.

The evening before the scene was to shot, Eddie rehearsed it with Rita to be her get it right. "Now honey," he said, "when Ty's lips meet yours, give the kiss all you've got. Do it good, kiss him as though you mean it. But, remember, think of me!"

Rita says she did. No wonder. A husband like that is worth thinking of!
Feedback Dope on Gene Autry

Continued from page 58

ide your way from a small town, to international screen and radio fame, with nothing more than a horse and a guitar. Just as easily as highering over the prairie in the moonlight. So my quest for "feedback" dope on this singing cowboy led me first to the director of most of these pictures, Frank MacDonald, and then to the writer, Betty Burbridge, and then to horse, Champ. And, of course, to Gene himself.

After dismissing the one common crack that they all made, including the horse, who talks from the side of his mouth, let this: "He's so simple and natural, we believe we got some angles that should be of interest:

Well, take it for granted you all know there has a definite, well-gectar. He's a simple, good, well-versed personal kick any.

Another very kick any.

laugh with a very kick any.

And, of course, to Gene himself.

Frank himself is a simple, unassuming chap, an Eastern stage director originally, who also has a soft voice, like Gene's, and when they're shooting in their quiet work, unlike manner, it is difficult to realize that another Autry opy is under way. It's like a couple of friends taking some movies for fun. Which is just what he finished product is, come to think of it.

With a slight difference in the money department, of course.

Some of Frank's views on Gene give a odd picture: "I think the thing that impresses me most about Gene Autry is his understanding of the qualities of people. When coupled with his amazing understanding of the other fellow's problem, is one of the main secrets of his success, in my opinion. He can, if he wishes, get a gray haired man, he somehow manages over to do what he doesn't wish to, and he never, never forgets to smile when he's refusing. His sense of humor and wit will make working with him unusually pleasant. He never gets a laugh at another's expense, however. From my personal technical viewpoint, I find him very cooperative. For instance, he is more than averagely interested in the story of the pictures, and he is fast to do so, and listens very carefully to see that nothing creeps into the dialogue or situations which might in any way be on the offside as far as the great audience of children is concerned. He insists upon a policy of keeping the stories clean and wholesome, and always feel that picture is not just a job, but a thing that brings us to what we consider the most interesting discovery we made on Autry.

In our opinion, the chief reason for his success is that he is never giving out of this controlled energy. Many people have that vital energy which could and should bring success, but they dissipate it by using it in uneven heaps, and needlessly, on trivial things. Not Gene. During much better picture results. An indication of his kindly consideration comes to my mind: In 'Gauchito Serenade,' while riding alongside of a train which was going some thirty miles an hour, on his horse, Champ, he made the transfer from horse to train himself, despite the fact that he wasn't supposed to do so, as a stunt man was present. He made the transfer in about half a ride and made the transfer. Gene explained, 'He was there and thought he might as well.' He probably looks like the stars to do their own stunts, due to the hazards and possibility of injury.

"Then, on the other hand, when some of the girls have to do a number like the stars to do their own stunts, due to the hazards and possibility of injury.

So, eventually, whenever he has a moment off. 'He's not the kind that says, "I'm going to do this,"' says Frank. They both belong to the famous Lakeside Golf Club, where Gene plays golf whenever he has a moment off. "He's quite a good player," says Frank, and I think it is very favorably with Will Rogers, in my opinion. His speech at Smiley Burnett's dinner, inaugurating Smiley for Mayor of Hollywood, was more than delivered and humorous talk." (Gene himself is Mayor of all North Hollywood.)

Right about here we were joined by a comely red head who was not Ann Sheridan, but the girl that put the 'oomph' into hoss opera—Betty Burbridge. Knows about Betty that the killer-dillers writing ranks via the Household Hints Department on a New York paper, we felt we'd probably get a truly feminine, withal professional, viewpoint on Gene. And we did:

"Naturally, in writing stories around Gene, I must consider all ages and sexes, and treat the romantic angle very lightly. Once in a while, we hint at a clinch in the final fadeout, but it never quite comes off. I'd say his chief was that little quality, and the way his eyes never leave the face of the person to whom he's speaking. Then, too, I think his love of color in his riding clothes is another individuality. He loves gay colors, so he wears them."

"Recently, on a personal appearance tour, he bought three new suits, but de-"he left a gray haired man, he somehow manages over to do what he doesn't wish to, and he never, never forgets to smile when he's refusing. His sense of humor and wit will make working with him unusually pleasant. He never gets a laugh at another's expense, however. From my personal technical viewpoint, I find him very cooperative. For instance, he is more than averagely interested in the story of the pictures, and he is fast to do so, and listens very carefully to see that nothing creeps into the dialogue or situations which might in any way be on the offside as far as the great audience of children is concerned. He insists upon a policy of keeping the stories clean and wholesome, and always feel that picture is not just a job, but a thing that brings us to what we consider the most interesting discovery we made on Autry.

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"Recently, on a personal appearance tour, he bought three new suits, but de-}

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Gene Autry's nicest leading lady away from the cameras—his lovely wife Ina, a pic of femininity plus. Going places, cowpokes Gene wears these colorful cowboy coats exclusively. Looks right attractive in they're real, too. They're your neighbor. After a moment, he added: "I think M. Lee has it, too. She in his pictures if you know, I saw her with Ted Wood band in New York. I hope the fans approve of my choice as a talent scout."
And before we forget it, that "Keep Simple" routine is an asset even in present chaotic European crisis. For Gene's pictures are only shown at the neighborhood theaters (says he doesn't big cities), and these are the only how now allowed to remain open.

Another thing we never knew till about Gene is that he wrote that song hit, "Back In The Saddle Again." In collaboration. And he gets a real pleasure when he talks about it. And he feels "ri" at home" before a mike, because he's there where he got his start. But then, isn't really at home anywhere, for he is a citizen of the world, as his personal appearances have proven.

All this time, Champ, the horse,
Wherever Gene goes he is handed the key to the city. His office is filled with souvenirs given by admirers the world over. Gene’s main appeal to his vast audience is his simplicity and sincerity.

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the sort of good time any normal boy his age would,

"I don't care about dancing," Holden said. "In fact, I can't even dance. Oh, I can struggle through a few steps if I have to—but my efforts could hardly be called 'dancing' and it's certainly no pleasure for the girl I'm with. I don't care about night clubs because I don't drink a lot and going to them seems to me to be a useless waste of time and money. I don't go to many parties, partly because they bore me and partly because I'm not asked to many. I read as much as I can—"

"What?" I interrupted. "What sort of stuff do you read?"

Bill's eyes twinkled. "What would you like me to read, for purposes of this interview?"

"You're catching on." I encouraged him. "But just tell me what you really read. Whatever it is is OK with me. If you don't read at all, that's OK, too."

"Thanks," said Bill, "Well, just now I'm reading 'Out of the Night.' I've just finished 'Moment in Peking,' and before that, 'The Family' and before that 'For Whom the Bells Toll.'"

"Didn't you want to play 'For Whom, Etc.'?" I broke in.

"Nope! All the while I was reading the book there was only one man I could see in that part and that was Gary Cooper."

That was a Grade A shock. Bill is the first actor I've ever met in eleven years of Hollywood who couldn't see himself in the lead of any successful book or novel.

"Getting back to my habits, in which you seem so interested," Bill laughed, "Ardis (that's Brenda Marshall) and I like to do the same things. We ride horseback a lot and most Sundays we go out to a rifle range and shoot. The only hobby I have is guns. I have about twelve. I've shot ever since I can remember. When I was a kid I always had a BB gun and as soon as I was old enough, a 22 rifle."

"Speaking of Brenda," I interrupted, "what about this romance business?"

Bill blushed. "We like each other a lot," he confessed. "I suppose it even goes deeper than that. But neither of us wants to get married. Anyhow, not now. We're both just getting a good start and we want wait and see how things turn out for us."

"You mean you won't get married for year, maybe?" I ejaculated incredulously. "Oh, heck, no," he exclaimed. "If we marry it will probably be a lot longer than that. We're having a swell time the way things are and we don't either of us see any reason for changing it."

When I had recovered from, and digested, this astonishing bit of news I said: "How did you feel when you first started dating Brenda?"

"Say," Bill interposed, "would you mind calling her 'Ardis'? That's her real name and I like it a lot better. I don't know what the studio could have been thinking of to change a swell name like that to commonplace name like Brenda."

"Alright," I agreed, "when you first started dating Ardis how did you feel you'd pick up a paper or magazine and read all about your marriage plans?"

He grinned. "At first it made me so conscious and I also used to see red. I called up columnists and the publicity departaments—hers and mine both—and they all what I thought of them for printing stuff like that when it hadn't even basis of truth. But all you can get out arguing with either the press or public relations departments is the worst of it. So now I just ignore it and go our way. And I have the satisfaction of knowing that, least, we're always a jump or two above them because if we go anywhere or anything's ancient history—over as done with as far as we are concerned before they can find out about it and print it. I'd hate like the devil to ever start to get married and have the papers print before it happened!"

"Tell me something else," I urged. "Is it that as soon as an actor or actress begins to get ahead they always move away from home?"

"I can't answer for anyone but myself. He replied slowly. "In my own case, I'm crazy about my family but I felt if I"
Bill grinned again. "Now, wouldn't that be ridiculous in a three room apartment? I do my own housework and every once in a while I have some regular housekeepers come in and give the joint a thorough going over. At first it was fun but lately that bed-making business is getting to be something of a chore every morning.

"I don't spend much more for amusement than I did when I lived at home. About the only difference is that now if I want a new car I can go out and buy one instead of having to go into a huddle with the old man and say, 'Do you think something could be worked out?' And if I have a date I don't have to go to him and say, 'I have a heavy date tonight. Could I have a fin?' I don't spend any more for clothes than I did when I was living at home because I don't give a hang about them.

"Would you like some airplane cloth for a shirt?" I baited him. "I have some you're welcome to."

"Thanks," said Bill, "but I don't have my shirts made. That's too actorish, unless you're an odd size and can't get a fit."

"Incidentally," I broke in, skipping lightly from one subject to another in a
leaping—Leni fashion, "how did you get your name?"

"Studio," he retorted briefly, "My real name is William Beedle, which, you'll agree, is no name at all for an actor. Did you know I see a 'Beedle' in lights? The studio suggested some high-sounding monickers like William Randolph and William Snyszeciant and, for once, I put up a squall. I didn't want to go through the rest of my life with a handle like that. So then one of the fellows in the publicity department remembered he had a friend down in Ohio who was assistant editor or something on one of the big papers and whose name was Holden. So I guess I'm named after him."

"And now you're his god-son protege." Bill looked surprised. "Am I?" he queried. "I've never met the man. Say, he burst out once more, "God knows I owe a lot to every director I've ever worked with, and don't think I'm not grateful to them. But I wish you could say something about Mitch Leisen who directed me in 'I Wanted Wings.' I don't know what he did or how he did it, but that was the first time I've ever gone into every scene in a picture understanding beforehand exactly how it should be played."

"You spoke of Bob Preston a moment ago," I changed the subject once more. "I know you and he are great friends but not looking, Stirling Hayden was also blowing his top about what a pal you've been to him. How did you and he get acquainted?"

"I don't know if you'll understand," Bill said when you first come on a lot, before people know whether you're going to amount to anything or not, no one pays any attention to you. I was there six weeks before I went into 'Golden Boy.' I wanted to get acquainted but it seemed as though no one else on the lot did. I wanted to learn so I used to go on sets until assistant directors were ready to have me thrown in the jug to keep me out of their hair. When Stirling first came out here he didn't say anything, and I saw him wandering around with a kind of lost look on his kisser. So I went up and introduced myself and said, 'I know how you feel and that started it.'" Success hasn't spoiled him. "Why should it?" he demands. "There is only a hairline that divides success and failure in Hollywood. Few people. I've worked in Hollywood and have contributed as much to any success I may have achieved as I have. Without their help I wouldn't be here." He paused a moment, then added his head and chuckled. "I don't know if I should tell this but it's funny. In 'Arizona' I guess I wasn't important, or something, because I was the only principal in the cast who hadn't a dressing room. We were on location at Tucson in a city we'd built for the picture. In one scene I had to change my pants so I named them Wesley Ruggles' office. The wardrobe boy took my pants and ran down the street with them to the wardrobe department to get the others. While I was waiting to come back, Wes and Claude Binyon (who wrote the story) came in and Wes said, 'Bill, do you mind stepping outside for a little while?' Claude and I have some business to discuss," I said, "Not at all, and I just stepped outside in my shorts. There were about a thousand Mexicans standing around and you should have seen those eyes popping out. But anyhow, I got a dressing room after that!"

"Of course, I'm just getting well started on the subject of William Holden (the alphabet having being only a few illustrations of 'why?') but, after all, an entire magazine can't be devoted to one player. I can only add in closing, in case you haven't already surmised, that he is even more likable off-screen than on. The kid is absolutely amazing.

**Ah me! It's young love!**

Jackie Cooper appears stymied as to how best surround the ward-less barrier that sits between him and dreamy-eyed Jane Withers. There's a tech-nique, Jackie, but that only comes with age. It's 'Stirring Beau,' a Columbia film treat.

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**Inside the Stars' Homes**

**Continued from page 17**

Inside the Stars' Homes

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SWEET POTATOES AND MARSHMALLOWS

3 cups freshly boiled sweet potatoes mashed, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/4 cup butter, 1 cup chopped pecans, add raisins if desired or any other combination of nuts and raisins or either alone. Place whole marshmallows on top and bake.

"Once we served a most successful fruit cocktail with this dinner. We had fresh pineapple, oranges, apples and bananas, all cut up, and we added red hots—those tiny red candies with a hot flavor—set the whole thing in the refrigerator for an hour, during which some of the red hots melted down into the fruit, and when we took it out and removed the remains of the candy, it left a superbly different taste."

Brenda's kitchen is an up-to-the-minute, titled and shining place. Never having been in one before she entered it as a bride, she finds it a fascinating spot, and is beginning to find out about cooking first-hand.

"I'm improving slowly," she boasted, "I now understand such terms as 'simmer,' 'fold in,' and so on. But Owen has more jokes on me! Once I made a chocolate bonbon, I think I was supposed to use bitter chocolate, or at any rate un sweetened chocolate, but I didn't know that, so I put in milk chocolate and it was something terrible. But we ate it!"

"I'm a little nervous yet about entertaining when Owen isn't on hand to help me out, but I did try a luncheon for two of the girls at the university last week. It was a success. Anyway, nobody starred. This was my menu:

**MENU**

Jellied Ham Loaf
Greens with olive oil
Corn Zephyrs
Green Salad
Rhubarb
Tea

The ham loaf was made by Brenda's cook, but she prepared the rest herself.

**CORN ZEPHYRS**

(This makes eleven 7x1 inch corn sticks.)
1 cup white cornmeal
1 tablespoon Crisco

Scald by pouring over them 4 cups boiling water
Add 1 teaspoon salt


The beans are cooked in the usual way but before serving you put in a few drops of olive oil for each serving, adds Brenda.

I adore rhubarb. When I serve it, I put it in dice, leaving the skin on, unless skin is very tough. Then I cook it with hardly any water, but with enough sugar to sweeten. I cook it slowly, not boiling, but letting it go. The sugar sinks to the dice but the pieces keep their fairly well. If you like, you can put a little whipped cream on top. But I don't! When the Ward's friends drop in, Owen has a game that has to everywhere's fancy. He has a small pistol that shoots beebee shot; with this, he has a paper target. He places a paper target over an open box that the beebees will fall inside the box not all over Brenda's rugs and curtains, guess try their skill.

"I'm pretty good at a rifle, with all practice I get," confessed the young actor, "but so far I haven't learned to handle a pistol so well, Owen thinks we should learn to use pistols so that we can prove ourselves whatever happens, and he has the right idea. At any rate, it's a fascinating game."

For hot weather, according to Bree there's nothing to take the place of a hot or jellied. "There's a soup that jells your refrigerator, did you know? It's nice for summer. Campbell's Consomme Madrilene—beef and tomato broth—is of this kind of soup and it makes a great luncheon dish on a warm day. And a delicious dish is made with a can of Campbell's tomato soup and one of Campbell's soup, mixed together and served over hot.

"Did you ever try melba toast in condensed tomato soup? You cut your bread quite thick, butter it and put it in a pan dry over your oven and bake it until it's crisp. Then put the bread in your soup-plate and the hot soup over it. You can cut your bread in strips, if you prefer."

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98
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Another Tangee Lipstick—THEATRICAL RED... a bright and vivid shade with the same famous Tangee cream base. Matching rouge, of course.

TANGEE Red-Red

FASHION'S FAVORITE FOR 1941

TANGEE Red-Red

...REALLY STAYS ON!
It's Chesterfield.

Join up with the satisfied smokers the country over and share in the enjoyment of Chesterfield’s right combination of the world’s best cigarette tobaccos. Chesterfield’s exclusive blend gives you a balance of mildness and taste in just the way you want it.

EVERYWHERE YOU GO They Satisfy
ARE HOLLYWOOD WIVES JEALOUS OF WOMEN STARS?
Read The Truth

TYRONE POWER'S "BLITZ-KISS" TECHNIQUE
IN ORIGINAL MORGAN DENNIS STAR-PET PORTRAIT!
Enter Your Own Pet's Picture in Our Contest
Yes, boys and girls, it's BETTY GRABLE...

... in love!

... in Miami!

... in a bathing suit!

Join her

holiday fling

at romance...

in America's gay holiday town!

MOON OVER MIAMI

IN TECHNICOLOR!

featuring

DON AMECE

BETTY GRABLE

ROBERT CUMMINGS

Charlotte Greenwood • Jack Haley
Carole Landis • Cobina Wright, Jr.

Directed by Walter Lang • Produced by Harry Joe Brown
Screen Play by Vincent Lawrence and Brown Holmes
Adaptation by George Seaton and LynnSterling • From a Play by Stephen Phipps • Lyrics and Music by Leo Robin
and Ralph Rainger • Dances Staged by Hermes Pan

A TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE
Smiles gain sparkle when gums are healthy. Help keep your gums firmer with Ipana and Massage.

Compliments and popularity—a solitaire for your finger—phone calls, dances and dates. Even without great beauty they’re yours to win and possess. Just bring your smile to its sparkling best and eyes and hearts will open to you!

Beauty, you know, is only smile deep. A sparkling smile lights the plainest face—lends it priceless charm. Without one, the loveliest face is shadowed! Help your smile. Never forget—a smile, to be sparkling and attractive, depends largely on firm, healthy gums.

If you see “pink” on your tooth brush—make a date to see your dentist immediately. You may not be in for serious trouble—but let your dentist make the decision.

Very likely he’ll tell you your gums are weak and tender because today’s soft, creamy foods have robbed them of work and exercise. And, like thousands of modern dentists today, he may very likely suggest “the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.”

Use Ipana and Massage

Ipana not only cleans teeth thoroughly but, with massage, it is especially designed to aid the gums to healthy firmness. Each time you brush your teeth massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating “tang”—exclusive with Ipana and massage—means circulation is quickening in the gum tissues—helping gums to healthier firmness.

Get an economical tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today. Help keep your smile charming, attractive, winning.

“A LOVELY SMILE IS MOST IMPORTANT TO BEAUTY!”

Beauty Experts of 23 out of 24 leading magazines agree

Yes, of the nation’s foremost beauty editors, representing 24 leading magazines, 23 agreed that a sparkling smile is a woman’s most precious asset.

“Even a plain girl,” they said, “takes on charm and glamour if her smile is bright and lovely. No woman can be really beautiful if her smile is dull and lifeless.”

Start Today with

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
Boy, we’re tired of the old high-pressure salesmanship. None of this hurry, hurry stuff for us.

We’re relaxing during the dog days, swinging in our old hammock and taking an occasional mint julep.

Yes, we’re willing to talk but campaigning is out. Our voice is soft, cooing, mellow.

Especially since we’re just going to drop a hint about two great films that are getting their final editing at those streamlined M-G-M studios.

“Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde” and “Lady Be Good.” One is an unusually gripping drama, the other an unusually rippling musical. Good, but twin, poles.

Victor (GWTW) Fleming produced “Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,” the famed Stevenson yarn. Of course, he had no talent to work with—only Spencer Tracy, Ingrid Bergman and Lana Turner.

It is something to write home about, this Spencer Tracy interpretation. Or if you are at home, it’s something to write away about. Mark our words.

And “Lady Be Good.” Nobody in that one either, only Eleanor Powell, Ann Sothern, Robert Young, Lionel Barrymore, John Carroll, Red Skelton, and Virginia O’Brien.

Norman (Comedy) McLeod has directed.

We told you to mark our words about “Dr. Jekyll.” Mark ‘em as well about “Lady Be Good.”

We won’t have to eat them.

Even though we like alphabet soup.

—Leo

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

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"I came within a hair’s breadth of losing him"

Want others to like you?

Whether we’re sixteen or sixty, we don’t want to lose out on life’s pleasures because of halitosis (bad breath) . . . not when, for most of us, there is such a pleasant, refreshing way to keep the breath sweeter, the Listerine Antiseptic way!

For, while some cases of bad breath are caused by systemic conditions, usually, say some authorities, it is due to the fermentation of tiny food particles on mouth, teeth and gums. Wearers of dentures and plates are particularly susceptible because food is apt to cling to them and ferment. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors it causes. That’s why, when you rinse your mouth morning and night with full strength Listerine Antiseptic, your breath is fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

If you want others to like you, if you want to put your best foot forward, use Listerine Antiseptic — it pays!

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Let LISTERINE look after your breath!

SCREENLAND
JEAN ARTHUR wants to retire after two more pictures, her friends are saying. If she does, long will she be remembered by those who worked with her in Hollywood. Latest story on Jean concerns her love for animals. On a recent picture, she was much more upset because the dogs had to work under a blazing sun, than she was over her fellow players, squealing pigs almost reduced Jean to tears. If she wasn’t running off to a vet with a carload of dogs, she was urging them so they could run free of the set. The “small animal man” who was hired by the studio spent all his time rounding them up again for the picture.

WALTER ABEL was showing some important English visitors around the Paramount lot. One of them asked to meet John Barrymore. Walter was a bit perplexed. He didn’t know Barrymore too well. Neither did he know just how the unpredictable profile might take to the idea. But they went on the set and Barrymore couldn’t have been more charming. Just as Walter was beginning to relax, John turned to one of the guests and in the meantime Virginia is praying that the stork will deliver a boy.

GLEN FORD is getting his Hollywood education early. For his new picture Glenn had to go to Westmore’s beauty salon and get a permanent. He sat there next to a group of women and listened to them dish all the latest Hollywood gossip.

EVE shadow to match your gown! It’s the newest fad in Hollywood. Hedy Lamarr made an entrance at Ciro’s. Her lids were covered with gold dust to match her gold lamé dinner dress. The entire room practically rose to its feet and stared.

THERE’S a job waiting for Virginia Bruce. Just as soon as her baby is born, Virginia can go into a New York musical. The famous Cole Porter wants to write something especially for her. Cole says that Virginia’s rendition of his “I’ve got you under my skin” is the finest interpretation ever done on any of his songs.

In the meantime Virginia is praying that the stork will deliver a boy.

Walter Abel was showing some important English visitors around the Paramount lot. One of them asked to meet John Barrymore. Walter was a bit perplexed. He didn’t know Barrymore too well. Neither did he know just how the unpredictable profile might take to the idea. But they went on the set and Barrymore couldn’t have been more charming. Just as Walter was beginning to relax, John turned to one of the guests and in the meantime Virginia is praying that the stork will deliver a boy.

The divorce rumors started when Mrs. John Garfield decided to get a new nose job. John was in New York at the time. When he returned Mrs. G had been to Dr. Harold Holden, Hollywood’s famous plastic surgeon. (He “did” Mary Livingstone and many others.) While the bandages were still on, John’s wife remained home. He went to the Derby a few times alone. Once he went to the fights. Ever since then Hollywood’s insisting it’s all over. The Garfields have never been happier.
THE STAR-BRIGHT SONG-STUDDED HIT THAT'S MAKING KISS STORY

PARAMOUNT PRESENTS

DON AMEACHE

AND

MARY MARTIN

in

"KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE"

(But they always come back for more)

☆ WITH OSCAR LEVANT
☆ CONNIE BOSWELL
☆ AND ROCHESTER

It's musical, it's comical, it's romantic, it's everything to make you kiss the blues goodbye.

RAYMOND WALBURN • VIRGINIA DALE • BARBARA ALLEN • ELIZABETH PATTERSON

JEROME COWAN • Directed by VICTOR SCHERTZINGER • Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Dwight Taylor • Based on a Play by Clare Booths

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

SCREENLAND
SAY goodbye to external pads on your vacation this year... Tampax helps you to conquer the calendar, because Tampax is worn internally. Even in a '41 swim suit, it cannot show through; no bulge or wrinkle or faintest line can be caused by Tampax. And you yourself cannot feel it!

A doctor has perfected Tampax so ingeniously it can be inserted and removed quickly and easily. Your hands need not even touch the Tampax, which comes in dainty applicator. You can dance, play games... use tub or shower. No odor can form; no deodorant needed—and it's easy to dispose of Tampax.

Tampax is made of pure, compressed surgical cotton, very absorbent, comfortable, efficient. Three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 is a real bargain. Don't wait for next month! Join the millions using Tampax now!

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P R I S C I L L A L A N E lives in an English cottage set on a knoll cupped among the hills above San Fernando Valley. Tree-covered hills to the west seem to climb to the sky; little hills to the east, flecked with yellow mustard, make a rolling crescent toward farther, steeper slopes; the cottage faces a terrace planted in starry blue flowers across its private drive, and behind it, below both formal and informal gardens, the valley stretches into green distance.

"The minute we set eyes on this place, we knew it belonged to us," confided Priscilla. "It's so cottagey and informal, and we're an informal family. The other house we had was almost a steeper jump from the studio. Going back and forth took too much time. Toward the last of our stay there, prowlers bothered us, we thought they were trying to get in through the windows, and being just women, why shouldn't I admit we were practically scared stiff?"

"While Mother and I were away, Rosemary found this cottage and we fell in love with it. Not that it was perfect at the time, in California they say you don't make a home, you make it over. That's what we did. On the face of it, an English cottage calls for simplicity and informality. This one had a very formal living room, dining room and master bedroom. See how silly that was, when every door except the front one, is a Dutch door! When you open the top half of your door the garage is practically in the house. It's light as a feather and cozy and charming. In other words, we like it!"

When the Lanes arrived, the fireplace in the living room was marble, the drapes were of heavy stiff satin that swept the floor, the lighting fixtures were elaborately designed, enough for a chateau, and the carpet was a pale peach color. "That carpet was beautiful thing, though too delicate for us so we had it dyed. Mother's favorite color is deep mulberry," explained Priscilla. "To tear out the fireplace and put in a simple white brick one, replaced the drapes with straight-hanging figured ones, put up white cotton curtains and substituted plain light-colored fixtures for the chandeliers. Furniture we've ever had since we lived in New York is maple, which belongs to this type of house; we had some pieces upholstered in this."\n
Lemon yellow, beige-and-brown, of shades of blue and robins' egg green, a harmonize and blend like so many crocus in a mulberry bowl.

"Mother made the white rug by the hearth." The rug, at a little distance, looked as if it were of fine white fur. "It's mix of string! A child could make one." So we knelt beside it, eagerly, her fair curls falling forward. "The heavy white base cou..."
MUM is quick, safe, sure!

SAVES TIME • CLOTHES • CHARM!

Mum prevents underarm odor all day!

A

DOZEN aids to charm may crowd your bathroom shelves. But not one is more important than the underarm deodorant you use.

And today, with so many deodorants to choose from, isn’t it significant that more women in offices, in hospitals, in schools and at home prefer Mum. Mum is pleasant to use—prevents odor instantly and does it without stopping perspiration.

Smart women never trust a bath alone to bring them lasting daintiness. Underarms need special care to prevent the formation of future odor . . . that’s why so many women use Mum every single day.

A quick dab under each arm and underarms are safe all day or all evening long.

Safe, dependable Mum makes you safe from the risk of ever offending. It’s a favorite with thousands of men, too.

MUM IS SAFE. A gentle, soothing cream that won’t harm clothes or even tender skin. Safe even after underarm shaving.

MUM IS SURE. Without attempting to stop perspiration, Mum makes the formation of underarm odor impossible for hours.

MUM IS SPEEDY. Takes only 30 seconds to smooth on Mum. You can use it even after you’re dressed!

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—Thousands of women use Mum for this important purpose. Try safe, dependable Mum this way, too!

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration.

Mum

Above, Priscilla Lane with the map of her rose garden, described fully in our story. The Lanes put their collective ads together and re-designed their domicile with an eye to comfort and casualness.

marked with blue dots, and in each dot tie a tuft of string. You take a ball of string, wind it like mad on a card, cut both ends and tie the tuft in the middle to your blue dot and pull out the ends. Then each dot is tied in, you have your mat. You can have it dyed, if you like. We like it white, it’s so deep and soft, it cleans like magic.

The dining room wallpaper was originally a formal pattern, the drapes stiff, heavy, the furniture too stately. “The room is too small for formality, even if we were a formal family, so we papered it mulberry with a simple trellis and flower pattern, put up crisp, white curtains and bought our maple dining room set. Former cupboards were already there—ingrained with the other furniture—and filled them with pretty flowery china, the cottage tradition.”

The kitchen needed no alteration. It is in clear yellow, the circular breakfast nook paneled in the same cheerful orange, Dutch doors open from it to the red paneled den, and in turn from that to a roofed patio.

The den was perfect,” gloated Priscilla. “We adore the red brick fireplace and the space of entertaining. When it rains or is chilly this is our playroom, let the sun shine—or even the stars—and we spill out on the patio.”

Other bedrooms in the cottage were all adapted to Lane taste, but the master bedroom (shared by Priscilla and Rosemary, because they won’t be separated) is a very formal affair, a pedestal bed with the elaborate satin-headboarded bed, painting of a nude woman above that, a similar idea in decoration carried out elsewhere.

The Lanes removed pedestal and all, substituted simple twin maple beds with drapery spreads, a deep blue rug, some comfortable chairs, bookcases and dressers and the cris-crossed cottage curtains. Each room has her own daintily fitted dressing room and bath.

“Right now we are finishing a barbecue in the lower garden and putting in a swimming pool where the fishpond used to be. Later we will build dressing rooms that knoll where the young trees grow. Then that’s ready, overlong guests can...

(Please turn to page 73)
IRRESISTIBLE Allure

YOURS WITH
Irresistible LIPSTICK

Lovely lips are keyed to costume colors, that's why the prettiest and smartest women are choosing Irresistible's complete lipstick color range. Pink rose, a rich, rosy red for an enchanting effect with pastels, flowerprints and off-whites. Candy stripes, a brilliant red-red, for a dashing contrast with playing white, navies and sheer summer blocks. Worship the secret Irresistible way to be creamier, smoother...to stay on longer and keep lips lovelier. Matching Rouge, Powder and Foundation. Only 10c each at all 5 and 10c stores.

IT'S
Whip-Test
Lasts Longer
Smoothers

USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

Tagging the Talkies

“Delight Evans’ Reviews on Pages 52-53

Million Dollar Baby—Warner's
Priscilla Lane not only looks lovelier than she has in a long while, but also turns in a whafe of a good job. Her role as a surprised heiress requires ability with a hair for reality, which Priscilla possesses. May Robson is super.

Billy the Kid—M-G-M
Did you know that Billy the Kid once worked for law and order? This beautifully technicolored film depicts that little-known side of his character. Robert Taylor is the handsomest Billy to date; but he's not the Billy legend has him—mean, bitter, ferocious. We can't quite believe Taylor's Billy was such, even with five men shot dead before our eyes. Ian Hunter and Brian Donlevy supply the culture in Billy's life. Worth your time.

Love Crazy—M-G-M
To sum up, you'll love this! You'll howl at the screen's most perfect “Mr. and Mrs.,” and leave the theater feeling good all over. The Steve Irlandas (William Powell-Myrna Loy) are about to celebrate their third year of bliss. The plot starts popping when Myrna's meddling mama pays a visit; it reaches the spontaneous combustion point when Steve meets up with an old flame, Gail Patrick. Powell's looney antics are priceless.

Shining Victory—Warner's
James Stephenson steps from his sensational success in “The Letter” to score another triumph. The atmosphere of the story is gloomy and at times depressing. However, his role as Dr. Irwin, an embittered, brilliant scientist, keeps the gripping spirit of A. J. Cronin's play intact. Dr. Mary Murray, Francis's assistant, is sympathetically played by Geraldine Fitzgerald. Barbara O'Neil, as a frustrated female, and Donald Crisp, fine.

They Dare Not Love—Columbia
It is unfortunate that the talents of Martha Scott, George Brent and Paul Lukas was wasted on a film slow-moving and weak in dramatic intensity. The story is being repeatedly told in current headlines, the ruthless stampeding of a free and happy people. George Brent is ousted from Austria when Hitler's marching menaces invade the country. Fleeing, he meets Martha Scott. The reasoning why “They Dare Not Love” is obscure.
She Knew All the Answers—Columbia

Even if you knew all the answers you couldn't get what Joan Bennett got—a millionaire—Franchot Tone, by name. It's sheer make-believe, girls, so relax and don't leave your perfectly good jobs and boy friends and make a dash for Wall Street. What happens to chorus girl Joan, Tone and John Hubbard, can happen only in the movies, darn it! The important thing is you will be entertained. Eve Arden giddily adds to the gaiety.

The Gay Vagabond—Republic

Roscoe Karns' histronic gymnastics make up, in a mild way, for an inadequate domestic comedy. His dual role keeps him busy, to say the least. Karns is shocked silly when wifey (Ruth Donnelly) tells him she has invested their life savings; this for unselfish purposes of getting daughter (Lynn Merrick) a rich hubby. Karns gets fired, kicked out of home, chased by crooks, is woed, woed. Lynn gets guy and wifey gets wiser.

The Wagon Roll At Night—Woriners

This is a so-so circus drama concerning mostly the backstage life of Nick Currier (Humphrey Bogart), owner of a small-time carnival; Flo (Sylvia Sidney), fortune teller, and Nick's girl up until Matt Varnery (Eddie Albert), lion tamer, makes his appearance as the show's main attraction. Nick passionately prosects his sister (Joan Leslie) from all contact with circus folk. His plans go awry when she falls in love with Matt. Acting is A-I.

Jungle Girl—Republic

At long last, a female tarzan who flies through the air with the greatest of ease. This serial has all the ingredients kiddies attending Saturday matinees eat up. Action, excitement, thrilling situations, suspense. Frances Gifford is indeed an attractive "Tarzana" in the role of Yoxa, white daughter of an American doctor brought up in the African jungles. Tom Neal is as good as the dare-devil hero. The story is by Edgar Rice Burroughs.

Desert Bandit—Republic

The Texas Rangers have been romanticized in song and story. They, like the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, always get their man. When the west was wild the "T.R.'s" had to be brave and brawny. Bob Cuddall (Don "Red" Barry) was all of this until suspected of the murder of a fellow ranger. In order to capture the real culprit, he joined the notorious gun smugglers. Lynn Merrick good in this better-than-average adventure.

Affectionately Yours—Woriners

"I'd marry you in a split second if my wife would give me a divorce," "Rickey" Mayberry (Denis Morgan), reporter, tells Irene (Rita Hayworth). The trouble is he tells it to all the girls. When Sue (Merle Oberon) finally gives him the marital heave-ho, Rickey is devastated. She plans a quick marriage re-summation with Ralph Bellamy. Amusing, light, at times really funny, the stars will provide you with genuine relaxation.

Better Get Neet Today

Was his remark candidly canine... or was he being sweet and complimentary?

If there is any question in your mind, lady, then you'd better get Neet today! For Neet cream hair remover will quickly remove both uncomplimentary hair and doubt simultaneously.

Simply apply this cosmetic cream hair remover to your legs, or under your arms, or forearms... leave it for a few minutes... then rinse off. Neet leaves the skin satiny, white, and pleasantly scented. No sharp razor stubble to mar the contours of lovely legs, or create runs in sheer hose when Neet is used. Nor does Neet encourage hair growth. Buy a tube of new Neet today from your department, drug, or ten cent store.

Better Get Neet Today

S C R E E N L A N D  11
FIRST PRIZE LETTER

$10.00 PRIZE

I wanna know, "What’s a Genius?"
Orson Welles is a genius. So are Bette Davis, Oscar Levant and Professor Einstein. If a baby walks like a four-legged animal, he’s a genius. If a high-school kid quotes Shakespeare and writes poetry, he’s a genius, too. Everybody’s a genius! Don’t they have ordinary people any more?

I used to have a silly idea that geniuses were few and far between—sort of miraculous beings who came only once or twice in the course of a lifetime. But then, maybe this is an age of—well—geniuses.

Old-fashioned talent or sex appeal used to be enough to make a star; now it has to be genius. Only the thing called genius consists of stories of South American talent and sex appeal. Since when have either of these qualities been so remarkable—especially in Hollywood?

MILDRED PATTERSON, Lima, Ohio

SECOND PRIZE LETTER

$5.00 PRIZE

I have just returned from a revolting exhibition of current friends—relations with South America. The picture: "They Met in Argentina." As an example of pure stupidity in story and acting, and of insult to the intelligence of our friends to the south, it has as yet to be surpassed—except, perhaps, by those other crudities, "Argentina Nights", "Down Argentine Way", and "That Night in Rio.

How can we North Americans appreciate our neighbors if they are represented to us as buffoons, half-wits, etc.? And how can our neighbors like us when they are harlequined and ridiculed by our American movie-makers? No wonder there was rioting in Argentina when that magnificent opus of the Ritz Brothers, "Argentina Nights", was shown down there!

Surely there must be ample material for serious, historical pictures about South America. They have their national heroes—Bolivar, etc. (I’m rather vague about South American life.) There are South Americans with romantic Irish surnames, (who were ridiculed in "They Met in Argentina"), who must have an interesting history. Why don’t the producers make as careful a study of these people as they have done in so many really good pictures about the United States, Europe, and Asia? I’m sure there is just as much drama and excitement—and real comedy, not just slapstick—in stories that are, as there is in any place else in the world.

If the producers don’t wake up soon, they will have lost the South American market. As far as South American musical comedies are concerned, they have already lost one customer—me.

NORMA A. GRAHAM, New York, N. Y.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS

$1.00 EACH

I wish the powers-that-be would stay their hand at polishing up so many youngsters for the screen. It irks us to see adolescents like Linda Darnell and Joan Leslie grinning to portray the emotions of life they know nothing about, especially when they are teamed with tried and true actors who have to do the emoting for both of them.

What an uplift to see Bette Davis and Jean Arthur after some of these high-school products! If they have musical talent like Deanna Durbin or Judy Garland, that is different; but we want our emotional actresses grown up!

MRS. MABEL BAKER, Vancouver, B. C., Canada

I go to the movies quite a bit and therefore feel I can do just a little criticizing. I’ve seen lots of pictures and when directors try to play the part of a drunk, I’ve seen them lose their hats, roll their eyes and act just plain dumb to try and put the idea of drunkenness across to the audience.

Well, just last night I saw “Meet John Doe” and I must say, Hollywood at last has someone who can act—at least the part of a drunk. I refer to Jimmy Stewart. I’ve never particularly liked him, but after seeing him play the drunken newspaperman in just one scene, I feel that “he’s got something on the ball.”

JAMES McFEELEY, JR., Albany, N. Y.

Can’t something be done about this? It seems like all the pictures we see lately are spoiled by giving the audience the tale end or climax of the picture first, and then going back and starting the picture. I always try to arrange to see a picture from the beginning so the plot of the story isn’t broken up; there’s no fun in reading the last chapter of a good book and then starting at the beginning. But I’ve decided if all movies are going to be like “Kitty Foyle” and “Penny Serenade,” I might as well get in on the last ten minutes of all the shows I see, maybe then I can get used to the “Kitty Foyle” type.

I go to the movies for relaxation, not to piece the plot together, like a jigsaw puzzle. That’s work.

MRS. A. L. HAMPTON, Spokane, Wash.

The news of Jimmy Stewart’s impending visit to the small town of Mountain View, California, struck our little town with
In your "Tagging the Talkies" in the June issue you add this little remark at the end of your review of "Rage in Heaven," "Femmes will adore Sanders as a hero." As a George Sanders fan, I protest the import of such a statement! I "adore" him even as a villain!

Catherine M. Schiffer, Brooklyn, N.Y.

I'm one of those fifteen-cent neighborhood theater-goers, so perhaps my opinions are worth just about that much. It seems to me, after seeing "He Stayed for Breaks," "This Thing Called Love," and "Arise My Love," that the movie personalities that be are just itching or daring the Legion of Decency to take up its cudgels with renewed vigor.

Personally, I don't see why such good actors and actresses as Melvyn Douglas, Kay Milland, Loretta Young, Rosalind Russell and Claudette Colbert, should lend (or rather sell) their talents for such shady entertainment. "Arise My Love" could have been such a grand picture without all those sly innuendoes, and it seems too bad that we can't take our teen-age children to pictures without having to blush in the dark.

I'm neither a prude nor a reformer, but I think the movies could stand a little bit of both.

Rosalie Jackson, Glendale, Calif.

Editor Delight Evans' "Open Letter to Private James Stewart" should induce every American male of draft age to feel proud that he may be called upon to serve his country in her hour of gravest emergency. Miss Evans, in her article, indulges in no subtle theatricalism—make the reader "feel sorry" for the "poor movie star" who is forced to leave his glamorous job, fabulous salary and fan adulation for the grim routine of soldiering, at less than a dollar a day. Her writing is frank and sincere. She reveals—and truthfully—that Uncle Sam harbors no flint for favoritism. Movie star, banker, doctor, lawyer, merchant and humble clerk are all one in the Draft.


What has happened to Wallace Ford? This great, natural actor is forced to take parts like those given him in "Two Girls on Broadway," "Suez," and "Ran in the Press," in all these pictures he portrayed reporters. Now tell me how a fine actor like Wallace can show his talent with roles like that?

Has the public forgotten his superb performance in "The Informer?" Or his poignant portrayal of the "good guy" who never had a chance in "Door to Heaven," which was truly a great film?

Wont some wide-awake producer or casting director give this powerful dramatic actor a good, solid role and I guarantee you that Ford will then rank right up with the Muns, Tracys and Robisonis.

Frank J. Pepe, Watertown, N.Y.

HONORABLE MENTION

I wanna complain about those cowboy stars who look old enough to be John Barrymore or Robert Montgomery. Don't all be short and, to put it kindly, stout? Aren't there enough young, handsome extras ready to pounce on the chance for a Wild West part? I think we've got excess chins and receding hairlines? 

Boy, is Gene Autry gonna hate me for this!

Hazel Lewis, Franklin, N.Y.

When I work with a "Travel Bureau" took me to many foreign countries, I was fascinated and highly amused to see the reaction of foreigners to American movies. One Sunday night in Valparaiso, Chile, we saw a line of patrons, three blocks in length, waiting to see Laurel and Hardy in "Out West." The script was written in Spanish, the "talkie" was English. I never watched such a good-natured audience, they were the only people in the theater laughing when the pair barreled. It was a treat to be in such happy company.

At an open-air theater in Cairo, Egypt, where "Anthony Adverse" was the lead, the natives almost rolled from their seats when a lover was repulsed. They like best to have the young man ejected by the father, and then sit in pain for his lady-love outside the door.

In Italy, audiences tire of continued reels, so acrobats and jugglers relieve the boredom by throwing balls and gadgets to friends. At thrilling moments throughout, they alternately show their glee and disgust at such an empty-headed song.

Mae West is so much the embodiment of a type that any blonde in London is humorously addressed by that screen name. After all, what does it matter if the leads are all complete amateurs, only they don't make any difference how we enjoy make-believe.

Vivian Vee, Milwaukee, Wis.

an invitation

To dispense with formalities, we cordially invite you to use these pages as an outlet for like-minded opinions concerning, of course, the people's best entertainment—the movies. If the thing gets your goat, tell us about it; it may win you a prize. If you simply dote on the histrionic doings of your favorite cinema darlings, that, too, may hit the jackpot. Monthly prizes of $10.00, $5.00 and five of $1.00 each. Closing date, 25th of the month.

Please address your letters to Screenland's Fans' Forum, 45 West 45th Street, New York, N.Y.
To all concerned in the magnificent production of "Major Barbara" in war-torn England—an achievement in courage and artistry seldom equalled in the annals of the cinema. To producer Gabriel Pascal, to star Wendy Hiller, to fine actors Robert Morley, Rex Harrison, and Robert Newton—but above all to Shaw, whose sublime wit made it possible. You enjoyed "Pygmalion"—now don't miss "Major Barbara".

It is one thing to make a good movie in Hollywood; it is quite another to produce a splendid screenplay in England today. Working against great odds, the gallant company of "Major Barbara" have made a memorable motion picture of Bernard Shaw's play—with Pascal's superb direction aided by Shaw himself, and with brilliant performances by the all-star cast.
ACROSS
1. Our most famous Swedish film star
2. She's featured in "Lady Be Good"
3. Co-star, "They Dare Not Love"
4. To decorate
5. "Doomed to - -" (Boys' Karfeld)
6. One who dines
7. A part in a picture
8. His most famous role is "Mr. Chips"
9. Distressed
10. Co-star in "The Knockout"
11. Individualities
12. Printers' measure
13. Japanese coin
14. Queer
15. She's Mrs. Clark Gable
16. "The Night That Rain"
17. To imitate
18. Ever (abbrev.)
19. Pa's wife
20. Co-star, "The Great Lie"
21. Er's, epoch
22. On the sheltered side
23. "The Ramparts We - - - --" a patriotic film
24. She's featured in "The Letter"
27. "The Men of Boys' Town"
28. To gain
29. Southern constellation
30. "The Road - - Zarathusa"
31. Head coverings
32. Co-star, "Million Dollar Baby"
33. "Is indelible to"
34. To express gratitude
35. Narrow opening
36. Post in a stair railing
37. "She's featured in "Double Date"
38. Foul
39. Upright
40. Twilled fabric
41. Green spots in a desert

DOWN
1. Clothes
2. To worship
3. Constance Bennett's new husband
4. Reared
5. "Rookies - - - "Parade," with Bob Crosby
6. Fuss
7. A number
8. Star of "Sunny"
9. Exit
10. Scrap of cloth
11. Greek letter
12. Not at any time
13. Tendency
14. Rather (collog.)
15. "All This and Heaven - -"
16. Not any
17. Pinball duck
18. Known facts
19. Charlie McCarthy's
20. Mastermind
21. Operatic solo
22. "Co-star, "Affectionately Yours"
23. Famous movie bad man
24. Angry
25. Malt drink
26. A number
27. Greek letter
28. Aged
29. Co-star, "A Man Betrayed"
30. Otherwise
31. A hint (var.)
32. Unit of length
33. Co-star, "She Knew All the Answers"
34. Miss Jones, in "The Devil and Miss Jones"
35. Birds of prey
36. Judge Hardy
37. Star, "Blood and Sand"
38. To dine
39. To annoy
40. To lift up
41. Put up stakes, as in poker
42. Ration
43. On the ocean
44. Female sheep
45. Dry (as wine)
46. "Short sleep"
47. "Army officer (abbrev.)"
48. "- - - West," (with Marx brothers)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle
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3. E - -
4. M -
5. T - -
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“Kitty Foyle”...
...Academy Award...
...and now...The Picture of Her Dreams!

GINGER ROGERS

"TOM, DICK and HARRY"

with
Geo. Murphy
Alan Marshal
Burgess Meredith

WE GUARANTEE
YOU’VE NEVER SEEN
A LOVE STORY LIKE IT!

Directed by GARSON KANIN
Produced by ROBERT SISK
Story and Screen Play by Paul Jarrico
DEAR "TILLIE":

From one working girl to another, greetings!

So you're in the movies now. Well, I think it's about time a real working girl crashed Hollywood. They can use a few more "Tillies" out there.

You see, I happen to know that your Cinderella story is the real thing, not dreamed-up publicity. I admit that I might not have believed the fantastic tale that movie producer Sparks, after testing literally hundreds of girls, finally snatched you from your secretary's desk in Cincinnati, Ohio—a long way from movieland—and rushed you to Hollywood to play the part of Russ Westover's cartoon character in Columbia's new film series. It certainly sounded too good to be true—just another Scarlett O'Hara chase on a minor scale. But I believed it because I heard all about you before your screen tests clicked. I'm from the middle west myself and I know your ex-boss, Marsha Wheeler.

for whose radio program you toiled—and I know how thrilled you were when, with only twenty-four hours notice, you were whisked to Hollywood and your big chance. And now, from your first scenes and your first stills for "Tillie the Toiler," you look all set for a screen career, UNLESS—

Unless you forget you're still a working girl. That's the trouble with too many Hollywood actresses—with success they forget they are not much different from other working girls such as stenographers and cashiers and waitresses and nurse maids, except in the matter of salary; they become Big Movie Stars and lose the common touch. Don't let that happen to Tillie!

Delight Evans
Private James Stewart, above, with Betty Field making a night of it at the Mocambo. Oh no, Jimmy’s not A.W.O.L.; the Army gave its popular soldier-boy a weekend furlough.

Exclusive twosome! Betty Grable and George Raft, above, storing up energy (food) at Ciro’s which they will later expend on—you guessed it—the rumba. And how they rumba!

HOLLYWOOD WHIRL

Stars in gay moods, romantic moods, serious moods, even sleepy moods—meaning you, Bing! But they're all wonderfully human moods, as these exclusive "candids" reveal

Photos by Esquire-Globe

Take our word for it, it is Bing Crosby, above, wearing his best, and most uncomfortable, bib and tucker. His Mrs. prevailed upon him to dine out, and look what happened!

Happiness has written a love story in the eyes of Judy Garland and Dave Rose, above, and you don’t have to be a seer to tell. Everything's set, including date with preacher.
Here's a ringside view of a lovin' couple in Ciro's, and they don't care who knows it. Mr. and Mrs. John Garfield, above, make no secret as to how they feel about each other.

Don Ameche dances with bandleader Phil Harris' beautiful new bride, Alice Foye, above. Going to Ciro's of a night is just like old home week to the Hollywood star contingent.

Jane Russell gets her first taste of night life a la Hollywood style and seems to like it, as who wouldn't? Gary Cooper, above, is her fascinating table companion. We sigh in envy.

They look like Mr. and Mrs. Main Street out for a few hours of fun after putting baby to bed. That's exactly what happened, but their names are Anne Shirley and John Payne.

The cameraman follows a distinguished foursome to the ball game and the result is as American as apple pie. The fans, above, Annabella, Ty Power, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Capra.

Here's another good old American custom, popularly called autograph hound. They, lucky people, get a real closeup of a handful of celebrities leaving Ciro's. Recognize 'em?
How, How, How! Here's a couple of the heartiest guffaws we've seen in a long time. The contagious toothsome chuckles belong to Gilbert Roland and sister-in-law Joan Bennett.

Two of Hollywood's loveliest lovelies, Claudette Colbert and Greer Garson, above, relishing their chat-fest at a private party. Our cameraman peek-a-booed and came away with this prize "shot." These style-pacers favor bangs and we favor the decorative results. All in favor say "Aye!"

Photos by Esquire-Globe

Marlene Dietrich, who needs no introduction, introduces Jean Gabin, nick-named the "Spencer Tracy of France," to Hollywood's glittering café society. He's taking it all in.

Norma Shearer was squired to Ciro's by a most personable and democratic chap, Baron Hubert Von Pants, by name. We don't know if it's romance, but it sure looks nice and chummy from our observation post. Purely platonic, no doubt.

"Upsi, Daisy!" Only she's not a daisy; she's lucky Patti McCarty, above, being assisted in her daily dozen by lucky Glenn Ford. You'll be hearing lots of good reports on their steady film rise to fame. We're all rooting for you, kids.
Hollywood's most admired marrieds, Arthur Farnsworth, above, and his Bette Davis, to use her professional name. "Fanny" is handsome enough to be a cinema hero in his own right.

Star-daughter Claudette Colbert, above, took her gracious mother, Mrs. W. J. Colbert, to the Brown Derby to show her the stars she so admires on the screen. Mama Colbert, like all visiting firemen, was simply thrilled by all she saw and heard. Wonder if Claudette is her favorite screen idol?

Arthur Hornblow, Jr., is a-courtin' his wife, Myrna Loy, all over again since they decided to "kiss and make up." They've made their friends, and themselves, very happy.

It was inevitable that their long-standing romance would culminate in a visit to the marriage justice. Their names are synonymous with sophistication, but in private life they are tickled to be called Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Roland.

Cesar Romero, Linda Darnell and Errol Flynn, above, make an attractive threesome as they pause to talk about almost everything, including the weather. The most exciting topic, we bet, is the new Flynn heir-rival, a bouncing baby boy.
Tyrone Power's NEW

"BLITZ-KISS"

More exciting than Valentino? See Tyrone burn up the celluloid as a fearless matador, above. Below, first closeup from the new film "A Yank in the R.A.F."

By Elizabeth Wilson

Decorations by Leonard Frank

Screen-loving with Lamour
I HAVE just seen "Blood and Sand." And I am in an all-out swoon. Tyrone Power in Technicolor and in tight knee breeches really burns up the celluloid. (How he manages to kneel in those breeches I'm sure I don't know—I tried it once in a school play and burst a seam.) When Ty, as a fearless young matador, swirls his gorgeously scarlet cape, takes his montera and his muleta (hat and sword below the border) and enters the bull ring, he has so much romantic appeal that you just can't stand (Please turn to page 67)

He's more romantic than ever! Is it his new rôle in "Blood and Sand," or is there a deeper, more intimate reason? We tell all

Real-life romance with Anna Bella began with film "Suez."

Today, the Powers at home.

Newest heroine is Betty Grable in "A Yank in the R. A. F."
Below, with their studio and real-life wives: Pat O'Brien, James Stephen-son, Tyrone Power, Don Ameche.

Just business, eh? Come, come, now! Don't you suppose they suffer from jealousy, these non-pro wives of actors? Wouldn't you?

WHEN Mrs. John Wayne sees her John clasped to the feathered bosom of Marlene; when Annabella (just to pick a few names at random) sits at home and thinks of her Ty kissing the young, fresh lips of Linda Darnell, or embracing the luscious Rita Hayworth; when Mrs. Dennis Morgan, tending the two young Morgans, contemplates the thought of her gay Dennis making passionate love to Ginger, Rogers, Merle Oberon; or Mrs. Don Ameche, on the ranch with the four Ameche heirs, visualizes her Don singing his torrid love songs to the vivid Miranda or the orchidaceous Faye—well, what d'you think they think? How do you suppose they feel?

"Just business," some say—uh-huh, but would you be able to consider the Dietrichs, Colberts, Lamarrs and Turners as so many stocks and bonds or parcels of real estate or staple groceries, no more to be feared as deadly rivals than these inanimate commodities? Come, come, now! Don't you suppose they suffer from jealousy, these non-pro wives of Hollywood? Wouldn't you?

Annabella made no bones about it when I made no bones about asking her. "I'm furiously jealous of Tyrone," she told me, "furiously jealous and horribly proud! Of course I'm jealous of him. If you are in love with someone, you are jealous. If you don't say so, it isn't true! I don't always say so, I admit," grinned Annabella, "sometimes when people ask me 'are you jealous?' I say 'of course, no.' But that is not quite the truth. I am jealous but never, I think, inside my heart. Be-
cause in my heart I believe in my husband. A woman who didn’t believe in her husband, it would be better for her to kill herself at the beginning. I believe in Tyrone, but I also know what Life is like, and I do not wear the blinkers on my eyes when I look at it.

“But when I see him on the screen making love to a pretty girl, that is not when I am jealous. Then, the more romantic he is, the bigger kick I get. Because then he is usually sitting next to me in a projection room, holding my hand. It is not even when I think of him making the love scenes on the set that I am jealous. I know they are business, the making of the love scenes. When I am jealous is—between the scenes! That is the time to fear. That is the time the mischief can happen. Then when there is a flirt between a man and a woman, it has the time to grow.

"Then, there is another reason for us to be jealous—they are together, often, for weeks at a time, a man and a girl making a big picture. It is that propinquity! When Tyrone goes on location,” Annabella laughed, “I go with him—always. You see, on locations they usually finish the shooting at four in the afternoons, because the light goes. There is a lot of living to be done between four in the afternoon until it is time to go to bed. I see to it that we have that living—together.

“No, no,” repeated Annabella, “it is not during the scenes they fall in love, it is between the scenes! I know. I, too, have been in the studios. I have heard people say that two (Please turn to page 70)
THE WINNING LETTER!

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have a little monologue which I say to myself at regular intervals.

It goes like this: "Now, Mae, you're really a nice person. You aren't homely. Remember the time someone (in a mellow mood) called you a beauty? You aren't stupid. Remember the A's you used to make in school? You don't "offend," or wear angora tams with dress coats, or make tactless cracks that throw dinner parties into an uproar. There's nothing wrong with you at all, simply nothing!"

But then a fiendish voice inside jeers, "Oh, yeah? There's something awful wrong with you, lady! You have an inferiority complex. And that's that!"

It's true. If I go out in new headgear and no one rushes up to exclaim, "What a gorgeous hat!" I go home with my heart aching out at the tips of my toeless shoes. When people are nice to me, I'm grateful. And I can't make the first gesture to be friendly, for fear it won't be welcome.

What's the answer? Is there some inherent quality that gives certain women a tilt to the chin, a gay arrogance that spells charm? Or can it be acquired? I'd like to know how!

Mae H. Ashworth,
Mt. Vernon, Indiana,

If it's Charm you seek, you'll find your perfect solution here! For all women, as well as for her contest winner, Claudette defines the precious and elusive quality in practical terms. Yes, you CAN be charming!

CLAUDETTE COLBERT'S DEFINITION OF CHARM:
"CHARM IS THE ABILITY TO BE ENTIRELY NATURAL UNDER PRESSURE!"
DEAR Mae Ashworth:

You have asked the most basic of all questions—the question that perhaps every woman in the world wants answered. I too would like to know what is that "inherent quality that gives certain women a tilt to the chin, a gay arrogance that spells charm." That ability to attract any and all persons to you is very rare indeed. Since receiving your letter I have found myself watching people at dinner parties and night clubs—wondering just what quality they have that makes them stand out in a group. It's charm, all right!

I looked in my dictionary to find out what the erudite Mr. Webster had to say about that elusive word and found the following definition of charm: "A trait or quality that fascinates and allures as if by a spell, hence that which fascinates; any alluring quality." This covers a lot of ground, and yet opens the road to thoughts as to just what in particular pertains to "qualities" and "traits," and what is fascinating in this every-day world.

After thinking it over I decided that I could define charm in a far more simple manner. My definition (and I don't want to start any feuds with the wordy Mr. Webster) is: "Charm is the ability to be entirely natural under pressure." Which isn't as easy as it sounds. You, I, anybody can be entirely natural when alone. That's easy. But in a group of people? Believe me, it's the hardest thing in the world to be natural! As an actress I have had to attend (Please turn to page 64)
MAYBE this wasn't Broadway. Maybe to a girl whose world was bounded by Brooklyn on the one side and Forty-second Street on the other it was a million miles from Nowhere. But Betty didn't care. She was with Ozzie Nelson and his band, and she was dancing in the brief white satin shorts which made her legs look like glamorous exclamation points, and if there was one thing she liked better than dancing it was being with Ozzie. Even her gray blue eyes were dancing under their upsweep of curling black lashes and her smile was dancing, too, in beat to the music and the sharp staccato of her taps.

Terry grinned as he looked at her. Rhythm, that was the word for Betty! She was the million dollar baby, that one, the gold at the end of the rainbow, the answer to a press agent's prayer. If there was anything that
would make a go of Victor's College Club it was Betty's dancing feet and her gamin smile. Even now, before they had opened at all, a couple of boys from Lambert College had crashed the rehearsal and were gazing at Betty with swooning eyes. Terry could understand that look. It was the way he would have liked to look at Betty himself if he hadn't known her heart was all tied up to Ozzie.

Victor—nobody bothered about his last name because they couldn't pronounce it anyway—beats an excited accompaniment on one of the tables. From a hamburger stand to this, and he had Ozzie and Betty and Terry to thank for it. All the tables were sold out for the opening that night and a week's reservations were booked ahead, and yet he had been doubtful when Terry had pointed out the money a night club could make so close to a college campus.

"The college boys will like them, huh?" he beamed.

"Like 'em? They'll love them!" Terry could feel the money jingling in his empty pockets already. "With your location and Ozzie and Betty you should make a million! And you started all this on a hamburger."

"All this, and stomach trouble too!" Victor agreed proudly. Then he frowned as he saw some more people crowding through the door. "Enough is enough!" he blustered. "The College Club, it does not open until eight o'clock! Nobody else comes in free to watch the rehearsal. Everybody out!"

The woman facing him looked as if her mouth had been closed with a safety pin and as if it were an effort to open it even to talk. "I am Mrs. Minnie Lambert Sparr," she announced ominously. "And the man standing in back of me is the sheriff. The laws of this state forbid the operation of a night club within five miles of an institution of learning, and as chairman of the Lambert College Board of Governors it is my duty to protect the students from dens of iniquity."

Ozzie laid down his baton at that. "If you can find any iniquity around here, I'll go fifty-fifty with you," he said.

Mrs. Sparr ignored him as she turned to the oldish, near-sighted man standing next to her. "Professor Bailey, take a full description of this vice den and these, ah, these shady characters for evidence." She looked coldly at Betty. "I would estimate the bottom of this woman's apparel to be at least eighteen inches from the ground."

"Why, you old battle axe!" Betty took a quick step forward. "If you didn't (Please turn to page 78)"
ONCE he was a conspicuously bad risk for any girl who wanted all the surface trimmings most women are told to seek. He wouldn't settle down, even after he promised he would. But, fortunately, he met someone who dared to follow her own hunch, one of those few women who understand a male perfectly.

And so today she presides over their Colonial home in Beverly Hills, and he has a yacht. And no love tale Hollywood has ever publicized to the skies can beat their unballyhooed true romance.

You catch a glimpse of them in a touring car that speeds up the winding hill to their home. Or, if you are their guests at sea, you see two shadows silhouetted against the sunset. He is broad-shouldered, dark, and husky.
Scoop! Very first story of Preston Foster's private life, with exclusive pictures of his lovely wife who has hitherto shunned the spotlight, and their adorable adopted daughter, never before photographed for publication

HUSBAND

By Ben Maddox

We're proud to present this feature! It shows you the truer, unsensational side of much maligned Hollywood. Only by star reporter Maddox would Preston Foster permit himself to be interviewed about his never before publicized home. Here are first and only pictures of charming Mrs. Foster, their beautiful little daughter, and exclusives of their house, "Rose Hill."

His name? Preston Foster. She is small and blonde, and though she has never set foot on a stage or in a studio she is lovelier than most actresses. Certainly she is more of a real woman. This long honeymoon of theirs is an extraordinary climax. For the truth about Pres is that he was a man who was a consistent failure—but because his wife didn't nag him, or try to change him, he wound up able to give her all they'd ever dreamed about!

Not many girls will take a chance on old-fashioned love these days. But Mrs. Preston Foster depended upon it completely. She was Gertrude Warren when Pres first met her, and both had humble jobs. (Please turn to page 72)
The Canova family was never the type to give advice to anybody. We were too busy trying to solve our own problems. But since quite a few people have called me Funny Face, I thought that maybe I'd be the one to help soothe the worries of the many so-called unattractive girls.

I've never minded being called Funny Face because it's what I get for capitalizing on my rather unglamorous appearance. I've really thought that if I was able to make people laugh, it didn't matter to me what I was called. That's my job in life. And it's a great job. So why should I worry if my eyelashes don't droop languidly enough or if my figure isn't the type to make every man swoon? Personally, I think being a glamorous girl is a pretty dull business.

Of course, if people ever called me Funny Face simply to make me ridiculous, I'd resent it. Any girl would. And since most girls who have such nicknames probably feel that they are being made fun of, I think it's high time that somebody defends the funny faces and shows them how really lucky they are.

Most unattractive girls think that they can never have any romance. That no man would ever be interested in them. As a result, they become shy and self-conscious. Yet, why should they feel this way? In many cases, I have seen the unglamorous types enjoy more real romance than the gals with the oomph. I remember a girl back home in school. She was known as "Monk," because she looked something like a monkey. Yet, she had more dates than any other girl. Men would sooner date her than anyone else.

She used to make the gentle beauties sore, because they could not see what there was about her that attracted men. They couldn't see because they were so busy trying to be attractive and gorgeous that they were just carbon copies of real humans. When they went out with a man, they spent most of the evening fussing with make-up and telling their date how many men were in love with them. In contrast, "Monk" had no illusions about herself. She was a good sport and was always entertaining.

There was another girl in school who was called "Chubby." She was a hefty number, to be sure. Her curves all came together. But, like "Monk," she didn't give a hoot about her curves. She made men forget about the unglamorous part of her because she was always the one to have fun with and to stay that way—and she tells us why.

There ARE no homely or unattractive girls, says Judy! If you're born a Funny Face you don't have to stay that way—and she tells us why.

By Judy Canova

as told to Jack Holland
laughing and enjoying herself. She had that infectious charm that intrigued any sensible man.

Yes, "Monk" and "Chubby" married. And they married very good-looking men. I visited them when I went back home a few years ago. They were completely happy and had the most beautiful children. A few of the glamor girls who married, however, had picked out some of the most peculiar-looking men. And they weren't half as happy as "Monk" and "Chubby."

Some girls in the class of "Monk" and "Chubby" may think I'm talking through my hat. They may see their own cases and think that no man will ever be interested in them except as a pal or as a good sport. That love will never have any real part in their lives. How silly of them to believe that! Every romance begins from a sort of palship. Certainly a girl should be a pal to a man. And it makes no difference how long it takes for love to arrive on the scene. Romance will take care of itself.

If an unattractive girl feels that she is merely a long session version of "How To Be A Pal And Never Marry," she should remember a few simple rules. When she is going with a fellow, she should try to be as congenial as possible. She should allow him the same privileges that she expects. What if he does want to take her to a ball game or to a prize fight, and what if she doesn't give a hoot for sports? She owes him that cooperation. After all, she has undoubtedly dragged the man to shows that have bored him or to night clubs that have palled on him. It's a simple matter of fifty-fifty.

It's been my experience that the unglorified girls are more willing to cooperate with a man and to meet him half-way. The beauties try to get by with everything because they think their looks are enough for any man. If they want to go to a night club and the escort wants to go to a prize fight, it's usually the night club that wins. As such a girl often says to herself, "He can do as I want him to. He should be proud to be seen with me!"

Of course, an unattractive young lady can do all of the cooperating and grant all the privileges without ever finding romance. But if any of you are in that class, take a good look at yourself. Either you're submerging your own personality and your finer points and bringing out only an uninteresting side, or else you're too obviously swooning over the man. No man wants to have love forced on him by a doting female. He wants to be the one who does the idolizing, and this applies more than ever to a girl who doesn't have all the trappings to bring about devoted protestations from a swain.

It's not necessary for a girl to weigh herself down with make-up and false eyelashes to get a man's interest. Usually, such a procedure absolutely forbids any reciprocal feeling. And more often, it centers too much attention on the girl's lack of beauty and hides her own personality. No man wants to cavort around with a girl who looks like Frankenstein in a Ziegfeld chorus!

It's my advice to these girls to forget their plainness. Everyone has some particular fine quality that stands out, and when any young lady is fortunate enough to know just what this is and capitalizes on it, she is really out of the unattractive class. (Please turn to page 60).
DENNIS DOGS

Morgan Dennis calls his Scottie action picture, above, "When I gotta go—I gotta go!"

Who wouldn't enjoy owning an original Morgan Dennis dog picture? Here's your opportunity to try for this prize! The internationally known etcher and illustrator of dog subjects visited Hollywood recently, and while there he did a series of portraits of screen stars and their pets which will appear in Screenland, beginning in this issue with the drawing of Mickey Rooney an opposite page, in connection with our New Pet Picture Contest. Dennis introduced his pup puppets to the film world for the first time. He plans to make a series of short films with these clever dog puppets—see him at right with "Burlap," his favorite.

Above, another appealing Dennis drawing: "He said he had to see a man about a dog."

Makes you chuckle just to look at it! This one's happily called, "C'mon in—the water's fine!"

CONTEST RULES:
1. All pictures of pets will be given equal consideration, whether of dogs, cats, etc.
2. No entry will be returned unless accompanied by adequate postage.
3. Contest closes midnight, August 5th, 1941.
4. In the event of a tie, prizes of equal values will be given to each tying contestant.
5. Enclose coupon with your entry and address to New Pet Picture Contest, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, N. Y.

New Pet Picture Contest!

Everybody has a pet, and practically everybody likes to take pictures! So, whether your particular pet is a dog, cat, canary, duck, baby kangaroo or what have you, have some fun with us and enter your best pet picture in our new contest. First Prize, original star-pet portrait by noted artist Morgan Dennis. We will publish winning pet picture in an early issue, and will pay $5.00 for each additional picture published. Watch for another Pet Picture Contest next month. Fun for everybody!

Try for the first prize—original Dennis drawing of Mickey Rooney and his pet reproduced on facing page. Cash prizes for each additional picture we publish. All entries will be judged for human interest combined with pictorial appeal. Read the simple rules, fill out the coupon.

I am entering SCREENLAND New Pet Picture Contest, with my entry enclosed herewith.

NAME...........................................
STREET ADDRESS..................................................
CITY..................................STATE.....
Players had so much fun making "Navy Blues" that Errol Flynn strolled over from his own set on the Warner lot to join in, clowning with Jack Oakie and Jack Haley—and bevy of raving beauties including Georgia Carroll (left).
SAILOR
BEWARE!
SHERIDAN
AT WORK

Wink back a welcome
to Ann, in first rôle
since suspension

Photo by Welbourne

Look who's among those present in the
star cast of "Navy Blues"—none other
than Martha Raye, making movie come-
back after Broadway stage hit. Left and
right, typical zany Raye antics, on and
off the set, by the new Mrs. Neal Lang.
Merle Oberon has her most enchanting role in Korda's lavish new production "Illusions," directed by the distinguished Julien Duvivier. Her charming costumes were designed by noted artist Marcel Vertes and we show you the loveliness of the collection here.
NEWCOMER
JOSEPH
COTTEN
SCORES
AGAIN!

With his first screen rôle in "Citizen Kane," Cotten was catapulted to Hollywood fame. If you saw him in the Orson Welles film, or on the stage with Katharine Hepburn in "The Philadelphia Story," you'll want to watch his fine performance opposite Merle in "Illusions."
SUN SIREN—1941 STYLE
Cobina Wright, Jr., takes time out from "Moon Over Miami" to show us how a screen deb dresses the part.

For swimming, for beach-basking, for tennis, for loafing, for informal patio dining—Cobina picks the cream of the crop of gay clothes for sun fun. Shown here are pictures snapped at famous Arrowhead Springs, favorite resort of the best Hollywood biggies.

When Cobina is cast as a smart young thing she needs to use none of the acting talent she undoubtedly possesses—for she is a real, not publicity, socialite whose instinct and training instruct her in doing, and saying, and wearing the right thing. On these pages she poses in her own selections of Summer play-clothes, fresh, correct and appealing. No wonder Stirling Hayden likes to date the divinely fair Cobina!
MacMurray and Flynn make a good team as intrepid airmen in "Dive Bomber." On location at naval air base both actors were greatly impressed at activities, took their significant roles seriously. Note, below, Fred and Flynn are wearing oxygen masks.
lost important of the ewfilm's with the great eme of American de-
"Dive omber" with Errol Flynn and Fred Mac-
Murray, filmed at the U. S. naval air base at San Diego, California

U. S. naval air base at San Diego co-
panied with Warner Bros. Pictures and the
will be a thrilling—and authentic—fil-
tures at top of pages show the movie crews
Below, MacMurray is seen wearing jacket which can be inflated by a tug
releases the contents of two small gas-
ders in the jacket. Grim reality, this.
Bob Hope, currently greatest of all the comics, caught in a rarely quiet moment between gags. Hope wows us again with “Caught in the Draft”
VENUS AT EASE

Linda Darnell, most gorgeous of all the many young beauties of Hollywood, is her own gay self again after her sombre rôle in “Blood and Sand”
If she never made another picture, Connie still stands a good chance of movie immortality as the girl who managed to make you stop and listen to her in "I Wanted Wings," though Veronica Lake was in the same film. Meet Miss Moore in "Buy Me That T
And no wonder Mary is gay these days! She has just made the hit of her career as the charming Southern beauty in "Kiss The Boys Goodbye," Paramount's screen smash.

Mary takes to crinolines for some scenes in her new film in which she is co-starred with Don Ameche, with Oscar Levant for sardonic comedy. But when she finished the picture she switched to sun-suits and we found her basking by her swimming pool in her garden.
You'll see a brand new Sonja Henie in her new picture, "Sun Valley Serenade." The piquant skating star has shed pounds, acquired a streamlined personality and wardrobe, which we exhibit here for the first time.

At right, the star with her new leading man, John Payne, in a scene from her first film since her marriage to sportsman-socialite, handsome Dan Topping.
Sonja not only skis but skis in “Sun Valley Serenade.” Above, in her winter sports costume. Other pictures give you a good idea of the improved Sonja silhouette. How do you like her now?
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH
Betty Field in "Shepherd of the Hills"
THE SECRETS OF SANDERS

By Fredda Dudley

Whatever it is that gets 'em, George has it—and that's no secret. But his hidden personality is another story. Here it is

He is six feet, three inches tall; he weighs two hundred and fifteen pounds; he is grumpy in the morning. In addition to these vital statistics, practically everyone knows that George Sanders is a mass of contradictions.

While other actors toil mightily in behalf of their careers, Mr. Sanders has a three-horse parley on Indolence, Sloth, and Relaxation. Whereas other actors buy boats and sail them lustily up and down the Catalina Channel, George built a boat, discovered that the nearest harbor was some twenty miles distant from his home, and promptly sold the boat. "That's too beastly far to go for a bit of a sail," opined George.

Another Sanders divergence from the norm is his attitude toward his work. The average motion picture actor is willing to list a number of attributes that he thinks come in handy in creating a character from a script. He will say that a good memory is essential, that imagination helps, that wide reading is important, and that close observation of one's fellow beings is another stock in trade.

Not George. He approaches the subject from a fresh angle. "Show me," he says, somewhat belligerently, "a man who can't be an actor. Point out to me one thing that makes it impossible for any man to be an actor! Acting doesn't take looks; it doesn't require a good voice; it doesn't even require any sort of memory because the lines can be written on a blackboard if necessary. I would make an odd sort of talent scout, because, frankly, I believe that any man, given the chance, can become a reasonably good actor. All women are actresses to begin with, so we needn't discuss them. Yes, I'd make a rather alarming talent scout. I think."

To go back to the secret source of Mr. Sanders' lack of conformity with the rest of the film colony, we (Please turn to page 58)
“BLOOD AND SAND”

ONE-WORD GUIDE: THRILLING!

APPEAL: Whether or not you approve of bullfighting, you’ll undoubtedly approve of Tyrone Power as a matador and Linda Darnell and Rita Hayworth as adorables, all in Technicolor.

PLOT: Blasco Ibanez’ old one about the fearless matador—first enacted by Rudolph Valentino—his exploits fighting and loving, living and dying, with lavish modern embellishments.

PRODUCTION: Superlative, with Rauban Mamoulian’s sensitive and highly civilized direction imparting a touch of piquancy to elemental savagery of the story. Settings, costumes, scenery—gaudy and gorgeous. Bull-fighting scenes guaranteed not to narrow your beyond endurance as the Hays office is ever present to protect your tender feelings.

ACTING: Superb, especially Tyrone Power, who has the showiest role of his screen career and plays it to the hilt, aha. Not since “Lloyd of London” has the handsome lad had such a chance to make the ladies swoon. Power is pressed for first honors by luscious Rita Hayworth, who will surprise you with the smoldering intensity with which she invests the role of the bad influence in his life. Her scenes with our hero, rather than the bullfights, will make you gasp. Linda Darnell is beguiling, Natasha Novi- nova impressive as good forces.

20th Century-Fox

“KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE”

ONE-WORD GUIDE: AMUSING!

APPEAL: If you like a good, gay show which is frankly lightweight entertainment and makes no pretensions to epic importance—as who doesn’t in this sultry season?—here it is.

PLOT: Once the fabulous Clare Booth Luce wrote a wise and witty little play called “Kiss The Boys Goodbye,” in which she poked clever fun at assorted sacred cows. This isn’t it.

PRODUCTION: Smart and splashy, and I don’t refer entirely to star Mary Martin’s swimming pool strip tease. For a romance-with-music its song numbers are interpolated practically painlessly rather than dragged in for no reason; the direction is as brisk as the script allows, and if the dialogue writers had only kept pace—but they couldn’t, or didn’t.

ACTING: Maybe the reason Mary Martin has never before set the screen afire is that Hollywood took so long to let her do a streamlined version of the strip tease act for which she was famous on the Broadway stage—anyway, here’s Mary, at her bestest and her bestest, seeming a brand new personality when she impersonates a professional Southern belle with malasses accent, and singing as she never has sung before. Oscar Levant is only half as funny as in “Rhythm on the River” but that’s still funny enough. Don Ameche, Virginia Dale also present.

Paramount

“A WOMAN’S FACE”

ONE-WORD GUIDE: POWERFUL!

APPEAL: To those bored with cream-puff stuff, here’s a strong drama with an unusual theme, giving Joan Crawford a grand chance for a brilliant movie comeback.

PLOT: Based on a Swedish film of the same name which starred Ingrid Bergman, about the regeneration of a woman whose life was warped by a hideously scarred face—poignant rather than excessively gruesome.

PRODUCTION: You remember “The Woman,” which “brought back” Crawford once before? Well, it was directed by George Cukor, noted for his guidance of women stars, who also pilots the star in this one, with striking results. The trial of the heroine for murder tells her story through the testimony of the witnesses—a dramatic device which builds suspense and holds your attention every minute.

ACTING: Yes, Crawford does comeback, if ever was away. She is indeed an actress instead of a mannequin from now on, her intense performance in a sombre role elevating her to Academy Award heights. Conrad Veidt as her evil genius etches a fascinating portrait in acid of a sinister character. Melvyn Douglas as the surgeon whose skill restores the ill-fated heroine’s beauty of face and soul is splendid. Osa Massen makes one of her rare appearances, and shines.

M.G.M
APPEAL: Remember when—and Who? Even if you don't you are almost certain to enjoy this sprightly, 1941 screen version of the immortal Ziegfeld musical comedy.

PLOT: You've heard this one before, and often—but it's the surefire stuff of which musicals have always been made: millionaire falls in love with charming stage Cinderella, etc.

PRODUCTION: By Herbert Wilcox, meaning it's always in excellent taste and somewhat leisurely tempo, but with plenty of grace and gentle charm. The jitterbugs may vote Wilcox' technique a trifle old-fashioned, but the sedate audiences will find it a relief from swing and such—and some of the dance numbers are lovely.

ACTING: Anna Neagle scintillates as Sunny, a dancer and circus performer, with her dancing, especially in a joy to see. But it is John Carroll who will surprise you with his fine singing voice, his rugged good looks, and his casual manner—a pleasurable shock in a musical leading man. So it's Neagle for grace, Carroll for masculine charm in this show—and for novelty, the comedy-dance experts, the Hartmans, like and lanky Ray Bolger, Edward Everett Horton, and, of all anti-climactic attractions, a talented clowning seal. You can't say "Sunny" fails to offer variety.

RKO-Radio

**ONE-WORD GUIDE:**

**SPARKLING!**

**IN THE NAVY**

APPEAL: If you howled, despite your better judgment, at Abbott and Costello in their first film, "Buck Privates," here's more of the same—only louder and cornier—and funnier.

PLOT: They're in the Navy now, that's all. But it seems to be enough, since the "plot" of an Abbott-Costello circus consists of a series of gags anyway.

Oh, yes, there's Dick Powell, crooner.

PRODUCTION: Just a frame for those zany's antics, which are wilder than in their Army days—must be that sea air. Whatever it is, it's a grand adv. for the Navy. Chief difference between "Buck Privates" and "In The Navy" is that instead of the crap game in the former, there is a shell game; no daring innovations to make the customers uneasy in their new surroundings.

**ONE-WORD GUIDE:**

**HILARIOUS!**

UNIVERSAL

**MAJOR BARBARA**

APPEAL: To every intelligent movie-goer, and particularly to those with fond memories of "Pygmalion," which means everyone who saw it—same producer, same star.

PLOT: One of Bernard Shaw's best plays, "Major Barbara" does not have a "date" even though it is one of the great playwright's early successes. Satirizes war, peace, the Salvation Army—everything!

PRODUCTION: Gabriel Pascal has a more difficult job on his directorial hands this time than with "Pygmalion." Besides shooting scenes between air raids, he encountered a complex story without the romantic interest of "Pygmalion," and still be triumphed, contriving a brilliant, engrossing film.

**ONE-WORD GUIDE:**

**SPLENDID!**

**ACTING:** Practically perfection—and no wonder, with the cast studied with some of the most illustrious names of England's theater and screen. First, the enchanting Wendy Hiller, unforgettable Eliza Doolittle of "Pygmalion," this time a more heroic figure as the munitionmaker's daughter who seeks to save souls through the Salvation Army. Her is a compelling and compassionate portrait. Next, Robert Newton, amazingly good as a "timey" whose tough soul she finally saves—an actor to watch. Then Robert Morley, superb as the multi-millionaire realist; Rex Harrison, Marie Lohr and all the rest.

United Artists (British made)
Beauty Sermon on the Sun

Joan Crawford gives her personal advice on good looks problems

By Courtenay Marvin

Joan Crawford illustrates the good practice of brushing her hair in the open for the benefit of the fresh air. Miss Crawford, by the way, was one of the first stars to start the vogue of hair design high above the forehead. She began some years ago with a coil resembling a huge curl. Today, we emphasize the pompadour and the forehead bangs. Thus fashion evolves.
Was Joan Crawford born with that dynamic, dramatic quality that is peculiarly hers? Or have she developed it? That I have tried to decide by comparing old photographs of Miss Crawford with the star as she is today. There is little in the early photographs to indicate that Destiny marked her for her meteoric place on the screen. Yet—those who know her intimately will tell you that every phase of this star's being is branded with a quality of awareness that is definitely Crawford. Be sure of this—that Miss Crawford has grown in her dramatic attainments on the screen, as a person she has grown correspondingly.

The first time I ever saw her, some years ago, she came to the office of my magazine. She was announced, shown in, and as she passed through that office she seemed to electrify the air. Sheets of paper on the desks all but curled and turned over, and then she paused and smiled at the whole staff. That was a very real smile, and I dare say there isn't one of that scattered group today but who has remained an ardent Crawford fan. And so in movie circles today, I gather that once Joan Crawford is a friend, a friend she remains. From a few I know who know her well, I have grown to associate these two words with her, "loyalty" and "courage." Strong words, dramatic, compelling words. Joan Crawford words, you might say.

And so in the same tenor, I put some beauty questions directly to the star. Directly, she answered them, and here they are:

"What are your skin care habits in Summer?"
"If you have dry skin—and I have—I'd advise the use of an oil of some kind before exposure to the skin. I use petrolatum (petroleum jelly), and I use it on my face and arms and shoulders and legs for sunbaths.

"Some girls are afraid of freckles. I don't happen to mind them a bit; in fact, I think they're healthy and natural looking. For anyone who doesn't feel about them as I do, I'd advise a protective cream."

Regarding the use of petroleum jelly, another star once suggested this home treatment, excellent for a general softening of skin. She'd cleanse with cream, then apply the jelly liberally to her face just before a warm tub bath. This produced a good perspiration, very cleansing and softening. Save this for cooler days, though; the thought is too warm for August.

And thank you, Joan Crawford, for giving the freckle a glamorous place in the sun, for literally putting it on the "map." This department feels friendly toward freckles.

"How do you guard your hair against sunburn in the Summer?"
"Oh, I never expose my (Please turn to page 66)"

Above, Joan Crawford's abundant hair gets a good combing outdoors. Notice her definite, strong brows, the fashion brows of the moment. And her very definite, indeed, generous mouth. You may remember her mouth in "Rain," which created warm debate at the time. Her extreme exaggeration in that picture resulted in approval for at least normally full lips, more pleasing than the rosebud type. Below, the star views herself through dark glasses to protect from the glare.
T'S Bob Hope's story about the gal wh
was so nutty over soldiers—she wa
khaki wacky! Bing Crosby claims h
knows another girl who saw "Young Ton
Edison" so many times, she's Ronnie
looney!

THERE'S a reason why you didn't see on
tiny shot of Anthony Quinn fightin
the bull in "Blood and Sand." Days wer
spent in shooting it, Tony, who origi
nally set out to become a matador, gave
a magnificent account of himself. Whe
the rushes were run in the projection room
good as Tyrone Power was—Tony still
showed him up. So Tony lost his fight i
the cutting room floor.

HOLLYWOOD is asking? Instead o
the reported sinus operation, did Rudy
Vallee have his eyes fixed so they n
longer droop at the corners? This is
current rumor.

FOR years Cesar Romero has struggle
to support his large family. For year
he has dreamed of owning his own lon
and settling down to a happy married li
Now, just as things are breaking so beau
tifully, his draft number has been called.
Cesar refuses to feel sorry for himself.
He's ready and willing to go. But first h
must provide for all his dependents during
the year he is away doing his bit.

THE little bud is blossoming out. Jan
Witthers now wears heart-shaped Locke
earings. In one she carries a picture o
Bob Shaw, now serving Uncle Sam. Th
other side features handsome young
Richard Clayton, Janey's current lead
ing man.

GENE RAYMOND is a natural blond
So he was burned aplenty when it wa
printed that he bleaches his wavy locks.
For his role in "Mr. & Mrs. Smith"
Gene's hair was dyed a darker shade
Now he's making "Smilin' Through"
They couldn't wait for his hair to grow
out blond again. So this time Sydne
Guitaroff did have to bleach it!

WATCH for this man. His name is Davi
Bacon. He's tall, dark, handsome.
Not unlike Jimmy Stewart. He came
from Back Bay Boston. He's been in
Hollywood six months and never be
seen on the screen. Director Sam Wood
tested him for "Kitty Foyle." He was
too young for the part. Howard Hughes
saw the test and signed him on the spot.
He draws a weekly salary and Hughes
will star him at the proper time. He re
fers to himself as, "The rich man's Jael
Beulah," or, "The poor man's Glenn Ford.
Yes, he has a sense of humor.
WHEN the Hays office put a ban on sweater "art" local newspapers wanted to bust right out with a big feature spread. Studios were swamped with requests. All they wanted were pictures of Lana Turner, Ann Sheridan, Rita Hayworth and Betty Grable. They wanted the girls in sweaters—picketing the Hays Office building! While the studios were thinking the matter over, Earl Carroll's girls stepped in and pulled the stunt.

BECAUSE he makes most of his pictures at Universal, Franchot Tone decided it might be a good idea to buy a home out in the valley. So he stopped at a real estate office to make inquiries. When he left the salesman handed him a card. On it Franchot read, "Get a lot while you're young." Franchot is thinking about that.

ERROL FLYNN is giving his studio a nice healthy headache. Every time he has an interview, "Father Flynnagan" insists on having it when he's stretched out in his birthday clothes, in Dave Chasen's steam room. So far all the interviewers have been men. What happens when local girls get break? Trust Errol to make it original. And censorable. They hope!

HOLLYWOOD is still chuckling over Edgar Bergen's Mother's Day card. It bore a picture of Charlie McCarthy, eyes rolling heavenward, clapping to his bosom—the trunk of a tree!

THIS isn't an announcement—it's merely a warning. Merle Oberon has confided to intimate friends that there is one thing on this earth she wants more than anything else. A baby.

VERONICA LAKE, who in private life is Mrs. John Detlie, is going to have a baby. At first she denied it vehemently. Then studio photographers noticed she was photographing heavier. Finally, when her clothes for "Sullivan's Travels" didn't fit on her original wardrobe model, they knew it must be true. So Veronica, who sometimes confuses interviewers with the discrepancies in her stories, admitted the truth. She was afraid if she had admitted it sooner, she might not have won the coveted role in Preston Sturges' new picture. The baby's expected September.

AS AN investment, Ray Milland bought his first apartment house on Sunset Boulevard. All of which isn't particularly unusual in Hollywood. What makes it a good story is this. Ray bought the very same building he was once thrown out of—because he couldn't pay the forty dollars monthly rent!

DESPITE denials, it was conflict between herself and Director William Wyler that sent Bette Davis home from "The Little Foxes" production for a ten-day illness. Many times on "Jezebel" and "The Letter," Wyler's sarcasm had Bette on the verge of hysterics. Remembering Wyler's final screen results were so worthy, Bette managed to control herself. The corsets and heavy velvet costumes, the "unusual" hot weather, plus the heavy dramatic role were all finally too much for Bette. When Davis gives in you just have to know that she really was taking a beating. But of course she went back to "The Little Foxes." That's the sort of good sport and great trouper she is!
The Secrets of Sanders

Continued from page 51

must follow a number of tangled wanderings that bring us out—like one of those mysterious passageways in a "Saint" thriller—in a city on the other side of the world. George was born in St. Petersburg, of English parents, and learned to speak Russian before he mastered English. Rebellion No. 1, you see, aided and abetted by a dotting Russian nurse, George shared the nursery with one brother who is making progress in pictures under the name Tom Conway.

George's father isn't a person to be dismissed lightly. He was in the rope manufacturing business and liked it very much for awhile, but there is one trouble with that sort of an industry in Russia: one never knows when the owner is going to be forced to test his product in public.

Before the revolution, George's father got on very well indeed with the monarchist regime on a musical basis. That is, Mr. Sanders had taken an intense interest in the balalaika—an instrument confined entirely to the banks of the Volga in those days. It was considered a vulgar instrument, played by peasants who were deemed to have as perverted a taste for music as an American saw fiddler. Mr. Sanders saw possibilities in the balalaika's jingling music, however, and organized an orchestra, preparing the arrangements himself. (You see, George comes honestly by his inclination to invent things.) The next thing Sanders, perch, knew, he was playing for the Emperor. Then he was decorated for merit. Then he played for the Emperor. Then he was decorated. Then he played...

"Anyway," said George, chuckling, "he was decorated so many times that he jingled when he walked!"

The balalaika orchestra became an old Russian tradition, and no one remembers nowadays that it was established by an Englishman. Ah, these English! Wherever they go they establish an old custom.

In the midst of this rope-making and balalaika-playing, the revolution broke out. George, his mother and his brother had been forwarded to England some time earlier as Mr. Sanders had heard murmurings and had seen revolutionaries keeping an eye on one of the large breweries, so he expected trouble. He, personally, escaped across the frozen sea to Finland on a horse-drawn sledge—and not a moment too soon, either. "It was nip and tuck for a bit," concluded George. "During those moments, Dad was probably sorry for the first time in his life that he made such good rope."

As for George, he demoralized Bedales (an English secondary school) and Brighton College and emerged on the world looking for trouble of the sort Dad used to have. When asked if he had been graduated from his college George said, "That, of course, is a secret," so you may draw your own conclusions about this phase of his career.

He took a job with a tobacco company because (1) the job involved travel, i.e., long hops between actual work, and (2) he was entranced by the idea of an expense account. Quicker than you could say Roll Your Own, George turned up in Denmark. The Danes, however, had well-solidified notions about smoking, so George was forwarded to South America—to Patagonia, to be exact. In case you've forgotten your geography, the dictionary describes Patagonia as follows: "A region at the southern extremity of South America; divided between Chile and the Argentine Republic; inhabited by wild tribes."

In addition to the wild tribes, there were a great many Englishmen doing their usual bit toward cultivating the land and civilizing it. However advanced these planters were, they took no chances with strangers. If a traveler arrived after dark, he entered the property at his own risk—usually fatal. George, guided along an imperceptible trail by an Indian boy, practically never reached anywhere until about 8:15 p. m. and wisely camped just outside the plantation environs. The next morning, in bright day-light, he marched up and elucidated upon the merits of the tobacco he was selling. Between commercials, he gave out with a very nice variety program, including local and distant news flashes.

"When I found a congenial chap—as I did frequently—I simply stayed with him until he kicked me out. Of course," added George, "I worked hard every day—writing long, glowing letters about the number of Patagonian contacts I was making and the reception they gave our product."

After having exhausted the hospitality of Patagonia, George proceeded to Chile.
Someone had directed him to the largest copper mine in the world, and it occurred to George that miners would offer a wide dintel for his tobacco. To say nothing of their being robust and congenial companions to whom to pass out samples while George was resting. This might have gone on for years, with the miners becoming inalienably wedded to the product George represented, except for a curious natural phenomenon. Chile is one of the trembling countries, reposing as it does on the very roof of the western cordillera which is suspected of being an earthquake factory. A fresh assortment of earthquakes was delivered every night. Not terrific jolts, you understand, but a series of rockaby motions that lasted several moments, then subsided, then rocked again. 

Every night, during this jitterbug business, George was writing a letter to headquarters; as a consequence his pen strokes proved to be somewhat erratic. Mr. Sanders, in all his innocence, mailed the squiggly reports— neat or not—but they must have set up a serious suspicion in the home office, minds, because George was recalled to England, and ... "What happened to me is a secret," said George. At any rate, he was available for other employment immediately after the conference. He tried a littlethis and that. Advertising—no go. Another tobacconist— likewise, no go. There was a depression on, and the future was as dark as a London pea-souper.

By chance, George met an uncle on the street one day who said, "You should take up singing, old boy. It seems to me you'd be quite good at entertaining people." Apparently the uncle had heard about some of George's "secret" South American accomplishments. The idea of sitting at a piano and singing to earn a living appealed to George as minimum output of energy for maximum income, so he exerted himself for six months and emerged in some of the best homes with a compelling baritone. "My voice wasn't so bad in those days, although I keep it secret now," confessed George, refusing to sound his A.

There happened to be in attendance at one of George's public appearances (Fate is so secretive about her plans), a producer who signed George instantly. Almost instantly, this Englishman born in Russia and newly come from Patagonia, emerged as the screen's foremost portrayer of brutal German officers.

When asked how it happened that he could project, to the utter conviction of an audience, the personality of an incisive, autocratic Teuton filled with world-dominating force (a role entirely foreign to Mr. Sanders' lackadaisical nature) he groaned. Playing an imaginary cello he explained, "That is one of the tricks of my trade. A trade secret, you might say."

As a matter of fact, George has received a good many letters of criticism on this score. He has been accused of being a German spy, a fifth columnist, and a Nazi fugitive. He gets a kick out of the accusations. "That sort of thing would require such a lot of effort," he says, settling deeper into a comfortable chair.

When asked if there were any particular part he was ambitious to play some day—something he had chanted across while reading, or seen on the legitimate stage—he answered with alacrity, "Yes, as a matter of fact, there is." He chewed one corner of his mouth for a moment, then laughed uproariously. "But that is a secret," he said.

This business of partially committing himself, then changing his mind is typical. The laughter, too, is typical. He booms, he roars, he squints his eyes, throws back his head and ho-hos. A laudable secret ambition would be to assemble George Sanders and Alan Hale in the same room some day and have Bob Hope tell them jokes. That would be a shout heard 'round the world.

Clandestinely, George is working on something spectacular in the ski line. The skis he has in mind, and on paper but not perfected in the workshop yet, are constructed according to a new theory. George's innovation may change skiing as much as the outboard motor changed canoeing, but when pressed for details, George looked pleasant, but mum. "It's all a secret yet. I'll tell you about it later—when I've proved my theory," was the not unexpected Sanders' retort.

In addition to secrets and rest, George likes riddles with a slightly intellectual turn. He asked, "How should you punctuate this sentence: Moses was the son of Pharaoh's daughter therefore Moses was the daughter of Pharaoh's son?" Answer: place a semi-colon in front of "therefore" and place hyphens between "daughter-of-Pharaoh's." Get it?

When you've recovered from that one, try this: How do you punctuate: "There goes a beautiful girl." Answer: (Don't say we didn't warn you) Make a dash after the beautiful girl.

Which is one thing you can't imagine George doing in his most ambitious moment because there are always quite a few beautiful girls lurking in the immediate vicinity and hoping to be noticed by one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors. Whatever it is that gets 'em—George has it. And that's no secret.
Judy Canova's Advice to Homely (?) Girls

Continued from page 33

Maybe there is a certain something in the voice that is intriguing. Or else her demeanor is distinctive and charming. Or perhaps she wears her clothes well, or converses interestingly and intelligently. So I say—look for the one thing about you that is attractive and bring it to the front.

That doesn't mean to talk like a drunken canary if you are a good conversationalist, for instance. Nothing is moredeadening than idle chatter. Talk when you have something to say and when you haven't, just listen. And if your voice has a nice quality, I don't mean that you should become vocal-conscious and roll your R's. You'd become a stereotype then. I simply mean that you should use your one good quality with discretion and without obvious emphasis. Then you are capitalizing and not existing solely on that one prominent characteristic.

If you need a good example of the sense of this advice, take Mrs. Roosevelt. In her look she openly stated that she was shy and self-conscious because of her looks. She also knew that her voice wasn't especially melodic. But there was a great charm about her and a capacity for action. Few people think of her now as unattractive. To most, she is an outstanding example of a woman who has made her life mean something because of her one outstanding characteristic—her interest in humanity and her completely democratic viewpoint.

In final analysis, then, personality is nothing but an unconscious projection of a person's real self, and regardless of looks, the finer points will emerge. A girl must be human and kind above all else, however, for without these qualities everything else is of no importance.

When an unattractive girl is stressing her personality, she must be careful not to become one of the Personality Plus types. Usually, at least it has been my experience, such a person is only stressing a veneer, and it isn't long before that veneer wears on you and becomes obvious. Again—use discretion.

There are undoubtedly many unattractive girls who are married and faced with the problem of holding their husband whose attention is momentarily disturbed by some glamorous girl who has declared that his love can be retained, how their home can be saved. Perhaps they have always wondered how long they could keep their happiness, and what their husbands became tired of their personality. They live with a fear hanging over their heads and hearts. This results in stifling their natural talents. I have seen this very thing happen several times. I had a friend who came to me recently and said, "Judy, what am I to do? My husband doesn't care for me any more. He has even said that I've never been beautiful."

Naturaly, this hurts any girl who has the misfortune to be continually conscious of her lack of beauty, but her problem is no different from that of the beautiful woman who is faced with the same thing. Men are changeable creatures. They seem to need constant diversion. It's up to the woman, then, to see that that diversion doesn't go too far.

In the case of an unattractive girl, my advice is to take a good look at yourself. Maybe marriage has made her careless of her appearance. Maybe she has thought it unnecessary to pay any attention to her beauty once admired. Or maybe she has projected it too much. She should be able to find where she is wrong. The one thing she must never do is to tell her husband to put his hand on her shoulder and tell him that she knows she has never been beautiful. She must never become overpoweringly affectionate. This is the only way to secure one's own sanity. If the man must have his fling, let him have it. If there's any real love in the home, he'll come back and be even more in love with the girl who does what she can to divert him, then the girl is better off.

But why should unattractive girls feel that such a possible break-up of the home is the inevitable fate in store for her? Why doesn't she look at the really beautiful women who find their husbands attracted by unattractive women? That one thing should convince them that it is not the case. If there's any real love in the home. Men get just as tired of looking at a waxen doll as they do at a girl whose nose is off the bias or whose mouth resembles the Grand Canyon. After you've found out that the "unattractive" girls hold on to their husbands much longer than the glamorous girls do. For one thing, they don't have to spend so much time worrying about facial rejuvenation. They can devote their time to maintaining a real home, and that is the first requisite of any man. Take a look at your neighbors and see which wives make the happiest homes. I think you'll find that I'm right when you see for yourself.

No, your husband isn't leaving you because you aren't a Hedy Lamarr. He's tired of you because of a change within you. He found you attractive once, so you have done something to make him regard you as unattractive. That's the peculiar contradiction of unattractive girls' marriages.

Naturally, every plain girl isn't thinking solely of marriage. She may be the other type who doesn't think anything of the utmost importance. But she takes a good look at herself and says, "Now how can I get any popularity?"

Certainly beauty is important in some fields in both the theater and in the movies. But it isn't the only requisite. Talent and determination are also necessary. My brother and sister and I made up our minds to get some place in the entertainment world in spite of our rather unassuming appearances. But to get on top, we knew we had to capitalize on the fact that we weren't the answer to every maiden's and Romeo's dream.

We started out by singing hillbilly songs because we felt that such an act was the best way we could introduce ourselves. We got our first job singing "corn." When we went to a different theater singing "corn" and screwing our faces up to make us look really unattractive. And ever since I have worked in pictures, I have stressed my particular publicities. In short, I have been very attractive to the character like that.

No matter what you may read to the contrary, Hollywood isn't all glamour. There are a lot of unattractive people who have hit the top and who are still lending valuable support for the boys and girls with comph.

If you aren't terribly good-looking, there's no reason to worry. If you think you have talent for acting, whether it's comedy, drama, or singing, pick out your one feature and capitalize on it. In a career, then, the same rule applies to romance and happiness. If your face is plain enough to be used for laughs, then by all means use it. The more outspoken you are, the more likely you are to be the funniest looking people have been our finest comedians and often our finest actors. If you have a voice that is adaptable to an individual type of singing, concentrate on the voice and the public will forget everything else about you.

But, above all, if you're career-minded, don't worry about your looks. If you are not attractive enough to click. Take every break, good or bad, and keep plugging away. You may have a harder time getting a chance than a platinum blonde with a Venus figure, but the chances are ten to one that you'll last a lot longer once you get your break. And don't forget that every glamorous figure in the entertainment world today had a pretty hard time getting her first break too.

After you have made your first impression, don't think that you can afford to change. If you've been a Hedy Lamarr and have tried to become glamorous when glamour was as phoney with them as it would be for me to play a love scene with Tyrone Power, you could capitalize on her weak points any more than an attractive character can try to make herself look funny by turning into a facial contortionist.

Here I've been talking about unattractive people, and yet I have never seen what you might call a really unattractive person! After I have known anyone who on the surface, looked very plain, I have found qualities that I have admired. From them I have learned. I, too, were not in the least unattractive. And on the other hand, I have not met some very beautiful girls, and after I have known them for a while I have considered them, because of certain characteristics, the most unattractive persons I have ever known.

So—for my last advice—remember the old saying if you wish comfort: "Beauty is only skin deep, but in a girl just as far as beauty without.
EVERYWHERE SHE GOES ADMIRING EYES OPEN WIDE AT HER SLIM, YOUNG BEAUTY... HER GLAMOROUS COMPLEXION!

Golden Girl of the Golden West

Give YOUR skin HER Glamour Care

Swing into the glamour routine lovely Geraldine Spreckels adores! Whisk through this brisk little Pond's Beauty Ritual every night—and for daytime pick-me-ups. Help make your skin look fresh and sweet as a rain-washed rosebud!

Slather Pond's Cold Cream all over your face. Pat it in for all you're worth! Wipe off with Pond's Tissues. Then "rinse" with more Cold Cream, to soften again, and slick off every trace of dirt and old make-up. Happy note! Little "dry" lines show less—pores seem smaller!

A good big splash next, of Pond's cooling, astringent Freshener.

Lovely clean!

Extra special now—the 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream all over your clean, glowing face. Wipe off after one full minute. A smooth, smooth performance! The mask zips off little roughnesses—gives your skin a caressably soft feel—a lovely mat finish! Now—a fluff of your powder puff! You're glamorous as a dream girl!

Glamorizing 1-Minute Mask

She's infatuated with life, and infinitely lovely—this madcap California heiress, Geraldine Spreckels. Red-gold hair and gold-flecked eyes are precious accents to her soft, luminous, exquisite skin.

The care of her lovely, clear complexion is not left to chance. She follows the simple Pond's Beauty Ritual every day.

CLIP this Beauty Coupon for your Pond's Ritual Kit

POND's Dept. 78—CVII, Clinton, Conn.

I'm keen to start Geraldine Spreckels' glamour care. Please send right off Pond's Beauty Ritual Kit containing Pond's especially soft Cold Cream, Skin Freshener, Tissues and Vanishing Cream for the glamourizing 1-Minute Mask. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________________________

(Offer good in U.S. only)
WELL, my friends and fellow members of SCREENLAND’s “guess the ending club,” have you figured it out yet and decided who was the lucky boy who held Janie in the last clinch?

Was Dick your guess, wealthy, glamorous Dick with all his father’s millions and that cute trick of a mustache besides?

Was it Tom, good old plodding, go-getter Tom whom a girl could depend on even if he wasn’t as exciting as the men Janie thrilled to in the movies?

Was it gay, devil-may-care Harry who didn’t believe in ambition because he believed so much in fun instead, Harry who would probably never have anything in his pocket except a couple of overdue bills to rub against each other but who would always have a laugh ready when a girl needed it most?

Or was it the butler, the way it sometimes is in mystery yarns?

Anyway, here’s the last clue, positively the last one. It turned out to be a happy ending for every last Tom, Dick and Harry and Janie. And this is how it happened:

Remember how we left Janie just starting to walk down the stairs still undecided which one of those three men she was going to tie her heart to? The tantalizing smells of Mom’s good breakfast drifted up to her as she walked slowly down with her knees shaking and her smile trembling. But for once Janie wasn’t interested in coffee or sausages or griddle cakes. She had to decide her whole future then and there.

Then suddenly she knew as she saw them all lined up waiting for her at the bottom of the stairs.

“Tom,” she said quickly, before she’d have a chance to change her mind again.

“You’re a wonderful fella and any girl would be lucky to get you. But we’re not right for each other. You ought to marry the boss’ daughter.” But she couldn’t bear to look at his charmed face and so she turned to Harry. “You’re one of the most interesting fellows I ever met, Harry, and one of the nicest, too. But you’re crazy. So,” she held out her hand to him and tried not to notice how warm and cozy his felt closing around hers like that, “awfully glad to have met you.”

Then she turned to Dick but she found she couldn’t look at him either, with her heart pounding like that.

“We don’t move in the same circles, Dick,” she said hesitantly. “But you’re what I’ve been dreaming about all my life and if you still want me I’ll be awfully glad to be Mrs. Richard Hamilton, Jr.”

She was in Dick’s arms then and Pop and Mom and her little sister Babs were running around in circles they were so excited and then Dick decided they were going to get married right away and so Babs went dashing upstairs for Janie’s coat and Mom got out her best handkerchief which she’d luckily ironed the day before, because happy brides have to have something to cry into.

But it was funny the way Janie felt as if she wasn’t really feeling anything at all and for a girl who loved to dream things the way she did and made exciting happenings it certainly was queer that she couldn’t work up more emotion about her wedding day, especially when it was turned out the way she had pictured it in the wildest of her fantasies and she was marrying not only a millionaire but a handsome one at that.

They all went out to Dick’s car with them, the miles long, foreign, special body car with the double talk name and then Janie kissed Mom and Pop and Babs good-bye and shook hands with Tom who was congratulating them and wishing them happiness. It was Harry’s turn then. Harry who wasn’t laughing for probably the first time in his life.

“Congratulations, fella,” he said to Dick.

“I think she’s making a big mistake.” Then he turned to Janie. Bye, Janie,” he said.

It was really outrageous then the way he suddenly turned to her and pulled her in his arms and when his lips closed on hers the strongest thing happened just the way the mechanical gypsy fortune teller had predicted it would when she kissed the man she loved, the way it had been when Harry had kissed her for the first time that night he had brought her home after that outrageously hilarious evening with him. For bells began to ring, sounding as if they were chattering up there in the sky. Of course she had to make sure she wasn’t just hearing things so she had to kiss Harry again, a longer kiss this time and now the bells clanged in a contagion of ecstasy.

Still maybe it wasn’t fair, taking the bells on snap judgment like that. Maybe it was just a good day for bells. Janie had to be cautious about it and so she turned to Dick and kissed him but there wasn’t a single bell. Then just as an insurance, an extra precaution that she wasn’t making a
SCREEN STARS KNOW A THING OR TWO!
Lux Soap makes a wonderful beauty bath—leaves skin sweet

Lux Soap makes me sure of daintiness, and every girl knows that's important!

They're Thrilled with Hollywood's Beauty Bath!

"Such a delightful way to make sure of daintiness!" screen stars say. And women everywhere agree. Lux Toilet Soap's creamy lather caresses the skin so gently, carries away perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt—leaves skin really smooth—sweet.

You want the charm of skin that's sweet, appealing! Take Hollywood's tip! Use this gentle white soap for a luxurious daily beauty bath. You'll love the rich, creamy lather. You'll love the delicate, clinging fragrance Lux Toilet Soap leaves on your skin!

No smart girl neglects daintiness. A daily Lux Soap beauty bath makes you sure!

Dorothy Lamour
Star of Paramount's "Aloma of the South Seas"

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
"Is There Really SWIM-PROOF, RUN-PROOF, SMEAR-PROOF Make-Up?"

"My Dear, that Tangee Natural just stays on like mad! You can swim all day and it lasts and lasts. Besides Tangee Natural gives the lady a new slant on you. All Winter you've been a glamour girl... overnight Tangee Natur-

mistake she kissed Harry again and bong, there was that beautiful bell again.

"Goodbye, Flick," she said then. "I'll write you a letter."

And then there was her hand hugged tight in Harry's as they made a dash for his ramshackle old motorcycle, and there was Janie who could have been riding off in that magnificent car sitting on the seat behind Harry, her arms holding on to him and the bells ringing again as her lips pressed recklessly against his hair.

So it did end happily for all of them for even then Tom knew that thinking about Janie had really been a distraction and now that he couldn't think about her any-

many receptions and banquets (that's pres-

thing Tom loved best in the world.

Dick was a bit taken aback of course but at the same time he felt that in some miraculous way he had escaped something. For Dick was a playboy at heart and there were so many beautiful girls in the world to play with but how could he get around to all of them if he married Janie.

Claudette Colbert Selects Her Contest Winner! Continued from page 27

"Another Thing, Tangee Natural Lipstick and the matching Creme Rouge refuse to melt and run when it's so hot you literally feel like expiring. You come in off the course, peek in the mirror, and there you are... beautiful. Your make-up is perfect... and so natural looking."

"Remember how perspiration used to smear your make-up? Well, not anymore! Tangee Natural Lipstick and that wonderful Creme Rouge have the Indian sign on that too—and both have the famous 'Tangee color change principle.'

TANGEE Natural "WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT The George W. Loof Co., Dist., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City. Please rush "Marvel Make-

Here's a peek at only two of the princi-

S R E E N L A N D
Watch your Step

Arthur Murray's famous dancing teachers never miss a beat—in rhythm or in daintiness! Their living depends on perfection—that's why they love Odorono Cream. They can depend on it to guard against underarm odor and dampness. They smooth it on while dressing—remain flower-fresh till the studio closes at night.

Your day may not be so strenuous—but you'll value Odorono Cream just as highly. It checks perspiration safely 1 to 3 days. Non-gritty, smooth as satin . . . non-greasy, harmless to fabrics. And—blessed thought!—it's non-irritating, can be used right after shaving! Try it and you'll agree with Arthur Murray girls on its superiority. Generous 10¢, 35¢ and 50¢ sizes at your favorite cosmetic counter.

The Odorono Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

Oodorono Cream gives you 50% to 100% more for your money

ALSO LIQUID ODORONO—REGULAR AND INSTANT

Jean Seaton of Arthur Murray's Fifth Avenue Studio, exquisite, fairy-like in her dancing, is the personification of daintiness.

Kaye Hanlon faces grilling Kansas City heat with serene confidence in her daintiness.

Moya Tegue, English-born charmer, keeps that hand-box freshness lesson after lesson.

Jean Seaton

Kaye Hanlon

Moya Tegue

Odorono Cream gives you 50% to 100% MORE FOR YOUR MONEY

Other Creams

S C R E E N L A N D
Yours for Loveliness

Fresh fields of clover, a rose tint to your skin and cooling, refreshing thoughts for you all over!

ONE way to mitigate the discomfort of deep Summer weather is to groom yourself with after-bath luxuries—luxuries to the senses but not to the senses. I have just loved my arm to take my toilette by Elmo, cooling as an icicle, sweet as an old romance. It truly has a lovely scent, with overtones, and depths that give it an almost perfume value. And it has equally fragrant companions in dusting powder, a very new tale, and sachet. The quartet will make you feel immaculately fresh, cool, sweet.

1. Above, is a new foursome by Irresistible in Pink Rose, practically guaranteed to make you look irresistible. By all means look at this new tone, for it is flattering and beautiful. Be sure to try the powder foundation. It will do much aside from holding make-up for hours; it will help conceal minor blemishes, make little lines less noticeable, accent skin tone and smooth the general appearance. A good foundation is one secret of a good make-up. Irresistible gives you, also, powder, a divine lipstick and rouge.

2. If "Summer hair"—luky, lustless or straw-dry—is your problem, the Golden Glint products to your rescue! There is Golden Glint Shampoo soap, made with gentle oils for a creamy lather even in hard water. Vacationists, please note. And Golden Glint rinses, in six shades, with an ingredient called radien, which does important things for you; among them are rinsing away every bit of soap-film; leaving your hair soft, silky, easy to arrange; bringing out a lovely brightness and an invisible sparkle and youthful looking gloss.

3. For the girls with the pompadours, rolls and curls, so beautiful when freshly done, so hopeless when they begin to slip and slide, here’s big news! The new Grip-Tuth hair retainers actually hold your hair in place. Not combs, but real retainers, gripping gently but surely, because of the special design of the split tooth. The larger is wonderful for pompadours; the smaller a real side job, but you need all three. In tones of shell, amber, pearl or crystal, they are a coiffure accent as well as an aid. Coiffure savers!

4. We know that many a compliment goes to the Tangee beauty accented face. For the entire Tangee ensemble, recently re-packaged, is coordinated to blend into a harmony of tone on your face, changing to your individual beauty of tone. And it is fascinating to watch this almost chameleon quality. The very blonde and the grey-haired are particularly enhanced by this type of make-up, for they need subtle tones for their fragile beauty. To these, especially, do the Tangee lipstick and creme or dry rouge give a rare rose-blush radiance.

5. You often pay for your play in Summer if you disregard the sun. Then Tropical Sunburn Spray for you on such occasions. This is a fresh-smelling lotion with its own spray, so hands need not touch sensitive skin. Just spray it on; even the impatient won’t mind. This cooling spray will soothe sunburn, superficial burns or scalds, chapped skin and venemous insect bites. A good preparation to keep at hand, and a "must" for that vacation bag. It is easy to carry and will save many an hour of needless discomfort for outdoor and sun lovers.

6. If you have ever smelled a field of clover at the twilight of a warm Summer’s day, then you will have some idea of the sweetness captured in the vital within our home pot. It’s Hatnut’s Yanky Clover perfume. It is touchingly lovely, the cool freshness of open clover fields, plus a dash of that takes for male admiration. The container makes it a precious bridge price, small gift, or, better gift for your girl, it is very reasonably priced. And the matching toilet water, with or without atomizer, also puts you in clover. C.M.

Beauty Sermon on the Sun

Continued from page 55
Tyrone Power's New "Blitz-Kiss" Technique!

Continued from page 23

it. And when he tangoes with siren Rita Hayworth, and gives her that look, why I’m telling you—he simply sizzles. Except for the weather, Ty Power is the hottest thing in Hollywood.

But something’s wrong somewhere. This isn’t as it should be, Tyrone Power is a married man. Last April he celebrated his second wedding anniversary, the cotton one. (Annabella was deluged with cotton stockings.) And there’s an unwritten law, or a general understanding, or something, in Hollywood that a handsome young romantic actor loses his romantic appeal to his fans when he takes on a “little woman.” It’s all right for tough guys like Jimmy Cagney, Pat O’Brien, and Humphrey Bogart to acquire brides, but for the dreamy boys with the melting eyes—no. This is a hangover from the old days when the matinee idol was in vogue. The ladies used to jam the theaters on Wednesday afternoon and moon and sigh and pretend that they were in the manly arms of their hero. The press agents glamorized everything about the matinee idol, except his wife and children, who were shoved as far in the background as possible. “Women just don’t like to imagine themselves making love with a guy who has a wife and kids,” the press agents said. “Women are funny that way.”

Right or wrong, producers still firmly believe that “women are funny that way.” They do not think that fans go in to the movies for mental enjoyment. (Do you?) They’re in the business for the money, as who isn’t, and their best investment is a dreamy-eyed romantic young actor with plenty of sex appeal—and no wife. You can’t blame them for doing all they can to protect their investment.

People who think that producers are all wet argue that marriage did not harm the career of Robert Taylor (the producers would gladly have booted Barbara Stanwyck in oil for marrying their pet glamour boy) nor that of Clark Gable (when Carole married Box Office Number One she got plenty of dirty looks from the front office.) But the answer to that argument is that both Carole and Barbara were important stars, glamour girls themselves, so that took the curse off their marriages.

Most of Hollywood shares this belief of the producers. Many a young actor has done a fancy bit of side-stepping to avoid the altar, many a girl has had her heart broken because her boy friend chose career in favor of marriage, on the advice of his bosses. The general feeling regarding the marriage of a popular star was rather aptly expressed by Linda Darnell the other day. I teasingly asked her if she planned to marry Mickey Rooney. “Oh, Mickey can’t marry,” she said, “It would ruin his career. Imagine Andy Hardy married! Can marry all right, it wouldn’t hurt my career, but Mickey can’t.” Yes, it’s generally accepted that marriage blights your career—if you’re a young and attractive leading man. How then can Tyrone Power continue to be so romantically exciting to his feminine public after two years of marriage? And not only to his fans, but to the leading women who know him best, who know him at his worst, his leading ladies, his co-stars? According to the rules Ty should be a nice young actor now—like Don Ameche and Fred MacMurray with no more oomph than a dead pigeon. And here he is the hottest thing in town!

JOAN BLONDELL
Star of Columbia Pictures

says “One of the BIG little things movie life teaches you is to keep your teeth spic and span . . . yes, I’m another Calox user!”

NO ART CRITIC NEEDED to point out how Joan’s flashing smile perks up her pretty face. She’s lucky to have good teeth, but her “beauty polish” anyone can use . . . it’s Calox Tooth Powder, famous for its 3-way cleansing.

STARS ARE ONLY HUMAN . . . they like to use things they like, just as the rest of us do. The pleasant, refreshing flavor of Calox makes it a joy to use, keeps your daily brushings from being just a tedious chore. You’ll like Calox!

CALOX HELPS TEETH SHINE LIKE THE STARS’

BY BRINGING OUT NATURAL LUSTRE

1. CALOX CONTAINS 5 CLEANSING AND POLISHING AGENTS. A real beauty tooth powder, promotes a brilliant gloss!

2. EXTRA SOFT AND SMOOTH because it’s doublesifted through 100 mesh silk screens.

3. FRESH-TASTING—no strong medical taste. Your whole family will like its clean, tangy flavor. Children love it.

MCKEsson & ROBBINS, INC., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
Just to be sure I was right about this I checked with the fan mail department at the Twentieth Century studio and learned from genial Bill Gallagher that Ty's fan mail has actually increased since his marriage (oh boy, just wait until "Blood and Sand" is generally released, and watch it then!) and that a great part of it lately has come from women, from fourteen to forty, who are apologizing for having written him bitter letters after his marriage to Annabella. Seems that quite a few of his fans took his marriage pretty hard—but during this past year they have all been coming back, with apologies.

In 1938, before he married, Ty was tenth on the Motion Picture Herald's popularity-at-the-box-office list. In 1940, after he married, he was fifth. This year, it's rumored, he will ease Maurice Rooney right out of that enviable Number One position.

Strangely enough, men who usually can't bear the stars who offer them competition (and get their revenge by calling them "pretty boy" and "silly jerk") like Tyrone Power. Why? I asked several guys I know who gather at the stands on Sunday morning. "He's no staisy," said one, "he's got something on the ball." Said the other, "Well, most of those celluloid cuties are just plain ham. But Power's whammy, without being hammy, if you know what I mean."

When Ty Power married in April, 1939, the producers' groans could be heard from here to the Stork Club. They had to be revived with smelling salts and double brandies. "Well," Hollywood said around the oyster bar at the old Trocadero, "there's another promising career shot to hell. The girls won't go for him if he's married. Look what happened to ——-!"

Ty has defied all the accepted conventions. He didn't do any of the things that young actors do who get married against their studio's wishes. He did not hide the "little woman" in the background. He took her every place, proud as a peacock. When the photographers gathered around them at night clubs and previews with their cuddid cameras, Ty didn't snarl and order them away. (It had been done.) Unlike the Gables and the Taylors he had the lens boys come right into his new home (none of that "my home is private" bunk) and take pictures for the newspapers and magazines of the Powders romping all over the place. The studio didn't approve. But that didn't stop Ty. He loved Annabella, and he wanted everybody else to love her. He freely gave interviews about Annabella, and encouraged Annabella to give them about him. Very unlike the Gables and the Taylors, who still refuse to talk about each other. The studio publicity departments did not "arrange" these interviews for Ty and Annabella—Ty arranged them himself. He was very pleased to be married to Annabella—and nuts to studio policies.

Though it looked on in disapproving silence when Ty first married, Twentieth Century-Fox gradually learned that marriage wasn't hurting their romantic young leading man at all. They think it is perfectly all right now for Ty and Annabella to discuss their marriage, in fact they're rather delighted about it. And several months ago some beautiful kodachromes taken of Ty and Annabella shortly after their marriage, and then suppressed, were pulled out of a drawer and released to the magazines—with the blessings of Twentieth Century-Fox.

"Well, if by some bit of luck his marriage doesn't hurt his career," the sour-faced said, "his pictures certainly will. He goes right from one to another. The public will get awfully tired of seeing him."

But on the contrary. Ty Power has been in pictures for five years, and has made the startling number of twenty pictures. But he's more popular today than ever. Yes, he's defied every accepted convention in Hollywood—and he's still the most romantically exciting guy on the screen.

Why?

The answer, I decided, might be found by questioning the stars he has worked with. If the glamour girls who work with him week in and week out, under the most nerve-wracking and provoking conditions, still think he has romantic appeal, after marriage, then he really must have it, but good. At the hairdresser's I saw Dottie Lamour getting herself all prettied up to attend a Variety Convention at Atlantic City. "Tyrone?" she shrieked under the dryer. "Why, he has the most wonderful disposition in the world. I felt so fortunate to be able to appear with him in 'Johnny Apollo' [one of Dottie's best performances, by the way!] for he has a knack for getting everyone around him in a good mood. So often on the set there will be some one who causes friction—and you know who I mean—but with Ty around harmony always prevails. He has the most charming personality, and—well, I wish I had met him before he met Annabella! But mind you, I like Annabella. I think she's swell."

On the Twentieth Century-Fox lot I ran into Rita Hayworth who plays the "heavy" in "Blood and Sand," and does a little burning of the celluloid herself. Rita had nothing but raves for Mr. Power. "It is amazing how competent he is. You always think of Ty as a very young man and want to make allowances for his acting, but when you see him work out a role you realize that he has deep understanding. He is one of the most polite curious men I have ever met. As you know, I am rather shy, but he kept talking to me and suddenly I found myself confiding in him and telling him all my problems. He was very helpful about solving some of them. He seemed very pleased when Annabella came on the set. I met her for the first time and found her very fascinating. His pride in her is one of the nicest things I've seen in the film business. I didn't know him before he married, but he certainly has plenty of romantic appeal now . . ." and Rita sighed, just as you and I sigh when we think of Ty Power. But don't tell Eddie Judson, Rita's husband. No wonder he spent so much time on the set of "Blood and Sand."

I found cute Miss Betty Grable tearing a steak and potatoes in a corner of the commissary. Since going with George Raft Betty passes up salads in favor of steaks. Before I could say anything she said, "I've bought another boxing team. Tyrone sold it to me. (The money goes to British War Relief.) I've got more bowling teams now than I know what to do with, but when Ty come to me—well, you just can't resist Tyrone."

Betty is in his new picture, "A Yank in the R.A.F.," and thinks it's the best thing that has happened to her in Hollywood. "Just imagine!" she said dreamily, "playing in a picture with Tyrone Power."

The best authority on Tyrone Power among the stars is little Linda Darnell, who has played in four pictures with him. "I first met him," said Linda in her dressing room, "at the broadcasting station

"Blood and Sand" has given Ty Power a new romantic lease on the screen. Is it marriage that has given him a "new depth?" Anyway, here he is with his lovely Annabella.
where he was appearing on the Wagners program. It was on my first disastrous trip to Hollywood, when I was fourteen. The publicity people took us there to have our pictures taken with Tyrone. Two days later they told me I was no good and sent me back to Dallas. The most wonderful thing I remembered about Hollywood was Tyrone. I had a school girl crush, all right."

Linda played opposite Tyrone in "Daytime Wife" and readily admits that she fell in love with him. She was fifteen, and it was all very wonderful, except that Tyrone spent the time on the set they weren't working in kidding her, instead of making love to her.

"He's the one," I used to sigh," said Linda with a shy laugh. "I was very upset when I heard he was going to do a picture with Loretta Young. She's so pretty, I thought, and has such a charming manner, she'll grab Tyrone up before I have a chance. I hadn't planned on Annabella!"

The picture Linda referred to was "Suez" in which Loretta Young played the Empress Eugenie with many ruffles and plumes. Also in the picture in the rôle of a gamín with pants rolled to her knees was Annabella. She didn't have any ruffles or plumes, and Linda, watching the sets every day, simply didn't consider her any competition at all. "It was Loretta I worried about," she said.

"He became more romantic to me after he married," she continued later. "Yes, I think he gained in romantic appeal when he married Annabella. Before his marriage he was very brittle and brash. He was very dashing and had great charm. But he was so restless! Since his marriage he has become more the serious type. Now he has great depth, which he never had before. This depth has made his romantic appeal even greater than it was before. He still has all his charm, and he's just as much fun as ever, but he has lost his brittleness. Before he was married he was always flying off at tangents, but now he has his feet firmly on the ground. When I made 'Daytime Wife' with him he was very gay one minute, and very moody the next minute. But now he seems to know what he wants."

In 'Blood and Sand' he plays a man who has really lived, and he plays scenes with great understanding and depth. I'm sure he couldn't have played them two years ago."

Linda isn't the only one of us girls who "hadn't planned on Annabella." But we've all got to admit that she has given him this depth, this seriousness, that is making him far more romantically exciting than he ever was before.

So, more power to Power!

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**BETWEEN CAMERA CLICKS...**

**CLICKS WITH THE MOVIE STARS!**

And when it's time for a good, big drink... Pepsi-Cola clicks with millions all over America. For finer flavor and better taste... enjoy a frosty Pepsi-Cola. 12 full ounces in every bottle... plenty to chase the biggest thirst. And all for one nickel. Down a Pepsi-Cola today.

Rosemary Lane and Richard Lane, featured in "Time Out For Rhythm" A Columbia Picture.
movie stars, playing together, do not often fall in love—with one another. That would be comforting if it were true. But it is not very true. I know it is not, because I can always look back to where our romance started, Ty's and mine—on the set of 'Suez.' If it were not for 'Suez,' we might not ever have been The Power sisters! And there are many others who fell in love when they worked together, Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier, Lana Turner and Tony Martin, so many. It is natural to be jealous, said Anna, "and because you are jealous it does not mean you have no confidence in your husband. It just means that you are a woman who is in love."

"There is another thing to cause jealousy, too. Perhaps this is the biggest cause of all: Actors in a picture share the same hope. They hope the scene will be good, they hope the picture will be good, they hope they will be good— together. They have, often, a million dollar common interest. They have, often, their futures at stake. It is a bond. And bonds are—dangerous."

So, I found, even the girls who themselves are, or have been, screen stars are not immune to the green-tipped harbor. Joan Fontaine Alterae told me, "When I think of Brian making love to a girl on the screen, I try to be mental about it, but she said, clapping her hands over her mid-riff, "Here is where I feel it! I'm afraid I feel elemental about it!"

Quite a few of the non-pro wives, I found, complained that once the other actress and her husband had been found, stay away from their husbands' studios on the premise that what you don't see can't hurt you! My beauty operator, who knows All, tells me that the non-professional wives of the stars spend more time in beauty parlor than do the stars themselves. They are the ones who have facial two and three times a week, try new hair-dos and new hair-dyes, are exacting, finicky and difficult to please in the effort, both obvious and a little pathetic, to make themselves as alluring, seductive, and various as their husbands' "studio" wives. One non-professional wife told me the operator that she HAD to have "a new personality every month"—the only way, she said, that she could hope to compete with her glamorous competitors and be by "a new and different personality myself, as often as possible."

Many of the Hollywood wives try to have careers of their own or keep on having careers after they are married (and would be well content to stay at home) because they are afraid their husbands would find them dull and unexciting after being "exposed" to the decidedly undomestic screen glamour girls. If they can't work in pictures, on the stage or in radio, they will buy jewelry, dress, decorating shops or hat shops in an attempt to have interests of their own, in the hope that they will not be thought of as just another one of them, and this is completely pathetic, talk a great deal about Improving Their Minds, bustle about Taking Courses, reading The Book of the Month Club, trying to develop and defeat the Lamour sarongs, Dietrich legs, Turner curves, Lamarr Lamarque.

Not all of them admit to being jealous, of course, and, when there are any jealousy at all, those who are NOT jealous, Clark Gable once told me that he thinks it is up to the man, whether a woman is jealous or not. "There is something in a man's eye," Clark said, "which gives a woman reason to know she is safe or reason to suspect almost anything."

Mrs. Dennis Morgan told me, "I really am not jealous. Honestly, that is the truth. I'll admit I don't see how or why I keep from being jealous is that I feel so strong a bond between us, that I have, from the very beginning, the feeling that we would not be happy unless we were together."

It is just that I have outgrown it, along with other adolescent habits of mind. Not only am I not jealous but it is the truth that I am very thrilled when I see Dennis in love scenes. Maybe I'm not jealous of him then, because—he always eighteen love scenes with me, So, when I watch him making love to Ginger Rogers, Merle Oberon, Priscilla Lane and the others, I'm never surprised, I always know what he is going to do next, I am well aware of the 'technique' he is using—you, see, if you have the sure conviction that a man is sharing everything with you, there's—well, there's nothing left to be jealous of in fact."

On the other hand, there is young Mrs. John Hubbard who has been called upon to witness her handsome John in scenes, extremely difficult with the day, the devastating looks of Carole Landis, etc., and who said, "Jealous? I certainly AM! And I have been for ten years. We've been married only three but our romance dates back to school days. We were seventeen, attending a New Year's Eve Party, when I first got the urge to pull a woman's hair. She commenced flirting with John, this girl, the moment we entered the room. Of course, he was delighted. You know how men and small boys are, they love flirtation. That's one of our worst dangers, because they do love the men do love flirtation and, when they are in the movies, are flattered so sickeningly and by such experts! Being males, they can't always take it in stride, let alone face it! Anyway, that New Year's Eve, there was John eating it up, the brat! I had to fight the situation out by myself and if John had been with me, he might have been—well, I suppose a little helped. Here is what happened. There was a hunch was to get my hat and go home. But that was giving up too easily. It became a contest between this other girl and myself to see who could hold John's interest the longest. We did everything but turn cartwheels. Finally, I tried to take to me from her by telling a funny story. I'd just heared. By that time, I was so nervous and unhappy, I got all balled up and couldn't remember the point when I got to it. I blushed up to my hairline and tears came into my eyes. And—that was when, inadvertently, as I say, I stumbled on the card that turned the trick! Because John was so upset that I spent the rest of the evening telling me that even if I was a flop as a raconteur, I was his favorite girl!"

The wind and the sun and the sky and Kay Leslie makes a picture no artist can paint. Kay and Nature blend magnificently.
New Yorkers opened their great big arms and hearts to give Dennis Morgan an overwhelming welcome. Dennis "waved" the customers at the Strand Theater where he made personal appearances simultaneously with the showing of "Af
fectionately Yours," in which he is co-starred. The Morgans as they stepped from the eastbound train.

Don is not working, when he is at home, he's just Don, my husband and the boys' Dad. I certainly have neither cause nor occasion to be jealous of him then. When he is working, he is, to me as to others, the Movie Star and I am one of his fans, one of his audience myself. I certainly have neither cause, right nor occasion to be jealous of him then, when I am just one

WHAT RUINS MOVIE STARS' CAREERS!

FACTS about Hollywood and its all-too-human stars are fascinating! Why not read the truth? You get it in SCREEN GUIDE. And this month Screen Guide exposes the most tabu subject of all—the insidious forces which ruin stars' careers. See the photos and facts in Screen Guide, the independent PICTURE magazine of motion pictures which tells the whole truth without fear or favor.

Other Scoops in August Screen Guide:

George Raft: Always romancing, he dodges love-for-keeps!
Greer Garson: Fools called her "too tame for Hollywood"!
Bing Crosby: How his life affected his kid brother, Bob.
Priscilla Lane: How to be a star without living like one!
Hedda Hopper: Hollywood Cafe Society, reported by an "insider!"
Deanna Durbin: Only natural-color pictures published anywhere of Deanna's wedding, her groom, her bridesmaids!

ALSO IN FULL, LIFE-LIKE COLOR: Portraits-to-save of Mary Martin, Ann Rutherford, Claudette Colbert!
PLUS pages of hot gossip, beauty hints, movie reviews, fashions!

SCREEN GUIDE AUGUST ISSUE
Now on Sale at ALL NEWSSTANDS

Screenland 71
of his fans—and there it is!"

"Mrs. Ray Millard laughed off the question—she said, "I have always believed that practice makes perfect. That goes for making love as well as for other arts and crafts! If Ray practices making love with Claudette, Ellen Drew, Barbara, Anna Neagle—well, after all, who is it he comes home to? If you follow me?"

But, if the rubies of jealousy do attack a non-pro wife as, however irrationally, they have been known to do, now and then, again, Mrs. Ray offers another Remedy. A spot of analyzing helps, she said. For instance, how could she be jealous of Ellen Drew when, as everyone knows, Ellen is far mad about Cy Bartlett and may be married to him by this time; how be jealous of Carole Lombard, in Gable's name!! Or of Barbara Stanwyck, married to your know-who! Or of Deanna Durbin, now a bride? Or of Claudette Colbert, who has been known to break up a love scene by calling Ray "well?" Your own particular husband, said sage Mrs. Ray, may be your particular heart-throb, but it's healthy to remember that other hearts have other throb, and throbs.

It occurred to me that Mrs. James Stephenson should have a Point of View about this matter since, less than three years ago, James, who committed his gal Larceny over the Bette Davis film, "The Letter," was so, to speak, "in trade."

"Actually," Mrs. S. told me, "he was in cotton and, in between times, in oil. Now say, who's there IS a difference between having a husband who is "in cotton" and a husband who is in a Glamor Girl's arms. If you are married and raised the horse to start, it's only for the blushing turns an honest penny by making love to G.G.s, that's one thing; but the transition from business man to movie star must re-occur."

I asked Mrs. S., who is a wife With A Sense of Humor (all non-pro wives please copy) and she said, "Well, the only reaction I get when I see Jim on the screen is, well, my goodness, I wish he was as glamorous as that at home!"

"Maybe," continued English Mrs. S., "maybe I'm taking it too lightly, but I don't think Jim is the kind of a man to be bowled over too easily. Then, too, of course, he is almost always the tough guy in pictures; he's never done a love scene on the screen. Not that that would make any difference to me—because he did do love scenes on the stage and I saw him play them without even a leer and so, which is more to the point, did he. I may take it all too lightly, as I said, but— and this is interesting because Mrs. Stephenson, like Mrs. Millard, believes that analyzing the girls your husband plays with in pictures will remove any qualms, if qualms attack— the girls Jim has played with," she said, "Bette Davis, notably: well, not only is Bette the most marvellous person with far too strict a code to permit her to 'poach,' so to speak, even if she felt so inclined. But, also, she is a recent bride, and a recent bride is not apt to constitute a danger to another woman's husband. And there is Geraldine Fitzgerald to her—girders and completely devoted to her husband and her small son—that's what I mean by analyzing—if you do, you'll usually find that the emancipated women such as Emma Goldman have lives and loves and interests of their own, more than enough to fill their hearts and minds and time. As for feeling any jealousy of the fairer sex, that is far too personal a matter to cause a personal reaction, to my mind."

Mrs. Dean Jagger is another non-jalous non-pro. "Jealous of Dean? No, of course not. I've worked in the theater myself and have had to do love scenes with utter strangers, men whom

---

**Why I switched to Meds**

- by a swimming teacher

I spend most of the summer in a bathing suit and, therefore, sanitary protection is practically a must! So when I heard that Modes had brought out Meds—a new and improved tampon—I tried them right away. Improved? Why, I've never known such glorious comfort! And such grand protection, too—for Meds are the only tampons with the "safety center." As for thrift, Meds cost only 20¢ a box of ten—an average month's supply. They're the only tampons in individual applicators that cost so little!!

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**Screenland**

Shapely limbs, and we don't mean the from whence spring Charley McCoy. We're beret of words—It's Dorothy D. may I never saw, nor especially wanted to except at rehearsals and performances. As a matter of fact, I think movie stage wives have less cause to be jealous than others. With love-making as a part of their profession, part of the grind, so to speak, actors turn to out sports for recreation between pictures. You'll find many more film stars (certainly find Dean) on the tennis courts or in bowling alleys or riding horses than you ever will at night-clubs. I hear more about their night-clubbing dates than you do about their activities, it's because dates and night-clubbing make more glamorous copies.

I'm very happy to be a Holly wife, because it means we can be real home and the stability and so other couples have. It means that is never apart. When Dean signed his contract he stipulated that it contain a clause stating that I was to go with him or locate trips he made no matter how much or for how long. Mrs. Jagger smi little, happily, to herself. She said, can see, can't you, that I have no cause jealousy? I haven't. No one else may do, but I maintain that a Holly wife has less cause for jealousy than other wife, anywhere, or married to art in any other business or profession—men in pictures get so much of flattery emotion and love-making (before camera) that they are only too read, too relieved to stay at home, relax, on healthy, the different sort of things. I wood is home to us, and no house is                if jealousy lives in it."

Helen Gahagan said, simply, "I'm Melvyn shamelessly! No woman could behave more flatteringly than I do. I feed the kind of food he likes. I'm raving. No woman could feed him and better than I do. 'That's all there is, isn't any more!""

So, now you have as much as I able to find out. Some of 'em, Charles Boyer, for one, wouldn't not a syllable. The very word 'jeal made them turn—green. Some of 'em are saying they aren't can believe them or not believe them, with them or not agree with them, a see fit—me, I'm not saying anything any. It was enough that I asked the question 'Are you jealous? rather a 'def question, if you know what I meant to tell this tale!"
Inside the Stars' Homes
Continued from page 9

f the garden. "A friend helped us Landscape. See, he made a map of this upper rose garden, with a of each rose and the spot where it set, and we set the map beside us, so we needn't say, 'Oh, I think we may call it,' when people ask us. Summer we simply live on the patio, serve tea or cold drinks or simple ins and late breakfasts. You see it's need that you may have either sun light as you choose, a pleasant place, that patio, with its high-and-white furniture and swings, gazines, books, games and ping-pong. The formal garden with its green lawns, white wall topped with a giant petunias, its white gate and painted seats, is on the same level patio which faces it, while the much informal gardens lie at the foot of it of flagged steps. Petunias and camellias bloom like no matter what the season," exulted Mrs. Lane. Farther down the wilder is a flourishing vegetable garden "the house where the gardener plants from seed." "A summer luncheon, I'd serve an aspic, or chicken mousse, a cool of avocado, grapefruit and orange, sauces, tall glasses of iced tea with and a dessert, preferably ice-cream.

"You can put the avocado and fruit into the aspic with the chicken and make a big platter of it on watercress, say, or endive. If you serve chicken mousse, you might have green salad on the side."

**CHICKEN MOUSSE**

- 2 cans Campbell's chicken soup
- 1/2 tablespoons Knox gelatine
  (softened in 1/4 cup water)
- 2 tablespoons pimento, chopped
- 1 tablespoon parsley, chopped
- 2 eggs, separated
- 1 1/2 cups cooked chicken
- 1/2 cup whipping cream
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice

Strain soup and heat in double boiler. Add chicken to the rice, chicken and celery strained from the soup, and put through food chopper, using fine blade. Beat egg yolks, add hot soup to them; then cook 6-8 minutes in double boiler. Pour hot mixture over gelatine and stir until dissolved. When it begins to thicken, fold in beaten egg whites, whipped cream and remaining ingredients. Pour into ring mold and chill until firm.

Mrs. Lane has a number of chicken recipes which she keeps a closely guarded secret.

"I adore her creamed chicken," sighed Priscilla, "but she won't tell how she does it. She says the secret lies in choosing your chicken, that there's nothing in it but chicken—no veal, no mushrooms, no green peppers.

"We serve another excellent dish, if you want a hot one: boiled chicken with wild rice, the chicken served in the center of a ring of rice. But perhaps individual chicken rolls with mushroom sauce are more original. Let the cook tell you about those."

At top is the Lane family's house as it looked when they first moved in. They fell in love with it at first sight. And as it looks now, above, a wormly livable spot.

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**MAY'S PHOTO, Box 870-AX LaCrosse, Wis.**
They swing sweet songs and sweet- 
an swing; when they sing "Boogy 
Woogy" you au-
tomatically be-
come a "kep 
cat." Who're 
talking about? 
The Andrews 
Sisters, of 
course. 
Left to right, 
Maxene, 
LaVerne, 
and Potty 
prac-
ticing for 
their new 
Abbott 
and 
Costello picture. 
"Oh, Charlie!"

INDIVIDUAL CHICKEN ROLLS
2 cups flour
3 teaspoons Royal baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons Crisco
1/2-1/4 cup milk

Sift flour, then measure. Add salt and 
baking powder and sift again. Work Crisco 
into flour. Add the milk gradually and mix 
together till a medium-soft dough is 
formed. Toss on a floured board and roll 
out into a piece 9 x 12 inches. Cut into 
3 inch squares, making 12 squares in all. 
Spread each square with chicken mix-
ture, roll and place on baking sheet, seam 
down. Bake in a hot oven for 15-20 min-
utes and serve with hot mushroom sauce.
Makes 12 rolls.

CHICKEN MIXTURE
1 1/2 cups ground chicken
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
3 tablespoons chicken gravy

Mix chicken, gravy and seasonings all 
together. Spread 1 spoon of mixture on each 
pastry square.

MUSHROOM SAUCE
1 can Campbell's Cream of Mush-
room Soup
1/2-1/4 cup milk

Empty soup into saucepan. Stir well and 
add milk. Heat but don’t boil. Serve over 
the chicken rolls.

“We never serve foreign dishes, just 
simple American food. Sometimes we dress 
it up. Soup, for instance. Soup is delicious 
on hot days when you can’t stand a hot 
meal. Our soup serves a combination of 
chicken and corn soup that’s wonderful. 
She adds garnishes, too. Ever taste cu-
cumber slices, cooked in butter and dropped 
into a cup of chicken soup? Sometimes she 
uses banana slices, cooked till soft, instead, 
or sliced almonds. Salted whipped cream 
on Mock Turtle Soup is grand, if you have 
no figure worries.”

CREAM OF CHICKEN AND 
MINE, CORN SOUP
2 teaspoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup milk
1 can Campbell’s Chicken Soup
3 tablespoons cooked corn
3 tablespoons chopped fresh tomato

Melt butter, add flour and cool 
frothly. Then add milk and cook till 
buttered. Add soup and corn and hen 
don’t boil. Add tomatoes just before 

Tail glasses in hand, we sat in our 
lounge chairs on the patio, nibbling 
wiches of unusual flavor. “Sandwich butter, we call the stuff 
these,” I was informed. “Cook adds 
rent things to a quarter pound of cr 
butler. This is grated onion and Camp 
tomato soup—you’re a sardine, tomato 
and lemon juice, I think. Anchovy 
lemon and tomato soup make at 
yummy one.”

They were marvelous, try them! 
Of all sumptuine desserts, Per 
preferes ice-cream. Vanilla, for choice, 
fresh strawberries on top. “You can 
the vanilla cream as a foundation for 
flavors. Fold in fruit or hurry pult int 
custard before you add egg while 
a cup of crushed English toffee to the 
stirring. For Aofca flacked ice-cream 
situate a cup of strong, black coffe 
one cup of milk, and then fold a cut 
shredded milk chocolate at the 

VANILLA ICE CREAM
3/4 cup sugar
2 tablespoons Kingsford’s 
cornstarch
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 cup whipping cream
2 cups milk
2 tablespoons Burnett's 
vanilla extract
3 eggs

Mix all but 3 tablespoons of the 
cornstarch and salt together in top 
of double boiler; add egg yolks and 
heat until thoroughly blended. Cook 
rapidly boiling water 10 minutes, or 
mixture just coats a metal spoon, stir 
occasionally. Cool thoroughly; add ill 
ing. Beat egg whites until stiff but 
ry; add remaining sugar gradually; 
turn into bow mixture holds a 
fold in custard; and fold in cream while 
until it holds point.

Pour into double refrigerator trays 
and cool to coldest point to freeze. If 
mixture becomes mushy, stir 3 times 
fork at 15 minute intervals. When in 
set control at temperature slightly 
o than ordinarily maintained; let it 
Serves 8 generously.
You have to go back even before that, however, to appreciate her patient devotion.

Before he found Gertrude, Pres had grown up in the small town of Pitman, in New Jersey. The neighbors had insisted he was as hard on them as he was on his parents. A typical energetic American boy, he was not to be tamed by routine. When the principal of the Pitman high school said to him, "One more visit to my office and out you go!", he wasn't at all humbled. Near the end of his junior year there was an interclass fight and Pres, of course, was the ringleader of his class. Somehow he was branding a fire hose and breaking windows with it. When the principal arrived on the scene Pres fled. He hurried downtown to his father's office and declared, philosophically, "I might as well quit now before they kick me out!" His dad shook his head. The kid fancied the world was his oyster, and there was no holding him down.

Pres wasn't afraid of work for he'd worked summers and had delivered papers during school terms. All he had to do was pick any job that meant big money. For he had decided to become an actor and he needed money to get away from Pitman.

No one but his mother encouraged him in his fantastic wish. The girl he'd dated informed him she couldn't be bothered going about with the village nut. His father was indifferent; the absolute foolishness of the notion would take care of it. "I was the town laughing-stock,"Pres recalls now. "Except to mother. She always said, 'Well, go on and try. Either you can be an actor, or you can't be one!'" She remembered, as mothers will, how he'd excitedly gone into Philadelphia to carry a spear when Martinelli had sung in opera there. She deliberately forgot his discouragement when he'd been turned down for the high school plays. "I never got a part in any of them," he recollects.

His first job was a long way from Hollywood. It was in the Victor talking machine factory in Camden and he commuted from home. But in a couple of months he was quit. ("Working in a factory was not good enough. As though any honest work could be beneath any man!" he says today.)

Headstrong, he moved to Camden and landed a white collar job. He learned at being a payroll clerk for the New York Shipbuilding Company. But mostly because of the girl he stumbled upon in the office there. She was a knock-out.

For three years he stuck to the same job. And all that time Gertrude Warren listened to him talk about becoming an actor. She intended to become a teacher and she was as down-to-earth as he was up in the clouds. Still, she was in her teens, too, and soon as much in love with him as he was with her. And, of course, when you fall in love your sweetheart's wildest hopes are perfectly possible!

Pres sang a lot, and when he determined to take singing lessons she didn't call it a waste of money. She wasn't possessive when, at the end of their third year as clerks, he wanted to spend his vacation in New York City. He'd met a boy whose brother-in-law was a stage manager for Al Woods. Pres pestered the poor kid for a letter of introduction. "When I hit New York I registered at a cheap theatrical hotel, feeling I belonged there. To my astonishment, I learned a stage manager wasn't so important. Al Woods paid no attention to him. Nor, what was worse, to me!"

On his return to Camden he discovered the boom at the shipbuilding plant was suddenly over and he was among those laid off. Gertrude had her teaching certified. She agreed to marry him as soon as he got a steady job. "Maybe you can imagine how I hated to have to go back home then! But I had to, and I got a job as a mechanic's helper for the local bus company. Pretty soon I was driving the bus between Pitman and Camden. One night there was a terrific thunderstorm. I'd brought in my bus, loaded with people, and was soaked to the skin. I was ordered to take out another bus right away. I said I was going home for a hot shower and some dry clothes first. I was fired!"

What would a girl like Gertrude say to that? She wrote him that a fellow had to stand up for his rights! She didn't even criticize his next move. He was offered thirty dollars a week for singing in a quartet. "I turned it down. I still had that 'beneath me' complex. Why, that meant I'd be practically in the chorus class!" The quartet sang over the radio, and it would have been excellent training for an embryo<br

Mrs. Preston Foster was perhaps the only person who believed her husband would "amount to something," in the early days of their courtship and marriage. Their lovely home, "Rose Hill," attests to the fact that he made good. The house overlooks Beverly Hills.
WHAT CAUSES Perspiration Odor?

1. YOUR ARMPITS contain 128,000 tiny sweat glands which are constantly giving off perspiration.
2. TRAPPED in these hollows, perspiration, unable to evaporate, turns disagreeably rancid.

How Can You Avoid It?

1. SAFELY CHECK BOTH perspiration and odor with Liquid Nonspi.
2. APPLY NONSPI as often as needed — harmless to skin or clothing when used as directed.
3. NON-IRRITATING...will not sting or smart.
4. SEND 10¢ for trial size of Liquid Nonspi to The Nonspi Co., Dept. R-3, 113 W. 18th St., N.Y. C.

ALSO IN CREAM FORM

NONSPI
A REALLY EFFECTIVE DEODORANT!

Wonderful New Way to Relieve SUN BURN

SIMPLY SPRAY ON INSTANTLY COOLING TROPHEAL. BETTER THAN MISTY CREAMS OR OINTMENT AS NO HANDS TOUCH TENDER SKIN. 10¢ COMPLETE WITH OXYDIZER...IF YOUR DRUGGIST CAN'T SUPPLY YOU JUST SEND 50¢ TO A. NOUGET CO., 24 YERMAN STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

MUSIC COMPOSED TO POEMS

Send poem for consideration. Rhyming panegyrel free. Phonograph electrical transcriptions made, $1.00 from your word and music manuscript. Any subject considered, Love, Home, Sacred, Swing.

KEenan's MUSIC SERVICE Box 2140, Dept. SC Bridgeport, Conn.

FOR DELICATE SKINS

EXTRA SOFT! YET THEY COST NO MORE

This highly dramatic moment occurs in "Unfinished Business," with Irene Dunne, Robert Montgomery and Preston Foster, center.

The Preston Fosters' pride and joy is their two-year-old daughter, sweet Stephanie, being attended by "Jones," their doting butler.

more concerned with show business, and his everyday work slipped. He was fired.

How would a serious-minded wife take that? Gertrude didn't explode. She shrugged her shoulders. After all, she loved Pres. He was accustomed to finding new positions, and shortly he was an installment collector for a sewing machine company. This depressed him. So he quit and started to sell electric light bulbs. "This," he assured Gertrude, "steeling myself to try to orthodox again, "is a line I can be enthusiastic about." He did exert himself and his personality resulted in his winning an appointment as manager of a selling crew. He dealt with hotels and stores and everything was progressing fine until he found he was boosting an inferior product. There was no going on when he lost confidence in his light bulbs.

Gertrude did not wait. "Was any woman ever married to such a man? I wonder how many tangents he flew off on, their love was above what the neighbors might say. She hardly saw how he would ever get to Hollywood, but she was there, but that his desire to be an actor couldn't be squelched. He no longer stroled past stage doors in hope of actually seeing a live actor. He no longer expected to sail right into leading roles. He was ready to study and train. But he couldn't suppress his bent.

When the electric light bulbs flickered out of their lives he was drawn, as though by a magnet, to a vaudeville agent's office in Philadelphia. He sang a song, as an example of his ability. It was the middle of summer. "In the fall I'll put you in an act," the man said. Pres came home, buoyed up by this faint opportunity. A few days later the agent phoned him. A minstral show was on at the Steel Pier in Atlantic City and the interlocutor had taken ill. Could Pres rush down? "When I got there I had only thirty minutes in which to learn all the jokes and songs and receive instructions as to how I was to handle the end men." And was it the traditional case of the eager understudy surpassing the veteran? No! "I was so self-conscious, so punk that they fired me after one performance. So that cooked me in vaudeville!"

Surely it must have been difficult for Gertrude when he persisted in thinking he could have a career which seemed utterly beyond his reach. They had made friends.
Other husbands weren't "fighty" like Pres. The most incredible thing about Mrs. Preston Foster is that she simply didn't give a hoot about what the other wives thought. She didn't mind going on with her school teaching while he figured out his life.

"I'd been out of a job for six months and I'd flopped there at Atlantic City. I was confused, and desperate. Gertrude kept saying, over and over, 'But I'm not worrying, darling.' She thought I should wait until fall, when the new shows tried out, before accepting failure as a would-be actor."

In the last week of that summer Pres was down to his last fifty dollars. So he kissed Gertrude good-bye with a tenderness which almost broke her heart. He packed his best clothes and drove to Weehawken, on the Jersey side. Parking his car there, he took the ferry across to New York. It was a Monday morning and it was his last stab.

"I hurried to the theater where they were casting 'New Moon.' They advised me to return at three that afternoon. I did, and when I began to read a part they wouldn't let me finish it because I was so rotten! Next day, miraculously, he got his break. A bit actor had dropped out of a murder drama and Pres was eligible. That of a deaf-and-dumb Chinaman and the only thing demanded was that a man be over six feet tall!"

Pres "opened on Broadway" a week later. After five weeks he went on the road for five months with the troupe, becoming the general understudy. It was his long-delayed chance to study the fundamentals of acting and he mastered three dialects—Cockney, Chinese, and Italian—in the hope a principal actor would have a lapse. He was never that lucky. But the stage manager approved of his sincerity and recommended him for a supporting role in Henry Hull's play, "Congratulations." Pres didn't have many lines, but he was so grateful for them he got a Broadway run through until spring.

Every week-end he was anywhere within reach of Moorystown he took a bus home to Gertrude. She was the happiest school teacher that ever was. For he was doing what he wanted and that made her happy. He didn't get another part at the end of the season, but he got a job as an assistant stage manager for a fall production. So without any hesitation she agreed to selling their home and moving their furniture to a three-room apartment in Sunnyvale, Long Island. By the end of the season he was a full-fledged stage manager.

Then he tried vaudeville again, singing successfully with Fritzi Scheff. A half-a-dozen small Broadway roles followed. And Gertrude, no longer sure of her own income, economized with a smile always on her lips. There was another six months' stretch when he couldn't get a single job in the theater. So he did bits and then plain extra roles at a Long Island movie studio. He was never close enough to the cameras to be discovered. When he did maneuver a screen test he was told to grow a beard. Hollywood sent word he wouldn't do.

But Gertrude could see how, slow as it was, he was climbing. It took three years for him to get his significant lead on Broadway. He portrayed a comedy roughneck. The morning after "Two Seconds" opened three Hollywood studios, including the one for whom he'd done extra work in New York, bid for him.

He couldn't risk bringing his wife with him because he was only guaranteed one picture. But he was a hit in it, so then she joined him on the Coast. You rarely hear of her in Hollywood society because she remains her own woman. Instinctively she knew that she loved a man who would justify himself. The bad times were never bad in her eyes. She had him. She was never bossy, never nagging, for she had no fear. Nothing was unbearable, except their brief separations when he was battling his way up the ladder.

I think it would have been easy for them to have ordered a model made for the new home they'd planned. Gertrude made the model, down to the least measurement. So now each time they open a door they get a fresh thrill. The charm of their house, a dream come true, comes close to overwhelming them.

"Oh, shut up. Gertrude," Pres mutters. "You know it all goes to illustrate what a lot of luck will do.""

"Perhaps," she says softly. "Or does it illustrate that nothing can compare with falling in love with a swell fellow?"

Of course, what would they really have without a child? They both adored a certain year-old baby girl the minute they saw her. Since adopting their Stephanie, heirless to their success and hearts, nothing seems lacking.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner eating his Christmas pie. He found a package of Dentyne on his plate too; (Dentyne—the warmly delicious chewing gum that helps keep teeth bright).

"What's this?" said little Jack. And since no one answered, he went on: "Hoo-m, nice looking package—flat—convenient to carry—easy to open."

He opened it. "Looky, six sticks—that's generous." Then he tasted. "Say—what a flavor—blended just right—not hot—not sweet—but mighty good and refreshing. That flavor lasts, too, not just a few minutes but as long as you'd want it."

Just then in popped his dentist. "Good boy, Jack," said the dentist, "chewing Dentyne is a pleasant, practical way to help keep your teeth clean and sparkling."

And little Jack smiled with satisfaction.

(Moral: You too will smile with satisfaction when you taste Dentyne's luscious goodness and see how it helps keep your teeth bright.)

SCREENLAND 77

Preston Foster calls the above his "Rumpus Room," and it is not hard to understand why. It holds a conglomeration of everything needed for fun and relaxation. A great place to seek after a hard grind at the studio. Pres tells us about his past—says he's lucky.

Now every day is Christmas for Little Jack Horner

Helps keep teeth white

6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE
Patti McCarty finds a novel way to root for the best team in "Sweetheart of the Campus," song and dance collegiate copes.

we're college people ourselves."

"Don't tell me this collection of thugs ever saw any school but a reform school."

Mrs. Sparrow sputtered indignantly, "Sheriff Denby, will you please proceed?"

"You just have 'em to me." The sheriff menaced his way towards them. "Quit arguing, now, or I'll run you all in. And by the powers vested in me under Code forty-six, Criminal and Civil Laws of our sovereign state, I declare this club closed and under seal. The joint's packed." 

Betty's eyes should have stopped him. Betty's eyes were the sort that should stop a seven-ton truck, but they couldn't reach the hard heart of the sheriff. 

"But we've been counting on these jobs," she said, and her voice had lost the joyous lift that made it Betty's. "For eating money."

But it didn't make any difference. Nothing could make any difference, Ozzie saw, as Mrs. Sparrow swept out of the room, gesturing the others after her in a manner

Queen Victoria could have been proud of. Only the girl didn't go. She stood looking at Ozzie as if she were about to cry, "I can't come," she said softly. I tried to argue her out of it before we came in."

"Think nothing of it," Ozzie said bitterly. "We lost was a chance of a lifetime. Listen, sister, sticking a loaf in a man is criminal, but standing around watching him bleed, that isn't nice!"

The girl's lips trembled as she hesitated. Then Mrs. Sparrow turned her response indignantly. "Come along, Harriet," she said warningly.

But she got to go," the girl whispered. "You see, my father is president of the college and she, well, she can do practically as she wants with the faculty. But I'm on your side.

Small comfort, that was. Ozzie wouldn't care if he ever saw the goon again. "We'd better bring out the usual ad," he said, as Professor Bailey stepped out of his character of monstrous long enough to bang the door after them. "Ozzie Nelson and band available."

"Ask Betty Burke," Betty whispered forlornly. "I'd like to stuff old Minnie's bustle with cactus!"

"Wait a minute!" Terry's eyes lit up and he slapped his fingers excitedly. "I've got an idea of the century! Like Shakespeare said, 'If somebody kicks you in the pants, get it in the papers with pictures.'"

They got in the papers all right, but they also got in jail. Still it had been worth going to jail for that fantastic parade they formed with Ozzie and the band blaring their defiance and Betty leading them like a drum major, the crowd cheering and the sign reading, "Beat Minnie Sparrow, eight to the bar."

The others followed each with a sign of their own, first Victor, then the waiters, bartenders and chefs along in their working clothes. The students lined up and cheered, and even some of the professors forgot themselves enough to slip their encouragement and Don Bon the chocolate colored janitor, was lost at the first blare of the music and trucked down on down at the tail end of the parade.

The fun had only lasted for a day, and night found them in the county jail, booked on charges of vagrancy. But it took more than a jail to hold their untamed spirits. Stone walls could not a prison make. With the iron bars a cage as long as there was a sax and a fiddle and a drum in the house and the band had held on to their instruments. So it was a jam up hamburgers."

"No more of that music or I'll have you arrested," he blared. "The neighbors are complaining about the noise and I always had the reputation of running a nice, quiet jail."

"Well, of course, you could let us out of here," Betty said cajolingly and then heaved his head, "Oh, I'll tell you what I'll do. Joshua? He had the Jericho jive band. And they blew and they blew and the walls came a-tumbling down."

"Tell me I gave up hamburgers," Victor said disdainfully. "You fry the meat a little, slap it onto a roll, apply relish and you got a hamburger. Nobody bothers you, nobody makes a fuss."

"Here comes trouble now!" Ozzie grinned as he saw a keeper escorting Harriet towards him. "I'm sorry about all this, Queen Victoria could have been proud of. Only the girl didn't go. She stood looking at Ozzie as if she were about to cry, "I can't come," she said softly. I tried to argue her out of it before we came in."

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"SWEETHEART OF THE CAMPUS"


Ruby Keeler — Ozzie Nelson
Harriet Hilliard — Gordon Oliver
George Lessey — Byron Foulger
Kathleen Howard — Don Beddoe
Leo Watson — Frank Gaby

"But you know they can't hold you to have a job."

"This makes everything okay!" Ozzie said at her. "Only we don't happen to be a job or even the prospect of one."

"That's wonderful!" Harriet beamed. It was amazing what her smile did to face. If Ozzie hadn't already made an opinion of her he would have sworn was an amazingly pretty girl. "Now can take the job I'm going to offer you?"

"Did you say job?" Ozzie asked.

"A B. J. job."

"I want you and Miss Burke and the to enroll at Lambert Tech as stus."

Harriet said eagerly.

"The kid's out of my mind," Ozzie muttered. The mention of a job had sent his sores soaring but now he felt like a tire had just been punctured.

"It's asking a lot," Harriet went on. "But there isn't any other way to the school. You see, the school character requires a minimum of three hundred students, and after graduation we'll only have a hundred and twenty-one. That means we've got six weeks to bring the enrollment up and the publicity you've been getting is just what Lambert Tech needs. But if we don't make it the school and grounds will revert to Mrs. Sparr as the only surviving heiress of Jonathan Lam.

"And if you only knew what it would mean to my dad and me to save old Lambert!"

"Tell me more," Ozzie beamed, beginning to get excited himself.

"Mrs. Sparr wants to change Lambert Tech to the Minnie Sparr Seminary for Girls, with Professor Bailey at the head."

Harriet explained, "So of course she doesn't agree with my father's modern ideas because she rules the college to fail. So she cut out the football team and stopped the dances and closed your night club because she wants the school to be so dull that no student in his right mind would think of enrolling. And for three years the place hasn't known anything that sounded like laughter or music."

1. In the morning, Miss A.D. — applied Yodora to underarms.
2. Played 2 sets of tennis—at 91° in the shade.
3. Examining nurse pronounced underarms pore—not a taint of P.O.—Perspiration Odor!

Yodora gives positive protection! Leaves no unpleasant smell on dresses. Actually soothing. Jars 10¢, 25¢, 60¢.

McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

Torrid Test in Palm Springs proves

a Dab a Day keeps P. O.* away!

("Underarm Perspiration Odor")

This amazing test was one of a series, supervised by registered nurses, to prove the remarkable efficacy of Yodora—a Deodorant Cream that's actually soft, delicate and pleasing!

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McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

BLOOM.

SWEETHEART OF THE CAMPUS

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"We're on!" Ozzie shouted, and Betty felt a sinking feeling when she saw the look he gave Harriet. Ozzie had never looked that way at any girl before.

But there wasn't any stopping Harriet once she had got started. The ball doors opened as if by magic and even the entrance examinations to the college were a cinch because Professor Bailey always asked the same questions and Harriet knew the right answers. It worked like a charm. Even when Terry gave an answer before the professor had a chance to ask the question Bailey didn't realize everything wasn't the way it should be.

"Now it's full steam ahead," Harriet said briskly, as she led the way to a deserted wing of the college where the school paper had been printed before Minnie Sparr shut it down.

"Nice place for a murder," Terry grinned as he brushed the cowbells away before they went through the door. "It looks as if it hasn't heard the sound of a human voice for years."

"That's why Harriet chose it," Ozzie explained. "It's private."

Betty's heart took a nose dive right down to the tips of her toes, for now there wasn't any doubt that Ozzie had been seeing Harriet.

"You sure found all the details on close acquaintance, didn't you?" she asked. "I didn't take you long to be ready to die for dear old Lambert, did it?"

"Nobody's dying for dear old Lambert," Terry broke in excitedly. "We're going to get some sweet publicity for ourselves. This is going to make you the dancing star of a century. You're going to be Betty Co-Ed, the only girl in a man's college, the Dream of the entire student body. I can see you on magazine covers, newspaper features, movies, radio."

"Aren't you forgetting the highway billboards?" Betty asked sarcastically.

"You're the only girl on a huge dressing floor," Terry went on, ignoring her interruption. "Three hundred male students wait hungrily in the stag line."

"I like that," Betty grinned. "You're walking to class." Terry explained, acting out his words with an exaggerated moping step. "Thirty college boys escort you every step of the way. Every girl in the country envies you. A lot of every boy in high school is dreaming about going to Lambert Tech and meeting Betty Co-Ed."

Betty was beginning to like the idea. "I'm mobbed, but good," she smiled. "How about mixing in a few older men?"

"And Lambert Tech has a radio and television station, for experiments by Engineering Department," Harriet put eagerly, "We're going to use it. We broadcast the doings of the new night club we're opening in the gymnasium, so we'll call it a commissary. And Minnie Sparr can't find anything in school charter which can close that door."

Maybe it would have been fun, but it would have been the most exciting thing that ever happened to Betty. Publicity and the new students flocking to the school all because they were anxious to know Betty Co-Ed. But Betty couldn't feel that way, not with Ozzie spending every minute he could with Harriet. With Harriet looking so different now, she wasn't using her glasses any more and she was wearing pretty clothes so even Betty had to admit that glamor had laced its spell on her.

So Betty couldn't even pretend to be interested when Terry showed her his latest batch of clippings. "I wonder if Ozzie hasn't come back," she said doubtfully.

"Here's the greatest bunch of notice ever saw," Terry looked at her in
For the Love of Pete

... or Jim or Bill

KEEP YOUR EYES LOVELY!

Whatever his name, he’ll find you more enchanting if your eyes have the crystal-clearness that brings out the beauty of their coloring.

Wash your eyes with this specialist’s formula, today. See how they sparkle... how refreshed they feel.

Eye-Gene is safe, hygienic, stainless. At all drug, dept., and ten cent stores.

Dorothy Darrell registers fear as the Mechanical Man pursues her in red Nuts." Dotty will be rescued her perilous predicament, rest assured.

"And you don’t even listen, Ozzie!" Harriet had a lot to do this afternoon, and Harriet!" Betty repeated testily. "The other girls, they go by like ham and eggs..."

Terry said imperturbably, "So you have a great deal, she’s helping us over! So maybe it’s even more than maybe it’s strictly personal." He added then for he couldn’t go on dishing it with Betty who had always been the same, carefree kind, looking as if she was about to cry. "He’s a good guy," he said then. "But there’s other fish in the sea..."

"I was a guess so," Betty said slowly, turning at the moment I’m not in the market for any other fish.

But then Ozzie and Harriet came back age to start with the gymnasium. New club. Betty worked as well as any of them, taking the lead and from Bon Bon and somehow it helped her in their heavy heart, pitching in that with the others. "I’ve worked in broken-down night clubs," she said. "But this makes it look like a Stork club on New Year’s Eve." Then she sighed and died as she saw Mrs. Smith." I’ve come in.

"That’s the meaning of this?" she asked nastily, glaring at Harriet. "You seem to have forgotten dignity, tradition,... Go on, I know the meaning when it matters..."

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You’re nothing but jailbirds!" Mrs. Smith’s eyes swept the room furiously. "I insist you get rid of them immediately! And as for you," she looked at Bon Bon standing there grimly. "You’re barred!"

No, ma’am!" Bon Bon said blithely, as resigned. From now on I is in de w..."

"An’ does it style and swing! Yes..."

Sam. I’m a struttin’ an’ shinin’ at the ege. Club."

At Bon Bon wasn’t the only new mem-...
The whole band failed except Betty and that evening Terry looked at the results posted on the bulletin board and shook his head. "They just about cleaned out the rest of the school too," he said gloomily. "Even with all the new students we'll only have two eighty-seven registered. What I can't figure out is how Betty passed.

"Oh, that was easy," Betty managed a grin. "After every question I wrote, 'Dr. Bailey is so handsome I just can't think.'"

"Well," Terry took her arm, "how's about getting back to the College Club? Plunked or passed, there's still a performance and the broadcast.

"Keep your chins up," Ozzie smiled. "We'll put everything we've got into the broadcast and we'll draw enough students if we have to advertise 'Mathematics taught with Bingo.' That ought to draw them in. Maybe we've got something."

"Have we?" Harriet asked softly.

"Sure," Ozzie looked at her in that special way which always made Betty feel that she was on the outside looking in. It was the way she had always longed to have Ozzie look at her. Even if all these buildings caved in, we've got everything anybody could want. We've got each other."

"I used to think love talk was sappy," Harriet said then. "But I liked that, very much. Oh, Ozzie, I'm going to hate to see you leave!"

"You won't," Ozzie was looking at her as if he could never stop looking at her again and as if there wasn't anybody there but just the two of them. "When we do leave, you're going along as the new singer. That's all you'll mean to the band. For me, well, I've got better ideas."

Betty couldn't take any more. She turned and walked quickly away and even when she heard Terry's frantic voice calling to her she didn't stop.

"Hey, you're going the wrong way!"

"I like this way," Betty said, swallowing her tears. "Broadway is this way. And that's where I'm going."

"Look," she gave him the telegram she had stuffed in her bag when it had arrived that afternoon. "I've got an offer for a big review."

Terry whistled as he read it. "Three fifty a week is a lot of money," he said then. "And Alexander is a big producer, the biggest they come, even on Broadway. But you can't walk out on Harriet and Ozzie just when they need you."

"Can't I, though?" Betty's little chin lifted. "That's what I thought too, this afternoon. I turned the deal down cold. I was a sucker then."

"But the rest of us are flunked out, Terry said despairingly. "You're the last hope."

"Then say goodbye to the last hope," Betty said quietly. "I'm going."

"Look, kid," Terry reached for her hand and held it. "Ozzie never said he was in love with you. Did he?"

"He never said anything," Betty shook her head. "I just kind of took it for granted."

"You can't do that with love," Terry said slowly. "Look, all the time you were taking Ozzie for granted and being wrong, I been kinda doing the same thing about you. Funny, huh?"

Betty looked at him appalled. "You mean I was giving you as bad as I was getting from Ozzie?"

"That's right," Terry said grimly. "Tell it all to him. Betty looked at him suddenly she faltered. "Maybe, well, not. She turned and walked away then. She couldn't give in now and she didn't with Harriet and Ozzie's happiness."

But Terry had thought there was a line of stage-door Johnnies block long waiting for her every evening. It didn't help at all. For she couldn't bring herself to say how it was Terry thought of her. She just couldn't forget those last minutes with him and the way his smile twisted and the way his eyes had held her when he knew she was walking out and the rest of them.

But, of course, the others couldn't learn that. They only knew that everything she had fallen flat since Betty had left. And now that Lambert College would be over to Minnie Sparr to have and to hold forever, for now that Betty was gone there weren't any new students enrolling to take the place of the ones who had been flunked."

"We want Betty," the students shouted that night as the band began playing the last time. "Where's Betty Co-Ed?"

It was at that moment Betty came back. But she wasn't alone. An oversize chorus strutted behind her as she paraded around the room.

"There's thirty new students for y'know and they've got their last with whole thirty of them forming a line behind her. "That's the number you need, isn't it? They kept hanging around the street door and I figured they might as well be educated as long as they were wasting their time anyway."

Her heart began doing flip-flops for there was no going back and it was funny the way she felt at her heart had been waiting for this moment all her life. There were so many things she wanted to say. It was as if all her tender things, the sort of things loves are made of, were all full. But just seeing him and knocking her for such a loop she couldn't think of one of them.

"You're come back," Terry said but he looked as if Heaven had opened right in front of him.

"Betty found her voice then. She could managed to giggle. "I expected a big remark as a welcome," she said. "But I'm sure we can work it up to it."

"You mean you're going to stay?" Terry asked.

Even then, Betty couldn't manage words she really felt. So instead she murmured under her breath. "Aw, you know how it is," she said. "Once a Co-Ed, ways a Co-Ed. And anyway, I didn't welshing." She waited, but for the life of her, Terry's eyes. But she couldn't find the words it needed. It was clearly to Betty and she knew it.

"Hey, Fishface!" she demanded. "A domestic moment like this, don't you rate a kiss?"

And then, there was her impudent month lifted to his. Only it wasn't this time as Terry was now and her, just trembling and tender and sweet. And the wisecracks were gone from eyes too and they were as vulnerable as she last time her heart has come home at last.
Did you ever dream that eyes alone could make such a thrilling difference? See what you can have with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids! New, arresting loveliness all in a twinkling. Just a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline Mascara and your lashes appear so much longer, darker, more luxuriant. In Solid or Cream-form, Maybelline goes on beautifully—is tear-proof, non-smarting. Black, Brown, Blue—75c at cosmetic counters. Solid-form refills, 35c. Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly over your lids makes your eyes look large and luminous. And you'll find it's easy to form tapering, expressive brows with Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Give your eyes the stirring beauty that makes hearts beat faster! Start today . . . but be sure you get genuine Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Smart purse sizes at all 10c stores.
"Luckies pay higher prices"

"— to get lighter, milder leaf like this!" says Ray Oglesby, tobacco auctioneer of Winterville, N. C.

LISTEN to the bidding at 'most any tobacco auction — and you'll see right fast that Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer, lighter leaf. Like any smoker, that's the tobacco I want — so naturally, I choose Luckies for my own enjoyment!"

Yes, Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder tobaccos. No wonder that with independent tobacco experts — auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen — Luckies are the 2 to 1 favorite over all other brands combined. So smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke. Next time, ask for Lucky Strike!

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST — IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1
Hollywood Solves Love Problems!

Wedding Bells for JUDY GARLAND! Real Love at Last for DOROTHY LAMOUR

OPHISTICATED LOVE STORY of "SKYLARK"—NEW FILM CO-STARRING CLAUDETTE COLBERT and RAY MILLAND

TRUTH about GENE TIERNEY'S SURPRISE MARRIAGE
For more entertainment—
FOUR NEW SEASON HITS!
Ask your local theatre when they’re coming your way!

JACK BENNY
in
"Charley's Aunt"
with
KAY FRANCIS
JAMES ELLISON
and Edmund Gwenn • Reginald Owen
Arleen Whelan • Laird Cregar
Ernest Cossart • Anne Baxter • Richard
Haydn • Directed by Archie Mayo
Produced by William Perlberg
Screen Play by George Seaton

TYRONE POWER
in
"A YANK IN THE R.A.F."
with BETTY GRABLE
and
John Sutton • Reginald Gardiner
Associate Producer Lou Edelman • Screen
Play by Darrell Ware and Karl Tunberg
Original Story by Melville Crossman
Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK
Directed by HENRY KING

SONJA HENIE • JOHN PAYNE
in
Sun Valley Serenade
with GLENN MILLER and his Orchestra
MILTON BERLE • LYNN BARI
JOAN DAVIS • NICHOLAS BROS.
Produced by MILTON SPERLING • Directed
by H. BRUCE HUMBERSTONE • Screen Play
by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan • Story by
Art Arthur and Robert Harari • Lyrics and
Music by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren

"BELLE STARR"
THE BANDIT QUEEN
with RANDOLPH SCOTT • GENE TIERNEY
and
Dana Andrews • John Shepperd
Elizabeth Patterson • Chill Wills
Directed by Irving Cummings
Produced by Kenneth Macgowan
IN TECHNICOLOR!

You'll be seeing them...

He's the girl of the year
Jack Benny as "Charley's Aunt"

Tyrone Power as "A Yank In The R.A.F.",
with Betty Grable

Sonja Henie and John Payne in "Sun Valley Serenade",
with Glenn Miller and his Orchestra

Randolph Scott and Gene Tierney in "Belle Starr"
A Darling Girl...A new Party Dress—
but the Same Old Question of a Date!

No girl should risk underarm odor when Mum so surely guards charm!

No ART OF DRESS, no natural loveliness, no beauty aid a girl could command can make up for the fault of personal undaintiness—for the offense of underarm odor.

A girl may have an enchanting skin and lovely lips—clothes in the peak of fashion. But one offense against personal daintiness, one moment of unguarded charm and even the most eager admirer receives an impression that a girl may never change.

Too many girls trust a bath alone to keep free from offending. But no bath, however fresh it leaves you, can guarantee you lasting charm. A bath corrects the faults of past perspiration—it cannot prevent the risk of underarm odor to come. Unless you give underarms special care you can be guilty of offending and never know it.

That's why so many popular girls use Mum daily. A quick dab under each arm and your charm is safe—safe for business, safe for dates, safe all day or all evening long. Play safe—guard your precious charm with quick, safe, dependable Mum.

More women use Mum than any other deodorant. Housewives, business girls, movie stars and nurses know that their husbands, their jobs, their friends are too important to offend. They prefer Mum for:

SPEED—When you're in a hurry, Mum takes only 30 seconds to smooth on.

SAFETY—Mum won't irritate skin. And the American Institute of Laundering assures you Mum won't injure even fine fabrics.

DEPENDABILITY—Daintiness is lasting with Mum on guard. Without attempting to check perspiration, Mum protects against underarm odor for hours to come. Start now to guard your charm—get a jar of Mum at your druggist's today.

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—You need a gentle, safe deodorant for Sanitary Napkins—that's why so many women use Mum. Always use Mum this important way, too.

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration

Screenland
How many of you are Greer Garson conscious? Last year about this time she came into her own in the charming "Pride and Prejudice." This year, she is fulfilling every golden promise in "Blossoms In The Dust."

Together with the personable Walter Pidgeon and supported by such deft delineators as Felix Bressart of "Ninotchka", Marsha Hunt, Fay Holden and Samuel Hinds, Greer's portrayal of Edna Gladney becomes a performance to press in a book.

The film itself is an ambitious undertaking. It is the story of a glorious woman whose contribution to humanity provided a fountain source for Ralph Wheelwright's pen.

As the gallant Edna roams the Lone Star State and "rings every doorbell in Texas" we are alternately moved from despair to joy, sharing her heartaches, cheering her triumphs.

What a fighter she is! The battle she puts up for the problem-child is as heroic and thrilling as any battle in a famed war picture.

But then, of course, Mervyn LeRoy directed it. He brings to "Blossoms" the same epic understanding that marked his "Waterloo Bridge."

Here it is—the august presentation of August. "Blossoms In The Dust". Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, under the guiding hand of Irving Asher.

Anita Loos wrote the screen play. Indeed, the best requisites for the good scenario are that it be fast—and loo.

In wondrous Technicolor for added majesty.

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This fictionized drama is inspired by the career of a living woman, Edna Gladney of Texas. Her battle is as heroic and thrilling as any battle in a famed war picture. Only the talents of glorious Greer Garson and handsome Walter Pidgeon could do justice to this exciting, romantic story.

HIGHEST PRAISE FROM ITS WORLD PREMIERE AT RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL, N. Y.

"Tender affecting story... Miss Garson is a vision of loveliness... Mr. Pidgeon an adoring gallant." — N. Y. Times

"Splendid... a beautiful, utterly inspiring photoplay... played to perfection by Greer Garson, a ravishing redhead in Technicolor, and a magnificent supporting cast." — N. Y. Herald Tribune

"Deeply moving... intensely interesting drama... best color film to date." — N. Y. News

"Beautifully told true story... honest—daringly so." — N. Y. Mirror

"It must pull at the heart of anyone... rich with comedy." — N. Y. Sun

"Ranks among the best... Lovely Greer Garson gives one of the finest performances I have ever seen." — N. Y. World-Tel.
AT THE MOCAMBO
three big directors were
watching Ann Rutherford.
Ann had no idea she was
being seriously discussed.
All agreed she was one of the
prettiest, most talented young
actresses in the business.
But unless she stopped being so
wide-eyed and too-too thrilled
by it all, she'd just end up
being another sugary in-
génue. The directors drew
straws to see which would
take it upon himself to serve
as an advisor. In case Ann
develops into a dramatic star,
this is the way it came about.

NOW that she is a young matron,
Deanna Durbin is seeing to it that she
also looks like one. In private life Mrs.
Vaughn Paul patronizes a male hair-
dresser. So now she has him make a
small knot of false hair, worn at the back
of her neck. To give her that grown up
look, you know!

NEWEST film colony member is young,
rich and handsome Huntington Hart-
dord the third. He's rented the Tim Durrant
house in Beverly Hills. When Arline Judge
isn't occupying his time, Letitia Fairbanks
is. Which is fine. Watch this romantic
twosome. If H.H. the third should marry
Letitia it certainly would be a family af-
fair. It would make him first cousin to his
former wife, Mary Lee, who is now mar-
rried to Douglas Fairbanks—who is Letitia's
first cousin!

GINGER ROGERS is now the proud
owner of a farm in Oregon. The
Rogue river runs right through her prop-
erty. She intends spending all her time
there when she isn't needed in Hollywood.
Wearing gray from head to toe, Ginger
stepped out with Jean Gabin for an eve-
n ing. Marlene Dietrich at an adjoining
table gave an Academy award perform-
ance of trying to be nonchalant.

IT WAS midnight in Hollywood. The
phone next to Bette Davis' bed start-
ringing like mad. Started out of deep sla-
ber, Bette answered it. "Is it true that
your husband checked out and is now liv-
at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel?" It was
reporter's voice, calling from a down-
town newspaper. "Just a minute," an-
wsered Bette. "I'll tap him on the shoulder
and ask him." Then she went back to bed
again.

BETTY GRABLE and George Raft re-
ceived "gives" when they got out on the floor
at Ciro's. In fact, when they start dancing
the other stars rush back to their tables
and watch. In movie society the Ra
Grable rhythm is quite okay. In any of the
popular dance emporiums, they probably
be asked to break it up. Or it blocking traffic.

GENE TIERNEY's first public appear-
ance (after marriage) was at Ciro.
She wore a huge picture hat, top hat
with ostrich plumes. It was a little startling.
definitely a handicap on the crowded dance
floor. The "Little Cassini" continues to amaze.
At a Hollywood party recent she brought along the script from her in-
picture. While everyone else was whooping it up, Gene acted out her new role by
e of the swimming pool.

RICHARD CARLSON believes in ce-
brating. It was their second wedding
-iversary. The Carlsons couldn't stop beca
because Mrs. C. was expecting her to be
momentarily. Dick ordered an extra-spic
dinner. He put on white tie, top hat
and tails. They spent a wonderful evening pi-
ing gin rummy.

MARGARET LINDSAY is caus-
ing trouble again. This time Charles
Wendling, brother of Claude
Colbert. In the meantime, Maggie's ex-
friend is forgetting her very nicely, the
you. He's Bill Lundigan. His new inter-
is Marguerite Chapman, lovely ex-mo-
now in films. Wendling, by the way,
Bill's agent. It could only happen in Hol-
wood.
LOVE PRIZE OF THE ISLANDS!

Men fight for her heart... kill for her kisses! Romance that sends your heart racing... excitement that thrills you to the marrow... in the screen treat that brings together again the stars of "Hurricane"... the love team you never forgot!

ALOMA... LOVE PRIZE OF THE ISLANDS!

PARAMOUNT PRESENTS
DOROTHY LAMOUR
and JON HALL

"ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS"
IN GLOWING TECHNICOLOR

with
LYNNE OVERMAN - PHILIP REED - KATHERINE deMILLE
FRITZ LEIBER - DONA DRAKE - Directed by ALFRED SANTELL

Screen Play by Frank Butler. Seena Owen and Lilie Hayward
Story by Seena Owen and Kurt Siodmak
From the Play by LeRoy Clemens and John B. Hymer

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

SEE the pagan rites of a South Seas wedding... ceremonies never before seen by white men!
SEE in exciting Technicolor, all the wondrous, lush beauty of a tropic paradise.
HEAR the pulse-racing rhythms of Dorothy Lamour singing "The White Blossoms of Tahiti!"
SEE the eruption of the huge volcano... a whole town buried under a sea of red-hot lava!
Blue Swan Undikins

FOR EVERY COSTUME
FOR EVERY OCCASION

Screnland's Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley

ACROSS
1. Co-star, "One Night in Lisbon"
5. His new one is "Caught in the Draft"
8. Co-star, "My Little Chickadee"
12. To slip
13. To make a mistake
14. Different
16. A cereal
17. The most famous male dancing star
23. Before
21. She's featured in "Knockout"
23. Afternoon beverage
24. Lawsuit
25. Compass point (abbrev.)
26. To merge
28. Oliver Hardy's teammate
30. Pointless
31. Drunken frolic
32. Co-star, "Million Dollar Baby"
35. To cut teeth
36. Co-star, "Skylark"
39. That is (business, abbrev.)
40. Printers' measure
41. Sailor
43. "...Ends Our Night"
45. Note of the scale
46. A flap
48. Co-star, "Affectionately Yours"
51. Compact, agreement
53. Moving about
55. Office for the ninth hour (Catholic)
57. Co-star, "Devil Dogs of the Air"
59. One who gives a sidewise glance
60. Note of the scale
62. Money owed
63. Tibetan gazelle
65. Frightens
67. Greek letter
68. She married director Anatol Litvak
70. What gasoline is made from
71. Five lines (anatomy)
72. Assurance
74. Egg-shaped
76. Dance
77. Meadow
78. Tattle

DOWN
1. Bright light
2. Co-star, "Blood and Sand"
3. Man's nickname
4. She grew up in "Nice Girl!"
5. Wager
6. To make a speech
7. Kind of cheese
8. Grief
9. And, in French
10. "Escape" was the last film she starred in
11. Concise
12. Weens
13. Section of film
14. George Sanders' role in many films
15. He's featured in "Affectionately Yours"
16. Co-star, "Penny Arcade"
17. Signal for actor's speech to begin
18. To weave, totter
19. God of war
20. "That Night -- Rio"
21. Muscular, vertebral
22. Ignited
23. Biblical yes
24. You use this to heat with
25. Kind of light used on movie sets
26. Though
27. A small particle
28. Musical drama

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

GARBO  ANN BRENDA  ADORN  DIE EATER
ROBERT  DONALD CAVENDON  SEAN  LOMBARD
BRAUN  EGOSLEN  SENIDO  LOMBARD
DON APE BERT
MA Bette PERIOD
ALL EAT WATCH CAGE  IA PARK ELITE  SON ARE ONE
SPENCER WILKIRS
TOGHLA REGAN
OWLS THANK SLIT
NEWELL  UNA GEASE
ERECT  REP OASES
WATCH THEM WHEN THEY COME

...WATCH THINGS BEGIN TO HUM!

WARD G. ROBINSON • DIETRICH • RAFT

(He's mad about Dietrich!)
(She's mad about Raft!)

Filmdom's most dynamic threesome fuse all their force to tell the mighty story of 'MANPOWER'
The Sensational New Warner Bros. Hit

See it girls—and see it now...it'll be ages before there'll be another picture this exciting!

ALAN HALE • FRANK McHUGH
Directed by RAOUl WALSH
Original Screen Play by Richard Macaulay and Jerry Wald
Saluting "Sergeant York," the greatest American motion picture to honor a true, real-life patriot.

Acclaiming Gary Cooper, who gives an inspiring portrayal of a noble World War hero.

Every American must see "Sergeant York" for its challenging call to patriotism, its homespun sincerity, its salty humor, its unfailing human interest. For once, a motion picture can instruct and inspire — and still be a great show. "Sergeant York" is the most thrilling entertainment to be found on any screen today.

Superb acting distinguishes "Sergeant York," with Gary Cooper rising to real heights under Howard Hawks' dynamic direction in the starring role of Alvin York, Tennessee farmer who went to war despite conscientious objections. Walter Brennan, Margaret Wy彻ly and Joan Leslie are fine in his support.
IN A ROMANTIC COMEDY THAT COULDN’T BE MORE MODERN IF IT WERE MADE NEXT YEAR!

RONALD COLMAN
IN A ROMANTIC COMEDY THAT COULDN’T BE MORE MODERN IF IT WERE MADE NEXT YEAR!

"My Life with Caroline"

with ANNA LEE
CHARLES WINNINGER • REGINALD GARDINER • GILBERT ROLAND
KATHERINE LESLIE • HUGH O’CONNELL

Produced and Directed by
LEWIS MILESTONE

A United Producers Production • WILLIAM HAWKS, Executive Producer

Screen Play by John Van Druten and Arnold Belgard
OUT OF THE FOG—Warner

Despite the feelings of revulsion John Garfield inspires as the cruel racketeer, one thing is certain: you'll doff your hat to his superb make-believe. Restless Ida Lupino, gentle Thomas Mitchell, timid John Qualen and sneery Eddie Albert contribute singularly fine portrayals to this dramatic story. Mitchell and Qualen find serenity on their fishing boat until Garfield starts his relentless shake-down. Ida Lupino falls for him.

TIGHT SHOES—Universal

As a humorist, Damon Runyon is tops in the field. As a thinker-upper of "characters," he is matchless. Which means, without further ado, "Tight Shoes" is typically Runyonesque and, therefore, your assurance for a goodly share of hearty laughs. The trouble starts—Swifty Miller's (Broderick Crawford) trouble—when John Howard sells him a pair of tight shoes. Binnie Barnes, Anne Gwynne, Brod and John play with zest.

THE BIG STORE—M-G-M

Not overburdened with gags, "The Big Store" is, despite the presence of the Marx Brothers, overburdened with ennui. Not that these goofy fun specialists don't try hard to tickle your funny bone; they do. But the situations, for arousing same are few and far between. Groucho, Chico and Harpo bodyguard Tony Martin, department store owner. Tony, of course, sings; Harpo and Chico play and Groucho clowns. Virginia Grey is the love-interest.

UNDERGROUND—Warner

Never before has man's brutality against man been so vividly demonstrated as in this spine-chilling exposé. "Underground" is a nightmare of truth—sickeningly criminal truth. Yet with all the horror, with all the ungodlike injustices, "Underground" will awe you, horrify you, fascinate you with its strength. You will applaud Philip Dorn, Jeffrey Lynn, Mona Maris and Kaaren Verne, who brave death to enlighten an enslaved nation.

POISON PEN—A Republic Release

Filmed in England, "Poison Pen" offers American audiences something new in the way of a psychological mystery drama. The village of Hilldale is thrown into an uproar when ugly, anonymous letters are sent to decent citizens. The first to receive one is Ann Todd, the Vicar's (Reginald Tate) attractive daughter. Gossips accuse an innocent girl and drive her to suicide. Flora Robson handles her role with finesse and restraint.
Try Pepsodent's
2-second Beauty Test!

Blondie in Society—Columbia
They're here again, those delightfully zany, happily normal neighbors, the Dogwood Bummatoads. Don't let the "Society" in the title fool you: Blondie (Penny Singleton) has gone "doggie," yes, but not high-hat. Penny, who looks as cute as all get-out in her dainty house frocks, has kinships when Dogwood (Arthur Lake) trots home a dog as big as a horse. Upon learning it's a show dog she feels more kindly disposed toward it.

Nevada City—Republic
This would be just another wild westerner without the presence of Roy Rogers. The transportation business, in the 1860's was precarious even for the bravest. Bandits wrecked tracks, plundered. Pierre Watkins and Fred Kohler, Jr., are the two baddies in this fighting film. Cute Sally Payne is enamoured of Roy, but her love-lorn opportunities are to no avail until hero Rogers "ducks off" the lawless. Roy, as ever, is pleasing.

Saddlemates—Republic
The three mesquites, Robert Livingston, Bob Steele, and Ruth Davis, ride again. This time, we can report, their riding is worth their time—and yours. The scripters have pulled an old-reliable out of the story bag and emerged with a war-whooping Indian situation. The background music—which is always good—is calculated to lend excitement as the redskins do their silent skulking. Peter George Lynn is a stand-out in his dial bad ride.

MAKE THIS TONGUE TEST ON YOUR TEETH

1...DO THIS... Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth. Feel that filmy coating? That's Materia Alba... it collects stains, makes teeth dingy-looking.

2...IT'S A WARNING... You need the film-fighting powers of Pepsodent with Irium. Because filmy coating on your teeth is a sign your present tooth paste may be letting you down.

3...DON'T WAIT... Correct this beauty-blemish now...with Pepsodent. No other tooth paste contains this wonder-working combination: (1) Irium, super-cleansing agent loosens sticky coating, flushes it away... and (2) The patented, high-polishing agent buffs teeth shiny—smooth so coating slides off...before it can collect and stain.

Switch to Pepsodent with Irium. Use it regularly and you'll know the joy of sparkling, beautiful teeth. Get a tube today!

TRY THIS SIMPLE BEAUTY TREATMENT
Use Pepsodent regularly for a few days. You'll see and feel the difference next time you make the Tongue Test.
IT IS certainly a grand top-of-the-world feeling when you first use Tampax for monthly sanitary protection. It reminds you of girlhood days before you had any troubles with belts and pins and external pads. And with Tampax there is no chafing, wrinkling or bulking. There simply cannot be because Tampax is worn internally. Also no odor can form! Tampax was perfected by a doctor and is made of pure surgical cotton, extremely absorbent but compressed to a dainty size. Each Tampax comes in a patented one-time-use applicator, so your hands need not touch the Tampax. And the whole thing is so compact there is no disposal problem.

Now sold in three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior, meeting all individual needs. (The new Super is 50% more absorbent.) No belts or pins with Tampax! At drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 gives you a real bargain. Don't wait for next month! Join the millions using Tampax now!

TAMPAX INCORPORATED
New Brunswick, N.J.

Don't Wait for Next Month!
of life coincide with your own. Then cater to his tastes and his hobbies and run your house as his home. Mr. Gudger is a Southern, so I have a cook who is famous for her Southern dishes. We send to his former home for yams and cornmeal and particular kinds of ham and sausage and buckwheat. He is like most men in that he hates to have his desk disturbed, likes to work in the middle of a frightful mess, and hates to pick up after himself! I don't mind.

Mr. Gudger has a den where his desk is never touched except by a duly impressed maid who merely dusts and replaces every item exactly as she found it. He has his own carpenter shop which is cleaned only under his supervision. He has his own unit off the master bedroom, consisting of huge dressing room, shower and bath, and a closet in which half a dozen men could ac-

A distinguished actress at home: Marjorie Rambeau relaxes between movies, left, in her living room; and, below, in the playhouse with collection of treasured personal portraits.

**TO 5 OUT OF 7 GIRLS...**

New Loveliness in Three Minutes!

An utterly new principle in choosing your cosmetics—"matched makeup"!

*Created by Richard Hudnut to give you the added allure of color harmony!*

- Beauty surveys among thousands of women reveal this startling fact. Actually 5 out of 7 women use makeup that lacks color harmony.

Now Richard Hudnut has developed an entirely new principle in cosmetics—"matched makeup!" Marvelous Matched Makeup, consisting of powder, rouge and lipstick in scientific color harmony!

Try this amazing new beauty "threesome." A mere three minutes to apply—and you see exciting new loveliness that catches at the heart...inspires romance!

...How Marvelous Powder CLINGS!

Two special adhering ingredients help Marvelous Powder to stay on smoothly up to five full hours. Ingredients so pure they're often recommended for sensitive skins.

And Marvelous Powder is sheer, lies caressingly on your skin—gives a luminous finish that lasts! Try Marvelous Face Powder. And for the added beauty of a matched makeup—try Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too. At your favorite cosmetic counter. Large sizes 55¢ each (65¢ in Canada).

Hudnut MARVELOUS

Matching ROUGE, LIPSTICK AND THE POWDER THAT STAYS ON 5 HOURS

S C R E E N L A N D

15
FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$10.00
Having lived two decades out here in the ranching country, it still amazes me how the synthetic westerns go on and on. I saw my first western was five years ago, and my heart jumped with joy when the somberroed hero stopped the run-away stage and clasped the pretty blonde to his plaided cape front. Then, incidentally, when the villain objected, the cowboy shot him quite dead.
That was a killer-diller of a show to a young cowpuncher and I anticipated the fun I'd have shooting rustlers and rescuing blondes when we moved to the untamed Southwest. Now, after twenty years in this great cattle region, I've seen practically no gun fights and not one damsel who needed rescuing.
Yet, the same western I saw so long ago is still being shown over and over with slight variations. From Bill Hart's heyday down to Bill Elliot's, there's been enough powder burnt in western pictures to win a world war. But despite the hackneyed plot, their success and longevity should prove to other producers some of the things movie audiences like—action, danger, suspense, and most of all that final bear-like cliff and happy ending.
JESS F. BLAIR, Loop, Texas

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$5.00
Speaking of "peeves," I really have a pet one. I have seen lots and lots of pictures about the movie stars, producers, directors, etc., but never has Hollywood given the slightest consideration to the exhibitors of this business. We work and scheme just as hard to put the finished product over to the public as the stars, producers, and all the other Hollywood bigshots do in making the picture, and yet, not one peep of gratitude from them. If any of those important people out there think that they work any harder in behalf of the Motion Picture Industry than we, just tell them to drop down to the Alamo Theater in Newman, Georgia, and show me around for just one week. After that, I'll wager that Cinemalnd will have just a little more respect for the boys who make it possible for the public to view their little offerings.
GENE CAVENDER, Newman, Ga.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS
$1.00 EACH
For years, despite its annual crop of glamorous girls, "beautiful hunk of men," "million-dollar epics" and other species of subtle publicity to induce the click of coins into the box-office windows, the motion picture had not really come into its own, so to speak. But now, with the acquisition of Orson Welles, Hollywood has realized its long dormant ambition.
Orson Welles! There are no adjectives or descriptive phrases to realistically picture his own quirkiness, perhaps, to comment the crafty showmanship to that of the late Florenz Ziegfeld or, going even further back, P. T. Barnum. Welles knows human beings and the idiosyncrasies of the human mind; and he uses this knowledge to great advantage, as his sensational radio broadcast of a few years back proved so indelibly.
By all degrees of Hollywood comparison—and facial ornamentation—he apparently does not possess "what it takes" for screen popularity. He is big and bulky, with a face like a disapproving cherub. He does not have that romanticism which is so necessary to a movie hero. He is considered to be slightly on the "sissy side." But I venture to predict that with the general release of "Citizen Kane" throughout the country, the dynamic personality of Orson Welles will be remembered long after the shape of some "pretty boys'" nose has been forgotten.
MAURICE JACOBS, Philadelphia, Pa.

FUN IN THE FORUM
As we all know, it's the little things that count; things like writing to Fans' Forum and enjoying the privilege of speaking on one of the most controversial subjects in the world, albeit, one of the pleasantest—the movies. Also, there's the fun of seeing one's efforts appreciated and recorded for—ahem—posterity. Still greater is the fun in being eligible for Screenland's prize awards each month: specifically, $10.00, $5.00 and five of $1.00 each. Closing date is the 25th of the month.
Please address your letters to Screenland's Fans' Forum, 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

EMILY LEE DOVE, Washington, D. C.

Hooray and three cheers, Christopher Bowen, for your letter published in June SCREENLAND. You took the words right out of my mouth. I, too, am fed up with the shrews of movieland who don't wake up and see themselves as others see them, or is it the photographers out there who are so blind?
The old bugaboo about a star appearing ten pounds heavier on the screen is poppycock. If so, why do they still look so skinny to the audience?
I have seen a number of stars in person, and honestly, they are the most unattractive, anemic, stork-legged looking bunch I've ever seen.
The trouble with Hollywood is that every one out there is out of step and out of date. They can't see the forest for the trees. Get wise, you Hollywood stars; put on some personality and go to the ocean and run your looks; keep your individuality by refusing to have your eyebrows, lips and hair moulded by someone else. Be more sincere. Don't try to look stars. Take off those masks—we know you.
KENOVA S. BEIDER, Chicago, Ill.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$5.00
What's all this about Ida Lupino replacing Betty Davis? What kind of a movie fan could ever forget such a great Davis picture as "Dark Victory," "The Letter," and "The Old Maid"? Only to mention a few? I'll admit Lupino has simply gobs of talent—in fact, I'm a fan of hers. But Lupino can never take Betty's place! For that matter—who could? Any two gals that can keep me spell-bound in such pictures as "High Sierra," and "They Drive by Night" or "The Great Lie," can keep me entertained. And if Betty is jealous, I should know a good show when I see one—I'm an usherette! It's kids like Davis and Lupino that keep usherettes overtime. So those cheers for those two Box-Office Biggies!
KAE McCULLOCH, Seattle, Wash.

HONORABLE MENTION
May I pay tribute to one of Hollywood's finest actresses and loveliest ladies? Thank you.
She has been my favorite actress for several years and I have followed her career with great interest. She has had her ups and downs, but, like the champion she is, has always managed to come out on
There is much ado just now about Jean Gabin, the "French Spencer Tracy," but not nearly a word about his equally famous com- 
patriot, Michele Morgan, who is also in Hollywood.

Those who have seen Miss Morgan on the screen in any of her French films know that she really has talent and natural beauty, as well as the true Gallic vivacity that is so often ignored, and it is to be hoped that she will not be completely ignored while Mr. Gabin gets all the "breaks."

It must be admitted that Hollywood producers are so busy building up and publicizing brunette Linda Darnell and blonde Betty Grable, and all their carbon copies, that not on the mostgeois public has time to bother with a real artist!

I'm sure if Miss Morgan were to appear in the English version of her last French film, "Quai des Brumes," she would be an overnight sensation. How about giving her this opportunity. She deserves it and she'll quickly develop a fan following.

MARGARET BELL, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada

Last night I saw the latest picture in the Dr. Kildare series, "People vs. Dr. Kildare." How long is this series going to continue? We did ask for a steady diet for a while. When you've seen one you've seen them all. And for goodness sake, they're ruining Lew Ayres! What are the produc- 
tors thinking of? I'm sure that Lew Ayres in the same role each time? He has talent, so why not give him a chance to prove it, and get him away from white 
uniforms and operating rooms. Wouldn't he be just as good in a tuxedo on a dance floor?

I think Lew Ayres is a fine actor, and I'm not alone in this opinion. So give him some leading roles in good films and get away from this Kildare stuff. Too much of one thing will eventually pall.

MARY MARGARET THOMAS, Jefferson City, Mo.

Stop me if I'm wrong—but I think it's high time to quit showing airplane pictures which have the inevitable crack-up. Now, I like airplane movies, but I dislike very much to sit enveloped in a sort of gloom, as it were—for I just know that those planes will eventually crack up and some- 
one will be killed.

Besides, I think this sort of thing might have a discouraging effect on prospective fliers. So, why not have the plot and show the ease with which remarkable feats are accomplished, playing up the hero- 
plot stuff? A few pictures along those lines might help to make flying a little more attractive to prospective pilots—a fact which, I think, might be very apropos. Mothers the country over will feel better too.

MRS. CELIA SCHOOLEY, Wichita, Kans.

I went to the movies that afternoon, not for the purpose of enjoying myself, but simply because a boring movie could not be as horrible as a boring economics class. Stumbling down the dark aisle, I sank into a comfortable seat and prepared myself for a long snooze. But I didn't snooze. Four char- 
acters yanked me from the soft, up- 
holstered cushions and dragged me through the rain and mud and fear and tears of today's Europe. Faint stories of tragic, upside-down lives knocked some thankul- 
ness into my heart that I am an American, 
and free.

Frederic March, Margaret Sullivan, Dee, and Glenn Ford can rightly be proud of the sincerity, the "punch," the message they put into "So Ends Our Night."

ANN GILL, Ypsilanti, Mich.
A lesson in Kissing Technique

LISTERINE TELLS YOU WHAT THE MASTERS SAY ABOUT KISSING

The anatomical juxtaposition of two orbicularis oris muscles in a state of contraction.

DR. HENRY CLEMMONS

What is a kiss? Why this, as some approve:
The sure sweet cement, glue, and line of love.

ROBERT BERRICK

A kiss, when all is said, what is it?

Placed on the "I" in loving, it's a secret
Told to the mouth instead of to the ear.

EDMUND ROSTAND

The sound of a kiss is not so loud as that of a cannon, but its echo lasts a great deal longer.

O. W. HOLMES

Kissing don't last: cookery do.

GEORGE MEREDITH

Lord! I wonder what food it was that first invented kissing.

SWIFT

And when my lips meet thine,
Thy very soul is wedded unto mine.

A. B. BOYESON

Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me:
Say I'm growing old, but add
Jenny kissed me.

LEIGH HUNT

A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips.

TENTYON

Excerpts from "The Home Book of Quotations" by Burton Stevenson, Dodd, Mead & Co., Publishers

HETHER it's the kiss given in the first fine rapture of love's discovery, the kiss you give your husband of twenty years as he rushes out in the morning, or the kiss of mother and son — don't be careless. Remember... nothing is so intimate or so revealing as a kiss.

FOR LOVE'S SAKE

So—for love's sake!—don't ever be guilty of offending HIM with halitosis (bad breath). It freezes love... yet anyone may have it at some time or other.

Wouldn't any woman be foolish to chance losing this regard unnecessarily when it's so often easy to make breath sweeter, purer, with Listerine Antiseptic?

Halitosis is sometimes due to systemic conditions. Usually, however, say some authorities, it is caused by the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. For that condition, a good rinsing of the mouth with refreshing Listerine Antiseptic morning and night works sweet wonders!

Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, less likely to offend. Use Listerine Antiseptic as a mouth rinse night and morning.

"P.S." TO MEN: Don't imagine you're immune from halitosis! (Who is?) Keep Listerine on hand—make it a morning and nightly ritual! Always remember to rinse your mouth with this delightful, breath-sweetening antiseptic deodorant before any important business engagement—or your date with HER. It pays. Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LET LISTERINE LOOK AFTER YOUR BREATH
DEAR COWBOY ROY:

Help, help! While you're riding "Trigger" to the rescue of poor, worthy, oppressed people I wish you would please think of me. I am oppressed, all right. In fact, I am practically in hiding, and I could do with a spot of smart Roy Rogers-to-the-rescue stuff right now. Oddly enough, it is Roy Rogers I want to escape from.

Now, wait a minute, Pardner. Don't shoot—not yet. No offense meant. It's just that I am a fugitive from the Roy Rogers Friendship Club and its frenzied members, who are out to get me because they think I don't appreciate you. They're wrong—I think you're a nice, clean-cut personality and one of Hollywood's most useful citizens. But that isn't enough for them—oh, no. They are demanding all-out aid to Rogers, including interviews, covers, etc. I would be taking to the tall timber any time now, posse or no posse, for a little peace and quiet—except that the woods would probably be full of more Roy Rogers Friendship Club members. It seems, according to your most devoted fan Lena M. Northam, of Bennettsville, S. C., that she never knew a woman who didn't fall in love with Roy Rogers the instant she saw him on the screen. Why, Lena took a girl friend to see you in "Robin Hood of the Pecos" and sure enough, the friend came away telling anyone who would listen, "I fell in love with Roy, too!"

I don't want this to happen to me. I can see that it might—after all, see enough Roy Rogers Westerns, with your ingratiating grin and pleasant voice and savoir faire in the saddle, and any woman would come away babbling. As it happens, I have enough trouble not falling for Tyrone Power and Stirling Hayden without messing up my life any further. What say, Pal—suppose we settle for a fine, platonic friendship?

Singing Cowboy Roy Rogers commands a devoted following of fans, especially in the smaller cities, with his Republic Westerns such as "Nevada City." Here he is, at right, as a family man, with Baby Cheryl Darline and Mrs. Rogers.
Spencer Tracy seriously contemplates Jean Gabin, known to all and sundry as the "French Spencer Tracy." Marlene Dietrich, however, finds nothing to scowl about. She's pleased.

Variety being the spice of life, we give you a variety of stars having fun in a variety of ways. Informality is the keynote to this 4-page picture spread.

Photos by Esquire-Globe

Jimmy Stewart is as proud of his sister, above, as his sister is proud of him. James, on a brief army furlough, escorted his attractive kin to the Judy Garland engagement party.

Weighty, world-shaking events are taking place, but that doesn't prevent us from wandering about Ann Sheridan and George Brent, above, as to when they will merge in marriage.
Funny-man Lou Costello, above, who's making box-office history these days, takes his very, very pretty wife to the Brown Derby for the usual reason. To eat and make merry.

Wherever there's a costume party you'll find a cameraman; and wherever there's a cameraman you'll find a star. Jean Arthur looking unlike Jean Arthur, with Mary Martin.

We don't know anybody else on this continent who can wear the loud jackets Bing Crosby, above, wears, with such utter nonchalance. Bing's with Mrs. Bing, and she's used to 'em.

Edgar Bergen became famous when he placed Charlie McCarthy upon his knee; Cesar Romero and Ann Sothern, above, are already famous, so this is only for a laugh.

Into the ultra-swanky portals of Ciro's stepped fur-bedecked Mrs. Frank Morgan, with her silver-thatched husband. They, too, will eat and make merry. As if that's not obvious.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry (Hank) Fonda, above, date on the rumba orchestra at the swank Mocambo. They like watching the doncers as much as they like to take a twirl on the floor.

Costume partying, we've probably mentioned it before, is a good old Hollywood custom. Robert Montgomery, pleased as punch in his Scotch kilts, gallantly assists the Mrs.

He produces, he writes, he sires the most beautiful girls in the world and, on occasion, he marries 'em! The gentleman is genial Gene Markey, above, with Corale Landis.

Just an old married couple who still get a thrill out of dancing and dining out of a night— together. Deanna Durbin and hubby Vaughn Paul simply can't hide that newlywed look.

Here's another fellow who has the reputation—and the good luck—of escorting the town's most beautiful damsels. Fran chat Tane, we mean, with Lorraine Gettman and Hank Fonda.
Ian Hunter, above, the guy the gals think (according to Fans' Forum) is just wonderful, dancing with Mrs. Ian, who also thinks he's just simply wonderful—and then some.

Signing autographs is a real pleasure to Joan Blondell, because she knows if it weren't for "her public" she wouldn't be able to wear furs in Summer and Winter. That's hubby.

It didn't take John Shelton long to find Pat Dane, or Pat to find John. Patricia is the model girl who just does things to Mickey Rooney in M-G-M's "Life Begins for Andy Hardy."

Maureen O'Hara, who looks so serious most of the time, breaks into a bright smile as she dances with Bill Lundigan. Anybody with such lovely home-grown teeth should smile.

Borrowing his best friend's wife, Mrs. Hank Fonda, for a twirl around the Ciro dance floor, Jimmy Stewart appears to give the terpsichorean matter his most serious attention.
Torrid love scenes between Dottie Lamour and Jon Hall in "Aloma of the South Seas" don't mean a thing—except good acting. She's Greg Bautzer's; he's actress Frances Langford's.

REAL LOVE at last FOR Dorothy

As this is being written for you, gentle reader, Dottie Lamour is probably sunning herself on the A-deck of the S.S. Lurline bound for Honolulu. Three days out, she should be sporting a wonderful tan by this time. Not to mention a case of love-in-bloom that is out-of-this-world. You see Mr. Greg Bautzer who besides being one of Hollywood's niftiest lawyers, is Dottie's loving Lancelot, is on the same boat. Ditto Dottie's momma. Just before the S.S. Lurline pulled out reporters cornered Mr. Bautzer, who, to tell you the truth, didn't seem to mind the ordeal one bit, and demanded: "What's with you and Dorothy, counselord?"

Mr. Bautzer gave out as follows: no, he and Ms. Lamour were not secretly married nor were they hitching to Honolulu with that object in mind. "Does that mean that marriage is out?" a reporter persisted.

"No, it doesn't," Mr. Bautzer can back as naturally as if he were filing a cross complaint or issuing an application for a writ of habeas corpus. Whereupon he excused himself, file...
Here's a new light in Lamour's eyes these days and nights. Contrast candid shot at right with Greg Bautzer, to hectic scenes bottom of page showing Dottie the girl. Does this mean her new romance the real thing? It looks like it to us.

Mendelssohn music for Dottie? Hollywood "they-won'ts" say: She's a careerist, he's a confirmed bachelor. But the "they-wills" retort: They're in love!

By John Franchey
YOU gals who think you'd like some day to become fashion models and show other people how to wear million dollar clothes—perhaps you'd like to have a few tips on this exciting (but exacting) profession from someone who has had a great deal to do with it from the inside, before you say goodbye to that nice boy you went to school with.

Most famous man in America today is blonde Georgie Carroll, shown in poses at left. She's Hollywood hit now slated for stardom.

Above, Peggy Diggins, another ex-model who is one of the Beauty Sextette in "Navy Blues." For left, sensational ex-model Stirling Hayden.
As told to Betty Shannon

Yes, modeling is a glamorous showcase for beauty and short cut to screen career—but first find out what it takes to be a successful model, according to authority Vyvyan Donner, fashion director for Fox-Movietone.

Phyllis Brooks, above, started as a Donner model.

Miss Donner, above, directs a fashion movie with Roseanne Murray modeling. Roseanne, left, is in motion pictures now.

Three of Miss Donner's "model girls," with Don Ames.

Here's cute Kay Aldridge, now in Warners' "Navy Blues."
Jinx Falkenburg, famed model for billboards and magazine covers, now has movie career with Columbia Pictures. See her in "Two Lotins from Manhattan."

contract zipped into one's pocketbook, too. So more of you than ever are wanting to know what the field is like, and if it holds any opportunities for you. And with all the glamor and romance that have surrounded models for centuries, who can blame you?

Perhaps your friends are harrying you. Maybe they insist that you're every bit as gorgeous (or could be if you had the (Please turn to page 66)
Outstanding example of "model girl who made good" is Linda Darnell. Now noted movie star, she started when only thirteen as a fashion model for department stores in her home town of Dallas, Texas—see pictures at right and below for proof of her past before far-sighted Fox movie scouts saw and signed her.

Marguerite Chapman is still another statuesque member of the "Navy Blues" Beauty Sextette.

Lovely Lillian Eggers won her Hollywood chance through attention she attracted as fashion model in Vyvyan Donner's Fox-Movietone short movies.

Outstanding male model to win movie recognition is handsome Frank Swann, at right and also below.
THERE had been a time when Lydia had loved parties. But that was before Tony had been a success and the young Kenyons had only entertained their friends. Now their parties had taken on the feeling of Board meetings. Lydia managed a grin as she wondered if she should leave ten dollar gold pieces on each plate. After all, it was business, nothing but business which had prompted this party, even if it was their fifth wedding anniversary.

George and Charlotte Gorell would be the only ones of the old crowd there, the only ones of their original wedding guests who would welcome them into their fifth year of, what was it the optimists called it, wedded bliss? But even George would only be there because he was in the advertising game too. Ever since he had become the firm’s most go-getting young contact man, Tony had seemed unable to find time for anyone who wasn’t a business asset.

All the sponsors would be there this evening, all the sponsors and their wives. And Lydia would be so charming and sweet to all of them, the perfect wife, the superlative hostess. She took a last glance around the terrace, at tables already set and waiting for the buffet supper before she went into the living-room, and again a reluctant quirk of humor tugged at her lips as she saw the butler emptying the cigarette boxes of the brands they usually smoked.

“Oh, Theodore,” she cautioned. “You’re sure you’ve...
hidden all of them? Imagine smoking rival cigarettes!"

"Yes, Madame," Theodore said, carefully refilling the boxes from another carton. "When we have guests I never forget that Red Wing Cigarettes is one of Mr. Kenyon's largest clients. Three hundred thousand a year in advertising."

"And Abercrombie's Soap in all of the bathrooms?" Lydia asked. "And what do you suppose we can do about Valentine's Dog Food? We can't just put it on top of the piano with a sign saying 'Help yourself.' That would be a bit too obvious."

Valentine's Dog Food! She made a little grimace at the very thought of it. The party wasn't being given for her anniversary at all, it was being given to impress the Valentines.

If only Tony would be the way he used to be, Lydia thought longingly. She loved that Tony so desperately. That was the reason she had thought of the scrap book for a wedding anniversary present for him, that scrap book showing all the things that had happened to them since they first met. Maybe it was silly, but the old Tony would have loved that book. But then, that Tony had been as sentimental about their anniversaries as she was. He never forgot them and he always brought her a present. He hadn't even forgotten this one. How could he, when he was using it as another rung on his ladder of success?

If he'd forgotten, maybe she wouldn't feel so badly about it. It had taken every bit of courage and humor she had to get over the shock it had given her that morning when she had called for the scrap book at the jeweler's, where the inscription was being engraved, and found George there buying her anniversary present from Tony! George hadn't seen her. She had taken care to avoid that as she saw him pick out a pair of jewelled clips that made Lydia wince as she looked at them. Only if she had thought Tony had picked them himself she would have worn them, no (Continued on page 92)
Wedding Bells for JUDY!

T WAS a lovely June day, and garden umbrellas dotted the lawn like huge yellow butterflies, and people looked excited and fond and happy as they do on such occasions, and Judy—like a pink butterfly herself—fitted among her guests, showing them the ring, and Dave threw her his shy crooked grin as they passed, and the kids danced on the badminton court, and the sun shone. It was a happy ending and a happy beginning.

The end was of uncertainty—not for the plighted pair—but for whom it might concern. They stood together beside the cake of two overlapping hearts, marked HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO JUDY AND DAVE—which was more important as a symbol than as a pastry. In the modern way, they're casual on the surface about what touches them nearest. But for just a moment their hands and eyes met and clung. Dave's smile, as always,

In September she'll be Mrs. Dave Rose. Read the first complete story of the unusual romance between the 19-year-old star and the 30-year-old musician

By Ida Zeitlin
was quiet—Judy's a shade tremulous but happy.

Their love affair has been a thing of gradual growth. It didn't explode, it crept up on them. Moving in related entertainment circles, they've known each other for years. To Dave, Judy was an attractive, talented kid who had a socko way with a song and was fast making her way in the movies. Judy's admiration was all for Dave as a musician. She and her gang had always been mad about music. You could tell if Judy was in by the blast of her recording machine as you entered the house. Even the symphonies had to be loud. It wasn't noise for noise's sake, but to help her distinguish the sound of each instrument. She's also mad about penny candy, spurning the expensive brands to concentrate on those chocolate buds that come wrapped in tinfoil. Armed with a bag of these confections, the crowd would drive to their favorite music shop, take possession of a cubicle, dispose themselves on the floor, chew chocolate buds, and listen to records all evening, choosing those they wanted with the care of a connoisseur. They all (Please turn to page 76)
RALPH BELLAMY, believe it or not, has made seventy-five pictures, but not until he played the part of "the stuffed shirt" in "The Awful Truth" I'll bet you not one out of fifty picture-goers could have told you his name. Oh, they recognized him all right, and when they saw him they knew they would see good acting—but he was just another familiar face on the screen.

In "The Awful Truth" he was changing his type and he landed with a bang-up hit—just as Brian Donlevy did when he switched from heavy drama to light comedy in "The Great McGinty." But now Ralph is turning apostate on us. "I don't want to go through life playing worthy but dull young men," he stated firmly.

"You ought to be glad to play them," I countered. "They've made you an important figure on the screen."

"Perhaps I wasn't as well-known before," Ralph argued, "but I was doing all right. People have got the idea now that I'm as dull in person (Please turn to page 79)

"The GIRLS I Left Behind Me!"

"If Ralph doesn't get the girl in a picture soon," says Mrs. Bellamy, "people are going to think I won him on a punch board and was stuck with him!" You will enjoy this

Bellamy lost Irene Dunne to Cary Grant in "The Awful Truth." Rosalind Russell to Grant (again) in "His Girl Friday," and Merle Oberon to Dennis Morgan in "Affectionately Yours." But he does better with Margaret Lindsay in "Ellery Queen and the Perfect Crime."

By S. R. Mook
Presenting
Screenland’s
Special
Gallery
of
Hollywood’s
Gayest,
Most Gorgeous
Pictures!

YOUR ANNOUNCER:
MISS BETTY GRABLE
You can't get away from Betty Gr two days—and who wants? Wherever you look, there's the Gr girl, dancing and singing or, in her est film, romancing with Ty Po
In the spirit of the times, Tyrone Power plays his most gallant rôle in "A Yank in the R.A.F.," with Betty Grable as the heroine.
AND SHE CAN SING, TOO!

(Yep!
It's
Jeanette
MacDonald!)
"Mr. Jeanette MacDonald" and "Mrs. Gene Raymond" relax at home after working hours at the studio — where they're appearing together, for the first time on the screen, in "Smilin' Through." Gene plays two parts, father and son. In the rôle of the father he does not win the girl — Jeanette. In the rôle of the son, he does. And they lived happily ever after!

Exclusive photographs by Clarence B. Bull, M-G-M
Beauty from Broadway

Carol Bruce comes from the New York stage and night clubs to captivate you in her very first film, Frank Lloyd's "This Woman Is Mine," with star Franchot Tone.

Ray Jones, Universal Pictures
Willowy, blonde Ilona Massey will surprise you in her latest picture, “International Lady” — for she sings only one song, devoting herself to dramatic intrigues.
HI, YA, TOOTS!

What's Cooking?

Of course, Cesar Romero wouldn't dream of addressing a lady in these tough terms in real life—but in his new picture, "Dance Hall," he plays the kind of a guy who would, and who does
BUTCH, BEHAVE!

(Carole Landis Speaking)

His best friends call Romero "Butch"—because, except when he's playing a pungent part, he's such a perfect gentleman! Now it's Carole Landis who is his dancing-romancing movie partner.
The suit at left, worn by Miss Sothern in "Lady Be Good," has a red flannel jacket and navy skirt. Of particular interest is the lapel ornament, fashioned after an antique brass knocker. Below, the long jacket and bolero trim distinguish this black wool suit, with crisp white pique for the collar and the smart chapeau bow.
Because she is so picturesque, Miss Sothern is the perfect model for the very new, very smart long-lined suits, which the famed Hollywood designer Adrian helped to introduce to the fashion-conscious world.

Photographs by Ed. Cronenweth, M-G-M

Interesting black frock, at right, features a harem-draped panel, pert bolero, soft touch of snowy white for contrast. Below, Miss Sothern wears a costume suit of black, light-weight woolen, with yoke of lipstick-red trimmed with brass buttons. Her pillbox hat, with veil, also has a brass button trim, a modern military note.
GOOD-WILL GIRL

Friendly relations with South America gain fresh impetus with Mona Maris travelling down to Argentina to make two movies, following her rôle in "Law of the Tropics," with Jeffrey Lynn.
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

George Montgomery and Lynne Roberts in “The Last of the Duanes”
Combining grace and dignity, the personal wardrobe of Irene Dunne, star of Universal’s “Unfinished Business,” reflects her good taste. Above, beautifully cut and draped white crepe dinner dress, highlighted by the striking accent of a kid belt patterned with appliqued silk flowers. At left, fern and flower print with a new feature in the pleated panel of the back. Huge, ruffle collar of white pique almost hidden by dotted veiling of Irene Dunne’s white dray felt pompadour hat. A cleverly corded b
IRENE DUNNE'S OWN CLOTHES COLLECTION

Miss Dunne's costumes from Howard Greer and Saks' 5th Ave., Beverly Hills. Hats by John Frederic.
BETTE DAVIS AND "TIBBIE"
By Morgan Dennis
Pet Picture Parade

Be it poodle, pooch or baby panda, if it hails from the animal kingdom enter it in our new pet picture contest

EVERYBODY'S crazy about pets! If you own an animal—any kind of pet—from a proud and pedigreed pomeranian to a humble mongrel, from a cat to a canary, dollars to donuts you have a prized picture and display it at the drop of a hat. If you have the pet and not the picture, take one now, and let Morgan Dennis, world-famed etcher and dog fancier, judge its eligibility for a prize. Aside from the important first award, an original star-pet portrait by the noted artist, we will pay $5.00 for each additional print published. Bette Davis, Hollywood's most enthusiastic dog lover, shown opposite with her Scottie, "Tibbie," is another star in this series of Dennis studies. So put your cameras and pets to work and join our picture parade. It's fun for everyone. The rules are simple.

CONTEST RULES

1. All pictures of pets will be given equal consideration, whether of dogs, cats, etc.
2. No entry will be returned unless accompanied by adequate postage.
3. Contest closes midnight, August 5th, 1941.
4. In the event of a tie, prizes of equal values will be given to each tying contestant.
5. Enclose coupon with your entry and address to New Pet Picture Contest, Screenland Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, N. Y.

Who gets the first warm greeting from Joan Leslie, circle, Warners' "Baby Bernhardt," after a busy day at the studio? Her pooch, "Lights," is right. Jane Frazee, below, putting her wire-haired pal Spunky through his paces. A true aristocrat is Laraine Day's silent and contented companion, below, left.

I am entering SCREENLAND New Pet Picture Contest, with my entry enclosed herewith.

NAME: ...................................................
STREET ADDRESS ....................................
CITY ..................................................... STATE .........

51
Pick your pictures here and guarantee yourself good entertainment without loss of time and money

**SELEcTED BY**

**“SERGEANT YORK”**

ONE-WORD GUIDE: GREAT!

APPEAL: To every American, man, woman, and child, who is proud of his heritage of freedom.

PLOT: The real-life story of Alvin York, whose World War exploits wrote a new and thrilling chapter in American history—beginning back on the farm in Tennessee where Alvin used to play as hard as he worked—until he “got religion”—and ending back there too after his incredible exploits in France which won him fame and offers of fortune which he spurned to return to the simple life he loved. No bunk, but the real story of a real man.

PRODUCTION: Superlative, with Howard Hawks’ direction resisting every temptation to turn maudlin or sentimental—no false heroics or flag-waving, but absolute sincerity in every scene, from the earthy humor and everyday appeal of Tennessee farm life to the desperate drama of war as fought by Sergeant York and his comrades. It’s a great story which has not been cheapened in the telling. Bravo, Hollywood!

ACTING: It is Gary Cooper’s triumph, this portrayal of a man of nobility and courage—even better than his John Doe. Margaret Wycherly plays his mother with rare understanding. Walter Brennan is, as always, splendid; and little Joan Leslie is enchantingly fresh and spontaneous as York’s sweetheart.

Warner Bros.

**“CAUGHT IN THE DRAFT”**

ONE-WORD GUIDE: RIOT!

APPEAL: Unlimited—unless there are a few stale characters who have given up Hope for the duration.

PLOT: Bob plays a softy movie star who is trying to keep out of war, but before he knows it he is inducted into the Army, along with his pals, and finds himself doing KP, when all he intended was to impress the Colonel’s beautiful daughter. You can go on from there—or if you can’t, Mr. Hope and his imitable gag men can, and do.

PRODUCTION: Trust veteran director David Butler to keep the laughs rolling and the cash customers in the aisles ditto. The boys in the Army camps will laugh harder than anybody, because it is all good-natured fun with no malice.

Yes, and the Colonels will chuckle too. It’s pretty grand that we Americans can have a Bob Hope in such a picture right now, to keep up our spirits.

ACTING: Bob Hope, with no Bing Crosby to cope with, has everything his own way here, and actually gets the gal this time, the same Dottie Lamour who has always spurned him for Bing. Before we know it, Bob will be winning Madeleine Carroll, and from comments overheard in the ladies’ lounge at the Paramount Theatre, the consensus is he’s a lot more fun than Fred MacMurray. Of course Lamour’s sultry charm, and the antics of Lynne Overman and Eddie Brocken help.

Paramount

**“BLOSSOMS IN THE DUST”**

ONE-WORD GUIDE: POIGNANT!

APPEAL: Particularly to women, although some strong men may be heard clearing their throats in an embarrassed way.

PLOT: True-life story of a feminine Father Flanagan of “Boys Town”—Mrs. Gladney, who founded an orphans’ home in Texas which is a haven for unfortunate children. Her life work, taking up the cause of foundlings and battling for their betterment, provides the inspiring story, with the highlight a dramatic speech in the Texas Senate in which the heroine pleads for passage of a humane law affecting the future of innocent children.

PRODUCTION: Marynleroy’s is a sensitive, sentimental handling of a worthy subject, tending to long-windedness but fully realizing the values of the chief character, a woman who, having lost her own baby, dedicates her life to other children. Technicolor helps to relieve the rather drab and certainly non-glorious trend of the tale.

ACTING: Greer Garson, with her gorgeous red hair and green eyes, is so handsome in Technicolor that she may take your mind off her good works—but her acting is always intelligent and occasionally moving, although in appearance she changes remarkably little considering the span of years the characterization covers. Walter Pidgeon as her husband is secondary in interest.

M-G-M
"MAN HUNT"

ONE-WORD GUIDE:
DRAMATIC!

APPEAL: If you aren’t satiated with spy stuff, here’s the latest edition.
PLOT: And you do mean plot, don’t you? "Man Hunt" has more plot than it can accommodate, what with the adventures of a British big-game hunter out to bag the biggest game of all in Berchtesgaden, being captured and tortured before he escapes to England where a little Cockney girl helps him to evade Nazi agents.

PRODUCTION: Continental director Fritz Lang’s technique is too ponderous for an adventure story especially when weighted with so much detail—so the daring hero’s progress sometimes seems to be photographed in slow motion, with the scenes of breathless excitement too few and far between. However, the topical subject and the aged suspense of the chase saves it from the merely routine movie classification.

ACTING: At last Walter Pidgeon has a big part which he plays with gusto and all his personal persuasion, which is plenty. As the adventurous Captain Thornberry he cuts a dashing figure as he "draws a bead" on Herr Hitler, matches wits with super-menace George Sanders, or gallantly accepts the help of Joan Bennett, who is more convincing as a little "Limey" than you might expect. Best of the cast is young Roddy McDowall, who plays one of those usually rather offensive juvenile roles with enduring earnestness.

20th Century-Fox

"THE RELUCTANT DRAGON"

ONE-WORD GUIDE:
NOVELTY!

APPEAL: For robird Disney fans to whom the master can do no wrong, a treat; for others, a glorified trailer for the cartoon studios.
PLOT: Benchley-conducted tour—yes, Robert himself—of the Walt Disney film factory, with glimpses of the famed cartoons in the making, including the art classes, multi-plane camera room, prop sculpturing department, animation and scenario departments—as well as three new cartoon shorts, "Baby Weems," "How To Ride A Horse," and "The Reluctant Dragon."

PRODUCTION: Of course it is Disney, which means wizardry—also the first time human beings and cartoons have been combined in a film feature with the exception of a few sequences in "Fantasia." Robert Benchley in person meets the various artists who work on the Disney cartoons, including the "voices" of Donald Duck and Clara Cluck. Beginning in black and white, the film shifts to Technicolor when Benchley wanders into the color camera room. Cleverly staged.

ACTING: Besides Mr. Benchley, the most endearing characters are Mr. Disney’s newest cartoon creations, Baby Weems, an infant prodigy who shows up Professor Einstein, and a remarkable character, the Dragon, a gen- teen old girl, who’d rather write poetry than fight and sings the Whoops song.

Walt Disney—RKO Radio

"MOON OVER MIAMI"

ONE-WORD GUIDE:
GAY!

APPEAL: Like a light and fluffy musical to amuse you? Here’s the best—and with Betty Grable, too.
PLOT: Any resemblance between this story and "Three Blind Mice," a non-musical movie of about three years ago, is no accident—but it somewhat the same, about sisters in search of a fortune? This time the treasure-hunt leads to Miami, complete with cabanas and palms.

PRODUCTION: Lavish, with the setting Hollywood’s own dream of a vacation paradise—life one long party with assorted bathing beauties and millionaires, and no less than eight songs scattered through the luxurious proceedings. Two dances by Betty Grable are worth the trip.

ACTING: Miss Grable again—only she doesn’t "act," she’s her saucy self and no inhibitions about art. She dances with so much zest, she grins so engagingly, you’ll vote her movie’s No. 1 sobrette from now on. Don Ameche and Robert Cummings Tall too hard at their roles of gay men about town, often giving the impression they are working for Bob Hope’s sponsors. Carole Landis is decorat-ive, with little effort to be anything more, but what chance has any other girl in a picture with Betty Grable? Charlotte Greenwood and Jack Haley provide some alleged "comedy."

20th Century-Fox
CERTAINLY Gene Tierney is brave in love! Headstrong? Yes! This marriage of hers has had every obstacle. Her family objected. Her friends, and almost every acquaintance, warned her against it. A clause in her 20th Century-Fox contract forbids her to take such a step. As a final, ironic twist her husband’s wedding present from his employers was—losing his job.

So she is now a bride of three months, and—everybody’s warnings to the contrary—she’s thoroughly happy. And glad she made the plunge! “I am not a scatterbrain,” Gene told me, rocking serenely and quietly on the wide veranda of a most un-Hollywoodish honeymoon house. “But there comes the time when you must take things in your own hands, regardless of your family and friends. That time came for me. I have my own convictions, against all opinions, about Olie. I never had found the solution to life before. This is it! I know it. Just as any girl, deep inside, knows when she has found the one man.”

Another Hollywood star who is a fool about a man she’s been well warned not to marry? Yes, and no. For when you have read this scoop interview with Gene all the way through, and...
Gene Tierney's Marriage

By
Ben Maddox

But Gene knew her own heart and mind. Below, with her new husband. "I know, just as any girl does, when she has found the right man," says happy bride. At right, with Randy Scott in new film, "Belle Starr."

have learned the truth about this "madcap" marriage, you'll agree, I think, that she is actually even more than merely courageous. Her father has sought legal advice to determine if he can have the marriage annulled. Gene smiles at that.

Only a girl of today, wholeheartedly preferring the love of some special man above all else, could behave as Gene has. Only a strong, fundamentally-honest-with-herself person would have dared defy all of the combinations of pressure such as were mustered up in her case. The opposition began with her family. Marrying so young, when a brilliant career was launched would cruelly cut off so many opportunities! Her father, tied down to his insurance business in New York City, maneuvered to postpone the calamity. (As he saw it.) Her brother intended to hurry West as soon as his classes finished at Yale to personally protect her from Hollywood wolves. Her mother, keeping house for her and utterly devoted and ambitious for Gene's future, tearfully refused to accept the fact that this was love. Add in everybody else in Hollywood, except Darryl Zanuck, the big boss at her studio, and you have the line-up of those who tried to stop her from running away to Las Vegas with Count Oleg Cassini. (Gene was smart enough not to ask for the Zanuck okay, which she should have had!)

Aglow, contrary to all dire predictions, Gene gave Screenland her side of the story. She laughed at her title of countess. "Of course," she said to me, "any day now Olle will no longer be a count. Literally! So my little 'fling' at being a countess is over. But I don't feel like Cinderella at midnight. I'm afraid, it's no blow to my vanity. Perhaps," and she chuckled, "I may someday relate to my children, in my best melodramatic style, a hectic tale about when mamma was a countess for two months. People," she continued candidly, "haven't been impressed. Who is, anymore, by obso- (Please turn to page 84)
Dear Miss Dunne:

Because I admire you so much as an actress and because I have read how wonderfully balanced your home-life is with your work, I am asking your advice. I am married, have a career as a teacher, and have a cozy little cottage home. Our house is ideally arranged and I know it could be made into a wonderful haven from the cares of the business world for my husband and myself—but here is my problem: I don't have a great deal of judgment in the selection and arrangement of furniture. Neither am I gifted in the art of entertaining friends, as I have given most of my past life to preparing for a teaching career with little thought of social graces. What do you advise?

Mrs. Henry J. McCluskey, Dallas, Texas

Dear Mrs. McCluskey:

Thank you for your very nice letter. I am so glad you wrote to me. And I shall answer the best I can.

I believe all women instinctively have a knack for home-building—even if they are "career" women, such as you and I. Naturally, much of your time is taken up with your duties at school and with the problems of your pupils, but your own separate personal world should be arranged so that it is stimulating and cheering to your soul. This detaching your home life from your business life is, I believe, the secret of gracious living. And I make it a practice to see to it that never the twain shall meet.

In order to gain confidence in your own ability to make a home, why don't you consult some friend who lives in your city, who has a home that you think is charming? The friend would be flattered that you like her taste. Who isn't flattered when asked for advice! Next, take stock of just what you have now that you can continue to use. Perhaps new upholstering or a coat of paint or some new gay chintz will make it possible for you to

Your first glimpses of the home of Irene Dunne show the star in the gracious surroundings which subtly reflect her radiant personality

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Irene Dunne's
Design for LIVING!

Lovely star selects her contest winner and writes inspiring advice to all home-makers in search of stimulating ideas! Follow the lead of Hollywood's most charming hostess and you'll be a social success. See exclusive pictures of Miss Dunne in her beautiful home, seldom photographed—and "scoop" shots with her little daughter, her pride and joy.

Irene Dunne at home with her beloved adopted daughter, whose nickname is "Missy," seems much gayer and prettier than she is in her screen roles.
FOR CAMPUS AND CAREER

Sunnie O'Dea, featured dancer in "Sing Another Chorus," selects a young first-Fall wardrobe, with emphasis on accessories! Rust, beige, and brown, predominantly for the campus and career girls! And navy, too, 'way out front, as a high fashion color for Fall! Practically all of Sunnie's costumes are good two- to four-timers, and have several social lives for several types of dates. They're young; they're smart; they're very wearable and very enduring, fashionably speaking. The shoes worn by Sunnie and sketched on these pages are Paris Fashion Shoes, chosen by the dancer as special fashion accents; are all $4, and are for sale in shops listed on Page 98.

The first football game of the season is a cue to alert young hearts to rise and shine. And Sunnie shines in a classic suit beginning with a rust and blue jacket, with generous patch pockets and three buttons, and ending in a herringbone weave skirt of rust. Her pale blue felt hat is banded in brown grosgrain ribbon and a pheasant feather adds a hunting-on-the-heath note. Brown bag, gloves and spectator pumps complete this costume. A change in sweaters and blouses, including blues and rusts, will add variety. For the early-Fall sports, we stamp this outfit with approval; for the career-minded, it should put you well ahead, so far as appearance is concerned.
Navy blue is heralded for Autumn as very, very new. And when you take navy blue and combine it with sky blue and top it off with a burgundy note, then you have a study in color worth regarding twice or more. And that is what Sunnie has done for an afternoon or date costume, though it could go charmingly into any very well-bred office. Notice how the first jockey stripe on the bodice breaks across the V-neckline. The skirt is straight-lined with single front and back pleats. The little hat is of burgundy stitched felt with navy blue ribbon and a very wispy veil. Sunnie wears beautifully fashioned keg-heeled oxfords, with interesting perforations, and carries a flat blue bag.

The dressy oxford is much in demand, because of comfort and style. Here is a winner in elastized "marabou" with a ladder front, an open toe and a saucy bow. It features a low keg-heel, and is a good all-timer for many varied occasions.

This is going to be a corduroy and a velveteen season. And in such galaxies of color! These fabrics, because of their pile, are wonderful for rich colors. A good example of what can be done with corduroy is worn by Sunnie in an all-day outfit for a dozen and one purposes. It starts out with a beige, box-pleated frock, but the jacket is the pièce de résistance. The center part and sleeves are of jungle green, the small stripes banding the center are beige, and yoke and broad bottom band are salmon. There are nice, big pockets into which your hands slide comfortably. Sunnie is shod in brown alligator-embossed oxfords, wonderful for walking.

You can't get along without these smart "walkers." They're a mud-guard tie of alligator-embossed calf, with a college heel and a new rolled sole. College girls cry for them, and business girls say, "Grund!"

"This is a good all-timer for many varied occasions."
If it's a big date, the college boys want their girls in black. And for that pleasure-after-dark, there's really nothing like it. You seem to rise to the occasion when you're trim and sleek in black. And so Sunnie rigged herself out in a chic, sophisticated manner in an outfit that seems to cry "Cocktails, dinner or theater?" The frock is black velvet with sequins for glitter. The neckline is that very flattering sweetheart line, and the below-elbow sleeves will be worn with smart black gloves. The pleated brim, velvet hat has sequins and black embroidered pumps are worn.

When you look at this pump, you want to rumba. It is so definitely marked for good times and your soft, dressmaker costumes. It is of black elasticized suede, with an embroidered vamp and an open toe. It is a pretty shoe, and in black suede it is the dress-up backbone of every well organized shoe wardrobe.

Never have we seen so many good ensemble ideas as this Autumn. And if you want to make your wardrobe seem twice as full as it actually is, you will choose this type. Sunnie wears a good one—in beige and brown. The wool dress is beige, with a flared skirt and a bow tie, and it is topped by a fitted, peplum jacket of chocolate brown gabardine. Up to the frost-line, you will wear the costume as is; after that, the beige frock goes under your topper. For finish, a corduroy hat in beige, and harness-stitched antique tan pumps with bow.

A classic day-timer for almost any type of costume. It comes in antique tan elasticized calf—and that antique finish is so very popular now. The heel and toe are harness-stitched, and the stitched, tailored bow is just the right touch. A jaunty foot-flatterer and a foot-comforter, all in one.
A brown redingote walks upon the scene, worn over a beige crepe frock. The coat has the popular front fullness, restrained to below the hips to accent the small waistline, modified by sleeves and self-fabric, big buttons. Sunnie's large hat and bag are of brown, beige and rust flecked wool fabric. She carries brown suede gloves and wears the beautiful new Puritan elasticized suede pumps. The pumps have an open-center buckle of stitched suede and open toe, both giving contrast color play to your best Nylons. This Puritan bow pump illustrates the growing vogue and demand for the dressy low-heeler. As a further thought on your brown-and-beige costumes for Autumn, remember your deep lipstick with a note of warm, browny harmony. Good lip color.
AT LONG last Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor have their own home. Bob's ranch in the San Fernando Valley was traded in on a new home on Beverly Drive, in Beverly Hills. Barbara's ranch was bought by Jack Oakie. At first the Taylors had quite a time getting settled. Furniture and knick-knacks that were perfect at the ranch, didn't fit in their Beverly place at all. By having leather things recovered, etc., they finally solved the problem. Bob is very serious about flying these days. He's taking navigation lessons from Roger (Mr. Ann Sothern) Pryor, who is now a full-fledged instructor.

THE beautiful ranch home of Clark Gable and Carole Lombard is for sale. The asking price is reported to be $130,000. The reason? The Gables have bought a ranch in Ventura county. They plan to build there and raise about 1200 head of cattle. They'd like to make only one picture a year, preferably both at the same time. During that period they'd rent an apartment in Beverly Hills. And once upon a time Carole was known as a party girl!

EVEN sophisticated Hollywood was startled. Basil Rathbone walked into Westmore's beauty salon pushing a baby carriage. Quite unperturbed the movie meandre weaved his way in and out of manicure tables until he reached the men's barber shop. Bob Matz (who really "trims" Hollywood) is going to have a baby. When Basil heard the news, he practically leaped out of the chair, rushed home and raided his own nursery.

IN "PANAMA HATTIE" Ann Sothern will do a strip tease. She's going to get pointers from Joe Yule. Mickey Rooney's dad, who used to work in burlesque, at the recent exhibitor's convention in Hollywood, they all but carried Ann around on their shoulders. Her "Maiste" pictures have done such wonderful business, they greeted Ann like a rich relation! It was a nice tribute.

ANN MILLER should put herself into the capable hands of a good designer. Nice as she is, Ann is hurting herself with those white-face makeups, huge floppy hats, too much costume jewelry and miscellaneous trappings. Tourists in the Brown Derby saw Ann dining out one night. They called the head waiter and asked if she was dressed up for a part in a picture.

JEAN PARKER bought up all those new colored stockings in Hollywood. She wears them in green, blue, lavendar and dusty pink. They look best with all-white ensembles. Jean also designed a two-piece dinner ensemble for herself. By removing the skirt she reveals attractive evening shorts. Jean's are pale green embroidered in bright red sequin strawberries.

Latest fashion note? Yes, indeedy: dated 1897, and featuring flush-to-the-floor hemlines. The ultra-modern Bette Davis above, as she appears in her latest vehicle, "The Little Foxes." "Lydia" is something of a family affair, what with Alexander Korda producing and wifey Merle Oberon starring in the title role.
THINGS aren't going so well with the Lee Bowmans. At a Hollywood party they quarreled, Lee told everyone present it was only a matter of time. Mutual friends report this has happened before at other parties. With no serious results, perhaps it is just one of those first-year's-the-hardest things. We hope so.

ROSALIND RUSSELL is the busiest gal in town. Every studio is trying to get her. Hottest deal is Warners' offer for three pictures a year. Rozz still insists she'll freelance. Garbo won't win Hazel back. But Ros Russell loses her competent colored maid just the same. Not only is she backing Hazel in the leather business, but Rozz is also a stockholder herself. She signs all the checks and takes orders over the phone. That's keeping busy, all right. In spare moments Rosalind manages to go places and do things.

YOU'VE got to be "good" to have what Martha Raye's got. In appreciation for her work in "Hold On To Your Hats," Al Jolson presented her with a sleek, shiny town car. Formerly, Martha boomed out with "Oh Boy," if something pleased her. She took one look at her new car, threw out her chest and bellowed, "IT'S MURDER!"

RICHD BEXNETT (father of Joan, Connie and Barbara) walked into the Westwick Tennis Club. He wandered aimlessly from room to room, a bewildered expression on his face. Finally, someone walked over to him and asked if he was looking for something. "Yes-s," came the answer. "I'm looking for my daughter—Mrs.—er—now what is her new name?" He finally found her on the tennis court, applauding for hubby Gilbert Roland.

ANNE SHIRLEY denies that she's expecting a second baby. And Anne should know. Evidently the little Shirley must love to go places. Suffering from an ingrown toe nail, she came to Ciro's with a white fur bedroom slipper on one foot. What's more, she got up and danced.
WILD WHO'S whose in Hollywood: Hedda Hopper dreaming it up with John Hume, Golden hammer for designer Sheila Ryan date-testing with Eddie Norris, Rand Brooks (the wants to be a bull fighter) and Maureen O'Hara, Pat Dane mesmerizing Cedric Gibbons, Pat Di Cicco, third-finger-left-hand shopping with Betty Avery, Marie Wilson with Nick Grinde, And Alan Nixon, And Bob Oliver. Rudy Vallee at a table for six, with one Mary MacBride. Phil (can't see you without his glasses) Terry, getting ready to play house with Susan (Errol Flynn protege) Peters, Ricardo Cortez and Frances Farmer, un-inspired diners. Franchot Tone (ho-hum) with Lorraine Gittman, Glenn Ford top-down driving with Evelyn Ankers. Kathyrn Grayson and John Shelton at Beverly Tropics, Bill Orr not giving an impersonation of Jimmy Stewart, with Olivia de Havilland, Kay Francis (yes, we've forgotten the Baron) with Nelson Seabra, from down Argentine way. Carol Bruce with Carol Bruce at Dave Chasen.


CESAR ROMERO'S friends are frankly puzzled. Even his closest have no idea if he will marry Priscilla Stillman. It looks as if he has had a change of heart. Since her divorce Priscilla has become more attractive by losing many pounds. Cesar wired her every day when he did personal ads in New York. She met him early Sunday morning at the airport when he returned. Her ex-husband Bob Stillman is one of Cesar's closest friends. Cesar stands for a lot of kidding on the subject. When pinned right down to the question, he won't admit it. Neither does he deny.

Bob Hope and Paulette Goddard clowning in "Nothing But the Truth." Anne Shirley receives a tender kiss from James Craig, center, in "The Devil and Daniel Webster." Paulette gets around, cinematically, this time with Charles B. y. in "Hold Back the Dawn.

At FIRST even hospital attaches thought this wife was going to present Errol Flynn with twins. But Sean (pronounced Shawn) Flynn was a one man attraction. The night the baby was born, Errol went from the hospital to the Bar of Music to celebrate. When he walked in the musicians played "Rock a Bye Baby." For once in his life. Father Flynnmanner lost his poise completely and blushed to the roots of his hair.

WHEN the Fred MacMurays visited Montreal, the city really turned out. Naturally Fred was the big attraction. He made speeches and bought bonds. But after several weeks, he couldn't understand why crowds continued to follow them down the street. Finally he asked someone if they weren't just a little tired of seeing him. "Oh, we weren't watching you," was the answer. "Every day your wife wears such amazing new hats—we like to look at them!"

IT WAS a great day in the life of Joan Crawford. For daughter Christine's second birthday Joan invited the children of Fred Astaire, Sally Blane and Norman Foster, Douglas MacPhail, Robert Donat, Lawrence Olivier, Ray Milland, George Murphy and many others. There was a real merry-go-round, ponies to ride, an ice cream wagon and a clown who did magic tricks. All the kiddies stayed for supper. Cream of wheat, strained spinach and milk was the choice menu. At odd moments Jean kept disappearing from the room. Upstairs her new adopted son named Christopher, had just arrived. A "preview" was held after supper.

TO WELCOME them to Hollywood. Eddie Stevenson, RKO designer, took Signe Hasso and Michele Morgan out to dinner. For Signe's sake Eddie suggested they start with soup and salad at the "Bit O' Sweden." For Michele, the balance of the dinner at a charming little French restaurant on the Sunset strip. As a grand finale, coffee and dessert at the Schererezade. When he told Hollywood's newest importations his plans, they almost cried with disappointment. They wanted to dine at a drive-in!

G E N E RAYMOND said it with silk on their fourth wedding anniversary. Every hour of the day, Jeanette MacDon-ald received a carefully wrapped package. They contained, stockings, panties, bras-siers, a silk beanie, night gowins and some corn silk with a note warning, "not good for smoking." For her role in "Sinning Through," Jeanette is being coached by Jane Cowl. Coming out to Hollywood on the train, the famous stage star told fellow travelers she hadn't the vaguest idea as to why they had sent for her. For some strange reason, M-G-M didn't want to pub-lish it.

The set of "Ladies In Retirement" was a good place for a guy with a butterfly net. Most of the cast play fugitives from a padded cell. Between shots they lock themselves in their individual dressing room, to retain the eerie mood. Getting Ida Lupino, Louis Hayward, Elsa Lancaster and Edith Barratt (she's Mrs. Vincent Price in private life—reports say she's terrific) back onto the set is a hurry again is quite a problem to the poor assistant director. To save time—he just stands outside their dressing-room doors—and plays a flute! They all come scurrying out like mice.

Charles Laughton, Robert Cummings and angel-voiced Deanna Durbin in "Almost An Angel." We will fictionize this next month.
O WONDER movie stars hate to have visitors on the set. Joan Fontaine suffering from a sore throat while singing "Before The Fact." To keep from laying up production, instead of going to dressing room, Joan sent for a pan some mouth wash. Just as she was in midst of gargling daintily, there in front her stood a group of out of town movie makers. They stared as if it were the first they were aware that movie stars are human after all.

OLLYWOOD telegraph companies should send Judy Garland a handsome line present. When Judy announced engagement to Dave Rose, over two hundred telegrams were sent to her by fans and pals.

ER GARSON is an individualist and doesn’t care who knows it. Her in home decoration wouldn’t be warm heart of decorator Bill Haines, but the with the red hair loves it. Greer’s is the blackest of black wood, with red gold decorations. Over the white spread rests a jaguar skin. Above the board is a huge array of curly white rich plumes. Next to the bed a bird cage  with artificial camellias.

gorgeously glamorous of the age of 42 yet young, Gloria Swanson makes a movie comeback in RKO’s “Father Takes a Wife.”


THE inimitable Helen Broderick tells this story. She was sitting in the Brown Derby. Across from her were two eager tourists who were out to see movie stars. Dorothy Lamour came in and sat down. One tourist recognized her. The other didn’t. "Why, that’s Dorothy Lamour," said the first impatiently, "I’m surprised you haven’t seen her or haven’t noticed her." said the second. "It’s the first time I ever saw her with her hair up—and her dresses down!"

AY GARNETT, the celebrated director, has his beautiful home up for sale. Recently a real estate man wanted to show a prospective buyer through the place. There was one stipulation, however. Everyone but one servant to take them around, must leave the premises. The buyer didn’t want to be seen. Temptation was just too great. Mrs. Garnett put on her maid’s cap and apron. Soon the mystery was solved. When she answered the door—there stood Greta Garbo.

LIKE all intelligent stars, Fred MacMurray has an allowance. Every week his business manager gives him twenty-five dollars for spending money. Hollywood keeps Fred so busy and his desires are so simple, he’s carrying around uncashed checks that were issued last January. It pays to be a MacMurray.

OR years Ann Sothern yearned to see the famous azalea gardens in Charleston. Finally, she planned to stop by on her return from New York. When she arrived in Charleston, the city turned out en masse. More delay. After long last she was free to feast her eyes on the floral display. Excitedly, Ann arrived at one of the more famous farms. There she ran into the "Reap The Wild Wind" company. They had gone on from Hollywood to take special shots of the flowers for C. B. De Mille. Because it was a technicolor picture, they had sprayed the leaves with brighter green paint. Brighter color artificial flowers had been attached because they photographed better than the real thing. Ann Sothern still hopes someday to see the famous gardens in Charleston.

BELIEVE it or not, two chorus boys re- hearsing for the Bing Crosby pictures, Hayworth picture are knitting sox during their rest periods. One day a chorus girl cracked: "Who are you knitting those for—Jimmy Stewart?" The boys are still burning. Knitting, they will have you know, is not reserved exclusively for the female of the species. Many a rugged male likes to knit one, part one—in privacy.

ATHE new Northridge rancho owned by Desi Arnaz and Lucille Ball is a dog’s idea of heaven. When they moved in, Desi and Lucille Ball gave a housewarming. In answer to requests, they said they preferred trees to any other kind of gift. So trees of every kind and color arrived. George Murphy’s tree was the most unique of all. George brought a "fat tree."

ATHE garden party given for the British War Relief, Hollywood stars outdoor each other with original floral beds. Anna May Wong’s was a Chinese garden. Sir Cedric Hardwicke had a real bomb shelter, with vegetables growing on top. When Rosalind Russell walked in, Gene Markey took one look at her new hat and said: "Well, I’ve seen all the gardens. But you are the only one wearing your exhibit!"

THE Hays office aren’t taking any chances with Jack Oakie. In “Navy Blues,” Jack sings a number called, “When are we gonna land abroad.” The title will be okayed—providing that Jack sings it straight, without any eye rolling or double meanings.

HOLLYWOOD is that amused watching Marlene Dietrich. When she knew she was meeting Jean Gabin at a party, La Dietrich arrived done up to the teeth in glamor trappings. Gabin accepted the introduction and went right on listening to Bing Crosby recordings. Then someone told Marlene that the famous French star liked simplicity. That’s why he always appeared in those down-to-earth pictures. The next time Marlene met Jean she didn’t have a single jewel, Not a veil. Not a snitch of silver fox. Now she and Gabin are seen here and there in Hollywood. And each time Marlene dresses more and more like the females in Gabin’s pictures!

JOEL McCREA can well afford to be independent. He just sold his first crop of wild barley for $1500. And in Hollywood, that ain’t bad!
right clothes) as Georgia Carroll, the tall, peaches-and-cream outstanding model of the age; or as cute as Jinx Falkenburg, the thrilling billboard and magazine girl who is out to capture a real place in pictures; or any of the attractive newcomers such as Lucia Carroll, or Marguerite Chapman, or Peggy Diggins—and are urging you to be on your way.

As long as they’ve been overtaken by the old fable that models get $50 an hour, rain or shine. And they ride you because they think you ought to be off picking $50 bills instead of enjoying yourself on your pappy’s porch. Well-meaning friends can often get you into an awful lot of trouble, I might warn you right here, especially where the subject of what is beautiful is concerned. There is the biggest difference in the world between being merely “pretty” and being really “beautiful,” and nothing in the professional world is more pathetic than just an ordinary, scarcely attractive “protégé” being handled around by some fatuous older friend or relative with an untrained eye. But on the other hand, there is frequently the chance that, provided a girl has all the necessary requirements that a successful model must have, the friends are right!

There is great leeway in what people consider beauty. Study your own face carefully. Go to see the best beauty specialist that is within reach of the family jalopy. There must be some one within the county, or you might wait until some New York specialist comes out for a week of beauty lecturing at some local store. Get her to tell you the honest truth. If you are not From model to movie idol reads the saga of Frank Swann’s success, at top right with Arleen Whelan. Frank, you learn here for the first time, is also an attorney-at-law.

It was not beauty alone that won Ruth Warrick a coveted role in “Citizen Kane”; it was ability. Right, a scene from some and, extreme right, Ruth before fame. From model ranks, these six sweeties, above, Lorraine Gettman, Marguerite Chapman, Alexis Smith, Georgia Carroll, Kay Aldridge and Peggy Diggins were chosen for “Navy Blues” by the best judges of feminine pulchritude—Uncle Sam’s Gobs. And can our sailor boys pick ‘em!
Linda was raised in Dallas, Texas, the acknowledged home and center of more beautiful women than any town of its size in this country, that the cards were stacked in her favor. Anyway, the smooth and unruffled work with which she astonished people in "Elsa Maxwell's Hotel for Women" at Twentieth Century-Fox in August, 1938, had been seasoned and disciplined by steady work for several years as a fashion model in Dallas department stores. (She says she used to frequently see Georgia Carroll, who had come to the city from Blooming Grove.) It had been contributed to by appearances at the Southwestern Style Shows for Spring and Autumn. And it had been raised to a high pitch by the enactments of the Greater Pan American Exposition in Dallas in 1938, which brought the whole world, including Billy Rose, there for her to model before. Twentieth Century-Fox talent scouts posed her in a screen test, then decided she was still too young to be presented to the public on the screen. A year later they tested her again—and you know with what glory she has since pursued her star-dusty career.

But it is not necessary to come to New York or a big center to be a successful model. Many crossroads shops use living mannequins, today. Every section of the country holds beauty contests, fashion and bathing beauty tournaments with local girls competing. This is a modern American way of doing things, and we like it.

The supply of "top" models is built up largely of girls who have been prize winners in local contests, by college girls who have a flair for dress, etc., débütantes, too.
Many of them are girls and boys studying art, or starting out in the radio or music fields. Some exceptional girls have reached the annual beauty show at Atlantic City, which draws entries from all over the country, and demands a display of talent as well as looks in competitors.

Betty Avery, a lissome Tulsa, Oklahoma, girl who plays the piano and sings, composes music and dances divinely, was a runner-up for the title of “Miss America” in 1938. Frances Burke, “Miss America” for 1940, has sung with several orchestras of National fame. Both have worked in the fashion subjects I direct for Fox-Movietone Newsreel, and which I am presently going to tell you about. I saw them first on the Atlantic City runway, where I frequently am a judge. Mary Joyce Walsh — another girl in my “flock” — had won the title of “Miss Miami” and “Miss Florida” before going seriously to work. She was persuaded by her sorority sisters, who thought her a simply swell looker, to enter the contests. Both she and Betty Avery are now in Hollywood.

In fact, fashion modeling—once you have mastered its technique—is like typing. You can take it with you anywhere, and it is surprising the doors it may open for you, including Hollywood.

What are the “necessary requirements that every girl who hopes to succeed as a model must have?” I sit in a position where I can pretty well check up on the model situation, because it is my pleasant duty to hire anywhere from four to six or eight of the world’s most lovely and famous models almost every week of my life for tiny minute-and-a-half dramas of hats and frocks and Alaskan seal muff's and other

Red-haired, divinely formed Susan Hayward, pride of Brooklyn, New York, also hails from the model ranks. Susan’s rise as a thespian is really spectacular. Peggy Diggins, above, Irish eyes are smiling because she is on the road to stardom. Peggy can’t miss.

frills and furbelows for Fox-Movietone News. When I produce a Technicolor Fashion Forecast or a special one-reel “short,” as I did about Lillian Russell and her tempestuous wardrobe not so long ago, I use from 20 to 30 models, both men and girls.

Every outstanding professional beauty in New York, I suppose, including Georgia Carroll, Kay Williams, Cecilia Meagher, Anita Colby, Susann Shaw, and other lovelies who are now on the West Coast, has worked for me at some time or other. There are at least 200 girls and 25 men upon whom I draw regularly. Some of them are furnished me by agents. So many of them I have found myself that some of my friends refer to me good-naturedly as “the Number One Talent Scout of America.”

I will tell you the points I look for and must have in models I select for the fashion subjects I direct, which I advise you to see and study if you have any thoughts soaring screenward, and if you like to see beautiful people in action.

1. Beauty. A model for motion picture purposes must have perfect, flawless features, exquisite skin, lustrous hair and wonderful eyes—because these are the focus points of the camera. Beauty is more or less a static quality, photogenically speaking. It means perfection of line and contour, balance and proportion of features, and harmonious coloring.

2. Refinement and Breeding. As when found anywhere, they raise the tone and value of the subject.

3. Personality and Intelligence. Some judges place these very important require-
ae Carroll, above, you will notice without calling it to your attention, looks superb from all angles. Hollywood noticed it. Alice Tolton, right, will have the spotlight focused on her elegant face and torse in Warner’s "Navy Blues," the model-filled film.

Carroll, that inches to model charming marked, demanded from use liege manly, try know Lady," Alice a clothes, popular consider

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<th>Size</th>
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<tr>
<td>Height</td>
<td>5 ft. 8 in. to 5 ft. 9 in. (without heels).</td>
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<tr>
<td>Weight</td>
<td>115 pounds to 123 pounds.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bust</td>
<td>34 in. to 35 in.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hip</td>
<td>34 in. to 35 1/2 in.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Waist</td>
<td>24 in. to 26 in.</td>
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The perfect model is supposed to measure almost the same in bust and hips, one inch more in the hips being considered perfect. The waist is supposed to be 10 inches less than the hips. Georgia Carroll, being 5 ft. 7 1/2 inches in her stocking feet, is one-half inch shorter than my average fashion model. Five feet 6 inches is a popular height.

With men models, the ideal to be accomplished is that of a manly, straightforward type.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Average Measurements (For Girls)</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Height</td>
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<td>Weight</td>
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In handling my fashion subjects, I show the styles in the form of dramatizations or stories, instead of merely as a traditional fashion parade. I try to give the models an opportunity to do a little acting, as modeling is limited to very definite routine movements calculated to display clothes to advantage.

Since many of these youngsters are studying for the theater, or have played in college dramatic clubs or in summer stocks, they like appearing in these pictures of modeling very smart clothes. Following is my average scale of measurements.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Average Measurements (For Men)</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Height</td>
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<td>Waist</td>
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When you come third, Personality is dynamic. It lights the features and gives them sparkle and charm. It may even top beauty in fashion presentations with living manners—but before the lense of the camera, I consider beauty to come first. Intelligence comes right through on the screen.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Grace and Polite. These go without saying as a &quot;must&quot; for pictures that move.</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Knowledge of clothes, and good grooming.</td>
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Georgia Carroll receives her perfect rating from her great beauty of face and figure, her delightful smile, pleasant personality, grace and evidences of fine breeding. She possesses all of my requirements. (And those of everybody else.) Her teeth especially white and even, which is absolutely obligatory before the nosy little lens of the camera, in these days of the Crawford ear-to-ear smile. (You can see a cap made for a recalcitrant toothy, however, and carry it around with you in an old-fashioned snuff box to slip on at portentous moments, as a model I know Miss Carroll’s poise and intelligence is marked, as is her good nature. And when she is a charming actress you have already seen in “Ziegfeld Girl,” “Mr. and Mrs. Smith,” “Maisy Was a Lady,” and “They Met in Argentina.” She now has a contract with Warner Brothers, where she is working in “Navy Blues.”

The vogue of the extra-tall model, of course, everybody knows, but that does not give the short girl out of things altogether. I use small girls frequently for these styles. I call them “cutie pies.” However, height is what is demanded in
mine and do excellent work. The pictures are shown in the leading theaters, and the models consider them one of the best possible methods of coming to the attention of the movie bigwigs. Frank Swann, a youth who went to Hollywood straight from my set, was formerly president of The Pierrots, a dramatic club of the University of Illinois. Jack Lueddecke was sent to me by the University of Miami, where he was taking dramatic work.

For several years now, various companies, especially Twentieth Century-Fox, have been sending certain of these young people to the Coast. Phyllis Brooks, that pretty brown-eyed thing who was seen in "Panama Hattie" on the New York stage last season, and Priscilla Lawson were the first two girls who had worked for me to be sent. Stanley Hughes, Michael Whalen, and Alan Curtis were the first boys. That was before 1946. Kay Aldridge, Georgia Carroll, Ruth Warrick, Frank Swann and Elyse Knox went out after that.

But this year, whoops! Six of my prettiest gals were shipped out to Hollywood in one fell swoop to appear with Don Ameche, Alice Faye and Carmen Miranda in "That Night in Rio." Five of them were tall—and one was a "cutie pie." Here they are: Roseanne Murray, Lillian Eggers, Mary Joyce Walsh, Betty Avery, Marion Rosamond, and Bumby Hartley. One is a red head, one has titian locks, two are brunettes and only two are blondes. These striking girls have been used to enhance several other pictures including the new musical, "Moon Over Miami." The gorgeous gray-eyed Roseanne Murray, New York college with copper-red hair, red eyebrows and Irish eyes, had a line in "The Cowboy and the Blonde." Since 1935 she has been constantly at work to improve her acting. I feel like a mother whose baby has had its first tooth! Because Roseanne—and all of these girls—have worked with me in various pictures, and some have gone on picturmaking trips, and I have watched their progress.

But you don't need me to tell you that 1941 has been a big "model" year in Hollywood—the biggest in the history of the films.

What else could you say for the year that bags that six foot five "he" sailorman Stirling Haylen, who is now stopping traffic wherever he shows his blond head? He modeled six months in New York, showing collars and clothes and even something to make a gentleman's hair stay in place, before his epoch-making debut for Paramount in "Virginia" with Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray.

And ever since "Ziegfeld Girl" gave away the secret of how to do the "Mannequin Strut" I'll wager that thousands of you gals all over the country have been drinking up and down the house a la Lana Turner and Judy Garland with a book on your heads, and your cute little derrieres tucked in smooth under your hips.

Right here let me pause to say, that if you have acquired any mastery over the "Mannequin Strut" you may be smarter than you know. This walk is the basis of the fashion parade, and is as necessary to the clothed in the store as the typist. It is taught in all the model schools, which require an hour's practice of it daily in all their students. (That is partly what the $200 or $300 tuition fee is for.) The procedure is to select an 8 x 10 book, and follow a crack in the floor up and down ten times without resting. If you do so without spilling the book, you are promising material.

"Books both on top of and inside the head," is a rule I tell every girl who ask my advice. Practice in balancing a book develops beauty of neck and shoulders, while reading (you can't get too much) gives interest to the face and mind. Take modeling as a means to a greater understanding of life, rather than merely an end in itself. Then it will not be so awfully serious if you do not reach "tops."

"Families in" is another rule for mannequins which is very stern indeed. A smooth back is necessary for satisfactory line and chic, whether you are a model or not. Also, "Tummies out of sight."

I thought of the importance of spirit and fine bearing recently when I saw Ruth Warrick, that charming contrast of dark hair and white skin who had made her first screen appearance in one of my fashion subjects, in what has been called the outstanding picture of the year. This was Orson Welles' "Citizen Kane" in which she played the first Mrs. Kane.

Always dashing and stunning look, Miss Warrick's personality made such impression on Mr. Welles when he saw her at a party in New York that he hit on the spot. At any rate, he asked her to come for a screen test, and then hire her. She has since completed her second picture at the RKO lot.

Elyse Knox is also one of "my" models with a wonderful personal photographic beauty of face. She is one of the lead photographic models today. And what time Twentieth Century-Fox have get the copper-eyed beauty of New York and go West! They had fallen in love with a close-up of her in a wedding veil, and finished a fashion subject. But she worked too hard to be a pin-up model in the East to take a chance with mov by the Fox talent scouts, the hon who tracked her to a hospital one day and squatted her to sign a contract. They were poor, and work hard to her was too weak to resist! "Footlight Fever," RKO production, was the last ture I recall seeing her in, but she se to have become huge in Hollywood. She is also doing considerable posing the side.

People frequently ask me if I believe that has anything to do with the "here a person gets in this modeling field. answer is "yes"—or at least the thing people call luck. Others may define it being placed in the right time or "being ready for a thing when it co along."

The wedding gown which put E Knox in such a big way, was n for another girl who couldn't come at last minute!

On another occasion, had ordered sports suit altered. The boy it fitted called away, and I offered the job of m ing it to a youth who delayed giving his answer for several days. Finally I said if I didn him at 8 o'clock on a certain day, I would give job to someone else. He did not phone fore 3 and Frank Swann did. He got paid and the suit wasperfectly.

When he came out of the dressing s all fixed up in his sports suit, every o including Joe Pines, Meyer Mishkin Joe Holton, of the talent department—was bowled over. Frank looked like a brawn Adonis in his maroon slacks tamed shoulders. We had never seen before anything but prosaic, every attire, and were much impressed by likenesses to Tyrone Power.

"See whis, ain't that spitfire," we said as we admired him admiring. That led to a film contract then and t—and the company hurried him out to New York to try his luck in "Y People." The second lead in "Arge Nights" with the Bilt Brothers, and "S Sinners" with Marlene Dietrich of his pictures. Before he retu to New York to do "Sweetheart of Si Chi," "Friendly Swinging Polka" a lot of other "Soundies" for James Re and to sing a week in "The People." This was a summer stock experience with Jackson liday's company at the theatre by the near Newport.

This friendship with two ex-girl m Nancy Kelly and Linda Darnell, were quently mentioned in fan bulletins. Be to seem have come back heart-whole ready to do a hard summer's work. I did not learn until he got back
Someday you’re going to take the trip of your dreams ... someday you’re going to do something wonderful, spectacular ... but today, now? What are you doing to make yourself the sort of person to whom things just naturally happen?

Your hands, your fingernails, do they invite adventure? Give them a chance—Dura-Gloss will give you the most beautiful fingernails in the world, will lend your nails personality, high color, brilliance, shimmering, shining, sparkling, beauty, help you find the excitement, the fun that is rightfully yours. There’s a big bottle of Dura-Gloss waiting for you in your favorite shop ... why don’t you go get it now?

DURA-GLOSS
FOR THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FINGERNAILS IN THE WORLD
Real Love at Last for Dorothy Lamour

Continued from page 25

Which explains how it happens that at eleven o'clock on a certain night last May our Dottie, dressed in a gay Hawaiian print, was seated opposite this same Mr. Rocamora at Ciro's, listening to him tell his eighth droll tale within the short space of a half hour. The lady, for a fact, had a faraway look in her eye. The gentleman was doing his best to entertain her. He had almost reached the punch line of his favorite gag when a tall, dark, and debonair gentleman with jet black hair and jetter eyelashes dropped by the table. "Hi, Mr. Bautzer!" he said, "I haven't seen you in—"

Followed a double-take. The lady, it seems, had raised her head and exposed those fetching features of hers which look positively entrancing with faraway look attached. Their gazes met and they seemed, Wynn Rocamora noticed, to do an involuntary double-take, W.K., always the gentleman, performed the introductions. "Slis Lamour, may I present Mr. Bautzer? Greg, this is Dottie." After that Mr. Rocamora remembered a telephone call and, still the gentleman, excused himself.

Mr. Bautzer did not let any grass grow under his feet. What he did was to plop into the freshly-vacated chair and begin talking. You know how he began, of course. He began by telling her how bewitching she looked in a Hawaiian print. He was going strong when the Rocamora man checked in again—but only for a minute or two. One glance was enough to convince him he had better make another phone call. A very long one. Or at least a half dozen short ones.

They were sitting there spellbound when he returned two hours later from a discussion of life on the South African veldt with a man from Dallas whom he had met at the bar.

When Mr. R. took leave of his client at precisely 1:30 a.m., he murmured: "Thanks, Wynn, you were wonderful."

"I—did you say?" he came back. As he slid under the wheel of his motor he chuckled. "It's an ill wind," he reflected. Those were his very thoughts.

Just about tea time that very next day

Jon Holl seems pretty definite in his preference in this scene from "Aloma of the South Seas," though why he should turn his back on Katherine De Mille is a mystery. Dorothy Lamour becomes famous when she donned a sarong and made the sarong sound like a song.
Your January Face Powder is a "Beauty-Thief" in Summer!

Haven't you noticed how your complexion has changed in the past weeks—how it has deepened, taken on rich new tones?

Summer brings an exciting beauty of its own to the skin! But so many women innocently spoil this new beauty by fad ing it out with a winter-time powder.

This summer, be fair to your new beauty. Be dazzling instead of drab. Wear a powder that does things for you—that really dramatizes your summer skin!

Years ago I was first to use a mighty air-current to refine face powder, to make it more enduring in its cling, more flattering to you.

Blown to Exquisite Softness—by my Twin-Hurricane Method!

Today, Twin-Hurricanes buff and smooth my powder to almost unbelievable fineness—making it softer and more even-textured than any I've ever known.

That's why my powder goes on so smoothly—why its clinging flattery stays with you 4 long hours or more.

Women by the thousands tell me that my Twin-Hurricane powder brings out all the natural beauty of the skin—makes it look softer, smoother, fresher—yes, and even younger... sometimes much younger!

Try all nine shades FREE

Every shade of Lady Esther Face Powder is a miracle of color perfection. One particular shade will help to bring a magic glow to your face... new light to your eyes and hair... new loveliness to you! That is your lucky shade. Wear it gaily, happily. Send the coupon right now—and receive all nine shades FREE!

Find your Lucky Summer Shade In My Twin-Hurricane Powder

Lady Esther

FACE POWDER

SCREENLAND
Dorothy Lamour received a call. Greg Bautzer was on the line. How was she feeling? All right? Wonderful! Meanwhile, with whom was she having dinner? By herself? Ridiculous! Why didn't they have it together?

They did. And wound up at Giro's. At the identical table where Bautzer had plumped himself down, as a matter of fact. Only the man who was using about phone calls was not around. To be truthful about it, none of the two missed him. That is how it goes when you're in love.

That night a sort of pact was arranged. Greg Bautzer and Dorothy Lamour were going to go steady. The unwritten pact—perhaps, as with true love, it was never even spoken—has been observed faithfully, a few columnist notwithstanding. One or two of these inspired paragraphers have been confiding to their readers at regular intervals that the firm of Bautzer and Turner (dissolved when she impulsively married Artie Shaw) is once more in operation and that the pair do the Hollywood spots. But frantically! Another commentator has recently referred to "the long-smouldering fires that have flamed up in the heart of Clara, now that Lana Turner is once more attached."

Count 1. The business of Greg Bautzer romancing Lana Turner after the crash of her marriage, is all wrong. He hasn't seen her, at least not since he met Dottie. Count 2 is very pretty but also very sappy. There were no smouldering fires to be rekindled—just after the marriage. When Lana Turner eloped to marry Artie Shaw, Greg Bautzer took it very philosophically. Being of legal bent, he recognized that what was done was done. It is perfectly true that he had met Lana Turner and had found her verve, her boundless enthusiasm, and her lust-for-life challenging, to say the least. Unfortunately as a Stuka dive-bomber, she left him drenched with her personality the very first time they met. But there was never any combustion. The night Metro's Invitation to Innomina, meaning Lana, got married, he drank a toast to her health and happiness.

As for the talk that Dorothy Lamour has had to share Greg Bautzer with her former secretary, pretty Patti McCarthy, now under contract to Columbia, it is equally sappy. Patti is quick to set you right on this score: "What in the world would Greg Bautzer want with me when he could be with Dottie?" she asks you mively but to the point.

The foundation for the rumor may lie in the fact that pretty Patti has gone on a number of dates with Dorothy and Greg. Only she's had her own escort, a gentleman about town named Jack Huber. He happens to be Greg's number one chum, the lad with whom he shares his imposing "bachelors' quarters," the house formerly owned by Ronald Coleman. Patti met her Jackie at the Del Mar race track last June, when she had repaired with her new boss whom she calls "Mommie," as does the entire Lamour menage. Young Mr. Huber had ambled over to roommate Bautzer to ask what he liked in the fourth. It was obvious to Mr. B. that what the bewildered gentleman liked was Patti. From there on you can practically write the adventures of Patti and Jackie yourself. Only be sure to underline this in red: THE FOURSOINS STILL GO OUT TOGETHER, Which ought to prove something or other.

If it doesn't, surely the Bautzer conduct will. Never was a romance more in need of reformation on his lady. To begin with, there are a half dozen calls daily to the Lamour dressing room, whenever she's working. (When she isn't there, he is.) Greg Bautzer, now that Lana Turner is once more attached, Count that day non-existent when he isn't sending over flowers. Sometimes there'll be three bouquets in a single day. Dottie herself arranges them in yellow bowls or crystal vases. She's forever sniffing them, just like flower-minded Ferdinand.

Wait until you hear what he gave her for Christmas. It was a bracelet-wrist watch which you would call "positively divine," if only you had had an opportunity to see it for yourself. We in manly fashion will call it "nifty" and let it go at that. Divine or merely nifty, it is encrusted with diamonds on the watch part, rubies on the bracelet part. You could get enough money to equip a regiment of soldiers merely for what a pawnbroker would loan on same. Dottie gave him a miniature of his mother, executed by a famous portrait painter and framed in a solid gold case.

They see each other daily as you might imagine. The Bautzer devotion is proverbial. He frets about her no end. At the height of the floods he fretting turned to worry. You see Dottie was living then in Coldwater Canyons and what with the water tumbling down from the higher places and inundating the tortuous roads leading down from her lofty retreat, the trip to the studio loomed as a major hazard in her mind. What he did about it was to drive out there mornings and pilot her to the
I don't care if you never come home!

HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT WRECKS SO MANY MARRIAGES

1. I thought my husband was all to blame. He'd been leaving me home alone night after night. Our once-blissful marriage seemed headed for the rocks. I was almost frantic.

2. In despair, I went to see my sister-in-law—Sarah's been so happily married for years. When I told her about our troubles, she said: "You may be the guilty one, Sis. Often a husband's love grows cold just because a wife is careless—or ignorant—about feminine hygiene. It's one neglect few husbands can forgive."

3. "My own marriage was once in danger," Sarah said, "until my doctor set me right. He advised 'Lysol' for intimate personal care. He told me it does more than cleanse and deodorize. Being an efficient germicide, 'Lysol' kills millions of germs instantly on contact, and without discomfort to you."

4. I understand now why so many thousands of modern women rely on "Lysol" for feminine hygiene. It's gentle—yet so effective. And costs so little to use. I'll never risk losing my husband again. Yes, he comes home now—and brings me flowers!

Check this with your Doctor

"Lysol" is NON-CALCUTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is not carbolic acid, EFFECTIVE—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREAD-ING—"Lysol" solutions spread and virtually scour and germ in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost a gallon of solution for feminine hygiene. LASTING—"Lysol" keeps full strength indefinitely no matter how often it is uncooled. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use.

Lysol

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For FREE booklet (in plain envelope) about Feminine Hygiene and other "Lysol" uses, send postcard to Lehn & Fink Products Co., Dept. S-941, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.
thought Dave Rose's arrangements were terrific. "That man's going places," Judy would prophesy. She had her schoolgirl crushes and got over them. She'd meet Dave at the home of mutual friends and listen, enthralled, to his playing of the masters he loved. Judy's never taken lessons. She sings like the birds, plays by ear, and is blessed with inductive musical taste. Like a hungry kitten, she lapped at the fountain of Dave's knowledge, and bowed him over the sureness of her grasp on such fundamentals as even trained musicians spend years in mastering.

He was going places, as she had forecast. His arrangements for Lamour, Ameche and Jeanette MacDonald were the talk of the town. In March, 1940, he was made musical director of the Mutual-Dan Lee network. Under his guidance, "California Melodies" with Maxine Gray and "Adventures in Rhythm," the Betty Jane Rhodes show, forged to the front of popular favor. His handling of Betty Jane's music was at least in part responsible for the long-term contract she's just signed with Paramount, NBC, whose airwaves compete with those of Mutual-

Don Lee, turned its Woodbury Soap program over to Dave, because Tony Martin would sing under no other leader.

Little by little Judy and Dave began to single each other out from the group. He'd drop in to play for her and her mother and her sister Sue. They'd listen to pet records together. Presently you'd hear Judy saying: "I'm going to a show with Dave tonight."

In the film capital, Dame Gossip wears seven-league boots on which she moves swiftly, often in the wrong direction. If you're out with a man three times, she's got you married. If your husband plays poker with the boys while you stay at home with a good book, she's got you divorced. She had a whirl for herself with Judy and Dave: Judy was a child—the studio didn't want her to marry—Mrs. Garland disapproved of the whole business. The facts are these: Judy was eighteen, which isn't a child. To inject the question of marriage was rushing the season, since it hadn't yet entered into the calculations of the principals. As for Mrs. Garland, she had the advantage of knowing Dave. You can't know him long without recognizing his gentleness, his integrity, his sensitive
good taste. That Judy was eighteen and Dave thirty never bothered her mother as it seems to have bothered the busy-bodies. On the contrary. Better than anyone else she knew that Judy, mature for her years, would be more likely to find happiness with Dave than with a boy of her own age. Not that she promptly cast him in the role of a husband. The buzzers, professional and amateur, did it for her. She was satisfied to let matters take their course. But from the first Mrs. Garland was Dead on for his own sake as well as her daughter's.

In the early days Judy would say: "Gee, he's wonderful! So understanding. Like a brother, you can tell him anything." Neither could tack a date to the fading of the fraternal note. But after a trip to New York, where Judy met other men and could ask the opinion of Californians, her mother asked whether she was in love. "I don't know," she replied soberly, "I'd just rather be with Dave than anybody. If that's love, then I'm in love."

Mushiness was always out. They don't feel at home in the sentimental idiom. They underplay by choice, and duck superlatives. For anything superlative the word is "adequate." "Miss you adequately," one would wire the other. Or at a preview, "That was a good picture," Dave would observe, "and you, my dear, were very adequate." Judy's only photograph of her fiancé is inscribed: "Here's hoping for an adequate friendship."

This dislike of adulation marks their whole relationship. Birthdays and Christmas are adequately remembered. But they don't keep bombarding each other with expensive gifts. Last Christmas Judy gave Dave a boiler for the precious railway train whose tracks circle his whole backyard, and whose engine proudly flaunts the name GAR-ROSE RAILWAY. On St. Valentine's Day Dave turned up with a marketing full of chocolate buds in his right hand, while his left lingered coyly behind his back. "I didn't want you to feel bad, Judy, so I picked up a trifle of perfume for you too." Whereupon he produced a huge tanny-bottle advertising a popular scent, but holding none. Judy has more perfume than she knows what to do with, but she can always use another laugh.

She paints and writes verse for her own pleasure—"dabbling and scribbling," she calls it. Dave is sometimes allowed a glimpse of her canvas from the neck down. Let him try to uncover the face and she goes frantic. After long persuasion, she let him read some of her verse, and floated to seventh heaven when he suggested that they collaborate. So many requests have poured in for the three themes he uses on his broadcasts, that they are about to be published. Judy's version of "Dave's dreams," Dave doesn't think she's Shakespeare, but then he doesn't think he's Beethoven either. He just thinks she's as good as a lot of lyric writers, and that they get a kick out of working together.

It's her pride in Dave which makes her humble about herself. He's equally proud of her, but too polite to say so. She thinks his talent is so much more important than hers, that she's been reluctant to sing for him. A month or so ago she appeared at "For anything special, at the first time," said Dave to a friend, "that I've really heard her sing. She's wonderful!"

"Why don't you tell her so?"

He seemed to mean it. Singing, though through the bronzed skin, it was hard to be sure. "You tell her," he grinned.

Because she was young and untried in love, they both went on doing everything that didn't put pressure on her. She knew how he felt. The decision had to be hers. It wasn't till after the trip to New York late last

Wedding Bells for Judy!

Continued from page 33
darch that the question of marriage was reached between them. One day Judy said: "I talked to mother, Davy. She thinks it's swell." In spite of their closeness and their exclusive dating and the fact that a world had had them engaged for years, it was then for the first time that Dave looked his happiness square in the face. Till then he'd been afraid to believe.

Through the rush of feeling flowed a stream of thanksgiving to Mrs. Garand. "What made it perfect," says Dave, "is that she should think I was adequate to Judy.

Judy's birthday is on June 10th, Dave's the 15th. It was decided to announce the engagement at a joint birthday party, at the newshounds paved the earth, niffed the air, got wind of a scent, and gave all concerned crazy with their amaze. "Please don't tell them," Judy called at first, "I want the thrill of having mother announce it."

The boys at Metro did their expert best, at went down to defeat. "We'll have to please it, Judy. If we keep saying no and then it's announced so soon, we'll all look pretty silly." She was disappointed, but sensible. She knew this was part of being a movie star. Her voice sounded a little forlorn then she phoned Dave. "Well, I guess you're going to be engaged before we know it." "That's swell," said he. "Or don't you link so?"

"It's just the party, Davy. Kind of takes the bloom off." "Never mind, honey." Then he did a double-take. "Engaged?" he yelled. "And haven't got a ring yet!" Which so tickled Judy that she cheered right up.

On the heels of that came another vent, second in importance only to an engagement. The White House asked Judy to sing in Chicago on June 6th at a Unity Rally, whose principal speaker was to be Wendell Willkie. She couldn't wait to tell Dave, and called him from the set. What impressed her almost more than anything else, was his reaction. "I'm very proud of you," he said.

"Can you imagine his bringing himself to say that?" she giggled to her mother. "The most I expected was fairly adequate," she said.

She was to leave Thursday morning—her first plane trip, Dave had to work after his Wednesday broadcast, so he took his music over to Judy's house. He'd been at it a couple of hours when he looked up. "Hey, I've got something to show you," and fished from his pocket a box whose size and shape shrieked about that it couldn't be holding anything but a ring.

Judy rose in her wrath. "You mean to say you've been sitting here all evening?" But by that time he'd opened it, and how can a girl scold when a man ships an emerald-cut diamond on her third finger? Right hand. In the plane next day she spent most of her time shining it up on her sleeve, and cocking her head to eye it against the light. "Beautiful, isn't it?" she'd sigh for the twentieth time. "Just the kind of a ring every girl dreams about."

What with rehearsals and the press, she hadn't much time to herself on Friday. But she did manage to sneak off to Marshall Field's, and pick a black lace dress for her mother to wear at the party. Her own was already ordered. A couple of years ago she'd wait, "I'm so sick of bouffant dresses," and yearn for the day when she could pour herself into something slinky. "What are you getting for the party?" asked a friend.

"Don't laugh," laughed Judy. "Organza—dusty pink—bouffant!"

That Friday evening was unique in Judy's life. She dined with Mr. Willkie. Then, wearing a plain street costume—because she wanted to be not a movie star on parade, but just another American—she stood up in the Stadium to sing to fifty thousand fellow-Americans. Her first song was Roger Eden's arrangement of Don't Bite the Hand that Feeds You, then she led the audience in God Bless America. It lacked four minutes of ten, when Willkie was to go on the air, Judy had been asked to prepare only two songs. But the

Even a breezy guy like Anay Hanzor gets bewildered once in a while, like for instance in a situation as the above, with Patricia Dane.

Pepsi-Cola goes big with Hollywood's young set.

Because of Pepsi-Cola's finer flavor, better taste and bigger size...millions prefer this tall drink every time. Pour yourself a glassful today. See how much more Pepsi-Cola you get for your nickel. 12 full ounces...plenty for any thirst.

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four minutes had to be filled, “What about our arrangement of Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones?” she whispered to Eden.

That was it. Only she left out the Joner. “Franklin D. Roosevelt,” she chanted, her young voice soaring, filling in words where she needed them, thrilled and thrilling, till the audience rose as one and stamped and cheered and roared and flung hats in the air. Judy felt like yelling too. She compromised by kissing her hand to them all while the tears rolled down. The emotional strain was still evident when Dave met her at the airport Sunday morning. “I’m beat,” she told him.

The next week was spent in arranging details of the party. It would be very simple. The garden was lovely enough to provide its own decoration. The food would be served from a large central table, and the guests sit at small tables scattered over the lawn. The badminton court above the terraces would be canopied, cleared for dancing, and a small band engaged. “Only you know what would be nice,” mused Judy. “White balloons floating on top of the pool.” So they blew the balloons up Saturday and dropped them in. At five A.M. Sunday, they started popping, scattering the daylight out of a timid neighbor who called the police to investigate what all the shouting was for.

The neighbor was reassured, the dead balloons fished out, and the day came up cloudy. Which drove Judy into a second dither, lest they all have to mangle their garden dresses under coats. She washed and set her hair, and ran out to look at the sky. She had breakfast, and ran out to look at the sky. She bathed and dressed, and ran out to look at the sky.

Dave arrived early, and helped put up yellow umbrellas. In the hall he came on a silver tray, filled with small white envelopes, tied in green ribbons. Opening one, he found a card on which, under a pair of wedding bells, was printed:

DAVID ROSE
JUDY GARLAND
September

“That stopped me,” he said. “Seeing it printed that way—oh, nuts, I can’t explain it!” His face explained it for him. He spent the afternoon—this retiring fellow—slipping cards into the pockets of his cronies.

At one, old Sol thought he’d cooperate, and broke through. Judy thanked him. When the guests began coming, she went out to direct traffic, see that the cars didn’t get jammed. It was all most informal. These were boys and girls she’d gone to school with and worked with, and old friends of her family and of Dave’s come to wish them happiness. In mid afternoon, having been on her feet all day, she decided that her happiness depended on getting her shoes off, so she changed into bedroom slippers. Her dress covered them anyway, but she poked a toe out at Dave as they danced together. And told him about her presents—the bedjacket embroidered with her name from Joan Crawford, glass Cinderella slipper from Bonna Granville and Jackie Cooper crystal goblets from Lana Turner. She saved the best for the last—her mother had given her an exquisite piece of white lace “For my wedding veil,” smiled Judy. Earlier in the week, Dave had said “Hey, it’s your birthday, I’ve got to give you a present.” But she wanted the ring to be her birthday present. So to seal the bargain, she’d bought him a combination birthday and engagement ring too—a cat’s eye set in heavy gold for his pinky.

They’d planned to go to Crois’s that evening, but Judy was tired. The guests gom she went upstairs and reappeared in chintz playdress, her hair tucked in two pins on top of her head. They settled themselves in the kitchen—she and her family and Dave’s and a few intimates to munch olives and spaghetti and left overs and to chew the fat. “This,” sighs Judy in content, “is my idea of a part after a party!”

They haven’t set the day yet, just 11 month, and they hope to wangle a few weeks off for a real honeymoon. No have they picked a house. Judy knows the when they go hunting. Dave’s first move will be toward the backyard. If it’s big enough to accommodate the Gar-Rose Rial way, the rest will be of slight importance. That’s okay with her. She’ll be right his heels, measuring with him.

Which, if two nice people will permit us to borrow a word, promises well an adequate marriage!

While Jugas Haas (Lewis Stone) ponders, Mickey Rooney wastes no time in making play for Judy Garland. From all appearances, Mickey learns fast in “Life Begins for And Hordy.” Ann Rutherford should see the Mick now. Patricio odd to the competition.
"The Girls I Left Behind Me!"
Continued from page 34

as I am on the screen. In too many pictures lovely ladies have left me. In 'The Awful Truth' I fought a losing battle with Cary Grant and the script writers. Irene Dunne chose Cary, who was not as rich or as stable as I—but apparently a lot more stimulating. In 'Brother Orchid,' if you can remember so far back, Ann Sothern took me just because Eddie Robinson knew he couldn't make her happy and decided to return to the monastery. But her heart belonged to dudley and Eddie was playing daddy. In 'Trade Winds' Joan Bennett turned her back on me as soon as she saw she could get Freddie March—even though I was filly rich and he hadn't a dime. And then, in 'His Girl Friday' Rosalind Russell kept me dangling on a string while she made up her mind whether she wanted the security I offered—or the harum-scarum existence that rat Grant dazzled her with—and she finally chose Grant. I hope they were miserable ever after!

"Do you remember a poem Service once wrote called 'Which'? It goes something like this:

'If you had the choice of two women to wed,
(Though of course the idea is quite absurd)
And the first from her heels to her dainty head
Was charming in every sense of the word:
Although in the past (I grieve to state)
The lady was never exactly "straight."

The second, she was beyond all cavil,
A model of virtue, I must confess;
And yet, alas, she was as dull as the devil,
And rather a dowd in the way of dress:
Though what she was lacking in wit and beauty
She more than made up for in "sense of duty."

Now, suppose you must wed, and make no blunder,
And either would love you and let you win her,
Which of the two would you choose, I wonder,
The stolid saint or the sparkling sinner?"

"Well, that's me in reverse. I'm the stolid saint. I embody all the traits everyone admires and no one envies. And where does it get me? Nowhere! Nobody wants me."

"Yes," his wife, Catherine Willard, interrupted testily, "it's true. If Ralph doesn't get the girl soon, people are going to begin to think I won him on a punch board and was stuck with him!"

"I always act the perfect gentleman and I'm virtuous to a fault," Ralph continued. "But it begins to look to me as though ladies don't like gentlemen. They don't want to be treated with respect. They want to be mauled. Look what mauling has done for Gable and Cagney. And for virture! I know now there is no saying more apprositive than 'Virtue is its own reward' and, if you ask me, it's a darned poor reward."

"Do you think," he demanded hotly, "when I come home at night and weep into my pillow over the loss of Irene, Joan, and Ann and Razz it's any comfort to me to reflect, "Well, at least, I'm good!" No, sir. I want to be a gay blade and one of these days I'm going to be."

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Statuesque, lovely Erminie Dougherty dances for hours—fresh, radiant, sure of her charm!

Grace, poise, impeccable daintiness! It takes all these to earn your living as a dancing teacher. That's why glamorous Arthur Murray girls are so enthusiastic about Odorono Cream!

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JOAN SOTON, of New York, still exquisitely dainty after the last lesson of the day.

KAYE HANLON keeps that fresh, sure-of-herself poise on Kansas City's hottest day.

BONNIE PARSONS, of Cleveland, dances for hours confident of daintiness.
John Murray tries to eavesdrop on Lorraine Day and Lew Ayres in the latest "Dr. Kildare" movie. "We'd like to find out a few things, too. When, Doc, are you going to make nurse Mary Lambor your lawfully married wife? Or do we have to speak to the scripters?"

"Listen!" I ejaculated, "once I was discussing you with one of the omnipresent girls on the screen and you want to know what she said? She said if you weren't already married there's no one in Hollywood she'd sooner be wedded to than you. She said any girl would feel so safe with you."

"What a terrible thing to say about a guy!" Ralph moaned.

"And, anyhow," Miss Willard interrupted again, rather tartly, I thought, "who'd feel safe with her?"

"In 'Footsteps in the Dark' I got away from stuffy shirts," Ralph resumed. "I played a heavy but it was a good, meaty part and I thought it would show producers I could do something else. But no! In 'Affectionately Yours' I'm right there pitching goodness and stability at Merle Oberon while Dennis Morgan feints with a sense of humor and a devil-may-care view of life that completely hypnotizes her. So once again I lose the girl. In 'Dance Girl, Dance' it was the talk of the town for a week because, at least, I was going to get the girl. Much consolation that was. The only reason I got Maureen O'Hara was because, although she was in love with Louis Hayward, he loved someone else. She took me because she didn't want to ruin his life and she knew if she married me he would realize she was lost to him forever and would go back to his true love—his wife. That was a fine way for me to win a girl, wasn't it?"

"You say you want to do a story on the 'Girls I've Left Behind Me'—but you might better call it 'The Girls I've Loved and Lost.' But heligo, as we say in the old country. In spite of my virtue and courtly instincts, I've made them pay through the nose for jilting me. This house is all paid for and there is enough money in the trust fund so that when a studio offered me a contract recently I was able to say, 'Gentlemen, I don't want to make any more money than I'm making right now, so the only point in my signing with you is if I can better myself some other way. If you will agree not to use me in over three or four pictures a year (and which ones must be A pictures) and to give me my lay-off in a lump, so I can take a decent trip if I want to, we'll talk turkey.' But they couldn't see that, so I am still free-lancing—and loving it."

"It's a funny business. I've been out here eleven years now. The last play I did in New York was 'Roadside' in which I played one of the most romantic parts ever written. I came out here and the first picture I made was 'The Secret Six' in which I played the leader of a gang of thugs. And what a cast that picture had! Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Chester Morris, Wallace Beery and John Miljan! After that I played one heavy after another." I should say he did," Mrs. Bellamy interjected. "I was afraid when he came home at night I would mistake him for one of his molls and start banging me around accordingly."

"After awhile," Ralph went on, "leads in big pictures didn't come along so frequently. Studios were using their contract players rather than buy salaries to free-lancers. So, because I wasn't seen in big pictures, people thought I had hit a slump and when I appeared in 'The Awful Truth' they spoke of my 'come-back.' Well, the awful truth is, I made more money during those few years they didn't see me so often than I did when I was playing in big pictures."

"I had made up my mind if I couldn't get the parts I wanted I would take the parts I could get. As a result of that, I can now afford to turn down a part occasionally. My wife and I have just got back from an extended trip to South America. We go to New York whenever we please and I don't even have to worry about losing a part to do it. What I want now is to get back into A-pictures exclusively and to vary my type. Do you blame me?"

I glanced around the den, where we were sitting. Books lined one wall. There were easy chairs and lounges scattered about. Sheffield and crystal cigarette trays and boxes. Through the door, in the hall, one could see a couple of Duncan Phyfe chairs, a grandfather's clock and a Sheraton table. Out the window, the back yard seemed to stretch away to infinity. Orange trees made a blaze of color against a leaden sky from which the rain poured. I jerked my thoughts back to Ralph. "B-pictures, willains, and stuffed shirts have given you that," I said, waving my arm around to indicate all I had taken in.

"Wouldn't you rather write for 'slicks' (high-class magazines) than pulp?" he rejoined. "It's the same with me."

"I can understand your wanting to do A-pictures," I conceded, "but your insistence on trying to get away from parts that have made you famous and in which
fans like to see you, I can't understand. It seems to me you're defeating your own ends. All the big pictures you've made lately are those in which you've played the parts you're objecting to—those in which you've made your biggest hits. This way, you've developed a following. People go to see a picture you're in knowing what you're going to do and knowing you'll do it better than anyone else could. If you change parts—or types of part—it confuses them. They're disappointed. Other people who, perhaps, haven't seen you before but who have heard of you, see you in a different type of part and maybe they won't think you're so hot in it. You alienate your established fans on one hand and, on the other, you won't acquire any new ones. "I see what you mean," he nodded, "but I don't agree with you. Before I landed on Broadway I used to run stock companies. One year I had the best stock in the country and we were doing a land-office business. Then receipts began to drop a little—not much, but enough to worry me. So I used to pull my hat down, turn my coat collar up so I wouldn't be recognized and I'd go out and stand in front of other theaters to see what people were saying when they decided where to go that night. I found they were shopping for entertainment. One would say, 'Oh, there's so-and-so. He was fine in his last picture.' I wonder what kind of part he'll be playing in this one?" It was the same if it was a picture house, a vaudeville house, a legitimate theater or even burlesque. They were always wondering what kind of part a favorite would be playing. If that favorite had always stuck to one type of part they wouldn't have had to wonder. So I came to the conclusion they want variety or diversity. And if I have any luck or any say about it, from here on out instead of its being a case of 'The Girls I've Loved and Lost' it's really going to be 'The Girls I've Left Behind Me' or 'The Girls I've Wooded and Won'." "Amen!" said Mrs. Bellamy fervently. "At least, then, people will get to see you as you are. I might add," she finished modestly, "this is the voice of experience speaking!"

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*Nurse Lamont (Lorraine Day) takes time out from her busy duties to play with a dove and a rabbit. Doves, you know, are good luck.*

SCREENLAND 81
you feel you cannot use any of your present furniture or decorations. And you haven't found a close friend whose taste you like whom you may consult on your problem. Then I would first make up my mind what I could spend to rejuvenate the place. Don't think of your house as a whole. That might be too financially depressing. Most of us housewives do one room at a time. After setting up the budget, I think your next move would be to go to one of your more important furniture stores. Talk with someone in the decorating department. Tell her, or him, your problems, and ask for guidance—but definitely not for complete advice.

If the budget only permits re-doing one room, you would probably choose the living room as the first room. Set up a color key. Choose a color you like, but also one that is right for the room. If your room is bright and sunny, select a nice cool tone to start from—green or gray or slate blue. Let the person who is guiding you tell you what harmonizes best with your key color. If your room is dark and needs brightening, choose a color you like that will lighten up—yellow or pink or cherry red. Your next move must be to determine whether you want the room massively, or less heavily, furnished. Whichever you choose, be sure and bear in mind that comfort plays an extremely important part in home building. Therefore, whatever type of furniture you choose should be on the "comfortable" side. (Your husband will certainly approve of that.) It seems to me that if you have no particular choice that, inasmuch as you are living in the West, you should set up as informal an existence as possible. You can use chintzes and natural wood furniture, rather than the formal period type of furnishing. However, if you favor the more formal type, have it by all means.

One thing to bear in mind is that it can't all be perfect at once! If it were, the fun of doing it would be gone. If you "do over" your living room and are pleased with the result, and you have to wait a while to do the dining room, you will dislike the dining room more than ever, in contrast to the new room. But by the same token, the new room will be doubly stimulating and cheering. Also, if you can't find just the right chair for just the right place in the room, don't feel you must take something else. Wait until that wonderful day when the right one comes along. It will in time, though it may take months, and lots of "shopping around" on your part. It will be worth that much more to you when you get it. Also, I think for people such as yourself and I, who are not professional decorators, that after we have visualized a room as a whole we should settle down to making the selection of each individual piece carefully. In other words, it seems to me that much individuality is lost if you walk into a shop and say, "I'll take that chair and that divan and those tables and that lamp and rug." Each piece should be carefully studied and chosen for just the right spot. If you deal with a furniture store they will be willing to let you try your selections. I am certain.

If you collect antiques, you should go back several times to get acquainted with the piece you are interested in before you actually buy it. As a matter of fact, you should treat your important pieces—you should feel that you just can't get along without them, before you buy them. If you buy a chair simply because you need a chair, you will usually find that the chair lacks all personality in your home.

If it is necessary to take five years to re-do your place to your satisfaction, take that long! Meantime, you will be learning along the way, because a strange thing happens once you become home-conscious: you think about it every time you go into someone else's home. You think about it when you are looking at a moving picture, or a play, or reading a book. You find yourself buying magazines that stress the home angle. You pick up bits of information here and there, and this information builds to such a degree that before you know it you have an amazing confidence in yourself, you have acquired taste, and you know how to use it.

Certainly you will want to entertain simply, inasmuch as you have so little time in which to plan and arrange parties. Either Saturday night suppers or Sunday afternoon "brunches" would seem to be the best for you to set your parties. You could make quite a thing of either of those functions—and have people hoping for an invitation to your house for one of your nice informal parties.

On the Saturday night party, it seems to me, make it buffet if you are entertaining more than four people. If you have no maid, buffet is easier on you, the hostess. And even if you have a maid, buffet is considered more informal, and informality is what everyone likes these days. Have good food, well cooked—It need not be the most expensive food, and certainly not the heaviest, or you'll find a lot of sleepyheads.
How GIRLS GET AHEAD in Hollywood!

FACTS make Hollywood even more fascinating—and facts are what you get in SCREEN GUIDE—the independent picture magazine of motion pictures. In September SCREEN GUIDE, learn how girls suddenly become starlets, then stars. This is the inside story, with sensational pictures, about Linda Darnell, Marjorie Woodworth, Jane Russell and others who have gone up the Hollywood way.

Other Scoops in September Screen Guide:

Why Stars Hate Each Other: The truth about Robinson and Raft. The real "inside" revealed at last.

Priscilla Lane's Million Dollar Love: Here's her hidden romance. See her most glamorous four-color portrait.

The Stars Squawk: Low-down on Bill Holden, Number One mistreated star. What's happened to the "Golden Boy?"

Clark Gable, Perpetual Motion Picture Star: The Brutal Truth!

Dorothy Lamour's Adventures in Love: Where will they end?

Why Charles Boyer Hides from Hollywood: His refuge revealed! What makes "The Great Lover" that way?

COLOR PORTRAITS: Priscilla Lane, Charles Boyer, George Raft, Rita Hayworth, Betty Grable and Carole Landis!

PLUS pages of gossip, fashion news, beauty hints, movie reviews!

on your hands after supper! Also, to make it easier on yourself as the hostess, have something for your guests to do to keep them entertained. If they are a musical group of people have some new records, or some old songs for them to sing. Maybe they are people who go for quiz games. Maybe they are bridge or gin rummy friends. If they don't like such strenuous mental games (and you'd be surprised the number of people who don't) surely they will like keno and bingo. The important thing is to have something planned, so they can't get bored. How will you know what to plan for them, what type of entertainment they will most enjoy? With the discernment you must have as a school teacher, that will be easy. And, of course, you will only invite those people at the same time who will be congenial together and enjoy the same things.

The Sunday "brunch" you could serve about one o'clock. Let all the guests play a part in this. For instance, get a couple of double waffle irons, and let each guest bake his own waffle. These irons are not too expensive and are easily manipulated, and whether your guests know how to cook or not, they can at least turn out their own waffle, and probably will eat them. While they are doing it, crisp bacon, strawberry preserves, honey, maple syrup, are delicious with waffles. And, of course, have pots and pots of good coffee. After eating, if the weather is right for it, have a ping-pong contest, or a badminton contest, or a good, old-fashioned, rousing croquet contest. Contests can absolutely make the spirit of a party. With all your guests having such fun you'll probably have a hard time getting them to go home. You may have to produce one of those Sunday night cold suppers—with hot rolls or hot biscuits. But the fact that you can't get rid of your guests should be very flattering, and not annoying. In time, entertaining will become a delightfully pleasant pastime. It requires practice.

You are blessed with intelligence and knowledge. I know. Else you could not be a teacher. And the fact that you are conscious of a need for a more gracious and interesting home existence will make it easier for you to work out a way of living that will be completely to your liking. I am positive of that. The very best of luck!

In Irene Dunne's "Design for Living," she makes every waking moment count. Here, while she has her lunch, she also attends to other matters. Her excellent and entertaining advice to our 6-Star contest winner will appeal to countless women with similar home problems.
Now Old King Cole was a merry old soul, and he called for his pipe, his bowl, and fiddlers three. Then he shouted extra loud for Dentyne—that delicious chewing gum that helps keep teeth bright.

That made the fiddlers hopping mad. "How come you call extra loud for Dentyne?" said they.

"Because it's extra good," laughed Old King Cole. "You see, it has a really different flavor—a warmly satisfying goodness, and it's mighty refreshing. Besides, Dentyne's pleasant firmness helps keep your teeth naturally sparkling. Try some."

And the fiddlers, sampling delicious Dentyne, were so delighted they played the merriest tune imaginable.

(Moral: You will feel merry too when you chew Dentyne. You'll enjoy its sparkling flavor—and the way it helps keep teeth bright. Notice Dentyne's handy flat package too).

Hollywood is still buzzing over Gene Tierney's surprise marriage to Count Oleg Cassini; but the Tierney girl blithely ignores the gossips, concentrating her energies on her career and brand new husband. Gene, above, as "Belle Starr," gun-toting female, with Randy Scott.

The Truth About Gene Tierney's Surprise Marriage

Continued from page 55

le te trimmings to a name? Olie's title has been a handicap to him; he is so pleased, the darling, to occasionally meet old chums who knew him abroad. "It is reassuring," he confessest. "They know I'm not a phoney, that I didn't stage an act to make you love me!"

She sighed, remembering, "He didn't, either. That is, he only did, attractively, what any man very much in love does. He won't be like a duck out of water for long. I'll help him see that! He is a swell, talented fellow, my husband Olie is, and because he's a foreigner, old-fashioned prejudice isn't going to lick him! Good grief," she exploded, "I'm still waiting for him to spring his super-suave manners!"

"I was not," she emphasized, calming down from her momentary defensiveness, "overwhelmed by Olie's title—in spite of the wisecracks of sarcastic columnists, who implied I was. It was a good Russian one—Olie's mother's family left Italy for Russia four centuries ago, and he's inherited his surname from her—but he had applied for his American citizenship quite some months before we ever met. The few in Hollywood who took the trouble to notice will testify, for us, that he always has called himself plain Mr. Cassini."

So all the tall and constant talking about why-would-she-want-to-throw-herself-away on a climbing Italian count (none of the three glibly-used adjectives accurately describe her new husband) boil down to wild gossip by the uninformed. Gene could have chosen a permanently titled gentleman; she's had the social connections. She might have snared a Park Avenue scion, for she went to exclusive girls' boarding schools in Connecticut and Europe. She "endured," as she phrases it tersely, a society début. But she is too real, too like the modern miss next door to be dazzled. That may sound funny, recalling all the gilding that has been thrust upon her. But strip away all the star shellacking. Discard all the débutante background that, at considerable personal sacrifice, her parents had built up so carefully for her. Go beyond all the surface conclusions that have spread wide recently, that inevitably do in a situation
such as she has caused. Those who hope she will soon snap out of her romantic dream, wiser and sorrier for the experience, are fated to be severely disappointed, I prophesy. Gene is young. Not quite twenty-one. She is a rebel. And how she has kicked aside Perfect Plans! But she isn’t reckless, as it has seemed, and she isn’t the wrong kind of fool.

“I think,” she continued, frankly, “that I am conservative. I’ve never been a formal soul, but I am not flighty. I’m moody, sometimes moody, but even if I’m physically lazy I’m rock-bottomed with common sense. I claim, I wanted a church wedding, to wear white, to have my family all present and celebrating with me. But I am old enough, also, to have discovered that we usually don’t get everything exactly as we wish it. And that we must make selections. I had a love problem, I tangled with it, and I solved it. To my own satisfaction at least.

“We have had nothing but hurdles, Olie and I, so every girl and boy who embarks the smooth path some lovers rate will not envy us. We are in the same boat. We, too, are Of Today. Full of doubts about the world around us. Figuring how far our money can go. We had our adolescent fancies, pretty ones, but Olie and I realize life is no cinch. We may be in Hollywood, but we’re still against all comers. We’re going to fight for what we want—the chance to work at what we’re able for, and the chance to love!”

“All right,” grimaced Gene, slim hand shielding her from sunlight which showed her up as every bit as beautiful as fine studio lights can make her, “so 20th Century-Fox, my studio, has faith in me. You can bet I appreciate that. Because I’m not as ‘inkey’ as they’ve declared. Not precisely. They didn’t see any value in announcing that I’d had a previous, unfortunate encounter with the movies. Not that I got on the screen before; I didn’t, willingly though I was! My studio biography states that I was signed after a Broadway success Which is so. But the omission is that Columbia originally brought me out, after two minor roles in Broadway attempts. I was a scared-to-death seventeen then. I wandered and wondered about the Columbia lot, a mystery to everyone including mother and me. There was no rush to take portrait sittings, to pose in the latest fashions. Eventually I was cast in a picture, opposite Ralph Scott. It has been so said, deciding ‘Belle Starr’ with Randy, for on my second day ‘way back three years ago I was unceremoniously taken out and Frances Dee took over the role. I was A Failure, and if you think I enjoyed that, you’re crazy!”

“I did what I could to grin and bear it. I was fat, so I dieted. I studied dancing. And when opinion time came I got the axe, anyhow. I’d come to Hollywood, hizzled ignorantly, and was fated to be forgotten. Only I’m stubborn. Ask mother and dad! I declined to Fade Out. At almost eighteen I knew I could make the grade with a studio, just as at almost twenty-one I know I can be a true wife. I wrangled another play on Broadway; it was the hit from which 20th re-imported me. So I’m well aware I owe my employers a good measure of thanks, and I haven’t shirked on a single assignment. Still, do you imagine I would let ‘glamor’ go to my head? That I’d say to The One Man, ‘I regret that my public is too important! Come back in a few years when my contract is up and we’ll get together. . . ? Well,’ she retorted, ‘I wouldn’t!’

Her new residence is Olie’s former bachelor abode, a shingled cottage set on a hillside amidst weeping willow trees. It’s the sort of place that is in demand in Connecticut. You drive past the Beverly Hills and Bel-Air mansions, away up along Cherokee Lane, until you reach a place
with "wonderful possibilities," to quote Gene. Leading me through it, she pointed out the living-room ceiling, which is in need of a new coat of paint. "I doubt if I'll do it myself," Gene murmured. "On my second night here Olie and I painted the bathroom!" She has been building with a decorator, ordering chintz, and having the maple furniture and pewter polished. She has a cook, but she's busily supervising every detail. "Olie didn't even have a lock on the front door! But my dog Butch loves his cat, and I adore fixing things up!"

She poured tea, far prouder to be the mistress of a home where love undogged is than to be tossing down cocktails in a be-chrommured bar. "It may interest those suspicious folk who doubt Olie's intentions—" she couldn't help it if he was a count and had a slight accent—to hear that he insisted upon signing a legal document before we married, giving up any claim to community property. He wanted it that way, so people would have no ground to stand on in that respect.

He is a designer, and while his salary is about a ninth of Gene's at present, he may someday be another Adrian. Her husband's family, according to Gene, has welcomed her warmly. And he can't be dismissed as a social climber. "Olie's grandfather was the Russian ambassador to the United States during the administration of Teddy Roosevelt, and his mother was a House chum of Alice Roosevelt Longworth. Olie's father was a Russian minister to Paris, and that's where he was born, in 1913. When the revolution struck Russia his parents were left penniless. Countess Cassini, a woman of taste, started a dress establishment in Paris and so, hard a time as they had, Olie was well educated in Florence, and at the University of Rome. When he became a designer in his mother's shop she thought he would be satisfied. But he wasn't. He wanted to come to America. And it wasn't simple for him here. He got into the wholesale dress business in New York City, but he was twenty-four and bewildered. After a year of running a business that should never have been, he returned to his designing skill, beginning all over again. In two years he saved enough to try Hollywood. He pitched a script in the three months it took to land a year's contract at Paramount. There he costumed Dorothy Lamour and directed the feminine wardrobe for "H" productions.

This was his job when Gene, far higher in the Hollywood rating, met him. The scene was eight months before they defiantly married, in Olie's house, when the occasion a formal dinner. Gene retired into a corner moodily empty of any emotional companionship. Olie had brought an Earl Carroll girl who amused him by sloshing out into the kitchen, after dinner, and emerging with a banana in one hand and a bottle of beer in the other. He was practically jolted into observing Gene, comparatively a vision of conservatism. "You don't look as though you're having a good time," he said. "I'm as happy as anyone else!" she answered. And from then on it was love, so far as Olie was concerned. He followed her everywhere, telephoned her three and four times a day, and he saw to it that they had dates every night.

"People have persisted in assuming this is all impulse. They don't comprehend that it was the opposite, I fell in love—not madly at first sight—with my best friend!" Olie isn't handsome. He couldn't push her into the top row of stars. He wasn't an imposing name, as an actor would have been. But he has that fatal fascination no woman can resist: he understands her completely.

"He is the only man I have ever been able to look up to! Oh, I've had crushes. I had them after I met Olie. I'd been engaged twice before. But at the last minute..."
Her father pronounced soothing words about Olie being a passing fancy, and she didn’t hear them. When she came back to Hollywood a rush before the cameras ensued. But making “Belle Starr” didn’t consume all her thoughts. Olie gave her a diamond and she wore it a whole week at the studio. “Mother and everyone from the prop man on up, except Mr. Zanuck who naturally wasn’t bothered with romances everyone knew wouldn’t jell, pulled me aside and lectured me on my foolishness. I wired dad, inviting him to come to my wedding. He wired congratulations, but said I was to wait until fall. ‘Butch,’ my brother at Yale, would spend the summer with me and straighten things out.”

“I had them straightened out. I didn’t want any more advice. I’d had to eat humble pie, for when I tried to be emotional with Olie, again, he was proud.” She grinned.

“I convinced him, though. We decided we’d keep the actual event a secret for a month. Mother was so opposed to the idea of me marrying anyone! We went to Las Vegas under assumed names. I wore a sort of campfire girl outfit, instead of a smart suit, and Olie was in casual sports clothes, with a polo shirt. We cautiously sat at opposite ends of the plane—we got practical and went on a regular one, instead of splurging to charter our own—and from time to time I’d take out my compact and wink at him in my mirror. A chauffeur and limousine met us with a, ‘Where to, Miss? Miss whom?’ The man explained, ‘My name happens to be the same as yours, so I keep tabs on you.’ Very odd! When we found a justice of the peace we had to wait until he finished his Sunday School class. Then we were surprised by a studio official, vacationing at the delirious hotel in Las Vegas. He had a grand wedding breakfast served for us.”

They flew back to Hollywood that Sunday night. No Riviera honeymoon as she had once visualized. No delirious bridesmaids. No welcoming Mrs. Tierney. When Gene got home her mother was conspicuously out for the evening. Two days later Gene and Olie drove her convert to the New York plane. The Tierneys—mother, father, brother and younger sister—are still “a bit aloof. They haven’t anything against Olie, really. They can’t get their long-planned fates for Gene. They can’t yet see that, almost twenty-one, she’s no longer a child. ‘Yes,’ admits Gene, ‘I was engaged twice before. But so was mother. Her third engagement took, just as mine did. She has never regretted her choice. Neither will I.”

The extra complication Gene has to handle is her career. So far she’s had no time off from work. Her studio loaned her to Walter Wanger to star in “Sundown.” Immediately she completed “Belle Starr.” She is counting on a delayed honeymoon trip to Washington, D. C., in November. Olie’s brother, a society reporter there, has written promising them a ball there. The elder Cassinis have come West, briefly, from their home in the capital, to bestow their blessing. Gene hopes her own family will relent.

Meanwhile, she and Olie have to work out their new road together. She had to go to New Mexico, on location, Olie, anxious for a new studio contract, was too proud to go along. Hollywood is still displaying a few prongs, being hurt by Gene’s daring to marry for love when her stardom could have won her a fellow with influence or fan mail. “But Olie will free-lance himself into demand, you’ll see!” she told me, beaming over her tea pot. “He is so talented, so real!”

She is acting as though it were impossible to fail. Which is the only sure system for succeeding at anything. Even at love, when you are unmistakably two against this nasty world!

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**Why was I born a Woman?**

**EVER get mad at the world…at the unfairness of your lot?**

*Ever hear a voice inside you whisper: “Better not go out…you won’t have any fun!”*

*And do you ever wonder why some girls always seem to keep smiling, no matter what time of the month it is?* If only you could learn their secret!

**Well, you’re not too old to learn! What you need is a lesson on how to grow a crop of confidence! How to be gay! Carefree!**

**Stop feeling sorry for yourself.**

Remember…an ounce of confidence is worth a pound of make-up. And to be sure of yourself on “difficult days,” you need the kind of confidence Kotex sanitary napkins give.

First of all, Kotex ends are flat and tapered. They never give away your secret…never make you self-conscious.

And you know, better than anyone, how important comfort is. So do as most girls do and choose Kotex. You see, Kotex is made in soft folds…so naturally it’s less bulky…less apt to rub and chafe!

Remember too, there’s a world of confidence in knowing that the new “safety shield” in every Kotex pad provides added absorption…an extra margin of safety.

All in all, Kotex helps give a girl the comfort and confidence she needs to put a smile on her lips…a song in her heart!

**Be confident…comfortable…carefree with Kotex!**

How’s a girl to learn what to do, what not to do, on “difficult days”? Send for the new FREE book: “As One Girl To Another.” Write P. O. Box 5434, Dept. S-9, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois.
PLEDGE yourself to a Pledge manicure, and discover how professionally this new tube application method accomplishes nail art, even for the amateur. The oilized nail polish remover, for instance, drops from a self-feeding felt-tip tube to clean nails like magic. A slot in the felt permits that cameo-clear tiny tip and easy removal of polish from cuticle. The nail enamel, in lovely colors, is self-feeding from a brush tube, like applying lipstick. The brush is improved for better results, drying time speeded up. The cuticle softener and nail cream, both oilized, work in the same efficient brush manner.

KURLASH, that queen of a gadget for curling your lashes into an arc of loveliness, has been improved! It's more mechanically efficient, say the Kurlash makers, who are antes in all the arts of eye beautification. Kurlash now curls more quickly and more definitely; there's more space for inserting your lashes between the curling bows; it has a little cushion guard, softening any contact with the eyelid while curling, and enlarged scissors handles make it firmer to grasp and more accurate in curl without extra pressure. Most important, results are more lasting. You can use it with or without mascara.

If ANYTHING makes us feel practically poverty-stricken, it's lack of plenty of lipstick. Like perfumes, we need a number to be happy and feel affluent. The solution to any such lack is Pond's "Lips." You get little ones in the chains, big ones in drug or department stores, and for color and texture and staying-on qualities, they are tops. The four will give you the correct colors for varying moods, occasions and costumes. Bette, for instance, so heralded for Fall, needs Rascal Red, but you will find Heartbeat better with blues. And what fun, what color and appeal when you make lipstick an accessory to your outfit! The right color is more important than perfect lips.

This department has a weakness for packaged beauty. We like what should go together to come together. We like basic aids, for instance, complete, with some of all we need. Therefore, we glowed when Harriet Hubbard Ayer's box, "The Ayer Way to Loveliness" appeared. There are five preparations in a sweet box, costing very little, including Luxurina, that fine cream, Night Cream for lubricating use, Beautifying Face Cream, a powder base, Ayer Skin Lotion, and the very new Beautifying Mask. There is nothing like these masks for quick results when you look tired or dull. Grand buy.

Paralene is a water-soluble corrective cleansing cream, and I'll wager you'll see some corrective signs after its very first use. Apply a few dabs of the cream, moisten your fingers, then work gently and well over the skin. Rinse off. It's about as simple as that. The point is that this extremely thorough cleansing does wonders in the way of super-bathing, of removing the cause of minor blemishes and renewing a fresh and clear skin tone. A really clean skin is usually a lovely skin, remember. Paralene seems to combine the elements of cream and water bathing to perfection, and is well worth a try.

There's social security for you, and that first new frock for Autumn in the new bigger jar of Odorono cream. This cream is light and creamy-smooth, and use in one to three days seems about right. It is very gentle, so you may use it on hands or feet that perspire. It is dependable and safe. Its use means you remain sweetly sure of yourself, and that your frocks, sweaters and blouses will never know embarrassing perspiration signs. It both deodorizes and keeps skin free of dampness, and seems to me to answer every need for a perspiration protective.

Yours for Loveliness
Notes from our book of beauty lore on what's new—what's improved—and all good!

Inside the Stars' Homes
Continued from page 15

with even more elaborate arrangements—result in harmony. Wonderful, if you can do it!

Marjorie was born in San Francisco and likes salads and souffles, but she doesn't let her ideas about food interfere with her husband's, "Mr. Gudger likes hot bread with every meal, so we have hot bread. He says cornmeal bread must be made of white, not yellow cornmeal, so we never have yellow in the house. He likes grits and panfried chops; then you pour the pan gravy over the grits—it's quite delicious if properly done. We serve yams, not sweet potatoes. Mr. Gudger wouldn't look at a sweet potato.

"He doesn't care for salad, except for a special salad I enjoy, too. For this I take half a Bartlett pear, put a half of cream cheese mixed with a tiny bit of Roquefort in the hollow, then pour lime Jello over the whole so as to encase the pear, set on a bed of crisp lettuce and grate a little Elkhorn cheese on top."

Lynn, finding that the "Mike" is not such a frightening instrument after all, faces her unseen audience with much more assurance.

Lynn Bari eyes the microphone as she starts her solo in "Sun Valley Serenade," which also features Sonja Henie and John Payne.
A sure sign that Lynn is now fully at ease before the awesome mike is the way she closes her eyes to get that dreamy feeling.

Two special hot-bread recipes follow:

**SOUTHERN CORNBREAD**

1 cup sour milk
1/2 teaspoon baking soda
(Arm & Hammer)
1 teaspoon water
1 egg
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 cups white cornmeal

Mix milk, soda (dissolved in teaspoon water), egg yolk, salt and cornmeal. Add the stiffly beaten egg white and bake in muffin pans in a moderate oven for 20 minutes.

**POPOVERS**

2 eggs
1 cup milk
1 cup Swansdown flour (sifted)
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons butter, melted

Grease muffin or popover pans well with butter and heat in oven till sizzling hot. Beat eggs well; add milk and beat over again with rotary egg beater. Sift in flour and salt, then melted butter, beating vigorously. Pour into hot pan and place in oven.

The last note sounded, Lynn smiles happily. Not many artists can sing and look so enchanting while giving off with the high Cs.
Why I switched to Meds

—by a model

Even on those "certain days," I have to parade around and smile. I just couldn't do it without internal sanitary protection. So when Modess came out with Meds—a new and improved tampon—I bought a box quick! What a blessing! I never dreamed I could be so gloriously comfortable! Meds make protection so sure, too—they're the only tampons with the "safety center." And thrifty? Say, Meds cost only 20¢ a box of ten—an average month's supply—or only 98¢ for a box of sixty! No other tampons in individual applicators are priced so low!

When the director of "Mr. Jordan Comes to Town" called time out for a smoke, the cast and director sought the nearest seats available—the steps of their elaborate set. Left to right, Robert Montgomery, Director Alexander Hall, Rita Johnson and James Gleason.

Turn heat to 450° (hot oven) for 30 minutes; then reduce heat to 350° (moderate oven) for another 10 or 15 minutes.

Emily, the cook, believes that grilled ham with bananas, a dish favored at the rancho, is worth passing on:

**GRILLED HAM WITH BANANAS**

Cut into thin slices the required amount of ham and broil delicately. Skin some bananas, cut them in half lengthwise and pour onto with salt and pepper, roll in beaten eggs and fine bread crumbs, and fry in hot bacon fat. Place the ham on a hot platter with a slice of banana on each piece, garnish the dish with parsley and serve.

"Mr. Gudger is fond of desserts so we usually have three kinds, since he hates to decide beforehand what kind he'll want," said Miss Rambeau. "The household is large enough so that this is possible. As a rule, one dessert is fruits in season. If it's warm, there is likely to be some sort of ice cream or sherbet, and the third is pastry or pudding. "We are both fond of chocolate, so the cook frequently serves chocolate chiffon pie or chocolate pudding. Jellies are perhaps not so well known."

**JELLY CHARLOTTE**

Cut out the center of a stale sponge cake, or any stale cake, leaving the bottom and sides thick enough to hold a pint or quart of jelly, as desired. Prepare a lemon, orange, wine or grape juice jelly. Cool, and when quite thick and about ready to form, turn into the cake. Chill in refrigerator or cool place. When ready to serve, cover top with whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk (Borden's).

**LEMON JELLY**

1 envelope Knox Gelatine
1/4 cup cold water
1 cup hot water
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup lemon juice
1 teaspoon salt

Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of water. Add sugar, salt and hot water and stir until dissolved. Add lemon juice, mix thoroughly and pour into mold that has been rinsed in cold water (Other jellies are made in the same way, except the fruit juice is substituted for the hot water and 2 tablespoons lemon juice is added instead of the 1/2 cup. Use less sugar with canned fruits than with fresh.

It was Mr. Gudger's chicken-ranch hobby that transformed this hitherto urban couple into enthusiastic ranch dwellers. When he retired as vice-president of the Goldwyn Company, Mr. Gudger bought five acres in the San Fernando Valley, christened it Rambeau Ranch, and proceeded to experiment with chickens. So successful was he in his experiments that now he has 50 laying-birds, and doctors and sanitariums compete to buy the eggs.

"He feeds them on mineral colloids, a substance containing 27 essential elements—and don't ask me what they are!" beamed his wife, "We are terribly proud of the eggs. Emily makes a real cheese omelet with them that is really something."

**CHEESE SOUFFLÉ OR OMELET**

1 cup soft, stale bread crumbs
1 tablespoon butter
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
2 eggs
3/4 lb. Kraft American cheese

Scald milk, add butter and salt and pour over the bread crumbs. Beat eggs separately, very light, put in yolks and then the whites and add cheese cut up very fine or grated and bake the same as omelet.

Driving out weekly to visit the ranch, Marjorie fell in love with the valley. She was always saying: "I wish I lived out there!" but did nothing about it until last Thanksgiving Day, when Jim Barker, Warner Brothers' make-up expert, saw a "place with a view." Next day she told Marjorie, that night she told her husband, Saturday he looked at the acreage, Sunday she saw it, and Monday they bought the sixteen acres. "We tore down the top of a mountain to make a level site for the house, and built this place in six months, complete with play house, swimming pool, and barbecue. Now we're building stables for our horses on a level far below."

Marjorie designed the house herself. She had always wanted a rambling house that could sprawl over the landscape.
This amazing test was one of a series, supervised by registered nurses, to prove the remarkable efficacy of Yodora—a Deodorant Cream that's actually soft, delicate and pleasing!

1. In the morning, Miss A.D. applied Yodora to underarms.
2. Played 2 sets of tennis—at 9½ in the shade!
3. Examining nurse pronounced underarms sweet—not a taint of P.O.—Perspiration Odor!

Yodora gives positive protection! Leaves no unpleasant smell on dresses. Jars 10½, 25¢, 60¢. Tubes 25¢—handy for masculine use!

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His phone rings incessantly—invitations to dinner, dances, parties shower him.
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in the big September issue of SILVER SCREEN 10¢
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To the thousands of folks suffering from surface pimples, acne, blemishes, blackheads, blotches, we will send FREE booklet of a simple method of treating the skin.
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You'll find Mentholatum so cooling and soothing on sunburn. That itery don't teach us misery will soon give way to comfort and relaxation. Mentholatum's medicinal ingredients also promote more rapid healing of the injured skin.

MENTHOLATUM
Isn't she happy long, because do, right?" "I keep forgetting it was a case of love at first sight," Tony leaned over and kissed her. "It was a hot day and you were wearing sort of a flowered dress. Am I right?"

"Skylark"

(Continued from page 31)

matter how blatant and vulgar she thought them. She would have worn them and adored them too because he had picked them. But since he hadn't, Lydia didn't see any reason why she should wear them either, and so after George had left she persuaded the clerk to substitute a bracelet she had wanted for a long time.

The scrap book she had spent so many hours putting together seemed pretty silly after that. The inscription too, even after five years, I do, Lydia, seemed just too schoolgirlish and romantic with Tony not even bothering to select her present himself. Yet when she heard the car stop outside, heard Tony's whistle as he came into the house, all her doubts went bounding away, as she put the book carefully on the pile of evening papers that was always the first thing Tony went for. No use fooling herself. She loved him.

"Well," Tony asked, giving her one of those kisses that even now had a way of making her forget all the other things he did. "How does it feel being married to a mug like me five years?"

"I think I'm going to like it," Lydia grinned.

"That may mean a lot," Tony looked back at her, then sighed, "Gosh, I'm tired. I finally got the new Valentine campaign lined up. An extra million in advertising means a hundred and fifty thousand in commissions to the firm. I'm going to try to get him to okay the deal tonight."

"That's what parties are for, isn't it?" Lydia couldn't help that sharpness creeping into her voice. "When you're a kid you go to parties for ice cream and when you're a young girl you go to play Post Office, but when you get on in years, like us, how dull a party can be if your husband doesn't come at least one deal."

"This Valentine is a funny duck," Tony went on, ignoring her crack completely.

"But we can work it if we can handle Myrtle Valentine. You know what she wears under her skirts, don't you, dear?"

"Yes, her husband's pants," Lydia said. "The last time she was at the house, I remember her sitting right here and Mr. Valentine was sitting there and—"

"What did they talk about?" Tony looked at her intently. "Do you remember?"

"Word for word," Lydia nodded emphatically. "Frederick Valentine said 'My dear Mrs. Kemyon, you have a wonderful cook.' And then he humped.

"That may mean a lot." Tony looked as if he were getting an idea, but Lydia wasn't paying any attention to it because she saw him going over to the papers and she couldn't think of anything except what Tony would say when he saw the scrap book. For he always pull the papers out from under it and in desperation Lydia put the album on her head.

"Do you like my new hat, darling?" she asked.

Tony swept her an amused glance. "Next thing you know they'll be wearing things like that," he laughed.

Subleties weren't any good, Lydia could see that, so she went over to Tony, holding the scrap book out to him. "Wouldn't it be nice to have an album history of our marriage?" she asked wistfully. "All the old snapshots, letters and souvenirs?" And then as he grunted his invariable sh, huh, and Lydia saw he wasn't listening at all, she dropped the book to the floor. "Oh, what the heck!" she said exasperated.

Tony looked up startled. Then he laughed, and for a moment it was the way it used to be when he got down on the floor beside the album and pulled Lydia down alongside him. "Hey, you were pretty cute!" he said when he saw the snapshot of Lydia taken at the time he first met her. "But what's this?" he asked as he turned the page.

"A Fifth Avenue bus of the vintage of five years ago," Lydia said. "Perhaps you don't recall that we picked each other up on a Fifth Avenue bus?"

"I keep forgetting it was a case of love at first sight."
Tony looked up as the automobile stopped outside. Lydia felt her heart shrinking as she looked at him. No prisoner could show more relief at seeing prison gates open wide before him than Tony did at his deliverance. Quickly he got out his present and gave it to her and Lydia's heart took another nse dive as she saw he wasn't even surprised at the bracelet she had substituted for the clips. He hadn't been interested enough even to ask George what he had chosen.

But she had wanted the bracelet a long time and it looked lovely on her arm, even when Myrtle Valentine's jewel-laden arm came in contrast with it as they shook hands. "It's very nice, my dear," Myrtle said condescendingly. "Even if it is small."

"I think it's small in a nice way, though. Mrs. Valentine, Lydia said smoothly. "Perhaps when Mr. Aherne is as old as Mr. Valentine, I'll have more."

"My dear," Myrtle smiled maliciously. She always knew the right time to insert her knife. "Did Mr. Kenyon tell you, you are going to join us in Palm Beach for your vacation?"

"No," Lydia looked at her blankly. It was the third time this had happened. Tony accepting vacation invitations from the Valentines without consulting her, and Tony hated winter holidays as much as she did. And he had promised her that this summer they would go to their island, just the two of them. Of course, that was out now, "I guess it must have slipped his mind," she said as she turned away. But she managed to control herself until she saw Tony.

"Why didn't you tell me you'd accepted the Valentines for Palm Beach again?" she asked.

"It slipped my mind, I guess," Tony said warily. Then as he invariably did when he felt a sense of guilt, he leaped on the offensive. "I don't know why you can't get along with her. You know, she's mentioned it several times lately. He waited for this to sink in, then he took a quick chance. I think she wants us to give her her cake."

"I know." Lydia looked at him in a way that should have made him cringe. "She's been very obvious about it but she's not going to get her."

"You're not very bright, darling." Tony said lightly. "Do you realize Valentine controls my biggest account and that there's an additional million in advertising I may get tonight? The only reason we have this house is because of the Valentine account."

"Yes, we have the house." Lydia looked at it as if she didn't care if an earthquake

Director Mark Sandrich tries to interest his "Skylark" stars in the script, but Brian Aherne and Claudette Colbert have their minds set on more pressing matters—food. Roy Milland, however, pays not too serious attention. The lunch counter is near the stage door.
There was a time when the rugged game of bowling was for men only. Now the gentler sex has claimed it as one of their favorite indoor sports. Ann Rutherford, left, keeping her eye on the pins. Peggy Moran, right, one of Filmville's feminine top-ranking bowlers.

“Listen!” Jim turned on the ignition and started backing out the car. “For you, I'd like it to be wonderful. I'd like to see you sitting on a star. I'm rooting for you, see?”

He was getting just too romantic for a man she hadn't even met before. Lydia might have stopped the adventure then and there if she hadn't seen Myrtle on the terrace, her eyes two slits of fury as she stared at them.

“Do you know?” Lydia looked at him with her most ravishing smile, knowing how it would infuriate Myrtle. “I think I'm glad to meet you.”

“I doubt it.” Jim said easily. “Any woman who's been married five years really doesn't want to meet me. Meeting me is meeting life. You just want to play at meeting me. You want to go summing up life.”

“Now look here, mister.” Lydia pretended outrage. “What are you selling? Sanctity of the home or fun on the side?”

“I'm for either one of them as long as it rings the bell.” Jim said unabashed, as he turned the car toward the Sound read. “Incidentally, you must have noticed something strange about my driving. I keep both hands on the wheel where they belong!”

It was fun, in a way. They talked a lot and they laughed a lot, and they might as well have known each other all their lives when they finally sat at a counter in a hot dog wagon, listening to a juke box blast out love songs as they ate their hamburgers. “I wonder if I've made a mistake.” Jim said then. “Waiting until now to tell you I love you.”

“It was nice of you to wait until now to say it,” Lydia giggled. “If you had said it earlier I might have slapped your face.”

“That's what I thought,” he looked at her quizzically. “Well, what are you going to do about future anniversaries?”

“Fight!” Lydia said determinedly.

“You can’t.” He shook his head. “You can’t lick the twentieth century, not when you're married to it. You won’t fight. You’ll drink a little and you’ll flirt a little. You drank a little tonight and you flirted...”
Dorothy Darrell shows, in theory, how to down those pins in one fell swoop. We don't know much about bowling, but we can tell you that Dorothy's form is something in that Saran-effect skirt. Another bowling devotee is Bonita Granville, right, caught in graceful action.

a little. That's all this amounts to. But the next time you won't be so particular and in time you'll become like me. Without that bottle I'm nothing with the bottle, well, the next move is somebody like Myrtle. She's fireworks, which is better than total darkness. I've been about to call it quits several times and then I remembered my firm gets half its business from Mr. Myrtle.

"And that's the story of your life," Lydia mocked.

"Until tonight," Jim was serious now.

"You've changed everything. I'd pin a goodbye note to the firm's pillow for you. I've a boat on the Sound, a sloop with a Diesel auxiliary. A woman could go on that boat, couldn't she?"

"What kind of woman?" Lydia asked.

"Well, she'd have to have beauty," Jim said. "Otherwise I wouldn't want her. And she'd had bitterness and pain, otherwise she wouldn't want me. And it would last a week-end, maybe two weeks, a year, ten years, until you got tired of me."

"Or you got tired of me," Lydia said.

"You underestimate yourself, lady. Listen, we walked out on the party tonight. Why can't we walk out on the world this morning?"

"No," Lydia's voice sharpened. "I know what I want. I've always known. Please take me home now."

Everyone had gone when Lydia ran up the terrace steps, everyone but Tony, who stood there waiting. All her resentment had fled and she was sorry for everything and feeling more than a little guilty. But when she tried to tell Tony he only looked at her grimly. "I'm not worried about Jim Blake, if that's what you mean," he said evenly. "But do you realize you're jeopardized the entire Valentine account? Myrtle Valentine is furious, and I'm ordering you to get on the phone right now before that cotton gets to bed. But straighten out this whole mess before I lose the account. Make her understand that the episode was innocent on your part and that you're never going to see that man again. Do I make it clear?"

"Yes, Tony," Lydia said quietly, but something died in her as she went into the living-room and gave the Valentine number. Her voice was honeyed, flatter-
ing as she spoke. She said all the right things. "You won't have to worry about your commissions, Tony," she said when she hung up.

"Let's forget the whole thing," Tony came over and put his arm around her and smugged his chin in her hair in the way that had always been able to thrill her before. "You're sorry and I'm sorry, and maybe we won't have to go to Palm Beach. Perhaps we can spend a month anywhere at the island."

"Sounds fun," Lydia said as she turned away from him. She waited until he had gone upstairs and then she dialed a number. "This is Mrs. Kenyon," she said in a voice that didn't sound like hers at all. "Will you please send a taxi right away?"

It was all settled, Lydia thought, the next morning as she left Jim Blake's office. If it went from there she could, as Tony had, go to a party and treat her like a woman, or she would go home, and then suddenly she didn't hope any longer, but you don't get hurt either. Even when Jim told her Tony had been there to see him, fighting mad, saying he wouldn't give her a divorce, it didn't make her heart jump the way it would have yesterday. Even when she got down to the street again and she saw Tony waiting, even though it was raining and his clothes were soaked and his smile twisted when he saw her, it didn't mean anything either.

"You're going home," he said, taking her arm. And it was strange the way he felt looking at her as if he were seeing her for the first time again. Seeing her through Jim Blake's eyes, maybe. A sky-lark, that was what Jim had called her, a woman who was life itself. "You're going to live there," Tony went on grimly. "Eat there, sleep there with me."

"Let me go?" Lydia tried to wriggle away from his grip on her arm. "You're hurting me, Tony."

"What do you think you're doing to me?" he demanded savagely. But he had to quicken his steps to keep up with her as she dashed down a subway entrance. He followed her into a crowded train.

"Please," Lydia looked at him coldly as...
he caught the strap next to her and she saw everyone staring at them. "Let's not have a scene, Listen, Tony, just understand this. I'm going to Reno tomorrow. It's the only way. I've seen you fall more deeply in love with your business for the past three years. If I could offer something big enough to challenge your work I'd stay and put up a fight, believe me."

The fat middle-aged man sitting in front of her grinned. "You've got something there, she said.

"You mind your own business," Tony turned to him furiously.

A man hanging on the strap next to him gave him a withering glance. "You're not doing such a good job yourself," he said.

The whole train was taking an interest in them now. A woman across the aisle glared at Lydia with the inevitable antipathy of the middle-aged for the young and vibrant. "If you were any kind of a man you'd take her over your knee and spank her right here and now," she told Tony.

The scholarly-looking man sitting next to her frowned as he looked up from his book. "You see," he turned to Tony. "She wants you to recapture the first moments of your life together." Then he smiled sadly as he looked at Lydia. "Ecstasy, my dear lady, is a thing of the moment. The grand passion can't last forever."

"Sure," Tony seized his advice eagerly, "You can't have ecstasy all the time. It's like eating caviar three times a day."

Lydia looked at him defiantly. "If I liked caviar I'd eat it three times a day," she glared, then as the train stopped at the station she managed to make a dart for the doors just before they closed, grinning as she saw Tony's chagrined eyes.

But she saw him again anyway. For that afternoon when she went back to the house to pack her clothes there he was waiting. "Please, Tony," she said quietly, "I'm sorry, but I didn't want to see you again."

"So now you're going back to that bus we met on," Tony said.

"Please don't let's joke about it," Lydia turned away.

"But you're serious," Tony said eagerly. "You know that bus belongs to me too. I was once on it, same as you."

Suddenly be knew what he would have to do. He hadn't been in the advertising business all this time without knowing how to sell a client. And now Lydia was the client and he was going to sell her. What if he did misrepresent his product, lie a little to sell it, well, that was only one of the rules after all. "I guess it's a little too late now," he said and even the abrupt tone in his voice was a lie. "But I quit my job this morning."

"You quit?" Lydia looked at him, and suddenly there was that warmth creeping through her again, that quickening in her heart, her pulses racing furiously. "Oh, Tony, tell me! I can't believe my ears."

It was a brave story Tony told. He'd never worked harder on a campaign than on this one. It was so good he almost believed it himself as he told her how he had not only insulted the boss but all the clients as well. And Lydia laughed contentedly as she snuggled in his arms. Oh, it was so wonderful finding Tony again, and she wasn't worried about anything. After all, they had been broke before.

She woke to a morning perfect enough even for this one, the first morning of their second honeymoon, and even when Theodore announced that Myrtle was waiting to see her on the terrace, her gaiety couldn't be dispelled.

"When you telephoned me," Myrtle announced, ominously waving aside Lydia's polite overtures, "I was polite. I decided to wait until Jim arrived and hear what he had to say. Well, Jim didn't return to our house, and you know it, and you know why. And if you don't think I knew you were sarcastically hating my guts when I was presented with your cook, you must think I'm a dumb Dora. And now I'm telling you, hands off Jim Blake or your husband will be looking for another job."

Lydia laughed. This was just too, too wonderful. This was the situation she had been waiting for for three years. And how Tony would laugh when she told him all about it! "Do you think for one moment that all the years Tony has put into his work could be tossed aside by an irresponsible, greedy woman like you?" she demanded. "And, for your information Tony quit his job yesterday. I'm trying to be as nice as I can to you, but..."
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say beauty editors of 23 out of 24 leading magazines

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

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

We are in voice today. It's not that hint of autumn in the air. Nor is it the pretty compliments we've been receiving from the public about "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

The fact is that we've been vocally hypnotized by Ann Sothern's song efforts in "Lady Be Good". So please pardon our Sothern accent.

You've seen her as "Maisie". But did you know she could sing like that? Neither did we. In case you don't get around to the picture, here's the way she does it.

I'm just a lonesome Baby in the wood, So Lady be good To me.

What a film! What a fine film! What a mighty fine film! It has a plot that's hot, a cast that's fast, comic scenes that are anatomic, and throngs of songs.

Eleanor Powell has never been better. Toe, ankle, leg, thigh, tibia, arms, shoulders, head. All dance together in real rhythm.

Jack McGowan wrote an original. Then he and Kay Van Riper and John McClain fashioned a screen play. Then Norman McLeod directed. Result—Oo-la-la!

Add music by George Gershwin, Jerome Kern and Roger Edens, lyrics by Ira Gershwin, Oscar Hammerstein and Arthur Freed. Then serve.

Footnotes: Robert Young turns in a stunning co-starring job. Lionel Barrymore is still the old master. John Carroll is a discovery. Red Skelton is Joe Comic. Virginia O'Brien is a bright splash in the dead pan.

Fan song: O Leo be good To me. —the Maestra

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

SPECIAL ART SECTION:


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MASTER OF LOVE!....
His Words of Love Set All Women's Hearts on Fire!

"All these years without you, I've dreamed of being in your arms again, my love!"

Paulette

"He made me afraid of myself... afraid to see the deep longing he had put in my heart!"

Olivia

Only Boyer, suave, sophisticated... only fresh, lovely DeHavilland... only sultry, beautiful, Goddard, could bring this hauntingly beautiful love story to you... played in the exciting atmosphere of a Mexican border town!

Charles BOYER

Olivia DeHAVILLAND * Paulette GODDARD in

"HOLD BACK THE DAWN"

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

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

Screenland
OU couldn't find a better setting for a Hallowe'en party than "Pennybob Farm." The "Penny" is for Penny Singleton, the "Bob" for Robert Sparks, star and producer of the "Blondie" pictures and Mr. and Mrs. in private life. There is an orange grove weighed down with fruit just the right color for Hallowe'en, walnut trees laden with nuts, boysenberry vines making a hazard for witches, and three acres of ground. The Dutch farmhouse is set far back on a winding drive; there's a fully equipped playhouse for the "Boss," as Penny calls her husband, looking out on what will presently be a swimming pool; and beyond a high hedge is the little house where Penny's small daughter lives with her nurse. At the back of the three acres is a chicken run with hen-houses and plenty of fried-chicken-on-the-boof fluttering and scratching. Nearer the house are pheasants, Penny's special pride, and an aviary filled with love-birds. There are horses and dogs and a cat named Stumpy. It is really an animal haven.

I found Penny in a state of pleasant confusion, knee deep in draperies, workers hammering merrily around her. "I'm tearing the house to pieces," she confided gayly. "This room was used to be a sunroom. I've had it enlarged to make a Dutch dining room. It will be finished for the party. As soon as it's done, we'll tear out the present dining room and make it into a sort of butler's pantry with a cocktail bar. After that, I'll have the kitchen enlarged." It doesn't look as if I'd ever get everything done, because I keep thinking of ideas for a "different" Hallowe'en party.

The charming girl you know best as Blondie is Mrs. Robert Sparks in private life, mistress of "Pennybob Farm." She gives you gran
d ideas for a "different" Hallowe'en party.
JUST LOOK AT THESE COMING ATTRACTIONS!

Here they are! The Choice of all of Hollywood's offerings for this month and the near future! Better check them off—you'll want to see every one!
Jane was partial to the charming thing called Smoothy; it was one of the most effective things she had ever known.

The adventuresser was farthest from being a soldier-hero. Becoming a soldier-hero was the farthest thing from her mind. So far as she knew, she had never done anything of the sort.

Gable and Russell are a pair of rascally jewel thieves, each trying to outwit the other until the love bug attacks them. Becoming a soldier-hero was the farthest thing from their minds.

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53

Tagging the Talkies

They Met in Bombay—M-G-M

It's good to see Clark Gable again and, better still, to see him teamed with Rosalind Russell. Together they hold your interest when the dialogue and improbable story get slightly incredible. Gable and Russell are a pair of rascally jewel thieves, each trying to outwit the other until the love bug attacks them. Becoming a soldier-hero was farthest from Gerald Meldrick's (Gable) mind but he does, and reforms. Bad man Peter Lorre, as usual, is effective.

Hurricane Smith—Republic

Ray Middleton is bound to please as Hurricane Smith. You'll be conscious of his lithe physique, handsome looks and nice voice. And you won't overlook sight of the fact that he's star material. Reticent Smith, rodeo champ, proposes to Jane Wyatt. Surprised at his sudden declaration, she calls him Hurricane Smith. He is accused of a murder he didn't commit. Harry Davenport and J. Edward Bromberg's work in this is faultless. Jane is charming.

Frank Buck's Jungle Cavalcade—RKO

Frank (Bring 'Em Back Alive) Buck's film is exciting and thrilling. There is no other way to describe it. To our way of thinking it is a little too exciting. The ladies, we fear, will shut their eyes and blot out the sheerly brutal "dog fights" between beasts in close-up. Buck and his jungle beasts are the main characters. The adventurer does a lively job of describing his trek and relieves the tension—and there is plenty—with humorous dialogue.

Dance Hall—20th Century-Fox

If you're in the mood for heavy histrionics, this is not your dish. But if you're partial to smoothy Cesar Romero and dazzling Carole Landis no matter the inconsequential plot—well, then, a thing called "Dance Hall" won't be too disappointing. A "thing" just about sums it up. Cesar has the femmes eating out of his hand until he meets Carole who refuses to bite. He manages a dance hall, she sings; they spit and, as expected, make up.

The Get-Away—M-G-M

The G-Men are again pictured as they should be—the greatest body of officers the world over. Too much praise for these men can't be given. They fight with death, the moment they swear allegiance. So, you can't go wrong if you decide to see this. G-Man Robert Sterling poses as a gangster in order to learn from tough Dan Dailey, Jr., his gang's hide-out, and the brains behind same. Pretty Donna Reed acquires herself nobly in her very first screen rôle.
Yes, Lydia learned all about love... but it took four men to teach her. Vividly, unforgottably, her story is revealed in this, the thrilling drama of a free woman!
Most fascinating motion picture of the new screen season, "Hold Back The Dawn" provides that "different" entertainment you have been hoping to see. So we salute Paramount for producing it, Mitchell Leisen for his imaginative direction, and Charles Boyer for his fine performance in the daring role of a complete cad who charms a girl into marriage and then finds himself really in love with her at the climax.

As the innocently romantic young school teacher who believes Boyer's love-making is sincere instead of clever pretense to suit his own purpose, Olivia de Havilland has her best rôle since her memorable Melanie in "Gone With The Wind," and contributes a most touching and sensitive portrayal.

Above, most touching scene in the entire picture takes place when Boyer, after racing to his wife in the hospital after she has learned what manner of man he is, saves her life by restoring her lost faith—having awakened to the realization that his professed passion is now real. At right, a scene with Paulette Goddard, playing the "other woman" who tries to lure him back to their old life together.

Unusual story of "Hold Back The Dawn" is by Ketti Frings and concerns the plight of foreigners below the Mexican border waiting to gain admittance to the United States. One of them, played by Charles Boyer, is a suave and unscrupulous fellow who sees in Olivia de Havilland a willing victim and marries her as his means of entry. Her disillusionment when she discovers his true character is compellingly told, with Boyer and de Havilland excellent acting mates.

The love scenes between the two stars of "Hold Back The Dawn" are remarkable in their implication; the sophisticated Boyer, masking his real intentions with a simulated ardor, rousing the untired emotions of Olivia, who believes him and falls wholeheartedly in love. Four scenes pictured here convey the skill with which Leisen directed his players, and their fine response.
Why Can't men understand?

that the past—those memories of romantic moments—cannot be erased by a new love?

It's what every woman knows—and won't tell!

Produced and Directed by
GREGORY
LACAVA

With all the grand comedy of his "MY MAN GODFREY"...all the poignant drama of his "STAGE DOOR"...all the heart-lifting romance of his "PRIMROSE PATH"...!

UNIVERSAL PICTURES presents
Irene Dunne and Robert Montgomery in
Unfinished Business

with
PRESTON FOSTER
Eugene Pallette  Esther Dale
Walter Catlett  June Clyde
Dick Foran  Samuel S. Hinds

SCREEN PLAY BY EUGENE THACKREY
DOES "Soaping" ROB YOUR HAIR OF LUSTER?

See the difference with soapless Halo Shampoo — leaves no dulling soap film

WHEN "soaping" robs your hair of its natural luster your personality goes flat. So try Halo Shampoo for hair that's radiant, soft and easy to curl.

With Halo, there's no dulling soap-film to hide natural highlights and color. You don't even need a lemon or vinegar rinse. Try Halo for your hair today . . . expect compliments tonight.

Buy Halo Shampoo in generous 10 or larger sizes at any toilet goods counter. It's safe for any type or color of hair. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

NATIONAL DEFENSE against hosier
y Be prepared! Don't let a sudden run spoil your day! Just a drop of RUN-R-STOP—the famous colorless liquid, STOPS runs and snags instantly and permanently, in all silk and Nylon hose! Easy to carry; easy to use, easy to remove. Comes in a gay colored vanity, Carry RUN-R-STOP in your handbag, and end runs! Get it today! 10¢ at all dept., drug, shoe, hosier & 10¢ stores.

ACROSS
1. Co-star, "One Night in Lisbon" 5. He plays Ellery Queen
10. Orchestra leader who married Turner
14. To relieve
15. To love intensely
16. Opening in the skin
17. Performed, as in the movies
11. Friend, in French
20. Co-star, "Navy Blue and Gold"
21. Kind of grain
22. She's featured in "Three Sons O' Guns"
25. To take food
26. Regretted
28. Stage whisper
30. "Lady - Good," Eleanor Powell's latest
32. To declare on oath
34. To shave
35. "The Ramparts - Watch"
36. Sea eagle
39. Covers
41. Charlie Chan
43. Prefix meaning three
45. Woeful
46. Kind of tree
47. Co-star, "Lady From Louisiana"
48. Subject matter
50. Competitive
52. Unopened flowers
53. Famous Swede comic
54. Small child
56. Eagle's nest
58. Biblical prepositional
59. The colonel in " Forced Landing"
61. "So . . . Our Night!"
62. To make a mistake
65. Her new one is "Skylark"
67. In what way?
70. She played "That Hamilton Woman"
72. What a sheep would say in a talkie
73. Co-star, "They Met in Argentina"
74. Table-land, plateau
76. Captain Chiang, in "They Met in Bombay"
78. The General in " They Met in Bombay"
79. Winter vehicle
80. Wet by the waves (as a ship's deck)
81. Otherwise

DOWN
1. Alarm
2. Spicy
3. Compound either
4. She's Mrs. Joel McCrea
5. Egyptian sun god
6. . . . Had Four Sons"
7. She's Mrs. Clark Gable
8. Snoop
9. " . . . Stayed For Breakfast"
10. Health resort
11. Residences
12. Scope, range
13. . . . Point Widow," with Anne Shirley
18. Co-star, Reaching For the Sun
20. She played the villainess in " Rebecca"
23. Girl's name
24. Help
27. To employ
29. One's inner self
30. Stat., "The Bride"
31. Came C. O. D.
32. His new one is " Dive Bomber"
33. Famous opera
35. She's often teamed with George Sanders
36. To rub out
38. To hate
40. To dispose of cash

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

Fred Bob West Slide lerr Other oat lass leper Brad lal lal case
Se unite laurel Inane spred Lynu teeth ray I em tar so re Tab oberon pact
Astir nones leri nogle lers Deb goals alarms etal hopkins oil"stria aid ovate eats te a name

Screenland's Crossword Puzzle
By Alma Talley

42. Comic co-star, "In the Navy"
44. A kind of intoxicating liquor
46. More weathered and dry
49. Possessive pronoun
51. Co-star, "Meet John Doe"
52. Cot
55. Although (simplified spelling)
57. In
59. . . . . . My Love," with Claudette Colbert
60. Join in the sum
62. Knitted shoulder wrap
63. Shale trees
64. Section of a movie
66. What you hear a talkie with
68. Native metals
69. To decrease (as the moon)
71. To run about idly
74. Garden implement
76. Note of the scale
77. Exclamation

Last Month's Puzzle

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle
NO WONDER THE BOYS GOT "JUMP FEVER"
When They Tackled Uncle Sam's Most Dangerous Game!

LOOK OUT BELOW! . . . WHEN AMERICA'S NEW AIR FIGHTERS INVADE THE SCREEN WITH SENSATIONAL NEW SKY-HIGH THRILLS, SHOT ON THE SPOT WITH THE BOYS WHO LIVE TOO DANGEROUSLY TO MISS A LAUGH OR A DATE!

PARACHUTE BATTALION

Starring ROBERT NANCY EDMOND HARRY PRESTON KELLY O'BRIEN CAREY

with BUDDY EBSEN PAUL KELLY RICHARD O'ROURKE

And Uncle Sam's

Produced by Howard Benedict
Original Screen Play by John 1
FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$10.00 PRIZE

A prominent religious leader recently declared that the movies were our worst incentive to crime; that they broke down character and led our youth into ways of wickedness.

As a movie fan and as a Christian, I believe these statements are grossly untrue. What boy could look upon crime as a future profession after seeing the sorcery end of Humphrey Bogart in “High Sierra?” Who could witness “I Wanted Wings” without being proud of our grand country and free way of living? What busy money-grabber watched “The Long Voyage Home” without suddenly realizing that there is more to life than just gaining wealth?

No, I think the movies have taught us to seek the honorable, the noble things of life. They have welded together our ideals and customs until the nation has become one great neighborhood. And it is a neighborhood where justice, liberty, and religious freedom have made it the envy of the world.

So who would be foolish enough to destroy the movies, the institution which has contributed more to any other in building this American way of life?

MRS. M. R. LILLES, Seagraves, Texas

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$5.00 PRIZE

Recently I’ve been hearing one ominous rumble after another about the dire financial predicament of the movie industry. “Well,” I thought to myself, “things must be pretty bad out in Hollywood.” And then I began reading: “The movie industry is facing serious financial setbacks with loss of foreign market” — “American movie-going public giving poor box-office support of foreign markets! Unresponsive American public!” Stuff and nonsense! There’s nothing wrong with the American movie-going public; the fault lies solely with the men who make the movies; the men who’ve been so used to making super-duper colossal efforts that they’ve netted for us the envy of the world.

As far as I’m concerned, the movie industry doesn’t need its foreign markets. Can do perfectly well right here in America to make up for any loss of foreign markets. But—and here’s where my real pet peeve is—what the Motion Picture Industry needs is a plan of action, a plan of action that will keep the public Garbo-conscious again after the long months since “Ninotchka.” These steps of action: (1) Garbo “talks” in “Anna Christie,” (2) Garbo “loves” in “Camille” and “Ninotchka”), (3) Garbo “laughs” in “Ninotchka”).

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS
$1.00 EACH

I’ve read that Garbo, in her next picture, will play twins, sing, do the rumba and wear a short hair-do with a bluish rinse. It seems like an awful lot of new and mammoth things to do in order to make the public Garbo-conscious again after the long months since “Ninotchka.” These steps of action: (1) Garbo “talks” in “Anna Christie,” (2) Garbo “loves” in “Camille,” (3) Garbo “laughs” in “Ninotchka.”

SYLVIA GRILL, Bronx, N. Y.
Two office bachelors
— but no date for Joan!

Popularity and Jobs are Safer
if a girl remembers to use Mum every day!

Two attractive bachelors—both marked for success. And they picked Joan for a honey the very first morning on her new job. But why no bantering—no bids to lunch—none of the attention the other girls received? Well, Joan, the truth, the tragic truth, is—the girl guilty of under-arm odor doesn't get or deserve the breaks.

Joan would be amazed if you mentioned her fault—if you deliberately said "Mum." She bathes every morning, of course. But she needs Mum to protect that after-bath freshness, to keep her safe all day—or all evening long.

Many smart girls—eager to get ahead in business or socially—make Mum a daily habit. They wouldn't dream of taking chances with charm when Mum is so quick, so safe, so easy to use!

MUM IS QUICK! A touch under each arm, before or after dressing...in 30 seconds charm is protected.

MUM IS GENTLE! Use it right after underarm shaving. So safe for fine fabrics that it has won the seal of approval of the American Institute of Laundering.

MUM IS SURE! Mum makes odor impossible all day or all evening, yet does not stop perspiration. Get Mum today!

LIFE'S MORE FUN WHEN MUM GUARDS CHARM!

For Sanitary Napkins
Mum is so gentle, so safe that thousands of women prefer it for this important purpose. Use Mum this way, too.

But why expect a bath to last for hours, Jane? I follow my bath with Mum.

To herself: I made a hit with Jeffy... Am I glad Mary tipped me off to Mum!

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MUM IS SURE! Mum makes odor impossible all day or all evening, yet does not stop perspiration. Get Mum today!
It's annoying when folks just drop in... but

infectious dandruff

is more annoying still!

Get after it with LISTERINE at the first sign of trouble

WHAT makes the infectious type of dandruff so annoying, so distressing, are those troublesome flakes on collar or dress... and the scalp irritation and itching... that so often accompany the condition.

If you’re troubled in this way, look out—you may have this common form of dandruff, so act now before it gets worse.

Has Helped Thousands

Start right in with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. This is the medical treatment that has shown such amazing results in a substantial majority of clinical test cases... the treatment that has also helped thousands of other people.

You, too, may find it as helpful as it is delightful. Listerine is so easy, so simple to use, and so stimulating! You simply douse it on the scalp morning and night and follow with vigorous and persistent massage.

Thousands of users have marvelled at how flakes and scales begin to disappear, how much cleaner and healthier their scalps appear. And remember:

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs on scalp and hair, including Pityrosporum ovale, the strange “Bottle Bacillus” recognized by many outstanding dandruff specialists as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

This germ-killing action, we believe, helps to explain why, in a series of tests, 76% of dandruff sufferers showed either complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff within a month.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Mo.

the delightful treatment
DEAR LEGS:

Turn around!

You're not going to take a beating, but a bouquet.

Yes, I've panned you in the past but I've nothing but praise for you now. You've proved yourself such a good sport in wooing back your public with earthy roles, making friends with the production crews of your pictures instead of remaining aloof in the old von Sternberg manner—and most recently riding in "jeeps" and singing throaty songs and cutting up capers generally to entertain our boys in the army camps—that I think we should all salute you for your good sportsmanship.

You may not be a great actress like Ingrid Bergman, but you're a great personality and no mistake. Only Baby Betty Grable can match you when it comes to gorgeous gams. And that's not all. Now you're letting it be known that your 16-year-old daughter is about to blossom forth as an actress, too, with your encouragement. So it was the real Dietrich all the time, the honest and amiable soul who, when she first arrived in this country, told everyone so proudly about "my little girl" despite press agents' frantic hush-hush. I only hope the "little girl" fills your shoes half as well as you have.

Delight Evans
"MY FIRST demand," said Carole, with a bright, blonde laugh, "is that men do not make me suffer!"

That got a booming, belly laugh out of me, if you must know. Looking at the Landis, this Glamor Girl who doesn't want to be a Glamor Girl but can't help it on account of how she is made of the stuff, and males being what they are—make her suffer?—"not likely," I scowled.

But Carole was serious, "I mean it," she said. "I mean that I will NOT be one of the women who seem to go for men who antagonize them, make them uncomfortable, make them suffer. There are such girls, you know. Girls who are happy being unhappy; girls who enjoy being unhappy in love. Girls who go about offering up their hearts to the best breaker.

"Not for me," said Carole, "not for me any man who attempts that form of sadism. A man makes me happy in love, or—I don't love him! I'm the happy type, by nature and by inclination. I expect men to amuse me, interest me, flatter me, spoil me, I say that if there is any heart-breaking to be done, it is a woman's privilege.

"I have been married twice. Twice I have thought I was in love, I'd like to fall in love again. I'd like to be married. But my attitude now is this; if I meet the man with the qualities, he is welcome, love is welcome. But I am NOT seeking. I'm keeping my eyes and ears open, that's all. Because if you were 'in love' a couple of times when, obviously, you weren't, if you follow me—you just relax and wait. You also do a spot of figuring. I've done several spots. I've made a sort of a map. I know now," said this Glamor Girl, this honest Glamor Girl, (Mr. Ripley, please note)—"what I want in a man, what I expect of a man, what I demand of a man!"

We were talking, Carole and I, in the living room of Carole's one-story white house, picket-fenced and tree-shaded (she lives with her mother, boys!) down Brentwood way. Taking a quickie tour of the premises before settling down to our dish of tea (Please turn to page 70)
DEMANDS OF MEN!

By Gladys Hall

Cesar Romero is the symbol of masculine appeal for Carole Landis. Facing page, Carole reclining with a picture of Franchot Tone, favorite escort, on table beside her. Below, perfume is a traditional beau-catcher. A tip: Keep Carole's "man-mop" in mind.
THE boys aren't the only ones who have been caught in the draft. The girls have to be good soldiers, too! For almost every boy who has been stuck away in a camp, there is a girl left high and dry wondering how she can hold him through a full year of Army beans and all-day hikes and drills. Not only will she be left with some lonely Wednesday and Saturday nights, but she has the added problem of wondering how she can keep him falling for her like mad—as he seemed to be just before he was called—by remote control.

It's one thing to surprise him with a new doodad in the hair, to listen wide-eyed to him talk about himself, to keep him wrapped around your finger by getting him a little jealous and by using all those tried and tested hyps to romance. But without the aid of proximity, it's quite another story to keep your soldier boy so interested in you he'll be at your front door the minute his service is up. That, my friends, is what is known as savoir faire. The National Emergency has created a romantic emergency for thousands and thousands of girls, but if you know how to handle it you can make it a successful one-girl beau-blitzkrieg.

We're coming to it in a minute, so sit tight—but there is something else to consider too. As though to compensate for the romantic...
Private Everett Scott, typical of the thousands of soldier boys in your Uncle Sam’s Army camps, was a lucky lad on leave when he visited the Universal Studio and met Marlene Dietrich, among other famous stars. But every soldier boy deserves the best!

Hardships, girls who are caught in the draft have the side honor of being able to perform a patriotic job. The public relations officers of the camps claim that you girls are of inestimable aid in bolstering the morale of the boys who have given up family, friends and community life for the rigid life of the army. “If a girl knows how to make her draftee boy friend cheerful, if she knows how to dispel his loneliness, how to keep him from being homesick and discontented, if she knows how to make him feel proud he has a chance to serve his country and lets him know he is being appreciated, she is doing her bit for Uncle Sam!” You girls who wanted to do your share—there it is!

We talked to four actresses who are “caught in the draft,” and we learned that just as these Hollywood girls are the first to be up on the latest lipstick and swimming suit, they are the first to be up (Please turn to page 79)
JUST love to clear up mysteries. Agatha Christie, Dorothy Sayers, Leslie Ford, Rex Stout and Dashiell Hammett would hate me if they knew me, because I'm the smarty pants who can pick the murderer in the best "Whodunits" without finishing the third chapter. I'm that good, and thoroughly obnoxious about it. And just let me scent a good Hollywood mystery and I'm off in a leap, and a bound like the bound of the Baskervilles.

When Bette Davis abruptly parted company with Samuel Goldwyn's "The Little Foxes" right in the middle of production recently—and hid out for three weeks—there was much mystery and excitement about the whole thing. Three weeks haven't caused such a commotion since Elinor Glynn popularized them many years ago. There were more rumors than you could shake a typewriter at. In the Hollywood bistros it was discussed freely, also around the swimming pools in Beverly Hills, and the dinner tables in Brentwood—and of course all the correspondents and columnists had a field day out of it. There were enough "scoops" to go around for everybody.

Some of them said, "Bette left the picture because she is going to have a baby." Some of them said, "Bette's all broken up because Arthur Farnsworth, her practically brand new husband, is divorcing her." Others said, "She had a big fight with Sam Goldwyn, the producer, and walked out of the picture in a huff." Others said, "It was eyelashes, really. Willie Wyler, the director, said she looked too glamorous in false eyelashes for a forty-year-old woman, and Bette said she wouldn't work with him another day." Still others said, "Katharine Hepburn and Miriam Hopkins are at the studio making tests for the part of Regina right this minute." And still, still others who don't like Bette—or any star for that matter who happens to be on top—said, "She didn't walk out, my dear, she was put out. Just couldn't stack up with the New York actors in the cast." And Bette a two-time Award winner! Sic Transit Gloria. (Please turn to page 74)
Gossip said: "Bette left the picture because she's going to have a baby. Or because her husband is divorcing her. Or because she had a big fight with the producer. Or because of those false eyelashes." Etc., and etc.

Now read the real reason, told us by the star herself when she returned to the studio to resume acting the wonderful rôle of Regina in Samuel Goldwyn's picturization of Lillian Hellman's sensationally clever play.
THERE are times when I could cheerfully murder all movie stars. And there are times when I think they are the biggest-hearted, most generous, most kindly folk I have ever known, and certainly the finest. That's when I see them knocking themselves out entertaining people—for free. Ask a Hollywood writer (for pity's sake, don't ask me) to write something for nothing and you can hear the growling and griping that goes on all the way to Staten Island. For nothing? It's an insult. But ask a Hollywood movie star to appear at a benefit—any kind of charity—and he (or she) is not only delighted, but proceeds to bat his brains out for the rest of the week working up a snappy new act. He gives a thousand dollars worth of entertainment. Dozens of times a year. And all he ever gets for it is laryngitis.

Take Jack Benny, for example, and that "glamor junket" up to Fort Ord and Camp Hunter Leggett. He had a cold and a tempera-
Movie stars help keep up the morale of the draftees by visiting army camps "in person" and putting on good shows

By Liza

Pictures show Hollywood stars on "glamor junket" where they entertained the soldiers—you'll find Claudette Colbert, Jack Benny, Joan Blondell, Mary Livingstone, Marlene Dietrich, and Gracie Allen among others.

They call Carole Landis the "Blonde Bomber" at such California army camps as Hunter, Legget, Haan, Calion, and Fort Ord where she has appeared in person. "I love visiting camps," says Carole. "I guess I'll just have to marry Bob Hope and make a life's work of it."

ture, and the doctor told him not to dare get out of bed. They ran Georgie Jessel in at the last minute to M.C. for Jack—but the first person at the Glendale station the morning the troupe left was Jack Benny, in a yellow scarf and a red nose, with Mary Livingstone and the doctor not far behind. All through the trip they heard Jack, looking like death warmed over, saying to the doctor, "All (Please turn to page 76)"
The great man was dying. Jonathan Reynolds, who had everything he had ever thought he wanted, lay in a huge, hand-carved mahogany bed under silken coverlets and all about him were the possessions which had become so meaningless now.

Once, such a short time ago, things had made up the pattern of his life: his magnificent antiques, the rich food he loved, the aroma of the two dollar cigars made to his special order. Strange the way he felt, as if even a cigar was unimportant now. He was so tired! There was only one thing he wanted, that his son would come in time.

Downstairs in the big hall the two men sent from the National Museum to take his death mask waited impatiently. And across the street two reporters, keeping their own death watch in the rain, waited too as the presses were waiting downtown. Already the front page had been set up with the headlines telling of the old man's death, and the obituary was illustrated with pictures that showed the course of his life: Reynolds as a baby, as a schoolboy, as the man he had become, grizzled and choleric with his fiery blue eyes darting out from under his bristling eyebrows, the grim humor of his purposeful mouth concealed by his shaggy moustache. Everything was ready now. He had only to die.

"His inheritance tax ought to about make the country even," one of the reporters said, looking at the rain-washed window in the massive, stone house across the street.

"He was born too late," the other said, "Two hundred years ago he'd been a pirate. Captain Kidd himself. Remember that stomach of his? I watched him eat once at a banquet. He didn't order a steak. He ordered a cow. If he doesn't hurry, we won't make the morning edition and the Herald'll beat us. He oughta die for us exclusive." He lifted his eyes heavenward and for the first time in years muttered a prayer, "As long as he's gotta
She was a little nobody, he was a millionaire's son engaged to a débutante—and then his father, at death's door, took a fancy to the wrong girl! Read the romantic solution to this fantastic problem, fictionized from the unusual new film starring Deanna Durbin and Charles Laughton, with Robert Cummings.

Fictionized
by
Elizabeth B. Petersen

For complete cast and credits of this Universal Picture please turn to Page 58.

Deanna's first film since her marriage gives her a rôle vastly different from previous pictures. As a hat-check girl plunged into the hectic situation of make-believe fiancée of a rich boy, she plays with enchanting appeal and skill, especially in her scenes with Charles Laughton, famous character star who enacts Bob Cummings' father (see scene right).

go, please have him go no later than nine-thirty. That dirty Herald's been getting all the breaks.'

He stopped as he saw a cab drive up. Reynold's son arriving at last! He'd been ordered to get all the details of that story. Lump in the throat stuff, the editor had demanded. The only son flying from Mexico to his father's death bed. Would he make it or wouldn't he? Slobber all over the place. Well, maybe, just maybe the boy had made it in time. But as he darted across the street to find out, the massive doors had already closed behind Jonathan Reynolds, Junior.

Jonathan's face showed the strain he had been under as he looked at the doctor. He had known old Harvey since he was a kid but he had never felt quite like this about him, as if a nod or a foreboding shake of the head was going to settle his whole life.

"There's a chance, isn't there?" he demanded and then as the doctor hesitated, "isn't there?"

"He's had a rich, full life," Harvey said, avoiding a direct answer. "A man couldn't ask for more than he was given."

"No, I guess not," the boy said slowly. His young voice was raw with his despair but when they came to his father's room, he reached down into his heart for the courage to bring a smile to his lips, to make his voice sound casual and everyday and as if this was a usual homecoming.

"Hello, Dad," he said. (Continued on page 58)
THIS town is full of tourists. Taking advantage of those rates, no doubt. They all want to meet Clark Gable. And go some place where it's fun. "Where do you go for laughs in Hollywood?" I'm asked constantly. What's cooking? Well, I'll tell you.

Since dullness, such respectable dullness, has thrown a chill over Hollywood that not even the smudge pots can drive away—and some of my best friends are smudge pots, smudgy and deliciously potty—I find that. I can recommend for laughs only one spot in the entire city of cinema: the "Navy Blues" set at Warner Brothers out in the Valley. If you know somebody who knows somebody, you can make the "Navy Blues" set, and there you'll find fun on a rampage. What with a whole mess of Hollywood comedians knocking their brains out trying to top each others' wisecracks you can well imagine that the set is utterly lacking in rose petals and belles lettres. Emily Post wouldn't like. But you would. It's a blues chaser, deluxe, this set. Shoot the Navy to me, Blues!

Several months ago when Ann Sheridan said all right she wasn't mad with Warner Brothers any more and she'd come back to work again, the jubilant Front Office told the typewriting back office to whip up something very gay and gala for the Oomph Girl's comeback picture—something in which Ann could wear a bathing suit. (And when Ann saw the bathing suit she said, "This must have been run up by a stenographer—in shorthand.") Now our Annie had just received the vote of the 49 sailors on the submarine Narwhal as "The Girl With Whom They'd Most Like to be Submerged." So that gave the boys an idea: The Navy, Honolulu, hula skirts, Waikiki Beach, pretty girls, Jack Oakie, Jack Haley, and Jack Carson turned loose, and, they wrote in the script, "for Sheridan's (Please turn to page 64)"
Let's go gay with Ann Sheridan, Martha Raye, Jack Oakie and Company

By Liza
Making Good As A Mother!

By Joan Bennett

Hollywood's most successful actress-mother gives inspiring advice out of her own intimate experience in raising her two happy, healthy daughters which will interest not only the fifth winner in our 6-Star Contest series, but all mothers with similar problems.

Joan Bennett is never too busy being a career woman to be a good companion to her two daughters—Melinda, seven, and Diana, thirteen. At left, she has a Hallowe'en party for them in her studio dressing room. Below, the "baby" of the happy family, Miss Melinda.
DEAR Mrs. Snyder:

When Cornelia so eloquently expressed the pride of every mother in her children by calling her sons her "jewels," she selected a figure of speech more descriptive than she probably realized as she spoke. Children are like jewels in that they are a mother's proudest possession, it is true. More important, however, as every good mother realizes, they are like jewels in that they must be polished before they can reflect their true worth and beauty. It is the polishing process which requires alike in mother and diamond-cutter the utmost in patience and precision. The flawless gem is there in both cases, requiring only expert handling.

I think a serious mistake many parents make is indulging their children too much. That is why I believe you, Mrs. Snyder, who are making such a tremendous effort to please your three daughters, are getting no place with them. In your anxiety to polish your jewels lovingly, you have hesitated to take the sharp first blow that determines from the start the gem's line of cleavage. Let me make it plain that I am only continuing my figure of speech when I say "blow." I do not believe in corporal punishment. Rather, I have found with Diana and my seven-year-old Melinda that more reasonable means are much more effective. For example, take the case of your ten-year-old Joan and five-year-old Patsy, and the way they tire easily of their toys. I would handle that problem, not by punishing the children physically, but by banishing all of their toys until such a time as they would be appreciated. This method makes the punishment fit the crime, to quote from Gilbert and Sullivan, and associates the two so forcibly that even small Patsy will appreciate the reason for the banishment and the justice of your ruling.

Since both children soon become discontented with their toys, it is altogether probable that young Patsy is imitating Joan. I point out this possibility because Patsy is at an age when most children are engrossed for hours in whatever they happen to be doing. On the other hand, the toy difficulty may start from the other side entirely. That is, if Joan is expected to play with the same toys which amuse her half-as-old sister.

I make it a point—since there's six years difference in age between my own daughters—to see that each of my children is provided with toys in keeping with her natural development. In this same connection, it is also important that sisters of such varied ages not be forced to play together constantly. In a few years, half a decade difference in age will mean nothing, but in the early years it means a great deal. Children should have their own possessions and a particular place in which to keep them, whether it is a box, a chest, a closet, or a room—but some place which is their very own.

Joan Snyder is beginning to look forward to adulthood. Sister Patsy, to her, seems a baby. This difference in viewpoint and interest will continue, probably, until Patsy finishes high school. So don't try to force too close an association during their formative years. Joan, at this age, should no more be expected to have Patsy tagging at her feet every moment than should Patsy, in turn, be expected to play constantly with her eighteen-months-old sister.

I feel very strongly on this (Please turn to page 67)
Citizen Cotten Raises Kane Going to Town!

Orson be praised, even Welles hasn't wangled Joseph Cotten into taking himself seriously, even though he triumphed in his very first important picture rôle.

By Charles Darnton

After his hit in "Citizen Kane," Cotten won coveted lead in "Lydia," Korda's new picture. Scenes at right show him with Edna May Oliver, a gay twinkle in her eye, and star Merle Oberon.

T WAS no entrance for an actor. He stuck his tawny head in at the back door, for all the world like the man off the vegetable cart, then followed through with the rest of his six feet clad alliteratively in singlet, slacks and sneakers. All this was agreeably surprising, since in my chump way I had come prepared for a possible we-of-the-Mercury-Theater approach that threatened to be a bit on the stuffy side.

Perish the thought, Joseph Cotten was as free-and-easy to meet as Major, his Scotty, and almost as waggish. To tell the whole truth, my first impression was that of a boy and his dog, a biggish, well-built, handsome lad, to be sure, yet one with an unmistakably infectious boyish quality. His blue eyes smiled and a laugh wasn't long in coming from the midriff. Orson be praised, even Welles hadn't wangled him into taking himself seriously!

Yet here, if you please, was one actor who hadn't had to wait to wake up and find himself famous. Even before the evening shadows had fallen on the avocado salad of its collective dinnerable, all Hollywood had his name on its tongue, thanks to an afternoon press showing of "Citizen Kane" and his straightforward, compelling and ingratiating performance of a dramatic critic who, not without actual precedent, had been driven to drink by bad acting. Out of "Citizen Kane" had come, unheralded and unknown, an able and inevitably important Hollywood citizen.

That was indubitably that, though by no means all of it. Since that day, eventful for its violation of all the accepted rules governing a Hollywood newcomer, Citizen Cotten had raised Kane by going to town with such tradition-breaking speed that you couldn't see him for gold-dust. He'd hardly had time to get his second wind when Alexander Korda rushed him into "Lydia" opposite Merle Oberon, and now here he was a star before you could say Canopus. As if that weren't enough, four more pictures already were lined up for him, a year's work in any man's language. Meanwhile, he was having a brief rest in the house he had taken near the Riviera Country Club, where hard-working (Please turn to page 68).
Vibrant Youth, personified by la belle Turner, can always be counted on to cheer up the rest of the world. Lana laughs because, after her demure rôle with Spencer Tracy in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"—see following page—she steps into the colorful co-starring spot with Gable in "Honky-Tonk"
LUSCIOUS!

Lana's languorous mood, pictured here, is in startling contrast to her gay picture on preceding page. Below, in costume for her "good girl" rôle in 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.' How do you like her—as Tracy's lady-like heroine, or Gable's gal?
FAIR RIVAL

And here is Ingrid Bergman in her first rôle as "bad-girl"—the bar maid who is menaced by the brutal Hyde and becomes his victim. Below, a scene showing Spencer Tracy with his two leading ladies in the exciting new filming of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."
After years of screen villainy, virile Bruce Cabot will finally emerge as a movie lover in Walter Wanger's "Sundown," in which he gives Gene Tierney more than one of those smouldering looks as pictured here.
Only, a Hollywood desert "location" could offer such a siren of the sands as Gene Tierney, who plays a fiery rôle aided by such tasty touches as costume jewelry and bare midriff. We're looking forward to "Sundown"
Betty Grable isn't in "Charley's Aunt" but her gams are as glamorous as Jack's are humorous, so the smart publicity boys at 20th Century-Fox arranged this gag picture. Below, Benny in hilarious moment with Kay Francis, who plays the real Aunt from Brazil whom Jack impersonates. Facing page, smoke gets in Benny's eyes as he contemplates pretty Anne Baxter, as one of the cuties in the cast. Other scenes give you some idea of the comic possibilities of the ludicrous plot.

YOO-HOO!

JUST LOOK at JACK BENNY
Funniest film of the new season is “Charley’s Aunt,” from the perennial stage
play, with Jack Benny masquerading as the dear old lady from Brazil, surrounded
by pretty girls and uproarious gags.
HOLLYWOOD'S
Newest Red-Head

And Dorothy Commingore has green eyes to go with the gorgeous hair—making us wish this sensational young actress of "Citizen Kane" could be photographed in Technicolor, considering how it has enhanced Greer Garson's appeal. Be sure to watch for Miss Commingore in "Valley of the Sun," soon to be produced.
Here's A Man

Name, James Craig. First hit, "Kitty Foyle." Second big part in "Here Is A Man," in which he plays Anne Shirley's husband who is nevertheless susceptible to the charms of Simon Simone (left).
Sometime ago we invited you to keep your eye on a lissome young newcomer named Alexis Smith. For proof that we can pick 'em, see "Dive Bomber," in which the lady named Alexis plays the one and only woman’s rôle in this air epic with Fred MacMurray and Errol Flynn. "They say" she’ll wow us as did Veronica Lake in "I Wanted Wings." Wait and see, is all we ask
Fugitive from those creampuff comedies in which he has been cast once too often, MacMurray welcomes his timely assignment in "Dive Bomber," in which he can play an intrepid pilot conquering the clouds as a change from making love to Madeleine Carroll, pleasant though the latter job may be. He has to fight Errol Flynn for first honors — may the better man win. We of course are neutral.
RODEO ROMEO

Cowboy 1941 style is Ray Middleton, who in "Hurricane Smith" varies the Gene Autry-Roy Rogers formula by failing to sing—not because he can't, for he has a fine voice; but because he is too busy ridin' and ropin' and making love to charming Jane Wyatt.
This very modern young woman can exchange her soignée personality for the brisk and breezy moods and manners of a frontier gal of the Old West, as Claire performs so expertly in the new super-Western, “Texas,” with Bill Holden and Glenn Ford.
Pet Picture Winners!

The first prize Pet Picture winner and runner-ups, won by a photo finish! Opposite, Morgan Dennis' drawing of Clark Gable and his pet awaits a winner in this third contest of series.

$5.00 PRIZE WINNERS
(left and below)
Jane Elwyn of San Francisco, California, submitted these amazing Pet Pictures of Simba, African lion, and doggy foster mother.

FIRST PRIZE WINNER (above)
Christa Wehlau of East Orange, N. J., wins the original Morgan Dennis drawing of Mickey Rooney published in our August issue.

$5.00 PRIZE (right)
Fern B. Winer of East Rochester, New York, captures a prize with her wistful-eyed entry.

Jump on the Pet Picture bandwagon! Compete for first prize, Morgan Dennis' original drawing on facing page. Winning picture will be published in an early issue, and we will pay $5.00 for each additional print used.

RULES: 1. All Pet Pictures will be given equal consideration, whether of dogs, cats, etc.; 2. Contest closes midnight, September 2, 1941; 3. In the event of a tie, prizes of equal value will be given to each tying contestant; 4. Enclose coupon with your entry and address to New Pet Picture Contest, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, N. Y.

I am entering SCREENLAND New Pet Picture Contest, with my entry enclosed herewith.

NAME

STREET ADDRESS

CITY

STATE
CLARK GABLE AND FRIEND

By Morgan Dennis
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH
Betty Grable and John Sutton in "A Yank in the R.A.F."
Fresh new slant on a fine old favorite—or, Ronald’s revenge on those interviewers who have always branded him as "stuffy"

Distinguished veteran, Colman can’t miss—his every film is a hit. Below, the star with the director and leading woman of his new film, "My Life With Caroline," a sophisticated comedy.

**COLMAN! Frustrated Caruso**

Now there’s a fascinating thing about Ronald Colman. You emerge onto the set after having maneuvered your way past several red lights and a pair of dog winches, and you note a dapper greying man seated quietly in a canvas chair studying a script. You think—Hmm—looks like a bond salesman who was clever enough to get out of the business in September, 1929, and has never fully recovered from the astonishment occasioned by such luck. He has a look of mingled success and surprise at that success.

You and your escort approach and Mr. Colman leaps to his feet to be introduced. His eyes kindle, his face wreathes in a smile charming enough to warm the degrees right out of a glacier, and he becomes—abruptly—one of the most colorful personalities in pictures. When you confess about the bondsalesman-business, he chuckles. “Perhaps that’s because, when I was nineteen, I went to work as a junior accountant. I’ve never felt so triumphant since, upon getting a job of work to do, as I did when I wrote to my mother, telling her that I was earning what amounted, in American money, to fifty dollars a month,” he says, “The war broke out before I had a fair start in accountancy, but, even so, that experience may be responsible for my—er— solemnity.” He smiled when he said that.

Solemnity he has only in repose. When he is talking or listening, he is a study in animation. He lifts one eyebrow; he waves his left hand; he crosses and uncrosses his arms; he props one foot (Please turn to page 63)
Your GUIDE at a GLANCE

SELECTED BY

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

"TOM, DICK AND HARRY"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: ENCHANTING

APPEAL: To the young in heart—or if you aren’t, this light fantastic comedy will make you feel that way.

PLOT: "Hello girl" with three suitors accepts all three proposals—and then dreams up the married life she’d have with each of ‘em. You’re kept guessing as to her eventual choice since you know she must make up her mind sometime. But our bet is you’ll guess the right guy.

PRODUCTION: Keynote, Youth! Directional wizard Garson Kanin, just 28, keeps it authentically romantic yet always casual—you know he understands these characters, they’re real people to him, and he makes them so to us in the audience. Kanin’s last picture before being inducted into Uncle Sam’s Army is a great credit to him and fun for us.

ACTING: It’s Ginger Rogers, America’s white collar sweetheart, being gay again after "Kitty Foyle"—she’s pert and provocative, she looks charming in the “dream” sequences, she always sparkles. Next most persuasive performance is by Burgess Meredith as the carefree lover, George Murphy as the go-getter, Alan Marshal as the rich beau are fine, too.

RKO-Radio

"MANPOWER"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: ROWDY

APPEAL: Like ‘em rough and tough? Then you’ll go to and for this film with its fast action and rocy dialogue.

PLOT: Escapades of Edward G. Robinson and George Raft as buddies in a power line gang—buddies that is, until Marlene Dietrich rears her lovely head and breaks up their beautiful friendship by marrying Eddie and falling for George. Trouble, trouble, trouble!

PRODUCTION: Realistic direction of Raoul Walsh keeps stars and scenes moving at a powerful pace, with plenty of drama when Robinson fights Raft on a power tower, of all places, and one of them falls to his death and the other into Marlene’s arms—now don’t tease because you’ll have to see the picture to find out which man wins; it’s worth your effort.

ACTING: Robinson and Raft make a strong and sinister team, almost convincing us that those publicity stories about their constant scrapping during the filming of the picture might have some basis in fact after all. What glares, what leers, what gestures—and they don’t seem to be pulling their punches. How’s magnificent Marlene? Don’t you know?

Warner Bros.

"LADY BE GOOD"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: MUSICAL

APPEAL: For those Ann Sothern fans who have been waiting to see their Maisie move on to more "important" and pretentious pictures.

PLOT: Probably too much, what with the marital difficulties of hero and heroine, who keep popping in and out of the divorce court, until they’re dizzy, to say nothing of the audience. It’s a relief when said plot is held up by asorted songs and dances, and much more fun.

PRODUCTION: Top-heavy; too much of everything, making the film seem overlong. Lacks the "light touch" essential to musical movies. Best sequences are Ann Sothern’s singing; Eleanor Powell’s number with a clever dancing canine, a brief bit of "dead-pen" comedy singer Virginia O’Brien, and far too little of talented Red Skelton, from the stage.

ACTING: It is a bit of a triumph for Ann ex-Maisie Sothern, and could have been terrific if her material had been livelier. As it is, the piquant Sothern personality will win you and you’ll want to hear more of her warbling. Robert Young as her composer-husband has a routine role which he plays that way. Handsome John Carroll has his big chance and clicks.

M-G-M
to the "BEST CURRENT PICTURES"

Delight Evans

"HOLD BACK THE DAWN"

ONE-WORD GUIDE:
FINE

APPEAL: To every filmgoer fed up with the formula films—here is that rarity, a really unusual motion picture.

PLOT: Concerning the hopeful foreigners of various nationalities awaiting their visas to enter the U. S. from Mexico—their dreams of freedom, their fears, their disappointments—and the adventures of one in particular, involving hasty marriage to a young American girl.

PRODUCTION: It's Mitchell Leisen, meaning a high degree of excellence in every department, a fine sensitivity and rare imagination. Leisen has somehow escaped the Hollywood curse of "typing" which attacks directors as well as stars. By far the most versatile of top directors, here he has opportunity to reveal his deep understanding of character.

ACTING: It is the Charles Boyer of "Algiers" rather than of recent stereotyped films whom you'll see here. The fine actor as well as the smouldering lover, in a rôle only Boyer could play: a cad with no code of honor until he is shamed into decency by the girl he has tricked into marriage. Olivia de Havilland is exquisite as the trusting girl.

Paramount

"MY LIFE WITH CAROLINE"

ONE-WORD GUIDE:
FROTHY

APPEAL: Of course you Ronald Colman fans will need no urging to catch this one, but better be warned—this is rather thin Colman.

PLOT: So slight as to be practically non-existent, but for all its flimsiness it will amuse the fans concerned as it is with Colman's gallant rescues of his flighty wife from one romantic entanglement after another—the husbands in the audience will not be so amused, perhaps.

PRODUCTION: Deft direction of Lewis Milestone saves this from being as innocuous as the plot would indicate, although too much dialogue swamps the action, if any, and even skilled handling can't conceal the fact that the amorous adventures of a pampered wife are hardly of world-shaking importance. For fans of rather "precious" drawing-room stuff, it qualifies.

ACTING: Only Ronald Colman could make the utterly incredible character of the long-suffering husband not only bearable, but actually persuasive. It's possible that the Colman charm is slightly overworked for the first time, but blame the picture for that. Anna Lee probably couldn't be anything but silly and coy and viviparous as the giddy wife—or could she?

RKO-Radio

"THE BRIDE CAME C.O.D."

ONE-WORD GUIDE:
SURPRISE

APPEAL: If you're after something different and decidedly wacky, this is it: tragedienne Davis manhandled by tough-guy Cagney.

PLOT: Revolving around Bette Davis, in rôle of spoiled rich girl, "kidnapped" by pilot Cagney and dumped into a desert ghost town to prevent her marriage to Jack Carson—ensuing chases and rescue have Bette bumped by a cactus and muddled up in a mine and kissed by Cagney.

PRODUCTION: Wild airplane ride, hide and seek in a ghost town, in and out of abandoned mines—what more could director Keighley do with material like that? Well, he might have handled it with more humor and less slapstick, or he just might have inspired his famous stars to more spontaneity and enthusiasm. As it is, both Davis and Cagney seem grimly determined to be good sports about the whole thing. They are.

ACTING: What seemed like a showmanly idea at the time, teaming the First Actress and Kid Cagney in a rough and tumble farce, bringing them down to earth, especially Bette, with a thud, turns out to be not quite so smart, but a terrific waste of high-powered talent. It's still a good idea, but the stars deserve a better story next time.

Warner Bros.
SHARING your loveliness with one is heaven. Sharing it with two is heaven-plus. So I gathered from Maureen O'Sullivan over a long luncheon during which we talked more than lunched. Up to 1936, there was only Maureen. And then there was Maureen's husband, John Farrow, writer and director, and then there was sunny-haired Michael, now about two, so any reader can understand why we talked. Beauty, the beauty one lavishes on oneself, had been my theme in mind when I went to meet Maureen. When I came away, it had changed to the beauty one may lavish on others, though I know Maureen hadn't thought of it that way.

Maureen, as her name will tell you, is Irish. She came to this country in 1929 and has dozens of pictures to her credit. Her next is another "Tarzan" movie. She is beautiful in an unmistakably Irish way; her aquamarine eyes are very wide, and you know they can cry as easily as they can laugh. It had been a long time since I had seen a truly wild rose skin, but Maureen has just that. Her hair, however, annoyed her. The day before, she told me, she had had a beautiful pompadour coiffure. But that morning presented a problem—how to get it back again. Jealously, she had combed out her hair, arranged it as best she could, and very nice I thought it. But she didn't, in spite of the smart sky-blue calot with veil that matched her sky-blue tweed coat worn over a similar print frock. Just to prove the spirit of the Irish, we publish a very new picture of Maureen with a coiffure copied from one created by the Duchess of Windsor. This one is easy to manage.

Maureen O'Sullivan has that enviable ever-young type of figure. She is fairly tall and willowy. The advent of her son presented no later figure problems. And that leads up to a question more in the minds of young women today than in many a year, because marriage and birth are inclining sharply upward. Does having a baby spoil a figure? It didn't spoil Maureen's, and it didn't spoil Joan Blondell's and dozens of other stars'. It didn't with any of my friends, and I know three cases of surprising improvement. One lost a sway back; one flattened out a too prominent derriere, and one slimmed down from a hippy fourteen to a perfect twelve! They don't know how it happened, and neither do I.

Your doctor will prescribe diet and exercise when your baby is coming. If ever one needed to heed this advice to the letter, it is at this time. Doubtless, a corset, not a girdle, and a brassiere will be prescribed for you, too. Forget your personal whims and fancies. Do as you are told, and later you will thank your lucky stars that you did. At this time, skin often looks sallow and seems too relaxed, sometimes resulting in unnatural loveliness. A simple aid is more thorough and more frequent use of your favorite cream and soap and water. Those quick-acting masks are helpful, too, when you want to look your best for a sudden occasion. They have a pleasant toning-up action. Then, there are those special cleansers, like the beauty grains with which to wash your face. Hair, too, sometimes loses its lustre and seems lifeless. The brush is your good friend, now, plus the use of a cleansing lotion between shampoos. All these annoyances are but temporary, and you will soon be beautiful again. Meantime, do what you can to look your best.

After the baby comes, exercise is wonderful for getting back into perfect shape.
Yours for Loveliness

Our October beauty horn of plenty yields a rich harvest in color and lilting fragrance.

It is time for new make-up, and one of the best thoughts of the moment in this direction is that box of Woodbury’s Matched Make-Up, tumbling out of our horn of plenty. It contains a generous quantity of face powder, a full size lipstick and a compact of dry rouge. The tones have been perfectly coordinated in prevailing skin types, and the whole is most efficiently priced. The containers are done in a heavenly blue, making the lipstick and rouge smart accents in your bag.

If you like hobnail accessories for dressing-table or bathroom, then I think you might be tempted to buy the Wrisley Hobnail Cologne bottle alone, if you could find it. When you can get the bottle filled with a distillation like wisteria, though there are four other floral odours, I say you are a lucky girl. The bottle truly looks like a rare old piece of Americana, and the contents is as full, rich and true fragrance, that gives a cologne a perfect lasting quality. Matching Hobnail Bath Crystals and Hobnail Dusting Powder come in similar authentically reproduced jars, very charming.

You want a number of lipsticks, and you can hardly get by with less than three, if you consider lipstick, as you properly should, an accent both to skin and costume. And so I remind you of my little box of Cashmere Bouquet Lipsticks. I’ve always thought they were like velvet on the lips and always admired the lovely tones, but three new shades come along, Deep Red, Dark and Light. These new tones have caught the latest spirit of fashion trends and have also retained full regard for mouth beauty. A whole “wardrobe” of these lipsticks can be yours for a mere song.

Skylark, a complete series of aids to loveliness, comes sky-larking along, just when gaiety and life and freedom seem to make a greater appeal to human nature than ever. We’sketch the Dusting Powder and Lifting Fragrance (eau de Cologne) for you, but our horn wouldn’t hold the matching perfume, face powder, talc, bath bubbles and soap. That’s the complete family. When you inhale that first whiff of Skylark, you will recognize that it is so very different, so happily lifting and lifting. It seems made for those first brilliant days of Autumn. All from Barbara Gould.

Dura-Gloss needs no praise from this department for its rich lustre and enduring qualities. Every user knows all these. But the three spicy colors are news, geared to the new fashion colors we shall wear this Autumn and Winter. Red Pepper, Cinnamon, and Nutmeg are their zippy names, and each is designed with your wardrobe in mind. With gray, gray-brown, blue, and blackberry, Red Pepper is your finger color foil. Cinnamon is a spicy accent to beige, brown and green, while Nutmeg is delicate yet colorful, is for all colors and is especially lovely with wines.

The shower bathers always feel neglected. They point to the bath beauties, for their tubbing sisters, like salts, and bubbles and perfumes, and feel they should have similar consideration. Bathasweet has something for the showerers, Bathasweet Shower Mitts of fluffy terry-cloth filled with powdered, perfumed Bathasweet Soap. Cleanliness, friction and perfume, all at the same time. You will simply love them. P. S. Tubbers can also use them! Brand new, too, in the bubbles family is Bathasweet Bubbles, which gives a cloud-blanket of lasting foam in Garden Bouquet and Pine.

A truly “model” girl of Hollywood—Jean Blondell, with husband, Dick Powell. Perhaps you remember her in “Model Wife.” She is a married, has two children, a son of seven, a daughter of two, plus a model figure.
MADELEINE CARROLL is burnt to a crisp because Hollywood gossip insists there is a romance between her and Stirling Hayden. But since their return from Nassau, neither has been seen out in public. Madeleine always did shun the bright lights. But when a pal asked Stirling to double-date with one of the most popular young starlets in town, Stirling said he had promised his studio to stay home nights.

EXACTLY one week after her marriage to Bill Holden, Brenda Marshall was shipped off to Canada to play opposite Jimmy Cagney and Dennis Morgan. Brenda cried all the way over to the airport. When they said goodbye, an innocent bystander must have thought she was leaving for darkest Africa. Bill waited until the plane flew out of sight. Then he heaved for the nearest unobtrusive spot and had a good cry for himself too!

SIGNED that gossip columnist right when it was printed that Ronnie Reagan and Jane Wyman were expecting another baby. "Sorry," read a telegram signed by Ronnie and Jane, "but you must be confusing us with a pair of rabbits."

WHEN ORSON WELLES moved out of the house across the street from Shirley Temple, Zorina moved in. One night the Temple night watchman excitedly called Zorina's house and reported there was a man prowling around in her garden. The whole household joined forces and went to investigate. It was Orson Welles who had come to collect a pet turtle he had forgotten in the rush of moving! Scaring people is no novelty to Orson!

ANN SOTHERN and the hot weather are responsible for a new fad in Hollywood. Rushing to the studio one day to keep cool Ann parted her hair in the middle, braided each side and tied each pigtail with a small ribbon. The fad swept the town. It finally reached Ciro's where the gals go for it by using silver and gold lamé ribbon for evening wear.

IF HE wants to enjoy good health, from now on, Franchot Tone will have to lead a much more conservative life. A transfusion was necessary during his recent operation. Franchot's doctor admits that the case was most serious. But the results will be perfect if Franchot will live the way he used to live, before that certain divine discontent overtook him.

THIS TIME, intimates insist, Errol Flynn and Lili Damita are really going through with those divorce proceedings. What's more, it's whispered that Lili will not spare Errol when it comes to the final reckoning. Even a pending divorce action leaves the mighty Flynn with little or nothing to say for himself.

BELOVED James Stephenson realized a last wish. For certain reasons he did not want to play the role of the doctor in Warner Bros.' "Kings Row." Shortly before his death, Jimmy confided to a friend that he wished he could get out of playing the part. He was to have started playing it a few days after he died!

YOU can take Bob Hope's word for it that he's up against a champion scene stealer in the person of Victor Moore. Victor, who is playing his original stage role in the movie version of "Louisiana Purchase," can do more with a toothpick in a scene, than most actors with a page of dialogue. Speaking of Victor Moore, one day they needed him and couldn't find him anywhere. An S.O.S. went out and he was finally located feeding bread crumbs to the studio goldfish.

HONORS for nicest guy in Hollywood go to Bob Taylor. When the front office called him in to tell him how pleased they were with his work in "No More Ladies," an executive said, "You've come a long way, Bob. It just goes to prove that hard work will accomplish miracles." "Yes," answered Bob. simply. "Hard work—and being married to Barbara Stanwyck." That's typical Taylor.

JOHN FREDRICS, male milliner, has designed a special bracelet for Joan Crawford. It features a rolled gold band held together with a gold face smile of a woman's lips. It has been appropriately named, "I kiss your hand Madame."

FRED MACMURRAY walked into his house after being away for two months in Canada. Just as he hung up his hat the phone rang. Fred answered it. It was the Mayor of Beaver Dam calling. Fred's home town was having a celebration. Would he come on and be guest of honor? Fred didn't have the heart to refuse. Or went his hat and he was off again for the wide open spaces.

(Please turn to page 82)
She's Famous...She's Beautiful

Popular Girls Everywhere take her tip...
It's as simple as

I never neglect my daily Lux Soap active-lather facial; pat the lather lightly in

Rinse with warm water, then a dash of cool

Pat your skin dry. Now it feels smoother, softer. Lovely skin wins romance!

Carole Lombard

This lovely Hollywood favorite shows you how to give skin screen star care right in your own home! Lux Toilet Soap's active lather removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics—gives skin gentle, thorough care it needs. Why don't you try active-lather facials for 30 days!

9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux toilet soap
"Almost An Angel"

Continued from page 29

"But I work here," Anne protested. "I'm only off for an hour and anyway—"

"I'll have you back by that time," Jonathan took her arm and urged her toward a waiting taxi.

Somehow he managed to tell her the story and her eyes were soft as he took her arm and led her to the motionless figure on the bed. "Here she is, Dad," Anne blinked back her tears as she smiled down on the old man. "Hello," she said, and she smiled.

"Raise the lamp," Reynolds said slowly. And then as the nurse lifted the shade so that the light fell directly on Anne's face making a halo of her honey-colored hair and showing the tender curves of her chin and smile, the deep blue of her eyes, his own smile answered, "Anne, pretty," he whispered. Then he lifted his hand and motioned her closer. "Sit here, child. I— I had to see you," he explained. "Just to make sure he picked the right one. He has very poor taste in women as a rule. But not this time. I'm glad. Make him happy, won't you? Make him deserve you. You see, I spoiled him and you probably will too. But he's a good boy so—so keep your eye on him for, won't you?"

Anne nodded. She couldn't talk. She knew it was silly to feel this way about an old man she'd never even seen before, as if he meant something to her, something special. And he must have felt that way about her too, for there was his hand holding on to hers as if he never wanted to let go of it again.

"We've had some beautiful women in this family," he said, and the old vigorous pride came back in his voice. "You should have seen his mother. You'll fit in just fine."

She saw him at her as if he wanted to hold her face there for the little time that was left to him. "My, you're pretty," he whispered. Then he smiled again as that low sultry tone of a man's throat. "No, please, don't feel sorry for me. I've lived a long time and had more than my share of the good things, and all my life I've never been happier than I am now..."

Anne managed a smile as Jonathan took her arm and led her out of the room, but when the butler told the boy Miss Pennington was on the phone and he went into the library to answer it, she couldn't hold back her tears any longer. "Hello, Gloria," she heard him say. "Yes, I did. My father wanted to see you. No, don't bother now. It's—it's a little too late."

So he had died then, Anne thought, when his head had fallen back on the pillow and the doctor had motioned they should leave. She wanted to say something when Jonathan, Jr. came back to her but she couldn't. She stared at the hill he held out to her and for a moment she felt as if she couldn't take it. But that would be silly. The money meant nothing to him and it meant so much to her. It meant home.

She led her mother putting the city and all its disappointments behind her. She could have laughed when she
There's a lyrical loveliness about nails that wear Dura-Gloss. It lends them a feminine charm, a fascinating brilliance and color that catch a man's eye and move him to murmur some very pretty things. Dura-Gloss makes your nails look like bright bits of confetti, lighthearted symbols of happy things like popping corks, quick music and the swish of dancing feet. And no other polish can match Dura-Gloss for the rich warm color, the amazing luster and life it gives the nails.

THE DIFFERENCE between NAIL POLISHES
Dura-Gloss is made according to an UN-PARALLELED SUPERIOR FORMULA perfected by lacquer experts for Dura-Gloss alone. Thousands of women have switched to Dura-Gloss because they've found it gives their nails ASTOUNDING LUSTER they find nowhere else, ENDURING BEAUTY, looks lovely days after it's put on, SMART NEW SHADES that are always CONSISTENT AND UNIFORM — buy a bottle of your favorite shade today, buy another six months from now the shade will be identical. Yet all these exclusive advantages are yours for just one small dime!

DURA-GLOSS
FOR THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FINGERNAILS IN THE WORLD

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

Dura-Gloss is at beauty counters everywhere.
thought of all the things she had dreamed about, being a great singer and the way she'd spent every penny she could save on singing lessons and yet instead of her goal coming nearer, it had only seemed to be pushed farther and farther away until she knew she'd have to go home again and sing in the choir as to spend the rest of her life checking hats and coats.

"I—I really shouldn't take this," she faltered. "But it's two years since I've been back in Ohio and now I can take the first train to Shelbyville in the morning."

She turned then and almost ran down the steps, but as she reached the bottom, one of the reporters from across the street came dashing over to her.

"Is the old man—Is Reynolds dead?"

For a moment the suddenness of the question startled her. Then she nodded.

"Yes. I—I think so, she whispered.

The papers carried grim headlines of Reynolds' death, but the old man lying in the huge carved bed had never felt better in his life. It was a

amazing how he could feel that way. I can eat my breakfast," he said as his son and the doctor came into the room.

"Nurse! The doctor's voice showed his amazement as he looked at his patient. The man was actually sitting up in bed and his voice sounded as if he were pre-

siding over a board meeting. "I want you to make a nice dish of steak and put it in a bowl with about two inches of lukewarm milk and bring it right in."

"You feeding the cat in here?" Reynolds demanded helplessly. "There's no steak, and where's Gloria? I want to see her. Maybe she'll come over for breakfast, I like her, and she likes me too."

"Now, Father. I'm afraid that's placi-

ating. "Don't you think the strain of hav-

ing a visitor—?"

"I want her right now!" Reynolds was beginning to stagger one of his old temper-

ings. "Go and get her!"

Jonathan started to say something, but a

warning glance from the doctor silenced him and he walked heavily away. Then as

he reached the door he beckoned furtively to the doctor. "But I can't get her," he whispered an explanation as he closed the door. "That girl, Gloria. You see, she wasn't in and so I grabbed the first girl I could find—"

"You'd better bring her right back," the doctor ordered. He saw the flowers banked in the hall downstairs, the massive sheaths of lilacs and roses and the wreaths with their funeral inscrip-

tions. "What in the world do they de-

manded as the butler opened the door to admit a messenger boy arriving with a pile of telegrams.

"They're for the late Mr. Reynolds, sir," the

butler sighed.

"We been swamped ever since it was in the paper this morning," the messenger boy added. And then as the doctor looked at him mystified, "It was in the New York Press. Didn't you see it?"

"It—is it libel!" the doctor sputtered as

Jonathan bent a hasty retreat down the steps. "Mr. Reynolds feels fine. He wants a steak and a girl!"

The two men from the museum ex-

changed startled and disproving glances.

"The morning before Napoleon went," one of them said, "he wanted truffles."

The clock over the station showed Jonathan he had barely time to make it and he broke all the standing records for short distance sprinting as he dashed through the crowd. Then just as he had about given up on her, she turned and saw her. "Thank heaven," he said, taking her arm. "We've got to get right out of here. Hey, porter, he shouted after a rapidly disappearing red cap. "Get me the lady's bags."

"No!" Anne pulled away from him

startled. "I've got my ticket and I've quit my job, and I've wired home and—"

"Yes, said another wire." Jonathan seized the bags from the startled porter. "We've got to hurry, I'm sorry, but he's asking for you."

But as the way it had been the evening before, For old Reynolds was himself now, alert and questioning, and to make matters even worse, the bishop and Mrs. Reynolds, arrived unexpectedly in what they thought was a death bed visit and instead found themselves discussing plans for a

wedding. And Reynolds looked almost far too well as all like the fine cap-

tain of industry that he was as he gave

Anne a small green velvet box. "Open it," he nodded encouragingly and then as Anne stared down in amazement at the diamond necklace, "they were my mother's," he ex-

plained. "Then my wife's. Now they're your papers."

"They're beautiful," Anne whispered. "You're to hand them down to your daughter," Reynolds smiled. "Or to your son's wife."

"May I take them out?" Anne asked in that same awed voice, but she flushed as she saw young Jonathan look at her. For he was quite aware of things you might expect in a young man whose supposed fiancée had just been so beautifully accepted as one of the family. And so he knew why, he had already told Gloria about it and it belonged to her, not to this smiling girl, who for all the cuddy look of her, still was far from being as 5

was really a stranger. He didn't know a thing about her, or what she might do, and after all, his father had given her the necklace, and he had no desire even to be dishonest of her to keep it. Then as he saw his father's amazement, he amended hastily. "I'm—I'm sure we have all seen better, but it was a lovely present. He got us to see how the bishop preparing to leave and knew he would have to see him down to the door and so he couldn't help that last desperate adumbration to his father. "Keep your eye on her, Dad, won't you?"

"I've married a lot of beautiful women in my day," the bishop said as they walked down the street, "but I can't say I've seen a better at your price, of course. But I've never seen a bride as lovely as she's going to be. I certainly congratulate you, Junior."

This morning Jonathan was amusing himself with his words as if they were a football. Then he reddened as the butler came over to him and said his fiancée was on the phone. "She's upstairs?" the bishop looked startled.

"No, that's the other one," Jonathan said without thinking. Then when he realized what he had said, he became flustered. "The one upstairs is just a girl I picked up and—"

"My boy," the bishop shook his head mournfully. "This kind of life leads only to perdition."

"But it's not that at all," Jonathan floundered. "I—you see, I needed a girl and—"

The bishop held his hand up protest-

ingly. "Your father was the same way, he said reprovingly. "Told you to straighten him out!"

Jonathan turned away, despairing of ever catching up with his old normal,

existence. Of course, he had only made things worse. She was trying to understand when he told her the situa-

tion, but after all, it was a bit difficult and she didn't imagine he was going to hang up he knew he'd have to put an end to this absurd situation. But when he told Harvey what he was going to do, the doctor shook his head. "You're going to do no such thing," he ordered sternly. "Remember your father's still a very sick man!"
How Old does your Face Powder Whisper you are?

Can your Face Powder Keep a Secret?

Of course your age is your own affair! But can your face powder keep a secret? Can it hide those first sly signs of age? Or does it cruelly accent every tired line—make you look a little older? Find your LUCKY SHADE—and your most flattering shade—in my new Twin-Hurricane Face Powder!

By Lady Esther

When someone asks your age, do you hesitate, just an instant? Do you drop off a year or two? It's no crime, you know...everyone wants to look young!

But if you want to look younger, more attractive—why use a shade of powder that may age you—even a tiny bit?

Are you sure that the shade you are using is the perfect shade for you? Some shades can hide your loveliness and charm—just as certain harsh, unflattering lights can. But the right shade of powder can give your skin new softness and freshness—enchanting new glamor!

I hope you don't choose your powder by looking at the shade in the box. You must try different shades on your own skin before you decide which shade is yours, which makes you look your youngest.

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What is the secret of Lady Esther Face Powder? It's the new way it's made—the first really different way in generations. It's blown and buffed by Twin Hurricanes until it is softer and smoother by far than any powder made the ordinary way. You'll love it! It goes on so smoothly and evenly, and clings 4 long hours or more. Women by the thousands say it's as loyal and flattering as any face powder they've ever used!

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Find your most flattering shade of Lady Esther Face Powder—without guesswork and without cost. Send for the 9 new shades and try them all. You'll know your lucky shade—it makes your skin look younger, lovelier! Mail this coupon now, before you forget.

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If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

FLASH! Beginning September 15th, Lady Esther announces ORSON WELLES in an entirely new kind of radio entertainment. Columbia network, Monday evening. See your local paper for time.
"But I'm going crazy!" Jonathan protested. "The bishop thinks I'm playing around. Gloria is furious, and that girl is upstairs with the necklace."

"It's perfectly all right," Harvey briddled in the clear light of victory. "Jonathan beyond any doubt at all that the girl was twining the doctor around her finger, just the way she had of doing it. "It's not as if you're not going up there."

Jonathan started to say something, then stopped as his father's laugh drifted down to the music room. "Sorry, Reynolds. That's to being that old remembered boisterous boom, if the girl meant that much to him he'd just have to wait until she got his father's lovely wish.

Anne should have hung out her own shingle, that's how good she was. Why, she was being a better M. D. than Harvey, simply by helping Reynolds get his orders. It seemed awful to her that Reynolds should be refused a cigar when he wanted one so badly and so she sneaked down the library and got one out of his humidor. "Remember, only ten puffs," she said, looking at him anxiously, even though he did seem to improve right after the first long, luxurious pull. "That's eight!"

"No, it was seven," Old Reynolds winked at her. "But if you think I'm wrong, I'll stick!"

"Oh, no, you don't!" Anne chuckled. "We agreed on ten puffs and that's all you're going to get."

"I'd like to see you try and stop me from having a fine for you!"

Reynolds demanded as she took the cigar away. He was plainly sullen as he turned away from her and began reading some of the French novels that had just left with him. And then Anne felt as if she had been sent spinning through space as he mentioned the name signed to one.

"I love you."

"You mean you talk to him?" Anne persisted in that same awed way.

"Not about Brahms!" Reynolds said with a note of finality. "He comes here when he's in town."

"I'd love to meet him the next time he comes," Anne rushed on breathlessly. "I've studied music. I—I might even sing for him."

"For Stokowski!" Reynolds grimmed and shook his head. "Oh, no, I know all about you society girls with your time on your hands with music! Who'd you think that somebody else? Stokowski comes here for pleasure."

"But I'm good," Anne insisted. "It will be a pleasure." And then as he shook his head again, "Do you want me to prove it?"

She went out of the room before he could answer, running down the stairs to the piano in the drawing room. But it should be nearer to the door so Reynolds could put the following story appealingly at the two men from the museum, still waiting like the ravens in the hall outside. "Can you boys give me a hand, I've locked—and with her smiling that way, they had to help her, though they plainly thought that she was as crazy as everyone else seemed to think."

Then Anne began to sing and even the ravens forgot to look doleful and woe-begone, as befitted their macabre calling and poet-pathos air. And they all shared, each other, and the doctor was tempted in too and then suddenly from upstairs came a suspicious thumping and then there on the threshold stood Reynolds himself, a beautiful, childlike smile, he said smilingly. Then he saw the ravens and stiffened as he turned to Harvey.

"Brought your own undertakers, eh?" he demanded. "Well, get 'em out of here! Send 'em back to the morgue!"

They might just as well go, for Reynolds certainly was no longer in the market for a death mask. That afternoon he was downstairs with his friends, the steak-house, the steaks, "I've been tampered with!" he told Anne, looking ruefully down on his clothes that hung around his neck. "Used to have the place in line in top box biggest bargain anyhow, I've been robbed. I'll show 'em they can't do this to me. It's incredible."

"She's not even good enough to the humidor and bit off the end of a cigar, which he unsuccessfully tried to hide as young Jonathan came in.

"What's the matter?" Reynolds asked, nodding toward Anne and hoping she would take Jonathan's attention away from the cigar. "I've never seen anyone so excited in my life."

He led him into the music room Saturday night. "She wants to meet a few of my musical friends."

"A party! Saturday night!" Jonathan faltered. He looked at Anne adored, for he had just promised Gloria that he would have her and her mother there that evening for dinner to meet his father. It had been the only plan his father had ever seen her and, of course, fallen for her charm, telling him the truth would only be a welcome surprise. But now Anne had spoiled it all.

There was only one thing to do. Stop the whole farce right away. His father was well now and he could pretend that he and Anne had been all wrong in thinking she was safely out of the house, he could go on with his own plans of having his father meet Gloria. But he felt like a worm, to be left in the cool dark girl sitting beside him, her hand lying so possessively on his sleeve.

Even if there had never been an Anne, Reynolds smiled softly as he remembered how everybody had scurried around, doing everything he asked for. "I'm happy," he said, his voice low and rasping through the understagers, "if he had never been so ill. Well, what was the sense of having gone through all that if he couldn't use it now? He knew how a sudden pain in the heart would make a man clutch at it and how he would stagger. Reynolds clutched at his heart and when he saw Jonathan and Anne running to him, he had to bite back his triumphant laugh. He had been wasting time, he could have played Hamlet, after this performance he was going to work on with no rehearsals or coaching at all.

This stage of it was easier, lying there with closed eyes, apparently unconscious, the doctor sitting beside him reading his name, "Anne," young Jonathan said, and his voice was different. Everything was different, for he was telling his father that Anne had realized before what she meant to him. "Anne," he said and the boy's voice made it sound as if it were all heaven as it was all hell.

Reynolds cautiously opened one eye and then he opened the other one and smiled his blessings. And all the little lost stars twinkled in the blue of his eyes, he clasped Jonathan's arms around her, she leaned down and pressed her smooth young cheek against Reynolds' triumphant grin.
Colman!—Frustrated Caruso

Continued from page 51

on an unemployed 2 x 4 carton box.
He says that if he has any prime frustra-
tion it is his failure to become an oper-
atric tenor. Not that he even owns the
raw material for a tenor. His singing
voice is strictly optimistic baritone, "and
a cut or so beneath fair, at that," he ad-
mits, grinning. However, in the privacy
of the bath he turns on the shower full
tilt, then tries out Martinelli-Caruso
effects, bouncing some high notes off the
resonant tiles. Last Christmas a sympa-
thetic friend gave him a shower curtain
on which were inscribed some of the more
useful dusting ditties. Undoubtedly enough,
The Colman shower is equipped with a
glass door across which a couple of sand-
blasted flamingoes wander, so the shower
curtain could serve no functional purpose.
But never let it be said that a Colman is
without resource; he split it in half, had
it hung at the windows and now he takes
a quick look at his score before getting
into the shower. He considers this con-
trivance a great boon to soloists in the
baths.
We tell you all this, as preface, to dispel
the lurking suspicion that Mr. Colman is
too dignified for anything. "I don't know
where the rumor started," he says in
despair, "the first inkling I had of my
bad reputation was the approach of in-
terviewers on tiptoe, and the addressing
of questions in asthmatic undertones. Made
me deuced uncomfortable, you know."
An interviewer's awe in the presence
of Mr. Colman is only natural. After all,
here is a man who has participated fully
in the three thematic human movements
of the twentieth century: for the last forty
years, mankind has been busy with the
violence of war, with trampling curiously
up and down the earth between wars, and
with amusing itself by perfecting gadgets,
among them the motion picture and radio.
As for war, Ronald Colman was
wounded at Ypres when he was one of
Kitchener's "Contemptibles." (Incidental
question: "Why were those troops called
'Contemptibles,' Mr. Colman?" Prompt re-
ply: "Britain was facing Germany's two
million-man army with about five hundred
thousand troops. A German commander
sarcastically demanded to know what
Kitchener intended to do with this con-
temptible little army. You know the English
sense of humor. It delights to take a high-brow phrase and make it a
ridiculous by-word for the benefit of
history.").) To repeat, he suffered a cracked
ankle at Ypres in World War I. In the
present conflict, he is again serving the
British Empire with all his soul and with
every means at his command.
As for roaming around over the earth—
name the place and Mr. Colman has been
there. He has even visited some places
that actually don't exist, like Shangri-La
By the way, one of those persons
is never content unless he is con-
da ppol, discovered recently that alt?
"Lost Horizon" was made over five
ago, every single person polled rem-
ered it as the most inspiring picture
seen, and considered Ronald Colman's
as Hugh Conway one of the finest
auditionizations of his career. Oddly-
Mr. Colman's favorite role to date is
of Sydney Carton in "A Tale Of Two
Cities." He did a great job in it.
A"nent his travels, Mr. Colman says
that, to him, the most fascinating street
he has ever seen is Prince's Street in Edin-
burgh. On one side there are exclusive
shops offering the finest of the world's
merchandise for sale, and on the other
there is a small park and above it—rising
shrewily like the forehead of a giant—is
a cliff. On top of the cliff is Edinburgh
Castle. This is comparable to the south
side of Wilshire Boulevard facing the
Santa Monica Palisades, or Fifth Avenue
 staring into the ramparts of the upper
Hudson.
Speaking of New York, Mr. Colman ar-
ived in that port with a total inventory
of fifty-seven dollars, one small suitcase,
and two letters of introduction. The fifty-
seven dollars melted like a gallon of ice
cream standing beside Marlene Dietrich,
and the letters of introduction were re-
corded cordially by the addressees and
placed in File 13. The situation had got
out of hand when one of Mr. Colman's
friends, a chap who lived in Brooklyn,
said, "Come stay with me until you hit
pay dirt." The earnest Englishman leaned
at the chance, thereby getting into a
bad habit. "That's the last I heard of
him!"
DATES WON'T WAIT

Let Helena Rubinstein's YOUNG COMPLEXION KIT 2.00 save that date!

Of course, dates won't wait. Because of troublesome skin, that's why girls ask for preparations to use at once. So Helena Rubinstein collected six famous preparations in a kit. Three are for instant glamour — to help conceal minor blemishes. Three are to aid you in correcting such imperfections as oiliness, shine and surface bumps. Especially designed for young skin and for the young with no time to waste!

1. FLOWER-PETAL FACE POWDER — mist-soft
2. APPLE RED LIPSTICK — brilliantly flattering
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What's Cooking? "Navy Blues," Of Course! Continued from page 30

That afternoon she and Ann Sheridan met for the first time. They liked each other immediately. "This is supposed to be my comeback picture," said Ann, with a shrug. "But what chance have I got with you and those comedians? I'll have to do a strip tease to steal a scene."

"You haven't got a thing to worry about, kid," said Martha reassuringly. "No audience in the world ever stopped to listen when they could look in. In that bathing suit, sister, you'll do all right."

Since this meeting Martha and Ann have become inseparable. Ann likes to laugh. After the first day's work she told the others, "I don't know why, but I've never had so much fun on a set in all my life. I'll play straight for Martha, but I'm not going to do a love scene. When Ann heard Martha say, quite casually, between takes, "I'm so nervous, I don't know whether to drink a coca-cola or neck with a chorus boy," she went into such wonderful convulsions that it was ages before she could straighten her face long enough to do a love scene. When Martha married Neal Lang, hotel man, a few days after the picture went into production (when she told Director Lloyd Bacon that

S C R E E N L A N D

Mr. Colman has also earned his A in this department, there is an incident that happened while he was making "My Life With Caroline" at RKO.

Mr. Colman was ordinarily among the first persons to report on the set in the morning, and among the last to leave at night. He feels about work as the farmer feels about his crops, he doesn't love it, but it does right by him. This particular morning the company had to wait ten minutes for Mr. Colman to appear. He could have strode in, scowling, to give the impression that he had been in the producer's office discussing weighty matters. Or he could have just plain strode in without an excuse.

Take note, then, of the actual manner of Mr. Colman's arrival. He came in on tip-toe, his shoulders hunched and his command of the heavy makeup, "I say," he murmured, swallowing hard, "I'm awfully sorry to have kept everyone waiting. I lost count of time a bit this morning — traffic was heavy — I do beg pardon of everyone here."

Now you know why technicians say, "Colman? Sure, he's a swell guy."
she was getting married that week-end, he said, "All right. Remember, be back on the set Monday morning at 8 o'clock." But what about my honeymoon?" asked Martha. "Okay," said Director Bacon, "make it 8:30."—she invited Ann and George Brent to fly with them to Las Vegas, Nevada, for the ceremony. George was working in "International Lady" over at the Small studio and couldn't get away—but that didn't hold Ann back. "I haven't had so much fun in years," she reported when she returned to the studio after Martha's honeymoon dinner at Slope Maxie's, in Hollywood. "Martha's a million laughs."

Ann isn't the only person on the set who thinks Martha Raye is the funniest person alive. One of her most ardent fans has become, of all people, Director Lloyd Bacon, who, I may say frankly, is slightly on the gloomy side. Or was, pre-Raye. Lloyd Bacon has been seventeen years on the Warner lot, and has made more than a hundred pictures, with a goodly percentage of the stars in the business. He takes his work very seriously, and his sets are not exactly playgrounds. The players and the company call him Mr. Bacon, and when he is on the set everything is quiet and dignified. That was before "Navy Blues."

The second day of production Mr. Bacon was sitting grimly in his chair on the set running over the next scene in his mind when suddenly Miss Raye appeared before him. "Now listen, Mona," she said, "when are we going to get? I take my career very seriously. Now you get busy. I want to act." There were a few tense seconds—and then Bacon threw back his head and roared. With the ice broken, he has now become one of the gayest directors on the set—though you may rest assured that no one calls big, mannish Mr. Bacon "Mona" except Martha.

Miss Raye had one more reserve to break down, and that she did, a few days later. Hal Wallis, executive producer at Warner Brothers, is what we might call the "boss" of "Navy Blues." And, of course, you're supposed to be working busily and quietly when Mr. Wallis comes around on his infrequent checking-up tours. "When Mr. Wallis visits the set," everybody took time out to tell Martha, "lay off the kidding. He hasn't a sense of humor, Wallis, he can't keep quiet until he leaves. Or else you'll get into trouble." So Martha could hardly wait for Mr. Wallis to visit the set. The day he dropped in unexpectedly (but the news went around so quickly that in a split second you could hear a pin drop) Martha was doing the scene where she is dancing and singing on the bar of her Hawaiian night club and gets caught in the electric fan. She had just been caught in the fan when she heard the deathlike silence and knew that Mr. Wallis had arrived. Out of the great silence screamed Martha, "Is that really Mr. Wallis on the set? The Mr. Wallis we've been expecting? Yoo Hoo!"

Mr. Wallis broke up completely. Seems that he is now looking for another picture for Martha Raye.

One day Jack Oakie said to Martha, "The trouble with you, Martha, is that you've got too much of everything."

"Yeah, but it's awful," said Martha. "They call me Mouth-a-Raye. It's murder, kid, it's murder." It's-murder-kill-it-s-mur-der is Martha's pet expression now, taking the place of last season's "Oh, Boy!"

A swell gal, that Martha. Ann, the three Jacks, the "Beauties" (Martha nicknamed them that), the technicians, the hairdressers, the make-up men—they all swear by her. Being around her you forget the sorrows of the world for awhile. You forget everything, you're so busy laughing. What Hollywood needs is more Martha Rayes.

"My Husband fell out of Love"

1. I couldn't understand it when Paul's love began to cool. We'd been so gloriously happy at first. Then, he began treating me as if... as if there were a physical barrier between us.

2. Finally I went to our family doctor and explained the whole situation frankly. "Your marriage problem is quite a common one," he told me. "Psychiatrists say the cause is often the wife's neglect—or ignorance—of feminine hygiene. That's one fault a husband may find it hard to mention—or forgive."

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Mountain Moonlight—Republic

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Barnacle Bill—M.G.M

Barnacle Bill (Wallace Beery) had the faculty of out-wrestling his conscience until two women take over and run his fishing and private business for him. Marjorie Main and Virginia Weidler are the women. And what they do is to his happy-go-lucky, lazy, hard-drinking, hard-punching existence! They even shanghaied him into church! Our only unfriendly comment is that too many incidents are repetitious. Spotted with laughs.

Puddin' Head—Republic

Like gags mixed with a little corn? Judy Canova? Eddie Foy, Jr.? Hill-billy songs? Silly nonsense? You do? Good! Then see "Puddin' Head" which is a conglomerate of the above. There's Slim Summerville, not exactly a glamour boy, accompanying his niece, Judy, to New York where they inherit property worth plenty. Judy meets up with royalty in the impoverished person of Francis Led-erer who conveniently "loves" her.

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subject because I was the youngest of three girls in our family and I know what it means to a child to be constantly trying to keep up with her older sisters. At the age when my sisters, Constance and Barbara, were active and boisterous, my little legs were too short to catch up. By the time I was at the teeth-brace stage, they were at their prettiest.

So I repeat, do not, in justice to each of your daughters, try to force an involuntary companionship. Patsy may pay for it with an inferiority complex. Joan's feeling of discontent may stem from a resentment at playing nursemaid. Instead, try to arrange that each of your children has playmates of her own age. Patsy will be less inclined to mimic Joan's naughtiness because she will take her examples from her own age group. Joan, in turn, will develop protective manner toward Patsy if she is allowed to seek her out naturally.

The banishment tactic—in a slightly different form—should also solve the problem you experience about the children wishing to return home immediately whenever you take them visiting. I shouldn't take them home and thus spoil my own visit. Instead, I would tell them firmly that I wouldn't take them visiting again until they were "grown up" enough to act like ladies. This should be especially effective with Joan who is, as we mentioned before, already fancying herself a woman. Then I would hold to my promise not to take them again. Nothing is worse for discipline than failure to carry out a threat made in an attempt at better training. I believe in being as meticulous about carrying out promised punishment as about rewards. Parental dependability in all things is the child's strongest bulwark against the world.

Your problem with Patsy about picking at her food is one of real moment—because it might be an indication that the child is under par physically. I had that experience with one of my daughters and I thought at first that she was just being naughty. However, it developed that she needed something to stimulate her appetite. After our physician had prescribed a harmless dietetical aid for the condition, I had no more trouble with her. But—had it developed that she was being naughty, just for the sake of being naughty, I would have given her just so much time to eat a meal. At the end of that time, any food which remained would have been saved until the next meal, and she would have been given that to eat first. I am confident that having to eat the remainder of breakfast before a nice hot tempting lunch were put before her would have soon brought her around. This solution, of course, is still another version of the banishment technique—in reverse, in this instance. Any youngster likes to feel that she is playing her regular role in the family life. She likes to feel that she is definitely part of the group. To be singled out for any punishment is decidedly painful and embarrassing—and she will soon get over her little anti-social quirks. If she doesn't, then it is time to let the doctor take a hand. The healthy child is co-operative, once she learns that naughtiness doesn't pay.

I have become very interested in you, Mrs. Snyder, and your children. I wish you the greatest success with them. I know you'll have it.

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Continued from page 33
polo ponies try hard to keep movie gentry from falling off them. But not this actor. If he took a spill, it wouldn't be from anything higher than a poolside seat.

"Do I sit outside?" he wanted to know, and I knew he would.

As we skirted the swimming pool, we came upon Citizen Cotten writing a book. He didn't smile, nice words, a cigarette, but you can get it. Formerly on the editorial staff of Harper's Bazaar, she still was beautiful enough to be on its front cover. Oddly enough, she had been a substitute for an actress for two weeks in Boston. But she preferred being a mother. So it was that, up there in the house, her small daughter was having an afternoon nap. It's a stranger-than-fiction fact that when Lenore Kip went with Joseph Cotten from Boston to Nashua, N. H., to have the knot tied, the trusting pair staged an elopement all but identical with a situation in "Lydia." Once arrived, they were dismayed to find themselves without benefit of clergy. The happy couple was given a dreary, legalistic, New Hampshire three-day marriage law, as he later explained, the expected minister had not materialized. So there was nothing to do but wait two days for the ceremony to be performed, as Citizen Cotten now duly relates.

He didn't have to go anywhere, with the talk turning on New York and his eye roving about the hedged garden, made the proud boast that once he had grown a hedge six inches long (not high) in Waverley Place. But it wasn't at all easy to get him to talk of his own amazingly sudden growth as an actor.

"It's really isn't sudden," he presently brought himself to say. "I've acted over a period of eleven years. It has been slow, if perhaps steady, progress. 'Citizen Kane' has happened, I suppose, and I realize it's true that's all. I'd no idea the picture would turn out to be such a sensation."

Born in Petersburg, Va., he was only seventeen when he headed down to Miami. There he gave promise of developing those qualities which one day were to measure up to the big simplicities. While soliciting additional jobs from tailor, drugstore, things, he all the time had his eye on the little theater of that resort. It wasn't long before he, like Jimmy Stewart at Faribault, Minnesota, swept into the place, posting bills, taking tickets, and tackling small parts. There was no wanting of enthusiasm as the handy-man routine kept up for five years. But when the Floridian drama was annually overcome by the heat, the stage-struck youth would hitch himself to New York with the little money he had been able to scrape together and, while squeezing into hall bedrooms and swelling out with canned beans, hunt for a Broadway job of acting.

It happened to be one in four years," he grinned, "was practicing on a mouth-organ for 'When Hell Froze.' The part I was after called for playing the 'Citizen Kane' you have to laugh. But, somehow, all I could play was the hoocha-cooach, and when I blew that out they gave me the air."

Now on his fifth seeking of a metropolitan foothold that our young adventurer got his toe in the door. And, then, who should it be but the magic portal of 47th Street? At first, that gift to Broadway never suspected he was being drawn like a red herring by the War Front, the theater across his own distinguished trail.

"I'd been given a letter to Belasco, just as I had to other producers, but you know what letters are," began the best story of its kind that ever had come my way. "When I went to his theater with it, the great man was sitting in an orchestra chair and his chauffeur was penciling in a column of names. 'Dancing Partners.' Without even glancing at the letter, he asked me what I'd done in Miami, and I told him I'd played small parts in a little theater out there. 'You're engaged,' he instantly said, I nearly fainted. 'You will understudy Lynne Overman and be assistant stage manager,' he informed me. I almost believe I almost fell down. With me beside him, Belasco again turned his attention to the stage. His art director was marching members of the cast around in a three-day inspection. Suddenly Belasco halted them with, 'Just a moment, ladies and gentlemen, if you please. Mr. Cotten thinks that red hat should be green, don't you, Mr. Cotten?' W-why, y-yes,' I stammered. The people on the stage stared blankly over the footlights, obviously wondering who this guy was. But for the phrase below, this young Cotten person could possibly be. The procession had no sooner started again than Belasco called, Stop! Mr. Cotten is sure those brown boots being black aren't you, Mr. Cotten? 'Oh yes, yes,' I promptly replied. For by this time I realized with terror that I was in the spot —simply because Belasco didn't want to put himself on the spot. Instead of his hurting the feelings of all those people, he was having me do it. I could see myself being murdered one dark night but I was ready to die for that job.

He did give a year or more of it. "But without really getting the stuff as an actor," he was sorry to say. "I never got the chance to substitute for Overman, who throughout the run of the play was very tough with health. Yet I was having the great advantage of a Belasco training. Later he gave me the opportunity to understudy Melvyn Douglas in 'Tonight or Never.' That added experience stood me in good stead when I went to the Copley Theater in Boston as leading man, for the first play in which I was asked to play to a capacity crowd. 'Tonight or Never,' and I knew it backwards. Another happy circumstance was that Helen Gahagan played the part she had created in the house, and I was to tour with her, I toured with her in other eastern stock companies for several seasons. And all that, he summed up, led to absolutely nothing. I felt life was over. Then I met Orson Welles on a radio broadcast, and everything changed. Going into his company in New York, I was with him when he organized the Mercury Player. For that matter, I've been in more of Orson's plays than he himself has, eight in all.

I had heard so many opinions of the fabulous young actor and director, "Citizen Kane," that here seemed to be the opportunity to get the true one, so bluntly asked, "What's he like?"

"He is, as advertised, a great inspiration," was the answer. "And, with all his gifts, he is absolutely honest. This talk of his being a fake and a phoney and a charlatan is all baloney. No one who knows him well dislikes him. Far from it, they admire him tremendously. On everyone who works with him Welles exerts the most powerful kind of influence. My start I owe to Belasco—that Florida attempt was merely amateurish—but I learned more from Orson Welles than I had in all my other time in the theater. No one could help learning a great deal from him. Tireless in giving out what is in him, the man a human dynamo. There's no limit to his ideas. He's so intense and impulsive, so convinving of what he is going to do next, but I am firmly convinced he will do still greater things in pictures."

I left him to go with Katharine Hepburn for the stage introduction of 'The Philadelphia Story,' it was generally believed I was running into still more expensive talk. But I certainly did not believe that Katharine Hepburn is the most un-temperamental actress I have ever known. Most of the time she was running around cooling off coffee. Of course, she is an individual and has her own way of doing things. For example, she was so nervous about her New York opening that instead of one of her colleagues being on call, I almost believed she was going to walk to the Waldorf-Astoria, shut herself up in a room and tell herself, 'This is Indianapolis.' Now, that took some doing, as well as a lot of imagination. On the stage she was as generous as anyone possibly could be. Her generosity stood the test of the sixty towns we toured. What's more, it wasn't confined to her company. If one of us complained, 'We had a poor audience tonight,' she would reply, 'Instead of our having a poor audience, we have engaged a poor audience.'" She was forever trying to improve her own acting, even up to the very last night of the tour. From Katharine Hepburn I was not surprised to hear the remark strangling, from Orson Welles the benefit of boundless enthusiasm.

Grating as much, I could say in conclusion that Katharine Hepburn made a good job of it. "Oh," was his casual remark, "I never was afraid of not getting along. I knew darned near what I wanted to do when I was fifteen, and I didn't seem to look around, and it worked."

"But don't imagine for a moment that I always managed to keep in that corner. I'll remember doing a stage shot! An opening night on the stage was the worst experience of all. Every time I fact, it I resolved to give up the stage. Pictures? No, they didn't scare me, any way at first. I wasn't at all nervous about 'Citizen Kane.' It simply meant that I was going to be working with old friends. And though 'Kane' happened, I was more than once more for me than anything else, I wasn't taking anything on a Hollywood venture. [laughs]"

But he had been so happy working with strangers in 'Lydia.' In fact, I worried myself sick about it for five weeks in New York. It was a good thing for me that Welles was on hand when I heard here for that picture I was so worn out from worrying that I couldn't worry any more."

When it was assumed, if only for the presence of Merle Oberon, that "Lydia" had offered him a more romantic part than that of the comparative anchortie he had played in "Citizen Kane," he agreed: "Oh, quite so. I'm young and very romantic. Not that I should like to keep on playing that, or any other, particular type. So far as preference goes, I like comedy best. Anything, in fact, the comedy part is hardest of all to play. In pictures, especially the romantic kind, there's always the element of youth to be concerned, but only when they are young people. The one exception to this rule that I can think of at the moment is Lewis Stone. Certainly not young and not unusual in the movie world, but both became largely a matter of years. Of course, I don't know how long I'll last here. I'm pretty young, a very young director, and very romantic."

That brought Citizen Cotten up to date and me of my first, and not going to town, he politely protested. From his place there was only one individual who could really go to town.
Inside the Stars’ Homes
Continued from page 8

Penny Singleton (Mrs. Bob Sparks) has fun decorating her dinner table for Hallowe’en. The pumpkin centerpiece is filled with nuts, paper pumpkins hung on the back of each chair, favors were witches’ cups in orange and black, filled with Hallowe’en candy, and place-cards were black cats.

“Till you see my menu! It would be a hit in Technicolor.” The pumpkin centerpiece was filled with nuts, paper pumpkins hung on the back of each chair, favors were witches’ cups in orange and black, filled with Hallowe’en candy, and place-cards were black cats.

“I’m serving baked ham with orange slices instead of pineapple. Candied sweet potatoes and yellow Hubbard squash carry out the color scheme. We will begin with Orange Frost Cocktail. Sounds interesting, doesn’t it? It’s actually a scoop of orange sherbet topped with a maraschino cherry and set in cubed fruits—oranges, pineapple and peaches.”

You could, if your Hallowe’en night was chilly, serve carrot soup instead and still carry out the correct color, Penny suggested. She adds raw carrot, sliced thin, to her celery and olive relishes. Her salad is Chicken in Orange Aspic, and her


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S C R E E N L A N D
dessert Pumpkin Tarts with Butterscotch Hard Sauce.

CHICKEN IN ORANGE ASPIC
Pour 1/2 cup cold water in bowl and sprinkle 1 envelope of Knox Gelatine on top of water. Add 1/2 cups of hot broth and stir until dissolved; then add orange vegetable coloring and mold with thought there should in slices of chicken. Season highly and chill. Garnish with mint leaves and serve.

PUMPKIN TARTS WITH BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE
For the tarts, 1 cup Swansdown flour sifted with 1/2 teaspoon salt and chop into it with a pastry knife 1/2 cup Crisco; when the Crisco is well mixed work in slowly enough ice water to make a stiff paste, about 4 tablespoons. Put in refrigerator and chill. Roll out on a floured board, cut and line muffin tins. Crinkle the edge with the fingers and fill with pumpkin mixture.

PUMPKIN MIXTURE
2 eggs
2 cups mashed pumpkin
1 cup brown sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon cloves
1/2 teaspoon ginger
1/2 teaspoon allspice
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cups milk

Beat the eggs and beat into them the steamed and mashed pumpkin and the other ingredients in turn. Pour the muffin tins, set in a moderate oven for ten minutes; reduce the heat and bake slowly for twenty-five minutes.

BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE
Place in a saucepan 1 cup brown sugar, 4 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon Heinz's dry mustard, 1/2 cup water and a few grains of salt. Stir and cook until it forms a soft ball in cold water. Beat in a teaspoon of Butterick's vanilla. Serve hot or cold.

"If you don't care for Hubbard squash, something different and yet Hallow- e'enish is Carrot Soufflé," suggested Penny.

CARROT SOUFFLÉ
For six portions melt in a small saucepan 4/5 tablespoons butter and beat into it with a wire egg beater 5 tablespoons sifted flour, mixed with a few grains of cayenne pepper. Beat until smooth and gradually add a scant cup of scalded milk and 1/2 teaspoon salt. Beat and cook until thick and smooth. Place over hot water, add 1 cup of cooked and mashed carrots, stir and cook for a few minutes. Remove from fire and beat in yolks of 5 eggs. Beat until cool. Half an hour before serving beat the mixture well and carefully fold in the stiffly beaten whites of 5 eggs, pour into a buttered soufflé dish and bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes. Serve as soon as removed from the oven.

"Another dessert that we like that's appropriate all through the fall and winter is what we call Mince Meat Apples. Our cook makes delicious mincemeat and we enjoy it no matter what there should be some other way to use it besides in pie. You feel so guilty about pie when you're in pictures," she sighed. "Anyway, we tried filling baked apples with the stuff, and it's wonderful! You core the apples, fill the centers with mincemeat, put butter, sugar, and cinnamon on top and set in a pan with a little water in it. Bake them once in a while as they bake and cook slowly."

"Drinking tea in the nursery house, Dorothy will probably bob for apples with her small guests. (Nobody calls Penny's daughter by her correct name; when she was a baby she had so much trouble trying to say it that it came "Deegee" and everyone adopted that nickname. Now, however, the youngster wants to be called "Elise")."

"Oh, and a drink the children love is Kool-Aid! Have you tried it?" Penny is so enthusiastic about everything, "It comes in different flavors, but Deegee likes cherry best; it's a powder and all you do is add sugar and water and ice. Of course the children like it very sweet."

The guests at "Pennybob" will play gin rummy, Chinese checker, or they'll dance in the playroom, ride horses in the moonlight—if there happens to be a moon—or try various Hallowee'en stunts. I'm making "Go West, Young Lady," said Penny. "It's a sort of epic Western and gives me a chance to ride and dance and sing. I'm mad about horses!"

Penny is also "mad" about antiques. The farmhouse is an ideal setting for her "finds." The only trouble is, she sighs, so often she comes across a perfectly adorable something that she has to have, and has to build a room around it!

Her living room has a beamed ceiling, deep-set windows, white bricked walls and huge brick fireplace. Revolutionary muskets from North Carolina hang above the mantel on which pewter mugs are set in an orderly row. Daguerreotypes of the Boss fashionably below the muskets, "That's the classy side of the family," beamed Penny. "Mine's over there—pointing to the opposite wall where a set of tiny pictures hang above a comfortable chesterfield."

Gleaming copper pots adorn the bricked sides of the fireplace. A grandfather clock tickers somberly. Over each window row are rows of Dutch plates. There's an antique spinet and a maple desk. All fruits of Penny's gleanings.

What Carole Landis Demands of Men!
Continued from page 20
out a job, and—a good one. Oh, no!

"In good, plain English, I demand of a man that he support me and in the manner to which I have been accustomed. He must—or I couldn't respect him. And I must have respect for the man I love. Not only that but I demand of a man that he demand respect from everybody, including me. I demand that he be, definitely, a man I can look up to; a bigger, finer, and stronger human being than I am. For in spite of all the smart, sophisticated things that are said and written about men and women being 'equals,' paying their way fifty-fifty and all that, it's the buck! A man must be superior in practically everything in order to interest or hold me.

"I know all about the idea that you can be so madly in love that nothing else matters, but—IT WILL! For the woman who supports, or helps support a man, the day inevitably comes when she says, or thinks the ugly words, 'I am keeping this man.' Then you have the woman who is bigger than the man. Then you have revolution and nausea.

"I not only demand of a man that he support me but also, as I said, as well as I can support myself. If a man has a smaller income than mine and I decide in a burst of emotional something-or-other to live in a little house, do without things, in order to live within his income, support his dignity—that won't do, either. Not for long. Because it amounts to the same thing—the woman being bigger than the man. It's a gin Nature and so, a gin happiness!

"All this may sound very hard, very cold-boiled and modern," Carole said, "it isn't, really, not at all. It's really old-fashioned and reactionary! What I'm really demanding is a sturdy oak to which, or to whom, I can be a very clinging vine. And I'm not being unkind to men, either, since normal men are happier being sturdy oaks than not.

"I demand that a man be older than I. Fifteen years older, at least. I'm twenty-two, which means that the man for my money must be thirty-seven or eight. When I'm thirty-two, he'll be fifty-seven. How about that, you say? I say, 'Fine about that.' Look at Diana and Bill Powell. I don't know any happier couple in Hollywood. It's because the man has Youth, which all men prize above all else. And the girl has got the man she can look up to, and respect. Which all really feminine women prize above all else. For you can have love, a dime a dozen, but if it isn't topped with respect, it isn't worth the dime.

"I hate Youth. I can't stand Youth, I'm sure there are some charming youngsters of my own age, but I haven't gone out with them yet. Besides, girls mature so much more quickly than men. A girl of twenty-two is the equivalent of a man in his thirties. I loathe to go out with striping lads who, in order to impress, hail waitresses as 'Helloa, lover.' I loathe driving about in cars all hopped up with spots and things. I despise going 90 miles an hour in order to make a daredevil impression and—mine-meat of yourself. I admit that I definitely prefer a man with a good car. A silly old car is very unhappy. And if a man has the qualities I'm so carefully enumerating, he's got a good car!

"I demand a sense of humor in any man in my life. Cesar Romero, for example, has a wonderful sense of humor, plus a wonderful quality of humility. He makes fun of his face. Calls himself 'Cow-Face.' He doesn't think he is the Great Adonis, as so many actors do.

"Franchot Tone has a divine sense of humor. Hollywood practically turned

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**SCREENLAND** 71
Why I Switched to Meds

By a doctor's wife

As a doctor's wife, I've known about internal sanitary protection for a long time—and used it. Then, I recently heard that Modess had brought out Meds—a new and improved tampon! I tried Meds—and believe me, they are a discovery! Such comfort! Meds make you feel as free as on any other day. And such grand protection—because Meds are the only tampons, with the "safety center." And best of all, Meds cost only 20¢ a box of ten, an average month's supply—only 98¢ a baregum box of sixty! No other tampons in individual applicators cost so little!

hand-springs a few months ago over 'the Change' in Franchot. Over bars, at parties, on sound stages, over the counter at Schwabs Drugstore, at the races and in print, people wondered, what's happened to Franchot? A dozen different versions were given, including one that I forth that I had changed him. Flattering, but fallacious. The real low-down is that Franchot sat himself down one night in New York, did one of those Becketters ang to himself—in-the-mirror turns. He said to his reflection, 'You've a dull disposition, my boy, let's break through and have some fun back to Holly-wood, quit being snooty, laugh and make mad and merry.' He came back to Holly-wood. He broke through. But the point is that those Becketters are about him. He had the very rare ability of being able to see himself as others saw him. Another nice thing about Franchot, as about Cesar, is that he is always so moderate, so restrained. No ear-marks of The Actor, not an ear-mark. I used to watch him when he first came to Holly-wood, when he was still married to Joan Crawford and I'd think, what a lucky girl! I still say that any girl who gets Franchot will be a lucky girl. I think it would be very pleasant indeed to be mar- ried to Franchot.

"I demand, I very definitely demand, that when I go out with an actor he re- frain from talking about me or about his ins- ward, all evening. And if you don't think this is a reasonable demand, it's only because you have never taken up going out with actors. I went out with both Franchot or with Cesar do you hear the actor's favorite line, 'I've got a big day tomorrow, will you cue me?' Whereupon they hand you a script and a stimulation of evening feeding them lines. If girls could know what some of my 'gay, night-club evenings' have really been like—sitting opposite some large, old Established, fingers, "Can we, believe me, girls, 'will you cue me?' is as impassioned as some of them ever get!"

"I demand manners in a man—quite perfect manners. Sometimes girls demand much too little of, these days. Franchot and Cesar have perfect manners. So have Gene Markley. They are such perfect gentlemen—an over-worked, dated, slightly corny expression, I know, but it fits these men perfectly, like gloves. I can imagine if many men in this town would take a few pages from their books, there'd be happier girls, more idyllic romances in the old hometown."

"What I mean is: when we go out, any one of these men and I, there is always a corsage and always the right kind of a corsage. I don't know how they do it. They seem to be psychic about what color gown I'll wear, what flowers will go best with it. Always flowers at the house, too, always a sweet scent, always a seventh sense about just when they be- gin to wilt, and more arrive—it's living in a perennial garden, romancing with men such as these. They say 'more like me at such-and-such a place for dinner'—not they. They always call for me no matter how informally we're dining, no matter what we're doing, and I am, or the other way around.

"One little thing Franchot does always bowls me over when we're dining out at Ciro's, at the Brown Derby or wherever. Derby and I go to the Powder Room, he never lets me go alone, always escorts me, al- ways waits for me, takes me back to our table, always watches for me, and then sits down himself. If you are in pictures, which means that your face is known, and have ever tried to battle through a public place, waylaid at every other table by to00 convivial strangers, you have some idea of what this thoughtfulness—believe me, gentlemen. this rare thoughtfulness, means."

"I have been out with men, have taken out a cigarette, have pouted on the back of any car and sometimes before my escort came to and lighted it for me. Not so with Cesar or Franchot, Gene or Cesar—the minute you reach for your cigarette, that man has the rarest quality a man can possess, I think, they not only grant wishes, they anticiate them."

"In other words, speaking of Romance— ah, there's something I do demand—there's something else there's too little of in these days of 'Hi, ya, Toots, how's doings?' and being on the stage. And there is no estable camaraderie which never should exist between the sexes. I want Mystery. I want more of the mood and atmosphere Charles Boyer, Gene Markley, Franchot and the rest of us—love—on the screen, don't be silly! I want, in fact, I demand that men give glamour to me as, presumably, they expect me to give it to them."

"Nothing more conducing to Romance than a very, very lovely dinner in a man's home, the home of a man who interests you. To sit about a table, quiet, uninterrupted and alone, to find out about each other. Romance comes like this—you can go out to night-clubs for months and never really get to know a man. It's im- portant, besides, to see a man in his own home, see how he lives. The condition of a man's home reflects the man, Gene Markley, Franchot, the Gibbons, Toots, Gene Markley, the Gibbons, Matty Fox's—always in perfect order, flowers, the right things for drinks —pop in unexpectedly and you can always have a perfect time."

"Knowledge in a man is very important. From Cedric Gibbons, for example, I learned a lot about interior decorating. From Gene Markley, I learned a lot about the stage and screen. From Franchot I learned about classical music, opera. I adore men I can learn from. And they never make me feel that I don't know, never make me feel stupid or inferior. They make it seem as though we are sharing an experience together. Their knowledge comes to one—dis- embarrassing. Cedric gave me two Chinese altar figures for my living room. Very clever of him because they suggested, with- out a word, the color of the living room should be—there follows, like rhythmic notes, the mandarin red divan, the puce covered chairs and rugs. From Gene Markley I learned that Gene Markley gives me books of plays to read, books about the theater; he talks to me about the theater and gives me the feeling we are talking about it. Franchot took me to my first opera. I knew nothing about opera music, and, frankly, I expected to be bored to a welcome death. But through him, in the quiet, no one way, Franchot explained it all to me so that I was sharing the experience with him, and loving it. The point, is you get a feel—one—saorir faire—you know what goes on.

"And that's very much what I demand of a man, that saorir faire, that civilized point of contact, the things they do that mark them as beautifully civilized human beings. Cedric, for instance—even though he hadn't even had a smooth, con- cise Easter and this beautiful, enor- mous plant for me, one for my mother, too—that's the kind of thing. So many men give you everything they do, but let you see, when they're taking you out—but only when and then—it's the difference between using a cheap toilet water that evaporates immediately after using and a fine, French perfume that lingers on.

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"It’s the way a man orders dinner at the table—the man who can suggest foods—"Here they have something very fine"—then orders it cooked the right way, served the right way. It’s a man’s manner with the head waiter; it’s the man who never shows off, never goes table-hopping. I can’t BEAR the smart-alecs who show off, who over-tip; who, when they go out to their car, give it the here, I said! the flash of the revolving lights.

"It’s the man who never boasts about his conquests. I can’t BEAR men who talk to a woman not other women. And they have been out with, casually crude references to Big Names. No gentleman speaks to a woman of other romances, love affairs, dates or anything similar.

"I demand that men flatter me, yes—but also with savoir faire. I demand that they notice my clothes. The men I go out with do both. Franchot will say, ‘You look beautiful tonight, dear’—but, that is not all. That is only the beginning. He will then tell me why I look beautiful. He’ll point out why he likes what I’m wearing. ‘I like that color combination,’ he’ll say, or ‘I like your hair in that all-round-the-back pompadour, it adds dignity to beauty.’ Or Gene will say, ‘You know, you have very good taste’—and you sort of purr inside because you know that you are ‘right’. They give you a terrific incentive to look your best, men like these, men of the world—because they have terrific taste in women’s clothes. They can tell, at a glance, whether you have on one more piece of costume jewelry than necessary or in good taste. They all like simplicity.

"Clothes are very important in a man, too. Clothes are as important for a man as for a woman. So that another of my demands is that a man be well-dressed. I loathe big, phony rubies in the middle of a dress shirt. A red bow with dinner clothes, a red handkerchief—sickening. The man who wears black shoes with a tan suit, abominable. I can’t stand men who wear open-neck shirts unless it is for sportswear or for actors going to work.

"I like it when men are good dancers. It helps. (Cesar, of course, is wishful-thinking—come-true, on a dance floor.) But it’s not a demand. Dancing is something you can always do with someone else.

"I like a man to be jealous—up to a point. Not the who was that you spoke to? brand. Not the kind that, if you dance with someone three times in an evening, you let in for night-long explanations. Or, if you are five minutes in the Powder Room, the Bureau of Missing Persons is informed. But I do want a man to feel the basic, possessive jealousy which makes a woman know he wants her for himself alone. A man who is not jealous at all is either an egomaniac or very dull.

"And,” Carole said, with a more or less concluding air, “a man who understands—understands my work, I mean, that is all-important. That is why my marriage with Willis Hins broke up. Because there was no understanding. There can’t be understanding. I fear, between an actress and a non-professional. So that, while I don’t demand of a man that he be an actor, if I’m smart and have learned my lesson I will demand that he be somehow in the business.

"Willis couldn’t understand why I had to be up at five in the morning—but, darling, I have to be on the set at eight o’clock!” I’d explain, before that time, I have to do make-up, hair, be in costume—over and over and OVER, I’d make that explanation. No dice. No savvy! He couldn’t understand why, when I got home at six or seven, I’d want to go to bed.

He would visit me on the set, catch me sitting down between scenes, perhaps, or even lying down in my portable dressing-room. He’d say, ‘but I saw you resting for half an hour today, you probably do that several times a day—why should you be tired?’ Falling to realize, as Cesar or Gene or Franchot would realize, that while you are ‘sitting’ you are probably thinking of lines, figuring out what you will do with the next scene, worrying about what you haven’t done with the last scene.

"He couldn’t understand why I had to make a personal appearance tour shortly after our marriage. ‘You’re NOT going,’ he said. I tried to explain that I didn’t think it up, that when the studio says we go on a personal appearance we go on a P.A. and have not a word to say about it. Ensued weeks of frantic, hectic fruitless argument which could not have taken place had I been married to a man in the profession.

"Then, before our marriage, which was just after the premiere of ‘Turnabout,’ pictures were snapped of us whenever we appeared together in public. Pictures with my fiancé made ‘good publicity.’ But after our marriage—well. ‘Just a husband’ isn’t good publicity, unless the husband has a professional name of his own. It got to be the ‘do you mind stepping aside, sir, while we photograph Miss Landis with Mr. Mature, Mr. Menjou,’ whoever it happened to be, so long as it was an Actor, a Name. Bill found himself being cast in the ‘Mr. Carole Landis’ role—he didn’t care for that, naturally enough. But what could he do about it? What could I do about it? What could anybody do about it—except just what we did!

"Another state of affairs which couldn’t exist if I were married to a man such as any one of the men I have married—
states of affairs, all of them, which answer I think, because of why Bill and I are divorcing. So that after the man's sake, as well as my own, I must demand that a man have a certain amount of standing, name, prestige.

Of course, knee-deep in all this wonderful mystery I began to purr like a cat in a bed of catnip. I couldn't have been happier. When did Bette Davis walk out of the Little Foxes? And why did she make it to murder if she was the kind of dame who went in for murder? That was much more exciting than who put the body in the Colonel's Library in Agatha Christie's latest.

I knew that Bette wanted very much to play the evil, sizzling Regina in Lillian Hellman's "The Little Foxes" (because I was with her when she first heard that Goldwyn had bought the play and wanted her to play in it). We were in La Quinta, a desert resort near Palm Springs, and Bette was learning French for her part in "All This, and Heaven Too," and was working on a Goethe mystery. Miss Greta had just given Eddie, a waiter, a twenty-dollar bill, and I was trying to figure out how she could have a reputation of a pinch-penny, and still do nice things like that. But anyway—Bette was as excited as a school girl at her first prom. "Regina is a wonderful part," she said. "I've read the play, and I think it's one of the great plays of all time, and it certainly should make an amazing picture. Lillian Hellman is extraordinary. I've never known a playwright to be so consistent, so strong." Miss Hellman's heavies are not dyed in the wool villainesses—they have a sense of humor. I admire her enormously. And I can't wait to start on Regina. Of course," she added, thoughtfully, "Tallulah Bankhead really should play the part. She created the role on the stage, and she should do it on the screen." Yes, I knew that Bette really wanted to sink her pretty little teeth into Regina.

Well, Bette returned to the studio, after a three weeks absence, thereby making a liar out of a lot of gossip-mongers. And you can be sure that shortly afterwards I was snooping around any studio it was possible to have anything to do with the wardrobe girls, the hairdressers, the property men, all those people who know so much and tell so little. "I talk, too," said Bette, appearing from behind something done in red plush which the Southerners of 1900 must have thought hot stuff, and taking me completely by surprise. "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies." And Bette had some secret Maugham for her luncheon guest the day before. But at least I have seen all of Miss Davis' pictures, while Mr. Maugham can only see the ones I've shown him. "The Letter," and that because it was shown to him alone in a private projection room.

Before I start shooting questions at Bette it might be interesting to go into a bit of the background of "The Little Foxes," Sam Goldwyn did all right with "These Three," "Duel in the Sun," "Oberon" (Miriam Hopkins and Joel McCrea) which he adapted from Lillian Hellman's successful "The Children's Hour," so when his favorite playwright tossed off another sensationally popular New York play Goldwyn was all for buying it. The fact that it wasn't just boy meets girl goo, and that its leading characters were quite unattractive people, didn't dismay Mr. Goldwyn in the least. When he bought the play (it was based on Mrs. Charles Dingle, Carl Benton Reid, Teresa Wright, Dan Duryea. I feltMaugham's running a picture into a picture until it had had a three year run on Broadway and the road) he started fingering right away for Bette Davis to play the Tallulah Bankhead part. Why wasn't Tallulah given the part she had created so magnificently on the stage? Because—in Hollywood—pictures have to have a star. The Warner Brothers own Bette's contract, and they're not at all nice about loaning her out—after all, she's the biggest box office star and why should they go around helping out less fortunate producers who hasn't got a Bette Davis.

But the Warner Brothers have a Bette Davis, Sam Goldwyn has a Gary Cooper, and the Warners were very anxious to have Gary pay Alvin York in "Sergeant York," and so Goldwyn and the Brothers talked things over. (And thank goodness, as it would have been a crime to have any one else but Gary play Alvin York—he's that Gary.) But I'm all set, Bette saw a picture of her in the paper and wired his New York representative to have a test made of her. So there was no dearth of lovely women for Ronald Colman in "Raffles." Bette was shoved in front of a camera at the Paramount Astoria studio early one morning, and had to act—without any make-up or knowledge of the screen. When the test was run off for Goldwyn in his private projection room in Hollywood he thundered, "Who wasted my time with that one?" Ten years later, which isn't so long to wait for a laugh, Sam Goldwyn paid our Miss Bette $15,000 to play in one of his pictures. But now the question is, will the part that Bette has played on the screen since she got started. A delicious revenge, I'll say.

"You once asked me my most frightening experience," Bette said, diving into a vegetable salad and an egg sandwich. "I'm a little late, but I've got one for you now. You can't imagine how frightened I felt that first day when I walked on the set and met the cast for the first time. It's a New York cast, you know, except for Herbert Marshall and myself, all wonderful, professional actors who have been on Broadway or on tour with the play for the past several seasons. David Butler, Charles Dingle, Carl Benton Reid, Teresa Wright, Dan Duryea. I felt, and I'll say it again, I felt just hearing them say themselves, 'How can that twerp play Regina? That's Hollywood for you. It's a Bankhead role, and needs a

Solving the Bette Davis—"Little Foxes" Walk-Out Mystery!

Continued from page 24
Bankhead. Well, the funny thing about it was that several weeks later I invited them all out to my house for dinner, and over the cocktails I told them how frightened I had been of them that first day. 'Well, how do you think we felt?' said Charles Dingle. 'It was our first picture. We knew nothing about camera angles, lighting, etc. And you a famous star—believe me, we were more frightened of you than you could have been of us.'

Before Bette could prattle on any more about the wonders of stage people I pinned her down to that mysterious three weeks that had caused such a commotion West of the Rockies. No, it wasn't a baby. 'If I were going to have a baby,' said Bette, 'I would be so proud of it I certainly wouldn't deny it.' And Bette wouldn't. I know. She's much too honest and sincere for that. No, it wasn't husband trouble, either. 'One columnist called me after dinner one night,' Bette said, 'and swore that he had definite inside information that my husband had moved all his luggage and walked out of the house that night. I told him that Mr. Fairbanks was in the living room in his bedroom slippers, reading the papers, and showed no signs of walking any place that night.' There were dozens of other calls.

'When they started calling me at three in the morning, then I got mad.' The reason she went to Laguna with her family—Laguna is a seaside resort about two hours from Hollywood—was because her husband had to go to Minneapolis on a business trip.

'No, she didn't have a big fight with Sam Goldwyn and walk out of his picture. "A contract is a contract," she said with a knowing laugh—and why should I walk out when I still think Regina is a wonderful part?'

'No, she didn't have a battle royal with director William Wyler. He has directed two of her pictures, "Jezebel" and "The Letter," and she thinks he's wonderful. There was bickering, she admits. And a little screaming too. But that's nothing new for Bette. She's rabid on the subject of make-up, or rather the lack of make-up, and I'm sure that if she received any criticism from the director regarding her eyelashes, or any part of her make-up, then she let him have it good. A good fight in a picture is like old home week for Bette—but she and the director settle all differences before she goes home that night. She isn't the sulking type.'

I checked with the studio, and at no time were Katharine Hepburn or James Hopkins contacted for the role of Regina. Naturally they did not make any tests. The Goldwyn company was not the least bit upset because Bette took three weeks off because there are dozens of scenes in the picture, especially the romance scenes with Teresa Wright and Richard Carlson, in which Bette doesn't appear. As Tallulah Bankhead told Bette when they met in Cleveland, "Regina is actually the shortest part in the play. The difficulty is keeping Regina in key in such a short time." How does Bette like playing the smallest part she's had since George Arliss "discovered" her for Warner Brothers? She likes it fine. As Mary Astor, James Stephenson (his death was sudden and shocking), Jack Carson, and many others who have played in pictures with Bette will tell you, "She gives everybody a break. She's no screen hog."

Okay then, why did Bette Davis stay away from "The Little Foxes" set for three sold weeks? For the very simple reason that she was sick—she was on the verge of a collapse. She made two pictures with Warners in quick succession—"The Great Lie" and "The Bride Came C.O.D.," the latter being particularly exhausting as it was made on location in the desert and everyone had to be made up and ready to act by four in the morning to get the right light. Then she drove across country to her

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Screenland 75
tarm in New England, and was just about to enjoy a rest there with her new husband when Warner Brothers hit upon the brilliant idea of holding the premiere of "The Great Lie" in a nearby town and bringing up carloads of the Eastern Press to help her celebrate her birthday. What with the premiere and the birthday celebrations Bette was nearly a wreck. Then she got a phone call from Willie Wyler telling her to see the road company of "The Little Foxes"—so she drove from New England to Cleveland, where she saw the play and met Tallulah Bankhead backstage. "I hope you'll be more successful than I am," said Tallulah. "two nights ago I was waiting for a cab when I heard a very enlightening conversation. 'Who is this Lula Blackhead? one man at the paper stand asked another. She's the new strip tease dancer,' said the guy, 'she does it with silver foxtails.'"

So Bette was just plumb tuckered out before she went into production. And of course the picture had to get off to a good blazing start with the most unreasonable weather Hollywood has ever had. Stage 8 at the Goldwyn studio was a furnace. When they poured Bette into an old-fashioned bone corset, a corset cover, a bustle, and all the other horrible things that chic women of the 1900's wore, poor Bette nearly fainted dead away. "Fun's fun," said Bette, "but I've got to have some air before Regina throws me.

Well, now that that mystery is solved, I can go back to my detective stories. I know who put that body in the closet. Agatha Christie, you can't fool me. If the police are in need of an astute detective, I'm ready and willing to serve.

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**Hollywood Makes the Army Laugh**

Continued from page 27

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right—so I go to bed when I get home."

And so, we who know the Hollywood stars weren't the least bit surprised when they suddenly took over the entertainment of the soldiers in the various army camps in California. I can't think of any people who crave, or need, entertainment more than the thousands of homesick boys who now in training in Uncle Sam's army. The U.S.O., under the capable leadership of New York's District Attorney Dewey, is now engaged in brightening up things for the boys, but the movie stars were even ahead of Dewey in realizing that something must be done to help keep up the morale of the draftees—and there's nothing better for perking up the morale than a good shot of entertainment.

Every week-end a bunch of stars climb into buses or cars and drive to an army camp where sometime during the night or afternoon they put on a show. But so far there has been only one "glamor junket" which took place a few week-ends back and which was such a great success with the boys that there's bound to be more. The "glamor junket" to Camp Hunter Leggett and Fort Ord was arranged by popular agent Charlie Feldman, and on it went Jack Benny and Mary Livingston, Claudette Colbert, Marlene Dietrich, Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Virginia O'Brien, Carole Landis, Georgie Jessel, Ray Bolger, Rochester, the Nicholas Brothers, the Ritz Brothers, the Warner Brothers Sextette, and Young's band. Quite an array of talent. I'll say. The "troupe" got on the train at the Glendale station, and at a disgustingly early hour, and immediately made a mad
dash for coffee in the dining car—thereby throwing a gang of Girl Scouts on their way to summer camp right smack into seventh heaven. They arrived at San Luis Obispo at one o'clock where they were met by officers from Camp Hunter Leggett who ushered them into cars and buses and drove with them for three hours over dusty mountain roads to the camp where 30,000 boys were waiting for them. They arrived at four, put on their three-hour show, and left at seven for Del Monte. From breakfast on the train they had no food until ten-thirty that night at Del Monte. They left Del Monte the next morning and rode in jeeps (little bouncing army trucks that hold four men) to Fort Ord where they had lunch, and put on their show again. They caught the train at eight in Del Monte that night, sat up most of the night playing gin rummy, and arrived in Glendale at seven-thirty the next morning.

Jean Gabin was down at the train to meet Marlene—at seven-thirty in the morning!—that must be love.)

I had a luncheon date with Claudette Colbert that day and thought to myself, "I might as well expect it to be broken. After all, exhausting trip Claudette will be a wreck." I'm sure I would have been. But Claudette disappointed me—she was chic as always, and as refreshing as a summer breeze. I gathered she had thoroughly enjoyed herself, and been very popular with Uncle Sam's boys. Among the things she told me were, 'The boys had fixed up a wooden stage at Camp Hunter Leggett, they had even dug out an orchestra pit, and when we arrived they were sitting all along the side of the mountain waiting for us. Thirty thousand of them! It was really a wonderful sight. And I don't know when we've received such an ovation. Thirty thousand soldiers cheering and shouting. They had three tents set up as our dressing rooms, and it was exactly like being in a circus. We were late, so we hastily jumped out of the cars with a bag under one arm and a make-up case under the other, and as there weren't enough dressing tables we used our knees. The boys applauded vigorously after every act, but it was really Virginia O'Brien who stopped the show. What did I do? I did a very funny sketch with Jack Benny where I tell him that he can never be a leading man because he has no sex appeal, that he's no Clark Gable. Well, at the end of the sketch he pretends that he is Gable and kisses me, and I have to have six soldiers carry me off. Jack says, 'No sex appeal, eh?' and is looking very pleased with himself when Mary suddenly appears and says, as she watches me being carried off, 'Funny that never happened to me.'

'Ve spent that night at Del Monte and bright and early Sunday morning we were told that the army was waiting to escort us to Fort Ord. Because of the dusty roads and the long ride I didn't feel that I had given my best to Camp Hunter Leggett so I felt it might make myself as attractive as possible for Fort Ord. I wore my large black hat with the veil. And imagine my surprise, or rather my horror, when I discovered that we were to drive the ten miles to Fort Ord in jeeps—and there's nothing quite so bouncy and breezy as a jeep. Believe me, hanging out in a picture hat with a veil in a jeep is quite an achievement. After ten miles of it I wasn't as attractive as when I left.'

At Fort Ord I was assigned to Company K for luncheon, and a delicious luncheon it was: turkey and mashed potatoes, and cranberry sauce, and carrots and ice cream and coffee. The ride in the jeep had given me quite an appetite, but before I could eat I had to be photographed. There are two hundred men to a mess and everyone of them must have brought along his

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**SCREENLAND**
brownie. After I thought I had been photographed from every angle imaginable of the body, I hurriedly got home next to you, Miss Colber, and have my friend here take a picture of us so I can send it home to my mother! Well, it started all over again. Every day my mother didn't receive a picture to send home—the high spot of the luncheon being when the top sergeant asked if he could be photographed with me. The next morning I was smartly dressed, and she too was raving about the fun they had on the "glamour junket." Carole, by the way, is getting to be the sweetheart of the army. Every day the Field Artillery holds the parade and Fort Ord she has visited Camp Haan and Camp Callan at Riverside and San Diego respectively. They call her the "Blonde Bombshell," and have visited her at her camps. "Don't do that around here, Miss," a sergeant said to me, "these boys have been here for an awfully long time."

At Fort Ord Carole was snatched up by the boys of Company G. She had met a lot of them. The "Wizard of Oz" at the Hollywood Bowl in Hollywood a few weeks before, and they had all dated to be their luncheon guest. After the show Carole met four lieutenants (that girl does all right) who took her by the sergeant's office, where with fitting ceremony she was presented with a signet ring and four "Jeeps," a present from Company G. "I have four dogs," said Carole, "but Jeeps is the cutest of them all. When he saw himself for the first time in the mirror at the hotel in Del Monte he nearly had a fit—when he couldn't bite his image in the mirror and made a ridiculous face."

"Virginia O'Brien and I had dinner that night with the four young lieutenants. I think," she added casually, "they're coming down to Hollywood."

That wouldn't surprise me in the least, Miss Landis.

Several days later I received a letter from Michael Pearman, stationed at Camp Hunter Leggett, telling me how delighted the boys were with the Hollywood "glamour junket." "It's the 'other side' and you'll be interested," he added. Michael Pearman is actually an agent associated with the Feldman-Blum agency in Hollywood but he was drafted last April and has been in private in Company Flat Camp Hunter Leggett since.

Dear Liza:

Here I sit under a dusty shade tree, out of the way of the maniacal cattle—at least where I can pretend I don't hear that whistle and put pencil to paper so I can tell you what a terrific treat we had last Saturday night! We went to the show Saturday night and was to overhear the Major tell a second Louie that a guy called Feldman was putting on a show for us and as we were sitting there we heard him say about the time—it eventually grew into the stage—I nearly dropped the whole tree trunk into him in my excitement.

Well, the troops was to arrive at three o'clock on Saturday—after a long auto-mobile ride from the station at San Luis Obispo because the Southern Pacific was running out of control and got off in near-by King City—so of course I was there waiting at the gate around noon time with my shoes polished and wearing my flip-flops. By the time we got there 30,000 boys sitting in the 100° sun on the slopes in front of the stage, and when finally the convoy of star-packed cars arrived at the gate with them, without any motorcycle escort, the whole mob of uniformed stood up in one spontaneous movement and hit off such cheers that even the police felt embarrassed. Having heard out anything they had ever received before in all their lives.

It wouldn't be possible to tell you what wonderful high the show because believe me the whole thing was absolute tops—from the opening of the 12 piece orchestra with Jack Benny as M.C. to the crazy finale of the Ritz Brothers—why even an old tired opening night and glamorous party girl like you would have been bouncing up and down with sheer delight. After the orchestra had finished our song and dance they did in "Down Argenta Way," Dick Powell came on and put over the "Hut Sht" in such a way that 30,000 boodle were clapping to the music. It's exciting to watch the way Dick can win over a crowd of fellows so quickly. I think, though, it's because they can sense how much of the act is just such a swell guy and gets such a kick singing for them.

You probably know that every one out of these dragoons has a camera and the noise of clicking that went on as Carole Landis stepped on stage almost drowned the 12 piece band, although of course I do have a hunch of the noise was the breath being taken away from several thousand soldiers! Carole really had a lot of fun and not only was she made an honorary sergeant but by the end of the day she was covered with so many chevrons and insignias given her by the military bands that George Jessel had to advise Gen. to tie down the howitzers before the boys gave her those too!

Gracie Allen has won herself a real affection in the army—she won us all over which are pinned up on the notice board and bring us a laugh while waiting in show line six o'clock on a cold morning and she still looks like a beauty! I guess brother Willie must have helped her with some of those military terms she used. "Poor boy, I guess he's in the guardhouse now!"

Joan Blondell came on in a form-fitting green dress and I'm telling you that smile and personality (and form) surged out into the selection she made of verses and she came out to do her sketch with Benny, the boys were extra excited. I don't think...
they had realized before what a "fun" person she was—and although I hate the word radiant, radiant was the word for Claudette Colbert. She and Benny embraced in a long kiss while he tried to make her think he was Gable and it ended by having six M's come on stage and carry La Colbert off as the audience screamed itself silly. And what patience she has too! She must have stood up for hours while hundreds of amateur photographers told her to do this—and look that way—and smile while busy at the same time signing her name onto endless streams of pushing autograph books.

As one of the boys said to me, "when I write home and tell them I not only saw Dietrich in person but that she actually said 'hello' to me, the family are going to get scared that I've lost my mind doing my year's training." Dietrich is the real glamour movie star to most of the boys and she lived up to it in a bright yellow suit and that face that launched a thousand ecstatic sighs. She sang three numbers and could still be going on now as far as I'm concerned—seeing her up there shining on the stage made you forget all the dust and heat and the heated labor of putting up the stage—made you forget everything except La Dietrich!

I could go on for years, Liza, but there's that whistle blowing furiously and I'm late already and so if you don't hear from me next week you'll know I'm either in the guardhouse or doing K.P. peeling potatoes maybe, but happy being able to think back on that swell afternoon's of every silly, feeling like the rest of the boys, grateful that they came to give us a show and the show they gave us was the best we've ever seen.

Say hello to the old bunch for me, please, and love you from Michael.

How To Be
A "Draft Sweetheart"

Continued from page 23

on the latest technique of handling a draft sweetheart. Olivia de Havilland, Ann Rutherford, Peggy Moran and Carol Bruce are in the same boat you're in and they all admitted, immediately, that the most important thing for you to do is to write—and keep on writing.

"Let him know he's being missed," says Olivia de Havilland, "That's reversing the procedure we used in the pre-army days. We would never admit before to any particular boy that we thought of him all last week and missed him so. But now things are different. The draftee is homesick and homesick up there at camp. There isn't much he can do to kick up some fun. There are no parties, no dates, no drives to the beaches, none of the carefree good times he used to have. From what the boys I know tell me, when work is over for the day they have nothing to do but mop and feel pretty sorry for themselves. They walk, write letters, play checkers, or if they're lucky enough to be near a town, they see a movie that's months old. It's easy for them to picture the friends they left behind running around and having a gay old time while they're slaving in the army.

"My friends in the camps tell me they look forward to letters more than they do to a hundred-dollar check. So write—write often, and make your letters, chatty as an old maid at a tea party. Your letters will be your most continuous link with him for the next twelve months, so you'll have to pack a lot of oomph and interest into them. The very loneliness of his situation will make him prize every letter, and if you keep on writing and know what to write, he'll soon be thinking you're the cream among dream girls.

"If you know his family, keep in touch with them and give him news about them. He'll appreciate that, for even though they're writing to him, he likes to know from someone outside that all's well at home.

"Don't stand on the old conventions, like waiting to hear from him first before you'll write. In times like these, silly rules go out the window. He may be laid up with an injured hand. After all, he's working in camp, doing hard physical labor, not crocheting doilies. Write him continually. In fact, it seems to me that rather than write one very long letter which may become tiresome, write him several breezy ones. If you hear a funny story, sit down and dash it off to him. If you heard some interesting news, put it in the mail immediately while it's still fresh in your mind. It will be fresher in the telling that way, too. Can you imagine the kick he'd get out of receiving several letters from you in one day? The pride he'd have in showing off to the other fellows—the enjoyment he will have reading your spark-

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LING letters after a long hard day in the heat and dust? It’s such a genuine way of showing him that you’re thinking of him all the time, and it shows so much thoughtfulness it won’t escape him. He’ll have you tabbed as something pretty wonderful in no time at all!

Ann Rutherman is one of the most popular girls in Hollywood’s “younger set” and she saw four of her most attentive staghunters go off into the army—Lyle Maritane, Bob Morse, Bob Raymond and Chuck Isaacs. So listen to what the little lady has to say: “Don’t think you’re losing him just because he is off somewhere marching his feet off or peeling potatoes. You’ve got a better chance with him now, in many respects. First of all, you have little or no competition. All staghunters are pitched somewhere far from a big city, and you don’t have to worry about that stunning New Girl in the crowd snatching him away from you. It makes it tough on him, but easy for you. So this is the best time to get him very much conscious of you.”

Like Olivia, Ann thinks you should write often and she suggests you send snapshots—not only of yourself because that’s quite conceited and obvious, but of all his friends and of the places that are so familiar. Ann has an even more novel idea, an elaboration of letter writing. “Why not send him taking letters? Phonograph recordings of yourself? Can you imagine the dramatic effect? A staghunter will sit down and listen to that, and he’ll play those records over and over and over again! It will make him think back, wistfully I hope, of the good times you had together. Really his legs are in this on this, so that he won’t feel as far away from things as he ordinarily would.

Are you saying what good is a phonograph record without a phonograph? Ah, that brings me to my pet suggestion: before he goes away, why don’t you throw a ‘going-away’ show for him? He’ll love it! I know, because I have given in to several for the boys I know who have been called. Every man likes to be made a fuss over, but under ordinary circumstances we hold off, otherwise he might be spoiled. But it’s all right to spoil these boys who are going off. In fact, it’s a downright pleasure! In one of those little dinner parties that some of these showers, instead of giving small individual gifts, you can all chip in to buy him the phonograph and perhaps a record or two, and the records will all grow on him so that he can make records of his own and send them to all of you. I’d think twice before getting him a radio, as my friends tell me almost every boy hates radio.

“Getting back to the showers—make them gay and silly. Fix up the room to resemble a mess hall, serve pork and baked beans in a tin plate and so on. There will be the usual quota of gags and pranks, but I think it’s a considerate thing to give him a gift he can use. If you are not planning to give him one gift on music, you might tip off some of the folks as to his taste in any gifts and what are not. He may as well have something he can use: stamps or a little pocket compass, a fountain pen which buttons inside, the pocket, khaki-color sweaters and mufflers. You can give him a gift which shows much thought and which will remind him of you all the time if you get him around diary which you have marked the birthdays and anniversaries he should remember. Away from home, he’s liable to forget his mother’s birthday or his kid sister’s graduation or birthday. You might warn the others that it would be unnecessary to give him writing paper, since the morale officer supplies all the stationary, and—as one of my enlisted friends told me—electric razors aren’t much good when you’re on maneuvers where electric current isn’t available.

“This is your time to be as feminine as a Lioness. May Alsters! You would probably never go over any other time, but this time send him fudge and cookies that he’s made with your own little hands. Oh, how he’ll send off those looks around and brag, ‘My girl friend made these! I always send boxes of fudge I’ve made to my friends and I couldn’t send the more valued gift if I had struck the Pot o’ Gold! If you don’t shine in the kitchen, you’d better buy the cookies filled with candies, figs, dates, jellies and cookies. He gets plain food in the army and develops a huge sweet tooth. He passes it around to his friends and does not talk about you. Before he’s aware of it, you seem like a pretty sweet thing yourself, and he’s getting very lonesome for you. If you don’t write, he’ll live without you. That’s the romantic edge a girl ‘caught in the draft has,’ so don’t think all is lost because he’s marching somewhere miles away from you.”

Peggy Moran, pert-faced Universal staple, takes us beyond the correspondance stage to the social entertainment of the army bean. Peggy is a girl who is caught in the draft should throw out most of her old standard rules and adopt a new, more flexible set to meet the emergency. Peggy explains, “After all, Peggy, the whole relationship of boy-girl is topsy-turvy now, and if you don’t meet the change you’ll find yourself minus a very nice seasoned man in khaki.

“Bob, my friend, is a private and gets $21 a month. Out of that he pays for his laundry, Red Cross, canteen expenses and so on. That leaves about enough to get a shoe-shine and not much more! Before Bob went to the army he used to phone me in advance, take me to dinner, send me flowers, and treat me the way a girl likes to be treated. Now it’s all different—but that doesn’t spoil our good times. In fact, we have more fun now because our dates are more informal, sillier. I wouldn’t think of letting Bob spend much money when he comes home, because it would mean digging into what he’s managed to save and that isn’t fair. He needs that when he re-enters civilian life.

“The courts of one girl I know invite their daughter and her army friend to have dinner with them, to a show and later to a night club. It doesn’t humble a fellow to see a much older man foot the bill, and of course, he should realize it’s not his fault that he’s shy of funds. But that plan isn’t workable for every girl—myself included—so I plan dinners at the house when I expect Bob in town. It may be a buffet dinner cafeteria style, or more formal, but you can bet that I go to a lot of trouble to be sure his favorite dish is there—and plenty of it! You eat what is handed you in the army, and no preferences asked. No shrimp a la newburg or hominy a la king on the menu—only the thing when you’re in the mess hall, but Bob knows he’ll get what he likes when he gets off that train and comes to my house. If he wants a banana split to make a bee-line to your house, girls, why don’t you follow suit?

“He’ll probably want to see some of the top shows in Hollywood, and if places have opened, take him there. In that case, if you’re going out with a crowd, get the other boys aside and suggest that they chip in to buy a good gift for him. I think, too, that if a girl can carry that sort of thing off gaily and charmingly, she can treat the fellow to an evening. I can’t do it, so I don’t. I compromise suggesting a drive-in or by throwing parties.
There is no reason for him to be ashamed of his lack of funds, and if you have the right sort of personality and can get away with it, I'd risk footing the treat. It's a good idea to make arrangements in advance at a restaurant or club so that no bill will be presented and you can take care of it later.

"When you plan a week-end of entertainment for him, put some elasticity into it, so that if he's tired and wants to duck a big party he can do so—although I have yet to meet a draftee who didn't want to raise the roof when he's home on furlough! Let the evening be his and ask him what he wants to do. One girl I know wanted to see a certain movie and insisted that her draftee bear her. Well, it happens that this boy's camp was near a small town that had a movie house, and his greatest recreation during the week was taking in a picture show. When he was home, there were other things he wanted to do. The girl pointed and had her way. They went to the movies, but he didn't date her the next time.

"He's lonesome up there in camp, lonesome for someone who will list you the trials and triumphs, lonesome for someone he can brag to (remember how you used to listen wide-eyed to his exploits before he went away?) so if he starts talking about himself, make every word sound as though you're perishing to hear it. Show him extra consideration. If he phones you at the last minute when he comes to town, break your other date and see him. That's only fair and the other fellow—if he's the right sort—will understand. After all, he can always see you Monday! I've done that several times and I ordinarily think it's a crime punishable by hanging to break one date for another.

"But don't let it become a habit. If he continually phones you at the last minute, then he's taking advantage of the situation. Be busy! A draftee usually lives in advance if he's coming to town and he can write to ask you to hold the week-end open for him. But sometimes it's hard for him to plan ahead. His family may be trying to give him down, he may not know until the last minute if it's worth the time and money to come in. He may get a lift at the last minute. You must consider these things when you're wondering whether you should break a date with the other boy to see him. But when you do, let your soldier boy know of the broken commitment. It's still a good idea to let him know you're popular—but that you think enough of him to give him credit rating in your engagement book!"

Carol Bruce doesn't confine herself to only one phase of being a draft sweetheart, but plunges right in with the various, oddly-assorted things she's learned from having a few boy friends in khaki herself. "I've found," Carol says, "that they love to be met at the train when they're on leave, but they hate to be seen off. So make your goodbyes short and sweet and with as few tears as possible. But do be sure to meet him! No matter how busy you are, when that boy is coming in, you be right at the station with a brass-band personality! Wave a silly banner, like 'Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning' or some such thing. Be bright and giggly and in an 'every-day-is-Christmas' mood. He's homesick, and if he doesn't want to be greeted by a girl who seems to have the woes of the world on her shoulders. You're glad to see him again, and let him know it.

"Look as pretty as you can and above all, look feminine. I can't possibly understand what gives him the urge to wear clothes that have an astute, military look, like suits with brass buttons and broad, khaki-color soldier caps and the like. Good heavens, he gets enough of that in the camp, he's tired of the military and the masculine. Be an escape for him.

"Make your-self available if he wants to see you. Don't let him think you've been spending all your evenings with a good book, but flatter him by showing you forgot everything else when he's in town. He needs this. This is what you try to make him jealous. It's not cricket.

"When he's home, act as though everything he wants to do is just fine with you. If he wants to go to a movie, why that's just what you had your heart set on doing. If he wants to go dancing, you've been dying to dance tonight. For instance, I put myself in the place of one of my enlisted friends stationed almost 500 miles from here. He had been spending many of his furloughs at camp because the trip was too long and expensive to make every week-end. So I rustled together a few of his good friends and we are all going to visit him. Another girl I know plans to spend her vacation in the town near her boy friend's camp. Remember the things he liked to do and let that guide you. If he's a jitterbug fiend, send him the latest Krupa record. If he's a lover of the classics, send him some symphony recordings; rat's a liked crooned passages, clip out some good ones and send them on. It's the little things, the thoughtful things that make you a draft sweetheart worth holding your man."

So there you have it, girls! Four glamorous girls "caught in the draft" tell all you other girls "caught in the draft" how to get him to put you in orange blossoms and veil when he packs his uniform away.

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S C R E E N L A N D 81
THE on-again-off-again Garbo hair clipping is now definitely accomplished. The Sphinx changed her mind back and forth until she got a load of Constance Bennett's short locks. Garbo ran her hand through them and asked Constance all about it. That same evening she had done before leaving the studio. Constance, by the way, whose head always looked too big for her body, has never looked nicer.

A SMARTY pants publicity man almost got Jimmy Stewart into a mess of trouble. When it was printed that he had given his plane to Olivia De Havilland to use, Jimmy's business manager frantically got Livvy on the phone. Great was his relief when he learned the story was a phoney. Jimmy's insurance company was just on the point of cancelling his policy covering the plane.

ABBOTT and Costello would just as soon give the great golden west back to the Indians. For a scene in "Ride 'Em Cowboy," they had to use a bull. The only way they could get it to emote was to have its body standing close by on the set, out of camera range. Ella Fitzgerald, the pop singer, is making her movie debut in this one. And Ella is scared silly of bulls. For a gag, Nick Foran took the stuffed head of a bull and popped it at Ella as she rounded a corner. She passed out cold from the picture.

LUPE VELEZ, she ees mad like anything. And when the Loop she ees mad, she gonna make trouble. During the main event at the Hollywood stadium, the fighter she wanted to lose just wouldn't stay knocked out. Finally, when he went down again, the magnificent Mex leaned over, grabbed his legs and held him down until the count of ten. Now she's barred from the ringside seat she's held for the last six years. La Loop swears she will never go near the blankety-blank place again. Well—maybe! Lupe ees mad but not THAT mad.

UNLESS you see her yourself, it's hard to believe there's still one in existence. But any day in the Universal commissary, Maria Montez wearing seductive gowns and carrying a long cigarette holder, visits from table to table. In the good ol' days the silent picture stars used to effect this kind of hooey. Maria, by the way, modestly admits that she just oozes sex and wants to be known as the "Um-m-m" girl!!

AVIATORS please note! Dona Drake, who lives on top of a hill, goes in for daily nude sun baths. Keep your good eye peeled on this Latin lovely. Formerly the orchestra leader named Rita Rio, she is now being groomed by Paramount. Her test for the Carol Bruce role in "Louisiana Purchase" was so good, it got her the part in the picture.

THERE'S a good reason why a certain Hollywood beauty parlor did the best business in town. Orson Welles was a daily customer. While a strong-armed mass has pounded off forty pounds, Orson in a bond voice dictated weighty answers to a private secretary.

WHY was Jane Wyman late on the set the other day? Because Errol Flynn was late ahead of her. And Errol uses Jane's hairdresser to give him a long swirling hairdo for his role of General Custer in "They Died With Their Boots On." Very becoming, too!
As new

AS THIS ISSUE OF SCREENDLAND

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